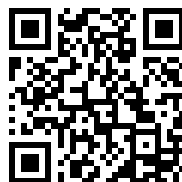


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THE

*Arthur's*

# HOME MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR.

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VOL. III. - 4

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*Dec.*  
FROM JANUARY TO ~~JUNE~~, 1854.

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PHILADELPHIA:

T. S. ARTHUR & CO.

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LETTER.



UNITED STATES









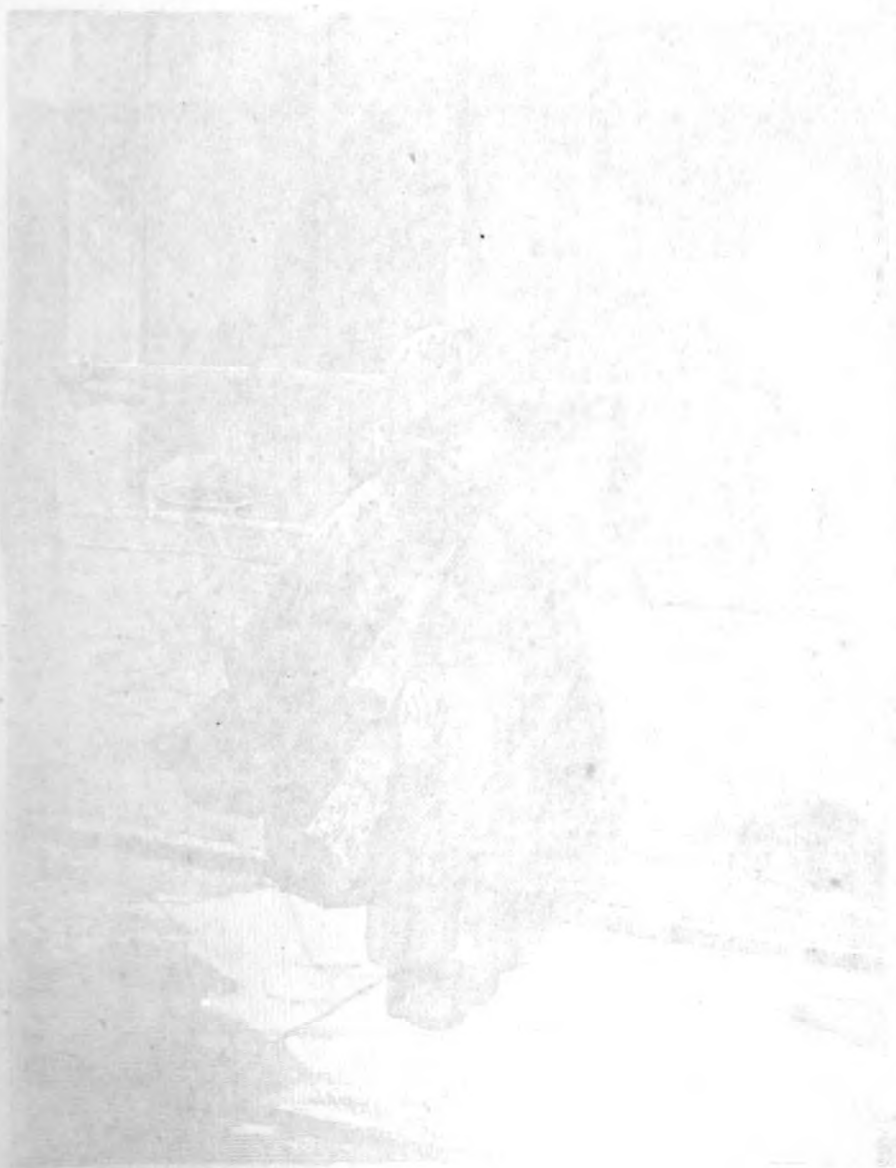
THE AVALANCHE.

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See page 14.



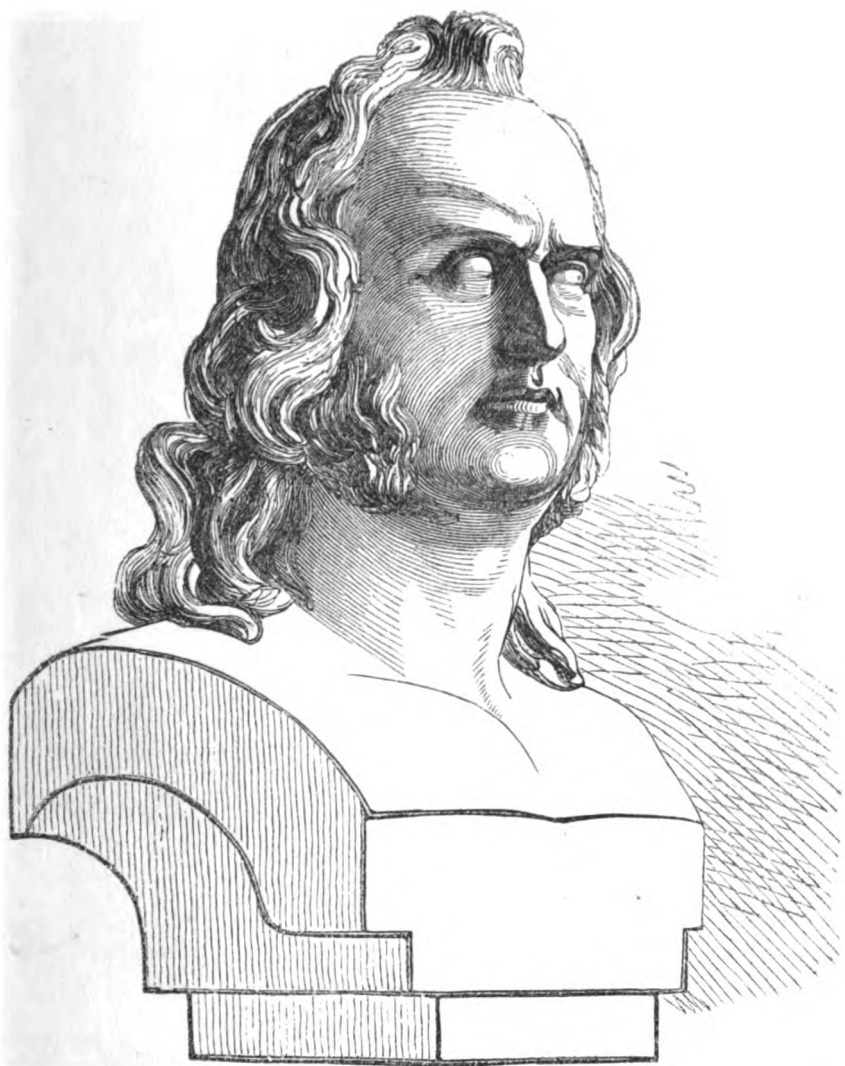




THE END OF THE LINE



NEW YEAR'S EVE.



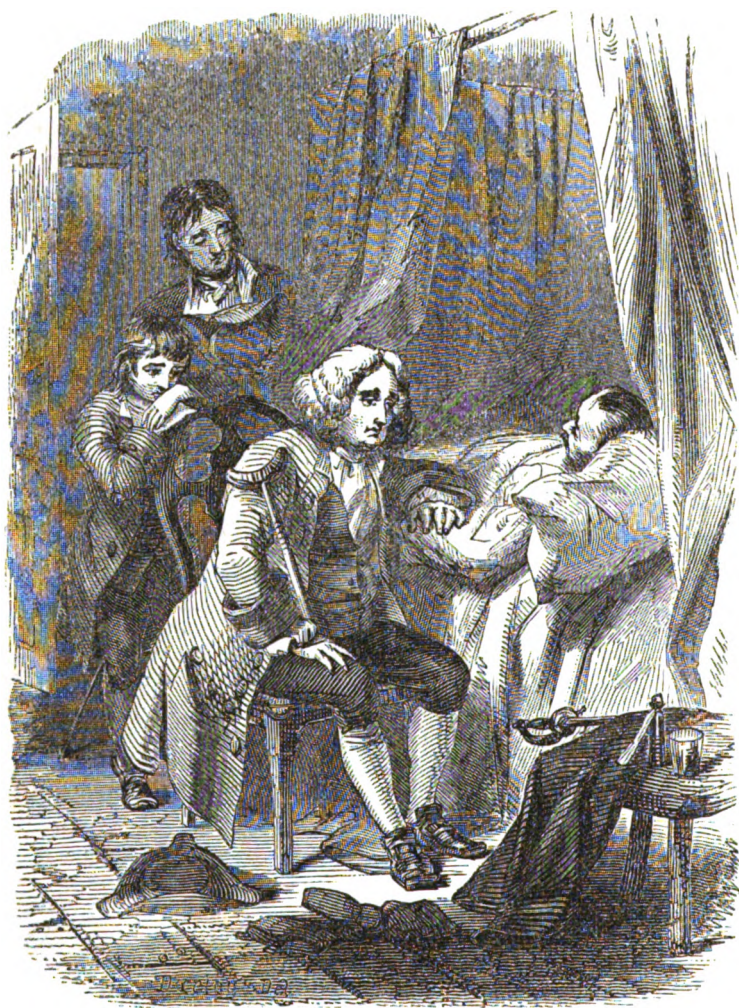
**CHRISTOPHER NORTH.**

See page 12









**THE DEATH OF LE FEVRE.**

See page 10.

# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA: JANUARY, 1854.



UNCLE TOBY AND THE FLY.

[What reader of Sterne's *Tristram Shandy* but remembers the passage so graphically illustrated above? It teaches a lesson of humanity, worth, in itself, whole volumes of terse didactics.]

My uncle Toby had scarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly.

—Go,—says he, one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his nose, and tormented him cruelly all dinner-time,—and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at last, as it flew by him :—I'll not hurt thee, says my uncle Toby, rising from his chair, and going across the room with the fly in his hand, —I'll not hurt a hair of thy head :—Go, says he, lifting up the sash, and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape :—go, poor devil, get thou gone, why should I hurt thee ?—This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me.

I was but ten years old when this happened :

but whether it was, that the action itself was more in unison to my nerves in that age of pity, which instantly set my whole frame into one vibration of most pleasurable sensation :—or how far the manner and expression of it might go towards it ; or in what degree, or by what secret magic,—a tone of voice and harmony of movement, attuned by mercy, might find a passage to my heart, I know not ; this I know, that the lesson of universal good-will then taught and imprinted by my uncle Toby, has never since been worn out of mind : and though I would not depreciate what study of the *literæ humaniores*, at the university, have done for me in that respect, or discredit the other helps of an expensive education bestowed upon me, both at home and abroad since ;—yet I often think that I owe one half of my philanthropy to that one accidental impression.



## THE STORY OF LE FEVRE.

*See Engraving.*

[The beautiful story of Le Fevre, by Sterne, is one that cannot be read too often. In its touching beauty and generous truth to nature, it is unsurpassed in the language. Our fine picture of the scene where Uncle Toby visits the dying stranger, is from Lippincott, Grambo & Co's. charmingly illustrated edition of the works of Sterne.]

It was to my Uncle Toby's eternal honor—though I tell it only for the sake of those who, when coop'd in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not, for their souls, which way in the world to turn themselves,—that notwithstanding my Uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who pressed theirs so vigorously, that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner:—that nevertheless, he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscarp;—and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn; and, except that he ordered the garden gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade,—he left Dendermond to itself,—to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

—That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this.—

Thou hast left this matter short, said my Uncle Toby to the Corporal, as he was putting him to bed, and I will tell thee in what, Trim.—In the first place, when thou mad'st an offer of my services to Le Fevre,—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knew'st he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself, out of his pay,—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.—Your Honor knows, said the Corporal, I had no orders.—True, quoth my Uncle Toby,—thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my Uncle Toby,—when thou offerdest him whatever was in my house, thou shouldst have offered him my house too.—A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim, and if we had him with us,—we could tend and look to him.—Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim, and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.—

—In a fortnight or three weeks, added my Uncle Toby, smiling,—he might march.—He will never march, an' please your Honor, in this world, said the Corporal.—He will march, said my Uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off.—An' please your Honor, said the Corporal, he will never march, but to

his grave.—He shall march, cried my Uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch,—he shall march to his regiment.—He cannot stand it, said the Corporal.—He shall be supported, said my Uncle Toby.—He'll drop at last, said the Corporal, and what will become of his boy?—He shall not drop, said my Uncle Toby, firmly.—A-well-a-day! do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point,—the poor soul will die.—He shall not die, by —, cried my Uncle Toby.

—The accusing spirit which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blush'd as he gave it in; and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

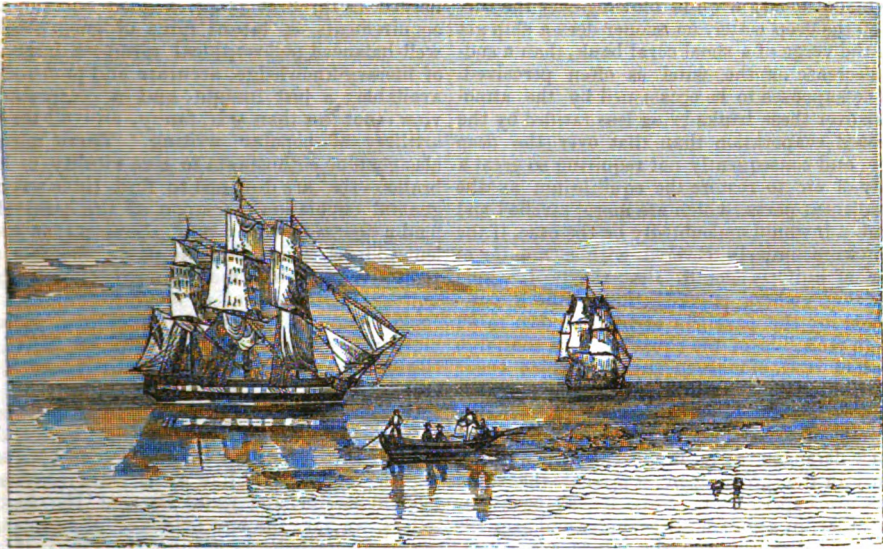
—My Uncle Toby went to his bureau,—put his purse into his breeches-pocket, and having ordered the Corporal to go early in the morning for a physician,—he went to bed, and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death press'd heavy upon his eye-lids;—and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle,—when my Uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bed-side, and, independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother-officer would have done it, and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him;—and without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the Corporal the night before for him.

—You shall go home directly, Le Fevre, said my Uncle Toby, to my house, and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter,—and we'll have an apothecary,—and the Corporal shall be your nurse;—and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.—

There was a frankness in my Uncle Toby—not the effect of familiarity,—but the cause of it,—which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature. To this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my Uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.—The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart—rallied back,—the film forsook his eyes for a moment;—he looked up wishfully in my Uncle Toby's face;—then cast a look upon his boy;—and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken.—

Nature instantly ebb'd again;—the film returned to its place;—the pulse fluttered,—stopp'd,—went on,—throb'd,—stopp'd again,—mov'd,—stopp'd,—shall I go on?—No.



## TRADE WINDS.

These are permanent, following the same direction throughout the year. They are met with between the tropics, and a few degrees 'o the north and south of those limits. The well-known name applied to them is a phrase of doubtful origin, but probably derived from the facilities afforded to trade and commerce by their constant prevalence and generally uniform course, though Hakluyt speaks of the "wind-blowing trade," meaning a regular tread or track. The parallels of 28 deg. north and south latitude mark the medium external limits of the trade winds, between which, with some variations, their direction is from the north-east, north of the equator, and from the south-east, on the other side of the line, hence called the north-east and south-east trades. They are separated from each other by the region of calms, in which a thick foggy air prevails, with frequent sudden and transient rains, attended by thunder and lightning. This region, in the Atlantic, extends across the whole ocean from the coasts of Africa to those of America, but its position shifts, being sometimes entirely north of the equator, and but rarely reaching one or two degrees south; and hence it may be considered as belonging to the northern hemisphere. The region also varies in breadth from two and a half to ten degrees, but usually occupies a width of four or five. These variations are dependent upon the position of the sun, which has an influence likewise upon the strength, direction, and situation of the trade winds themselves. When the sun has a northern declination, and approaches the tropic of Cancer, the boundary line of the north-east trade wind extends to 32 deg. north latitude, and the wind has a more easterly direction, but the parallel of 25 deg. is its northern boundary, and the wind inclines more north when the sun is south of the

equator, and approaches the tropic of Capricorn. At that season, the southern boundary of the south-east trade wind extends to 30 deg. S. lat., and the whole ocean is swept by it between that line and about 1 deg. N. lat. The general width of the south-east trade is about 9 deg. greater than that of the north-east, the region of calms, as before stated, being almost wholly in the northern hemisphere. In the basin of the Atlantic, the zone of the trade winds becomes broader, and their direction more easterly, as the coast of America is approached, the breezes blowing to the very shore. This is not the case on the African side of the Atlantic, where, through a tract of sea extending from fifty to eighty miles off shore, these winds are not found at all, but contrary westerly breezes prevail. The irregularity is easily explained. Owing to the rarefaction which the air undergoes over the great hot desert of the Sahara, the colder air from the contiguous sea rushes in to supply the partial vacuum created, and keep up the equilibrium of the atmosphere, producing winds blowing toward the shore.

In the Pacific Ocean, a similar zone is occupied by permanent north and south-easterly breezes, or trade winds, though subject to a variety of interruptions. An instance of irregularity occurs along the coasts of Peru and Chili, where the general direction of the wind is south, and a steady south-easterly wind is only experienced at the distance of five or six hundred miles from the shore. The numerous shoals and islands which are found in the Pacific, prevent uniformity in the tropical movements of the atmosphere. That intelligent hydrographer, Captain Horsburgh, has observed, that where shoal coral banks shoot up out of the deep water in many places between the tropics, a decrease of

the prevailing wind is frequently experienced: for when a steady wind is blowing over the surface of the deep water, no sooner does a ship get upon the verge of a shoal coral bank, than a sudden decrease of the wind is often perceived. This he supposes to be occasioned by the atmosphere over these banks being less rarified by the increased evaporation than that over the deep water, and consequently not requiring so great a supply of air to restore the equilibrium as the circumjacent parts, which are more rarefied and heated. It would undoubtedly be the case, if the earth were entirely covered with a mantle of water of uniform depth, that the trade-winds would everywhere prevail, throughout a zone, bounded by the parallels of from 25 deg. to 32 deg. on each side of the equator. But the large masses of land, of uneven surface, which occur between the tropics, and the consequent inequalities of temperature, check the tendency of the intertropical atmosphere to a regular course, introduce derangement in its movements, so that it is only in the great open seas that the trade winds are experienced. Still, it has been observed that, in some countries under and near the equator, constantly easterly winds are found, which are no doubt identical in their cause with those that distinguish the equatorial regions of the ocean. They are met with on lands which exhibit extensive level plains, where nothing occurs to obstruct their passage and alter their direction. Thus, along the immense low tract drained by the Amazon an easterly wind prevails, by the assistance of which the voyager is enabled to ascend rapidly against the strong current of the river. This wind blows from the estuary of the Amazon, where it is moderate, to its sources at the foot of the Andes, where it has gathered such strength, that Humboldt found it difficult to make head against it. The plain traversed by the lower course of the Orinoco has a similar easterly breeze, but of less force.

## CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

*See Engraving.*

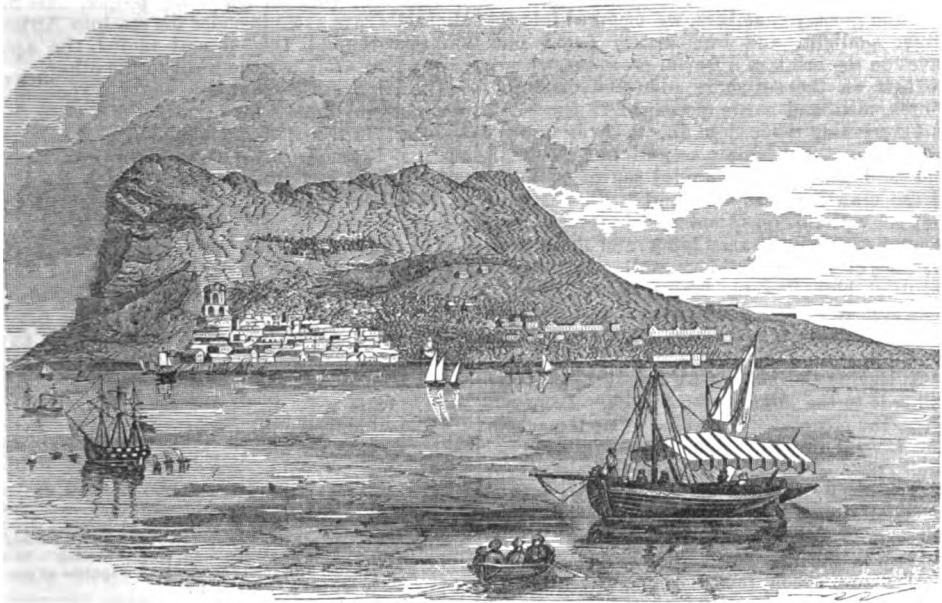
In the brilliant galaxy of names memorably associated with magazine literature—says Tuckerman—perhaps no single one represents more completely the peculiar combination of talent requisite for its felicitous exercise than Christopher North. In its palmy days, Blackwood's Magazine realized an ideal in its kind rarely quite equalled, and never surpassed by subsequent or cotemporary rivals; and this it accomplished in spite of the opposing influence of party views, and the violation of many chivalric principles and social amenities. This triumph was owing chiefly to the fertile resources and varied aptitude of Wilson, whose mind, temperament, and disposition singularly fitted him to exemplify the capabilities of a periodical writer. It is usual to consider the aim and the qualities of such a vocation superficial, though brilliant. Such an estimate may apply to certain special phases of magazine literature, but not to the art considered as a whole and embracing all the fac-

tures involved in the term. For this there is needed, in the first place, a good basis of solid acquirements—a latent mine of good sense—a well-balanced philosophical mind—a large fund of literary knowledge, accurate and profound, yet available; a just insight, and a comprehensive view—not less than wit, fancy, and all the light artillery of popular writing. There must be also genuine enthusiasm to give vitality to lucubrations that are destined to find their way into general circulation; a sense of the beautiful to lend a charm to style; and, above all, an excellent address, which alone imparts the ease and attractiveness which make literature social in its tone—a quality essential to the species we are considering. These requisites belong, in large measure and in an extraordinary degree, to Christopher North. His *nom de plume* is far more of reality to his familiar readers than the actual person of many less vigorous and genial companions. In this very ability to actualize himself in writing, not only as a man entertaining certain opinions, but as a boon-companion, tasteful caterer, and jovial host at the feast of letters, we have the best evidence of his natural fitness for the office he assumed. The professorship of Moral Philosophy which he has satisfactorily filled to successive classes for so long a period, in Edinburgh, is sufficient testimony, independent of that his writings afford, of that extent and solidity of attainment we have designated as a requisite basis for a permanently successful magazinist; while the more facile graces that render the weapons in the armory of learning and reflection easy to wield, and yet efficient in scope in aim, we not only trace in the fruits, but recognize in the very nature of Christopher North.

[An article in the "Men of the Time," makes the following brief notice of Professor Wilson.]

John Wilson, poet, professor, and for years a writer in "Blackwood's Magazine," (in which last character he is best known under the *nom de plume* of "Christopher North,") was born in 1788, at Paisley, where his father carried on a manufacturing business and attained great wealth. At the age of thirteen, he was entered at Glasgow University, and proceeded thence in his eighteenth year to Oxford, entering Magdalen College as a gentleman commoner. Here he gained the Newdigate prize for an English poem of sixty lines. On leaving Oxford, he bought an estate called Elleroy, on the banks of Lake Windermere, and went to reside there in the society of Wordsworth. In consequence of reverses of fortune, he left Windermere, and adopted the law as his profession, and was called to the Scottish bar. In 1818, he sought and obtained the professorship of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. About this time he became connected with "Blackwood's Magazine," and by the number and ability of his contributions, as well as by his influence on other writers, may be said to have created the literary character of that journal. The choicest of his contributions have been collected and published, under the title of "Recreations of Christopher North." Mr. Hallam has characterized Wilson as a writer of the

most ardent and enthusiastic genius, whose eloquence is as the rush of mighty waters. His poetical works are, "The Isle of Palma," and "City of the Plague," poems deeply conversant with the gentler sympathies of our nature. He has also written three novels, called "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," "The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay," and "The Foresters."



## GIBRALTAR.

[We are indebted for the above illustration, as well as the annexed description of Gibraltar, to a small volume of well written travels in Egypt and Palestine, by Doctor Thomas. The book is from the press of Lippincott, Grambo & Co., now among the most liberal and enterprising publishers in the United States.]

As it is not, I believe, very common for American travellers to take Gibraltar in their tour of Europe, some account of this extraordinary fortress may not be unacceptable. Before speaking particularly of what we saw during our visit, it may be proper to observe, by way of introduction, that the Rock of Gibraltar constitutes a peninsula, which extends directly south from the Spanish coast, at the narrowest part of the straits connecting the Mediterranean with the Atlantic.

This peninsula, which is joined to the mainland by a low sandy isthmus, is in all near three miles long. The Rock itself is two miles and a half long, from a half to three-quarters of a mile wide, and its highest point is 1450 feet above the level of the sea. The southern extremity of this promontory is termed Europa Point. On the eastern side, the Rock is nearly perpendicular, and in some places overhanging; but on the west there is a steep, but gradual slope, which may be ascended without difficulty, along the oblique and zigzag paths with which this side is intersected. Near the base, the slope is more gentle, terminating at last in a nearly level tract or nar-

row plain, 200 or 300 yards wide, bordering immediately on the sea. On this plain the town of Gibraltar is situated. It extends from near the sandy isthmus already mentioned, southward for rather more than half a mile. Near the southern extremity of the Rock, on the east side, is the light-house, and on the summit, about equally distant from either end, is the Signal Station, so named, because from this place signals are made, giving notice to those in the town below, of the vessels passing up and down the Straits, as well as of the approach of such as are entering the harbor.

Immediately after landing at the wharf (on the 16th of March), we procured, through the kindness of the American consul, a permit from the governor, to ascend the Rock and visit the subterranean galleries and other fortifications. The first of these that we explored was the "Queen's Gallery," a portion of those subterranean passages excavated from the solid rock, and forming, perhaps, the most extraordinary and characteristic feature of this wonderful fortress. These galleries extend altogether between two and three miles, and are of sufficient breadth to permit carriages to pass. We rode our horses through one of the rock-built halls leading to the Queen's Gallery. It was in most places very dark. When we stopped, we could hear, every few seconds, the falling of the drops of water that trickled through the roof. We were soon obliged to

dismount and pursue our journey on foot. The galleries extend around the northern side or end of the Rock some 700 or 800 feet above the level of the sea. Opening from within, at intervals of about twelve yards, are port-holes with cannon bearing on the isthmus and bay. After winding our way for a considerable distance through these chill and gloomy chambers, we emerged into the bright sunlight, and immediately found ourselves on the brink of a fearful precipice, whence we saw, on the sea-shore and sandy isthmus, houses, men, and cattle, perhaps 800 feet below us—everything reduced to the most diminutive proportions. The houses seemed like children's toys, and the cattle reminded me of so many beetles crawling over the sand.\* In charming contrast with this dizzy and fearful prospect, were seen growing on the very brink, and along down the sides of that stupendous wall, a number of beautiful blue flowers, whose bright, cheerful faces seemed to beam with conscious delight, as if they exulted in their lofty, wild, and perilous abode.

On leaving the galleries, we again took horse and rode to the summit of the Rock. From this place, the prospect was extensive and magnificent beyond anything that I had ever seen before. West of us lay the Bay of Gibraltar, near four miles in extent, spotted with vessels of every size and description, from the smallest sail-boat to the majestic man-of-war. Across the bay to the left, we beheld the Spanish town of Algeiras, which, though comparatively a little place, is conspicuous for its white houses, fortifications, and towers. Northward and north-eastward arose, in the far distance, the mountains of Spain, arrayed in a dazzling robe of "never-trodden snow;" eastward stretched the immeasurable sea—the Mediterranean—whose waves a few days before had been so wild and ungovernable, but whose surface was now almost as smooth as glass. On the south, across the straits, Apes' Hill, and the fortifications of the Ceuta (a Spanish town, although situated in Africa), could distinctly be discerned.

After stopping a short time at the Signal Station, to rest ourselves and procure refreshments, we again mounted our horses, and, descending by a zigzag path, reached the entrance of St. Michael's Cave, which is distant perhaps three-quarters of a mile from the Signal Station, and is about 1000 feet above the level of the sea. This cave was well known to the ancients. Time did not permit us to explore it to any great extent, but we learned from those who had better opportunities than ourselves, that a considerable distance within there is a spacious hall from eighty to one hundred feet in diameter and about thirty feet from the floor to the ceiling, which is apparently supported by massive stalactites. There are other caves below of difficult access, but of most picturesque appearance. The badness of the air has prevented St. Michael's cave from being explored more than 500 feet below the entrance. It has, however, been asserted that, from the lowest part that has been explored, the waves of the sea have occasionally been dis-

are frequently seen, upon the most inaccessible cliffs of Gibraltar, apes or monkeys of a dark fawn color, and without tails. As this species is found in no other part of Europe, although they are numerous on the opposite hills in Africa,† a notion has prevailed among the more ignorant and marvel-loving portion of the people, that St. Michael's cave extends under the sea into Africa, and that, through this natural tunnel, the apes have passed from one continent to the other.

The Rock of Gibraltar consists of a species of compact gray limestone or marble, of a very fine texture. In the caves, an abundance of calcareous spar is found. This is wrought into ornamental articles of different kinds, which are sold to travellers as curiosities and mementos of the place.

The most remarkable edifice in Gibraltar is the ancient Moorish tower or castle, built soon after the arrival of Tarifa in Spain. It is at least 1100 years old. It is situated at the north end of the town, higher up on the rock than any other important building, and is a conspicuous object from almost any part of the harbor.

\* I did not recollect, until after having written the above, that Shakespeare, in describing a somewhat similar scene (King Lear, Act. IV.), has likened the "crows and choughs" to beetles.

† Apes' Hill, (the Ahyld of the ancients). In Africa, directly opposite to Gibraltar, is named from this circumstance. This mountain may be 3000 or 3000 feet in height. From some points of view, it has the appearance of a broad-based, irregular pyramid, truncated and concave at the top. It is said to be composed principally or wholly of a species of marble, similar to the Rock of Gibraltar.

## THE AVALANCHE.

### PASSAGE OF THE SPLUGEN.

*See Engraving.*

An avalanche is a rolling mass of snow and ice. Avalanches are frequent among the Alps, where acres and acres of ice and snow shoot from some mountain side, plunging into the valleys below, damming up streams, and sometimes overwhelming and destroying whole villages. Travellers over the Alps often see them in the distance, or hear the noise, which is like the report of heavy cannon; sometimes, also, they are buried beneath them, and find a grave without a coffin or a knell.

When Napoleon was carrying war into Italy, he ordered one of his officers, Marshal Macdonald, to cross the Splugen with fifteen thousand soldiers, and join him on the plains below. The Splugen is one of the four great roads which cross the Alps from Switzerland to Italy. When Macdonald received the order, it was about the last of November, and the winter storms were raging among the mountain passes. It was a perilous undertaking, and the men began their terrible march through narrow defiles and overhanging precipices six thousand feet up, up, up among the gloomy solitudes of the Alps.

The cannon were placed on sleds drawn by oxen, and the ammunition was packed on mules. First came the guides sticking their long black

came the workmen to clear away the drifts; then the dragoons, mounted on their most powerful horses, to beat down the track; after which followed the main body of the army. They encountered severe storms and piercing cold. When half way up the summit, a rumbling noise was heard among the cliffs. The guides looked at each other in alarm, for they well knew what it meant. It grew louder and louder. "An avalanche, an avalanche!" they shrieked, and the next moment a field of ice and snow came leaping down the mountain, striking the line of march and sweeping thirty dragoons in a wild plunge below. The black forms of the horses and their riders were seen for an instant struggling for life, and then they disappeared for ever. The sight struck the soldiers with horror; they crouched and shivered in the blast. Their enemy was not now flesh and blood, but wild winter storms; swords and bayonets could not defend them from the desolating avalanche. Flight or retreat was hopeless, for all around lay the drifted snow, like a vast winding-sheet. On they must go, or death was certain, and the brave men struggled forward.

"Soldiers," exclaimed their commander, "you are called to Italy; your general needs you Advance and conquer, first the mountain and the snow, then the plains and the enemy." Blinded by the winds, benumbed with the cold, and far beyond the reach of aid, Macdonald pressed on. Sometimes whole companies of soldiers were suddenly swept away. On one occasion, a poor drummer, crawling out from the mass of snow which had torn him from his comrades, began to beat his drum for relief. The muffled sound came up from his gloomy resting-place, and was heard by his brother soldiers, but none could go to his rescue. For an hour he beat rapidly: then the strokes grew faint and fainter, until they were heard no more, and the poor drummer laid himself down to die. Two weeks were occupied in this perilous march, and two hundred men perished in the undertaking.

### BIBLE ANECDOTE.

The following is published in a French paper:—A poor shepherd of the environs of Yvetot, father of a large family, for whose wants he provided with very great difficulty, purchased last summer from a dealer in old clothes, furniture, &c., an old Bible, with a view to occupy his leisure evenings during the present winter. Sunday evening as he was turning over the leaves he noticed that several of the leaves were pasted together. He immediately set himself to work to separate those leaves, with great care; but one can scarcely form a conception of the surprise of the man, when he found thus carefully enclosed a bank bill of five hundred francs, (\$100.) On the margin of one of the pages were written these words:—

"I gathered together this money with very great difficulty; but having none as natural heirs but those who have absolutely need of nothing, I make thee, whosoever shall read this Bible, my

## RINALDO.

BY ALICE CAREY.

A fisherman's children, we dwelt by the sea,  
My good little brother Rinaldo and me,  
Contented and happy as happy could be—  
Of blossoms no other  
Was fair as the bright one that bloomed on his  
cheek,  
And gentle—O! never a lamb was so meek—  
I wish he were living and heard what I speak,  
My lost little brother.

One night, when our father was out on the sea,  
We went through the moonlight, my brother and  
me,  
And watched for his coming beneath an old tree,  
The leaves of which hooded  
A raven, whose sorrowful croak in the shade  
So dismally sounded, it made us afraid,  
And kneeling together, for shelter we prayed  
From the evil it boded.

At the school on the hill not a week from that day  
The thick cloud of playing broke wildly away,  
And the laughter that lately went ringing so gay  
Was changed to a crying,  
And leaping the ditches and climbing the wall  
'Twixt home and the schoolhouse came one at our  
call,  
And told us the youngest and best of them all,  
Rinaldo, was dying.

There was watching and weeping, and when he  
was dead,  
'Neath that tree by the seaside they made him a  
bed,  
A stone that was nameless and rude at his head—  
His feet had another,  
And the schoolmaster said, though we laid him so  
low,  
And so humbly and nameless, we surely should  
know  
For his beauty where only the beautiful go,  
My good little brother.  
*Gleason's Pictorial.*

## LIFE.

We are born; we laugh; we weep;  
We love; we droop; we die!  
Ah! wherefore do we laugh, or weep?  
Why do we live, or die?  
Who knows that secret deep?  
Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring  
Unseen by human eye?  
Why do the radiant seasons bring  
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?  
Why do our fond hearts cling  
To things that die?

We toil—through pain and wrong;  
We fight—and fly;  
We love; we lose; and then, ere long,  
Stone-dead we lie.  
O life! is all thy song.





### A CONVENIENT DISTANCE FROM THE CITY.

Early in August, Mr. Smith said to me, one evening, after returning from the city—on that very morning, a family of four had left me, after staying three days—

"I met Mr. Gray this afternoon, and he told me that they were coming out to see you to-morrow. That he was going away for a while, and his wife thought that it would be such a pleasant time to redeem her promise of making you a visit."

"Oh, dear! What next!" I exclaimed, in a distressed voice. "Is there to be no end to this?"

"Not before frost, I presume," returned Mr. Smith, meaningly.

"I wish frost would come along quickly, then," was my response. "But, how long is Mr. Gray going to be absent from home?"

"He didn't say."

"And we're to have his whole family, I suppose, during his absence."

"Doubtless."

"Well, I call that taxing hospitality and good feeling a little too far. I don't want them here! I've no room for them without inconvenience to ourselves. Besides, my help is poor."

But all my feelings of repugnance were of no avail. As I was sitting, on the next day, by a window that overlooked the road. I saw the stage draw up, and issue therefrom Mr. Jones, Mrs. Jones, servant and five children—two of the latter twin-babies. They had boxes, carpet bags, bundles, &c., indicating a prolonged sojourn, and one little boy dragged after him a pet dog, that came also to honor us with a visit.

Down to meet them at the door, with as good

and pleasure were on my tongue, though I am not sure that my face did not belie my utterance. But, they were all too pleased to get into our snug country quarters, to perceive any drawback in their reception.

I will not describe for the reader my experience for the next three weeks—for Mr. Gray took the tour of the Lakes before returning, and was gone full three weeks, leaving his family to our care for the whole time.

"Heaven be praised, that is over!" was my exclamation, when I saw the stage move off that bore them from our door.

Frost at length came, and with it expired the visiting season. We were still at a convenient distance from the city; but our friends, all at once, seemed to have forgotten us.

"You are not going to move back, now," said a friend, in surprise, to whom I mentioned, in the following March, our intention to return to the city.

"Yes," I replied.

"Just as Spring is about opening? Why, surely, after passing the dreary winter in the country, you will not come to the hot and dusty town to spend the Summer? You are at such a convenient distance, too; and your friends can visit you so easily."

Yes, the distance was convenient; and we had learned to appreciate that advantage. But back to the city we removed; and when next we ventured to the country, will take good care to get beyond a convenient distance.—*Trials and Con-*

## ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

THE NIGHT MARCH ON THE GRAND PLATEAU  
—THE MUR DE LA COTE—VICTORY!

It was twenty minutes to twelve when the note of preparation for our second start was sounded. Tairraz shook up the more drowsy of the guides, and they were soon bustling about, and making their arrangements for the work before us. They had not much to carry now. Everything, with the exception of a few bottles of wine, some small loaves, and two or three cold fowls, was to be left on the Grands Mulets; there was no danger of theft from passers-by, as Carrier observed. This quarter of an hour before midnight was, I think, the heaviest during the journey. Now that we were going to leave our lodging, I did feel uncommonly tired; and wild and rugged as it was, I began to think the blankets and wrappers looked very comfortable in the ruddy firelight, compared to the glooming desert of ice before us. The moon was still low—that is to say, the light on the mountain had not come farther down than the top of the Aiguille du Gouté, so that we were in comparative darkness. Three or four lanterns were fitted up with candles; and Jean Tairraz had a fine affair like a Chinese balloon, or more truly, the round *lampions* used in French illuminations, only larger; and this he tied behind him, to light me, as I followed. Michael Devouassoud took the lead; we came after him with regular numbers of guides, each traveller having a lantern carried before him, and then another guide or two, lightly laden. In this order, in single file, we left the Grands Mulets—not by the scrambling route of our arrival, but by the upper portion of the rocks, where we descended at once, in a few feet, to the snow. As we passed the upper Mulets, we heard our Irish follower “keeping it up” by himself in most convivial fashion, and singing “God save the Queen” to his guide. Soon afterwards, we saw his lantern glimmering on our traces; and the light of the second aspirant was also visible, moving about before his start.

The snowy side of Mont Blanc, between the Grands Mulets and the Rochers Rouges near the summit, is formed by three gigantic steps, if they may be so called, one above the other, each of which is many hundred feet high. Between each is a comparatively level platform of glacier; and the topmost of these, which is two or three miles across, is called the Grand Plateau. Its position can be made out very well from Chamouni, with the naked eye. Up these slopes our road now lay; and for more than two hours we followed one another in silence—now trudging over the level places, and now slowly climbing, in zig-zag up the steps. Very little talking went on, for we knew that we should soon need all our breath. The walking here, however, was by no means difficult: for the snow was hard and crisp, and we made very good progress, although for a long time we saw the red speck of fire, far below us, gleaming on the Grands Mulets. The stars were out, and the air was sharp and cold, but only disagreeably biting when the slightest puff of

wind came. This was not very often, for we were sheltered on all sides by the heights and *aiguilles* around us.

The march from the Mulets to the foot of the Grand Plateau was the most unexciting part of the journey. It was one continuous, steadily ascending tramp of three hours and a half—now and then retracing our footmarks with a little grumbling, when it was found, on gaining the neck of a ridge of snow, that there was an impracticable crevice on the other side; but the general work was not more than that of ascending the Mer de Glace, on the route to the Jardin. Whenever we came to a stand-still, our feet directly got very cold; and the remedy for this was to drive them well into the snow. The guides were anxious that we should constantly keep in motion; and, indeed, they were never still themselves during these halts.

We had nearly gained the edge of the Grand Plateau when our caravan was suddenly brought to a stop by the announcement from our leading guide of a huge crevice ahead, to which he could not see any termination; and it was far too wide to cross by any means. It appeared that the guides had looked forward, all along, to some difficulty here—and they were now really anxious; for Tairraz said, that if we could not reach the other side, our game was up, and we must return. Auguste Devouassoud went ahead and called for a lantern. We had now only one left alight; two had burnt out, and the other had been lost, shooting away like a meteor down the glacier until it disappeared in a gulf. The remaining light was handed forward, and we watched its course with extreme anxiety, hovering along the edge of the abyss—anon disappearing and then showing again farther off—until at last Auguste shouted out that he had found a pass, and that we could proceed again. We toiled up a very steep cliff of ice, and then edged the crevice which yawned upon our left in a frightful manner—more terrible in its semi-obscurity, than it is possible to convey an impression of—until the danger was over, and we all stood safely upon the Grand Plateau about half-past three in the morning.

We had now two or three miles of level walking before us; indeed our road, from one end of the plateau to the other, was on a slight descent. Before we started we took some wine; our appetites were not very remarkable in spite of all our work; but a leathern cup of St. George put a little life and warmth into us, for we were chilled with the delay, and it was now intensely cold. We also saw the other lanterns approaching, and we now formed, as it were, one long caravan. Still in single file we set off again, and the effect of our silent march was now unearthly and solemn, to a degree that was almost painfully impressive. Mere atoms in this wilderness of perpetual froet, we were slowly advancing over the vast plain—slowly following each other on the track which the leading glimmering dot of light aided the guide to select. The reflected moonlight from the Dome du Gouté, which looked like a huge mountain of frosted silver, threw a cold gleam over the plateau, sufficient to show its immense and ghastly space. High up on our right was the



summit of Mont Blanc, apparently as close and inaccessible as ever; and immediately on our left was the appalling gulf, yawning in the ice, of unknown depth, into which the avalanche swept Dr. Hamel's guides; and in whose depths, ice-bound and unchanged, they are yet locked.

In fact, though physically the easiest, this was the most treacherous part of the entire ascent. A flake of snow or a chip of ice, whirled by the wind from the summit, and increasing as it rolled down the top of the mountain, might at length thunder on to our path, and sweep everything before it into the crevice. Everybody was aware of this; and for three-quarters of an hour we kept trudging hurriedly forward, scarcely daring to speak, and every now and then looking up with mistrust at the *calotte*, as the summit is termed, that rose above us in such cold and deceitful tranquillity. Once or twice in my life I have been placed in circumstances of the greatest peril, and I now experienced the same dead calm in which my feelings always were sunk on these occasions. I knew that every step we took was gained from the chance of horrible death; and yet the only thing that actually distressed me was, that the two front lanterns would not keep the same distance from one another—a matter of the most utter unimportance to everybody.

At last we got under the shelter of the Rochers Rouges, and then we were in comparative safety; since, were an avalanche to fall, they would turn its course on to the plateau we had just quitted. A small council was assembled there. The Irishman, who had got a little ahead of us, was compelled to give in—he was done up and could go no farther. Indeed, it would have been madness to have attempted it, for we found him lying on the snow, vomiting frightfully, with considerable hæmorrhage from the nose. I think this must have been about the same elevation at which young Mr. Talfourd was compelled to give in, in 1843. I told our poor companion that he must not think the worse of us for leaving him there, with his guide, as, unfortunately, we could do nothing for him; but I recommended him to go back as speedily as he could to the Grands Mulets, where he would find everything that he might require. He took this advice, and, indeed, we found him still at the rock, on our return.

As we reached the almost perpendicular wall of ice below the Rochers Rouges, we came into the full moonlight; and, at the same time, far away on the horizon, the red glow of daybreak was gradually tinging the sky; and bringing the higher and more distant mountains into relief. The union of these two effects of light was very strange. At first, simply cold and bewildering, it had nothing of the sunset glories of the Grands Mulets; but after a time, when peak after peak rose out from the gloomy world below, the spectacle was magnificent. In the dark, boundless space, a small speck of light would suddenly appear, growing larger and larger, until it took the palpable form of a mountain-top. Whilst this was going on, other points would brighten, here and there, and increase in the same manner; then a silvery gleam would mark the position of a lake reflecting the sky—it was that of Geneva—until

the gray, hazy ocean lighted up into hills, and valleys, and irregularities, and the entire world below warmed into the glow of sunrise. We were yet in gloom, shadowed by the Aiguille Sans Nom, with the summit of Mont Blanc shut out from us by the Rochers Rouges; but, of course, it must have been the earliest to catch the rays.

It was now fearfully cold; and every now and then a sharp north-east wind nearly cut us into pieces, bringing with it a storm of spiculae of ice which were really very painful as they blew against and passed our faces and ears; so we took to our veils again, which all night long had been twisted round our hats. I felt very chilled and dispirited. I had now passed two nights without sleep; and I had really eaten nothing since the yesterday's morning, but part of an egg, a piece of fowl, and a little bit of bread—for my illness had taken away all my appetite; and on this small diet I had been undergoing the greatest work. But none of us were complaining of nausea, or difficulty of breathing, or blood to the head, or any of the other symptoms which appear to have attacked most persons even on the Grand Plateau; so I plucked up fresh courage, and prepared for our next achievement.

This was no light affair. From the foot of the Rochers Rouges there runs a huge and slanting buttress of ice, round which we had to climb from the north-east to the east. Its surface was at an angle of about sixty degrees. Above us, it terminated in a mighty cliff, entirely covered with icicles of marvellous length and beauty; below, it was impossible to see where it went, for it finished suddenly in an edge, which was believed to be the border of a great crevice. Along this we now had to go; and the journey was as hazardous as one as a man might make along a barn top with frozen snow on it. Jean Carrier went first, with his axe, and very cautiously cut every step in which we were to place our feet in the ice. It is difficult at times to walk along ice on a level: but when that ice is tilted up more than halfway towards the perpendicular, with a fathomless termination below, and no more foot and hand hold afforded than can be chipped out, it becomes a nervous affair enough. The cords came into requisition again; and we went along, leaning very much over to our right, and, I must say, paying little attention to our guides, who were continually pointing out spots for us to admire—the Jardin, Monte Rosa, and the Col du Géant—as they became visible. It took us nearly half an hour to creep round this hazardous slope, and then we came once more upon a vast undulating field of ice, looking straight down the Glacier du Tacul, towards the upper part of the Mer du Glace—the reverse of the view the visitor enjoys from the Jardin.

My eyelids had felt very heavy for the last hour; and, but for the absolute mortal necessity of keeping them widely open, I believe would have closed before this; but now such a strange and irrepressible desire to go to sleep seized hold of me that I almost fell fast off as I sat down for a few minutes on the snow to tie my shoes. But the foremost guides were on the march again, and I was compelled to go on with the caravan.

From this point on to the summit, for a space of two hours, I was in such a strange state of mingled unconsciousness and acute observation—of combined sleeping and waking—that the old-fashioned word “bewitched” is the only one that I can apply to the complete confusion and upsetting of sense in which I found myself plunged. With the perfect knowledge of where I was, and what I was about—even with such caution as was required to place my feet on particular places in the snow—I conjured up such a set of absurd and improbable phantoms about me, that the most spirit-ridden intruder upon a May-day festival on the Hartz mountains was never more beleaguered. I am not sufficiently versed in the finer theories of the psychology of sleep to know if such a state might be; but I believe for the greater part of this bewildering period I was fast asleep, with my eyes open, and through them the wandering brain received external impressions; in the same manner as, upon waking, the phantoms of our dreams are sometimes carried on and connected with objects about the chamber. It is very difficult to explain the odd state in which I was, so to speak, entangled. A great many people I knew in London were accompanying me, and calling after me, as the stones did after Prince Pervis, in the Arabian Nights. Then there was some terribly elaborate affair that I could not settle, about two bedsteads, the whole blame of which transaction, whatever it was, lay on my shoulders; and then a literary friend came up, and told me he was sorry we could not pass over his ground on our way to the summit, but that the King of Prussia had forbidden it. Everything was as foolish and unconnected as this, but it worried me painfully; and my senses were under such little control, and I reeled and staggered about so, that when we had crossed the snow prairie, and arrived at the foot of an almost perpendicular wall of ice, four or five hundred feet high—the terrible Mur de la Cote—up which we had to climb, I sat down again on the snow, and told Tairraz that I would not go any further, but that they might leave me there if they pleased.

The Mont Blanc guides are used to these little varieties of temper, above the Grand Plateau. In spite of my mad determination to go to sleep, Balmat and another set me up on my legs again, and told me that if I did not exercise every caution, we should all be lost together, for the most really dangerous part of the whole ascent had arrived. I had the greatest difficulty in getting my wandering wits into order; but the risk called for the strongest mental effort; and, with just sense enough to see that our success in scaling this awful precipice was entirely dependent upon “pluck,” I got ready for the climb. I have said the Mur de la Cote is some hundred feet high, and is an all but perpendicular iceberg. At one point you can reach it from the snow, but immediately after you begin to ascend it, obliquely, there is nothing below but a chasm in the ice more frightful than anything yet passed. Should the foot slip, or the baton give way, there is no chance for life—you would glide like lightning from one frozen crag to another, and finally

be dashed to pieces, hundreds and hundreds of feet below in the horrible depths of the glacier. Were it in the valley, simply rising up from a glacier a *moraine*, its ascent would require great nerve and caution; but here, placed fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, terminating in an icy abyss so deep that the bottom is lost in obscurity; exposed, in a highly rarefied atmosphere, to a wind cold and violent beyond all conception; assailed, with muscular powers already taxed far beyond their strength, and nerves shaken by constantly increasing excitement and want of rest—with bloodshot eyes, and raging thirst, and a pulse leaping rather than beating—with all this, it may be imagined that the frightful Mur de la Cote calls for more than ordinary determination to mount it.

Of course, every footstep had to be cut with the adzes; and my blood ran colder still as I saw the first guides creeping like flies upon its smooth, glistening surface. The two Tairraz were in front of me, with the fore part of the rope, and Francois Favret, I think, behind. I scarcely know what our relative positions were, for we had not spoken much to one another for the last hour; every word was an exertion, and our attention was solely confined to our own progress. In spite of all my exertions, my confusion of ideas and extraordinary drowsiness increased to such a painful degree that, clinging to the hand-holes made in the ice, and surrounded by all this horror, I do believe, if we had halted on our climb for half a minute, I should have gone off asleep. But there was no pause. We kept progressing very slowly, indeed, but still going on—and up so steep a path that I had to wait until the guide before me removed his foot before I could put my hand into the notch. I looked down below two or three times, but was not at all giddy, although the depth lost itself in the blue haze.

For upwards of half an hour we kept on slowly mounting this iceberg, until we reached the foot of the last ascent—the *calotte*, as it is called—the “cap” of Mont Blanc. The danger was now over, but not the labor, for this dome of ice was difficult to mount. The axe was again in requisition; and everybody was so “blown,” in common parlance, that we had to stop every three or four minutes. My young companions kept bravely on, like fine fellows as they were, getting ahead even of some of the guides; but I was perfectly done up. Honest Tairraz had no sinicure to pull me after him, for I was tumbling about as though completely intoxicated. I could not keep my eyes open, and planted my feet anywhere but in the right place. I know I was exceedingly cross. I have even a recollection of having scolded my “team” because they did not go quicker; and I was excessively indignant when one of them dared to call my attention to Monte Rosa. At last, one or two went in front, and thus somewhat quickened our progress. Gradually our speed increased, until I was scrambling almost on my hands and knees; and then, as I found myself on a level, it suddenly stopped. I looked round, and I saw there was nothing higher. The batons were stuck in the snow and the guides were grouped about, some

lying down, and others standing in little parties. I was on the top of Mont Blanc!

The ardent wish of years was gratified; but I was so completely exhausted that, without looking round me, I fell down upon the snow, and was asleep in an instant. I never knew the charm before of that mysterious and brief repose, which ancient people term "forty winks." Six or seven minutes of dead slumber was enough to restore the balance of my ideas; and, when Tairraz awoke me, I was once more perfectly myself. And now I entered into the full delight that the consciousness of our success brought with it. It was a little time before I could look at anything steadily. I wanted the whole panorama condensed into one point; for, gazing at Geneva and the Jura, I thought of the plains of Lombardy behind me; and, turning round towards them, my eye immediately wandered away to the Oberland, with its hundred peaks glittering in the bright morning sun. There was too much to see, and yet not enough; I mean, the view was so vast that, whilst every point and valley was a matter of interest, and eagerly scanned, yet the elevation was so great that all detail was lost. What I did observe I will endeavor to render account of—not as a tourist might do, who, planting himself in imagination on the Mont Blanc of Keller's map or Mr. Auldjo's plan, puts down all the points that he considers might be visible, but just as they struck me with an average traveller's notion of Switzerland.

In the first place it must be understood, as I have just intimated, that the height greatly takes away from the interest of the view, which its expanse scarcely makes amends for. As a splendid panorama, the sight from the Rigi Kulm is more attractive. The chequered fields, the little steamer plying from Lucerne to Fluelyn, the tiny omnibuses on the lake-side road to Art, the desolation of Goldau, and the section of the fatal Rossberg, are all subjects of interest and much admiration. But the Rigi is six thousand feet above the sea level, and Mont Blanc is over fifteen thousand. The little clustered village, seen from the Kulm, becomes a mere white speck from the crown of the monarch.

The morning was most lovely; there was not even a wreath of mist coming up from the valley. One of our guides had been up nine times, and he said he had never seen such weather. But with this extreme clearness of atmosphere there was a filmy look about the peaks, merging into a perfect haze of distance in the valleys. All the great points in the neighborhood of Chamouni—the Buet, the Aiguille Verte, the Col du Bonhomme, and even the Burnese Alps—were standing forth clear enough; but the other second-class mountains were mere ridges. It was some time before I could find out the Brevent at all, and many of the Aiguilles were sunk and merged into the landscape. There was a strange feeling in looking down upon the summits of these mountains, which I had been accustomed to know only as so many giants of the horizon. The other hills had sunk into perfect insignificance, or rather looked pretty much the same as

they do in the relief models at the map shops. The entire length of the Lake of Geneva, with the Jura beyond, was very clearly defined: and beyond these again were the faint blue hills of Burgundy. Turning round to the south-east, I looked down on the Jardin, along the same glacier by which the visitor to the Couvertle lets his eye travel to the summit of Mont Blanc. Right away over the Col du Geant we saw the plains of Lombardy very clearly, and one of the guides insisted upon pointing out Milan; but I could not acknowledge it. I was altogether more interested in finding out the peaks and gorges comparatively near the mountain, than straining my eyes after remote matters of doubt. Of the entire *coup d'œil* no descriptive power can convey the slightest notion. Both Mont Blanc and the pyramids, viewed from below, have never been clearly pictured, from the utter absence of anything by which proportion could be fixed. From the same cause, it is next to impossible to describe the apparently boundless undulating expanse of jagged snow-topped peaks, that stretched away as far as the horizon on all sides beneath us. Where everything is so almost incomprehensible in its magnitude, no sufficiently graphic comparison can be instituted.

The first curiosity satisfied, we produced our stores, and collected together on the hard snow to discuss them. We had some wine, and a cold fowl or two, a small quantity of bread and cheese, some chocolate in *batons*, and a bag of prunes, which latter proved of great service in the ascent. One of these rolled about in the mouth without being eaten, served to dispel the dryness of the throat and palate, otherwise so distressing.

The rarefaction of the air was nothing to what I had anticipated. We had heard legends, down at Chamouni, of the impossibility of lighting pipes at this height: but now all the guides were smoking most comfortably. Our faces had an odd dark appearance, the result of congestion, and almost approaching the tint I had noticed in persons attacked by Asiatic cholera: but this was not accompanied by any sensation of fulness, or even inconvenience. The only thing that distressed me was the entire loss of feeling in my right hand, on which I had not been able to wear one of the fur gloves, from the bad grasp it allowed to my pole. Accordingly, it was frost-bitten. The guides evidently looked upon this as a more serious matter than I did myself, and for five minutes I underwent a series of rather severe operations of very violent friction. After awhile the numbness partially went away: but even as I now write, my little finger is without sensation, and on the approach of cold it becomes very painful. However, all this was nothing; we had succeeded, and were sitting all together, without hurt or harm, on the summit of Mont Blanc. We did not feel much inclined to eat, but our *vin ordinaire* was perfect nectar; and the bottle of champagne brought up on purpose to be drunk on the summit, was considered a finer wine than had ever been met with. We all shook each other by the hand, and laughed at such small pleasantries so heartily, that it was quite diverting; and a

rapid programme of toasts went round, of which the most warmly drank was "Her," according to each of our separate opinions on that point. We made no "scientific observations,"—the acute and honest De Saussure had done everything that was wanted by the world, of that kind; and those who have since worried themselves during the ascent about "elevations" and temperatures, have added nothing to what he told us sixty years ago. But we had beheld all the wonders and horrors of the glacier-world in their wildest features; we had gazed on scenery of such fantastic yet magnificent nature as we might not hope to see again; we had labored with all the nerve and energy we could command, to achieve a work of downright unceasing danger and difficulty, which not more than one-half of those who try are able to accomplish, and the triumph of which is, even now, shared but by a comparative handful of travellers—and we had succeeded!

## COMING DOWN.

Although the cold was by no means severe when the air was still, yet, as I have before stated, the lightest puff of wind appeared to freeze us; and we saw the guides getting their packs ready—they were very light now—and preparing to descend. Accordingly, we left the summit at half-past nine, having been there exactly half an hour. We learned afterwards that we had been seen from Chamouni by telescopes, and that the people there had fired cannon when they perceived us on the summit; but these we did not hear. We were about three hours and a half getting back to the Grands Mulets; and, with the exception of the Mur de la Cote (which required the same caution as in coming up), the descent was a matter of great amusement. Sliding, tumbling, and staggering about, setting all the zig-zags at defiance, and making direct short cuts from one to the other—sitting down at the top of the snow-slopes, and launching ourselves off, feet first, until, not very clever at self-guidance, we turned right round and were stopped by our own heads; all this was capital fun. The guides managed to slide down very cleverly, keeping their feet. They leant rather back, steadying themselves with their poles, which also acted as a drag, by being pressed deeply into the snow when they wished to stop, and so scudded down like the bottles from the Grands Mulets. I tried this plan once, but before I had gone a dozen yards, I went head-over-heels, and nearly lost my baton; so that I preferred the more ignoble but equally exciting mode of transit first alluded to.

Although our return to the Mulets was accomplished in about half the time of the ascent, yet I was astonished at the distance we had traversed, now that my attention was not so much taken away by the novelty of the scenery and situations. There appeared to be no end to the *montets* which divide the *plateaux*; and, after a time, as we descended, the progress became very troublesome, for the snow was beginning to thaw in the sun, and we went up to our knees at every step. We were not now together—little parties of three or four dotting the glacier above and in front of us. Everybody chose his own route, and glissaded, or skated, or rolled down, according to

his own fancy. The sun was very bright and warm—we were all very cheerful and merry; and although I had not any sleep for two nights, I contrived to keep up tolerably well with the foremost.

At one o'clock in the afternoon we got back to our old bivouac on the Grands Mulets. We had intended to have remained here some little time, but the heat on the rock was so stifling that we could scarcely support it; and Tairraz announced that the glacier was becoming so dangerous to traverse, from the melting of the snow, that even now it would be a matter of some risk to cross it. So we hastily finished our scraps of refreshment, and drank our last bottle of wine—out of a stewpan, by the way, for we had lost our leather cups in our evolutions on the ice—and then, making up our packs, bade good-bye to the Grands Mulets, most probably for ever.

In five minutes we found that, after all, the greatest danger of the undertaking was to come. The whole surface of the Glacier des Bossons had melted into perfect sludge; the ice-cliffs were dripping in the sun, like the well at Knaresborough: every minute the bridges over the crevices were falling in; and we sank almost to our waists in the thawing snow at every step we took. I could see that the guides were uneasy. All the ropes came out again, and we were tied together in parties of three, about ten feet distant from one another. And now all the work of yesterday had to be gone over again, with much more danger attached to it. From the state of the snow, the guides avowed that it was impossible to tell whether we should find firm standing on any arch we arrived at, or go through it at once into some frightful chasm. They sounded every bridge we came to, with their poles, and a shake of the head was always a signal for a *détour*. One or two of the tracks by which we had marched up yesterday had now disappeared altogether, and fresh ones had to be cautiously selected. We had one tolerably narrow escape. Tairraz, who preceded me, had jumped over a crevice, and upon the other side alighted upon a mere bracket of snow, which directly gave way beneath him. With the squirrel-like rapid activity of the Chamouni guides, he whirled his baton round so as to cross the crevice, which was not very broad but of unknown depth, transversely. This saved him, but the shock pulled me off my legs. Had he fallen, I must have followed him—since we were tied together—and the guide would have been dragged after me. I was more startled by this little accident than by any other occurrence during the journey.

At length, after much anxiety, we came to the *moraine* of the glacier, and I was not sorry to find myself standing upon a block of hard granite, for I honestly believe that our lives had not been worth a penny's purchase ever since we left the Grands Mulets. We had a long rest at the Pierre à l'Echelle, where we deposited our ladder for the next aspirants, and, in the absence of everything else, were content with a little water for refreshment. The cords were now untied, and we went on as we pleased.—*Story of Mont Blanc.*

## MIGRATIONS OF ANIMALS.

Translated from the French.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

Man lives a sedentary life; he attaches himself to the land where he was born; he loves it, and often dies of home-sickness if he is transported to a foreign country. If, in our species, we see individuals voluntarily quit the cradle of their childhood to traverse distant countries, these travellers are so many exceptions to the general rule. It is not so with many animals; some seem created expressly to traverse, periodically, a greater or less portion of the globe, and nothing is more curious than the history of these annual migrations. We will accompany a few species on their journey.

The argonaut, or paper nautilus (*Argonauta Argo*), is a species of polypus. Its shell is symmetrical, very thin, forming a spiral, whose largest circle is so large in proportion to the others that it resembles a vessel of which this spiral is the deck; so the animal uses it as a boat.

The argonaut has a decided taste for voyages, but, as well as all mollusca, its movements are very slow, and it would take it entire days to traverse a very little space if it moved or swam only like others of its class. When the sea is calm and the sky serene, it ascends to the surface and empties its shell of the water it contains, which renders it light enough to float on the waves like a boat. Then it develops six of its arms, or tentacula, and extends them without, on the sides of its bark. After the manner of oars, whose office they perform. It raises two other large and membranous arms, and exposes them to the wind like two sails, and thus floats wherever it pleases, directing itself by means of its oars, which answer the purpose of a helm. If the waves are agitated, and announce the commencement of a tempest, or the argonaut suspects any other danger, he furls his sails and takes them, as well as the oars, into his bark; then, by a rapid movement, he submerges his boat and sinks to the bottom, where he shelters himself on the sand between the rocks. He remains there until the tempest or the danger is passed, and recommences his navigation only when the sky and wind are favorable to him.

When our ancestors embarked on a long voyage, it was not alone in the fear of tempests and of shipwreck, that they addressed their prayers to Heaven, but also in that of the remora. This terrible animal, when it encountered a vessel in the open sea, attached itself to its sides or to its keel, and, by a magic power, arrested it in its course, whatever might be the wind, the number of its sails, its size, or the rapidity of its voyage. If it pleased the monster not to detach himself, nothing remained to the unfortunate mariners but to die of hunger and thirst after having consumed their provisions, for no human power could prevent the vessel from remaining entire years immovable as a rock in the middle of the ocean, in spite of the roaring waves and the efforts of the tempest. Now, the remora (*Echeneis Remora*), is a little fish, of the size of a her-

ring, at most, which has on its head a singular organ. This organ, consisting of a flat disk, is composed of eighteen transversal scales, obliquely directed behind, and so constructed that the fish can attach himself strongly to foreign bodies. He loves to traverse the seas, but he does not swim swiftly enough or with sufficient vigor to pass over great distances, and would be constrained to live a sedentary life did he not find means, by fastening himself to a vessel, the body of a whale or other large fish, to be transported wherever he pleases to go. The whole truth of this marvellous story is limited to this.

The herring (*Clupea Harengus*) is, among fishes, the most celebrated of travellers. Every year, entire fleets are occupied in its fishery, and yet it is not known where it comes, whither it goes, or in what latitude it multiplies so prodigiously, or why the number does not diminish more, notwithstanding the extensive fisheries, the voracious fishes of which it is the principal nourishment, the cetacea, amphibia, and birds of prey, who consume enormous quantities of them.

Nothing is more extraordinary than the periodical migrations of these fishes. They come from the north, the coasts of which they traverse, divided into several columns. The larger begins its march about the commencement of the year, and divides into two wings, of which the right turns towards the west, and falls, in the month of March, on the island of Iceland, so that all its gulfs, straits and bays are full of them; but it is not known what becomes of the rest of the column which defiles along the occidental coast of this island. The left wing turns towards the east, and having passed through the Baltic Sea and along the shores of several countries, returns to the north.

The second grand division, after filling the bays, &c., of Scotland and Ireland, finds its way into the British Channel, where all its divisions are re-united, the fish is lost sight of, and no one has hitherto been able to divine what becomes of it.

These bands of herrings are sometimes so compact that on entering the Channel they resemble the waves of an agitated sea. When nets are thrown into these, it often happens that they are so laden with fish that, notwithstanding their strength, the nets break and the fish escape.

Many birds are also travellers, and migrate at fixed and periodical epochs. Some, sensitive to the cold, go to seek, during the Winter, climates favored by Heaven; which offer to them a milder temperature; such are those who live on grain, like the quail. Others, less sensitive to the severity of the seasons, are obliged to expatriate themselves during the Winter, because the frost, in destroying the insects, deprives them of their only nourishment. Most linnets are of this class. Some migrate, like the swallow, for both these reasons: they fear the cold and they live only on insects.

The quail (*Setras Coturnix*) arrives in our countries in the Spring, sooner or later, according to the season. When we have seen this heavy bird prefer to run a long time through the

thickest grass rather than take its flight; when we have seen this clumsy, laborious flight, we cannot conceive how the quail can sustain itself long enough in the air to cross the Mediterranean and reach Africa, where it passes the Winter, and yet this fact does not admit of doubt. The ancients, like ourselves, struck with this phenomenon, sought to explain it by suppositions, some of which are ridiculous enough. For example, Aldrovandus relates that the quail, before taking its flight over the sea, takes care to provide itself with a little piece of wood or bark, which it carries I know not how. When she is very much fatigued, she launches her plank on the water, lies down on her side, raises one wing as a sail, and thus floats after the manner of the argonaut; being rested, she resumes her boat and her flight. Pliny and Appian do not mention the piece of wood, and approach nearer the truth in saying that the quail crosses the sea at one flight: only they add that before setting out she provides herself with three little stones, which she carries in her beak, in order, by dropping them one by one, to know when she has passed the surface of the sea, for she travels only by night. Modern compilers have related that the quail reposes on the waves, using her left wing as a boat, her right wing as a sail, and her paws as oars. They have supposed, gratuitously, that her plumage was impermeable like that of ducks and other aquatic birds.

All these stories do not need refutation. This is the truth; the quail, on reaching the shores of the Mediterranean, has intelligence enough to await, before crossing, until a favorable wind shall waft her towards one of the numerous islands with which the sea is studded. Arrived there, she rests; then, yielding herself once more to the winds from the north, she is borne to the coast of Africa, and has had only the trouble of sustaining herself at a certain height. If it happens that the wind changes and blows directly from the south, she perishes if not in proximity with an island or a vessel on which she may repose.

At Malta, at Cerigo (the ancient Olytherea), and in other islands where they alight, they are so fatigued as to be sometimes caught with the hand. In the island of Caprea, at the entrance of the Gulf of Naples, the product of this chase makes the principal revenue of the bishop, so abundant are they. But they are most so on the western shore of the kingdom of Naples, in the environs of Nettuno. They fall in quantities so prodigious that on an extent of four or five miles of coast, a hundred thousand are sometimes caught in a day, if we may believe Gesner and Aldrovandus.

As we have said, most birds migrate a little sooner or later, according to the temperature of the season. There are some, however, who depart and arrive on fixed days; for example, the nightingale. For ten years, two or three families of these birds have established themselves in my garden at Wissons, and the male has always been heard to sing for the first time in the night of the 14th and 15th of April—never sooner, never later.

## FRANKLIN AS A BOOKSELLER.

The following story, told of Franklin's mode of treating the animal, called in those days "loungeur," is worth putting into practice occasionally, even in this age and generation:

One fine morning, when Franklin was busy preparing his newspaper for the press, a loungeur stepped into the store, and spent an hour or more looking over the books, &c., and finally, taking one in his hand, asked the shop-boy the price

"One dollar," was the answer.

"One dollar," said the loungeur, "can't you take less than that?"

"No, indeed, one dollar is the price."

Another hour had nearly passed, when the loungeur asked, "Is Mr. Franklin at home?"

"Yes, he is in the printing office."

"I want to see him," said the loungeur.

The shop-boy immediately informed Mr. Franklin that a gentleman was in the store wanting to see him. Franklin was soon behind the counter, when the loungeur, with book in hand, addressed him thus: "Mr. Franklin, what is the lowest you can take for this book?"

"One dollar and a quarter," was the ready answer.

"One dollar and a quarter? Why, your young man asked only a dollar."

"True," said Franklin, "and I could have better afforded to have taken a dollar than, than to have been taken out of the office."

The loungeur seemed surprised, and wishing to end the parley of his own making, said, "Come, Mr. Franklin, tell me what is the lowest you can take for it."

"One dollar and a half."

"One dollar and a half? Why, you offered it yourself for a dollar and a quarter."

"Yes," said Franklin, "and I had better have taken that price then, than a dollar and a half now."

The loungeur paid down the price, and went about his business—if he had any—and Franklin returned into the printing office.

## LINES.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

How bountiful, how wonderful

Thou art, sweet Air!

And yet, albeit, thine odors lie

On every gust that mocks the eye;

We pass thy gentle blessings by

Without a care!

How bountiful, how wonderful

Thou art, sweet Earth!

Thy seasons changing with the sun—

Thy beauty out of darkness won!

And yet, whose tongue (when all is done)

Will tell thy worth?

The poet's!—He alone doth still

Uphold *all* worth?

Then love the poet!—love his themes,

His thoughts half hid in golden dreams,

Which makes thrice fair the songs and stream

Of Air and Earth.

## ADELINE.

BY ALICE CAREY.

What restless creatures we are—how full of longings and hopes—how dissatisfied with to-day—how anxious for the morrow!

Even in the midst of health, and surrounded with friends, we grow tired, push away their love, and think it better to be alone.

But, to most of us, affliction is like an insanity, and we often foolishly think to escape from its shadow, by means of which our saner moments would at once see the fallacy. Who of us have not been mocked with delusions that make us smile to think of now?

A fever burns us, and we remember the cool summer shadows that have dropt against our faces in some place where we are not, and childishly believe that to be there again would make us well. One of the most painful hallucinations of this sort is connected with the last days of a very dear friend. May the snows fall light upon her, for her life was as pure as they.

Dear Adeline—how everybody envied her when she was married, and went from her simple, rural house to the great fine city to live in a great fine house. Indeed, I who loved her so well, felt ashamed of my simple muslin gown and cottage bonnet when I went to visit her, and half jealous of the elegance and luxury with which she was surrounded. I could not sleep well under the gorgeous canopy—I had been used to looking at the naked rafters—nor with the warm, rosy shadows creeping along the beautiful carpet; perhaps you cannot understand why—but it was not like home, and I wished to go back. Adeline had no need of my love any more—how could she have? All these splendours could not come in between us, and leave our hearts as they were when we strung up the bean-vines against the little window of her chamber—humbler, if possible, than mine.

In spite of her entreaties that I would remain, I abruptly departed, one day, without ceremony, or an attempt at excuse, leaving her cheeks no less wet than mine. She will soon dry them, thought I, in my bitter selfishness, with her lace handkerchief. Well, I can live without her. I am sorry for that unkind behaviour now, but I could not help it then.

I rejoiced in the bright fortune that was about her, but my heart was wounded to think I was less necessary to her happiness. Alas! even that was but refined selfishness.

All the neighbors who went to visit Adeline, came home delighted. She was just the same. They said, not at all lifted up, or spoiled by the many fine things she had. I said so, too, when they appealed to me, but all the while I felt estranged, and weeks and months—a year went by, and I did not go to her house any more.

Often I heard of her, that she was very happy, and that never so lovely a baby as hers was seen. I wanted to know whether it was like Adeline, saying all the time to myself I didn't care, and keeping away; feeling in fact as though her happiness was an injury and an insult to me.

I am ashamed to say that I did not relent when I heard of her failing health. She had so many comforters, I said, she would never miss me.

At length, one winter evening, as I sat in the hearthlight listening to the clock and the crickets, there came a messenger from her. She was ill, and desired me to come to her—that was all. My voice trembled, and my heart too, as I said I would go. Poor Adeline! I had not thought to find her so wasted, so pale, and so near the close of all. I remember how intensely bright were her eyes—life seemed to have gathered there all its light, and yet she smiled and talked cheerfully—even gaily sometimes—making plans for the future—when her baby was old enough to walk she would do so or so, and when he could talk and read, what pride she should have in him.

Alas, alas! I knew she would never see him walk, never hear him lisping her name, and it was sorrowful to see the unconsciousness with which she was going down, step by step.

Now, she would say, if it were Spring, she should be better, and now if it were not for her cough, she would be almost well.

So the days came and went, and every one left her weaker than the last, till she could not lift her baby up any more.

"See how worthless I am," she would say, laughing, when he proved too heavy for her, and so I would place him on her knees, and she would kiss and prattle to him of all the coming years, even to the time when he should be a man, and she should put away her curls and wear caps. We were talking one day of the old times when we used to be together, and so happy—of the green hills and the woods, and of the old chamber where we had so often told our hopes and fears; suddenly there came to her the thought that if she were there, she would be well.

And from that time all her visions were of home.

"Let me go back, oh let me go; I am sure I shall be well there!" Such were her constant appeals. How could we resist them? She was carried home as she wished to be—the bridal coverlet and sheets were spread on the bed, and she was laid down there, and then it was that she began to feel nothing could make her well. It was a blustry and wild night that I watched with her for the last time. The windows rattled in their frames, and we could hear the surging of the dead leaves in the woods.

The wood-fire burned bright, and the red glow ran along the rafters, and over the counterpane.

She had lain quietly for hours. I sat by her pillow with her baby asleep in my lap, and turning softly, she laid her thin hand on his head, and in a tone, sad, but sweet as a lullaby, repeated the following lines, which I know not where, nor how she ever learned:—

Wrap my baby in his blanket,  
With its broidery of blue,  
Lay him in his little cradle  
Softly, as I used to do.

Warm the pillow by the embers  
Lest the cold should make him shake,

Gently, gently, put him from you—  
From his hand the rattle take.

Sit unwearied by his cradle,  
Turn it from the sunlight glow;  
Should a dream disturb its slumbers,  
Rock him softly to and fro.

Promise me to be as careful,  
As his mother would have been,  
Teach him love, and that will teach him  
Farthest thing from every sin.

When the grave-clothes are about me,  
If with wild and bitter cry  
He should press his face against you,  
Soothe him with a lullaby.

This was all she ever said, and when she motioned me to lift the child to her lips, I did so, and kissing him many times, she looked upon him as if she could not give him up. Afterward she looked at me as if taking a last farewell, then at the simple furniture of the chamber, saying, as she did so, yes, home has made me well. Presently, there was—

"Midnight in her sightless eyes,  
And morn upon her face."

## YOU ASK HOW I LIVE?

BY JOSEPH HOBBS.

Living friendly, feeling friendly,  
Acting fairly to all men,  
Seeking to do that to others  
They may do to me again  
Hating no man, scorning no man,  
Wronging none by word or deed;  
But forbearing, soothing, serving,  
Thus I live—and this my creed.

Harsh condemning, fierce contemning,  
Is of little Christian use,  
One soft word of kindly peace  
Is worth a torrent of abuse;  
Calling things bad, calling men bad,  
Adds but darkness to their night,  
If thou would'st improve thy brother,  
Let thy goodness be his light.

I have felt and known how bitter  
Human coldness makes the world,  
Ev'ry bosom round me frozen,  
Not an eye with pity pearly;  
Still my heart with kindness teeming,  
Glads when other hearts are glad,  
And my eyes a tear-drop findeth  
At the sight of others sad.

Ah! be kind—life hath no secret  
For our happiness like this;  
Kindly hearts are seldom sad ones,  
Blessing ever bringeth bliss;  
Lend a helping hand to others,  
Smile though all the world should frown,  
Man is man, we all are brothers,  
Black or white, or red or brown.

Man is man, through all gradations,  
Little reck's it where he stands,  
Scattered over many lands;  
Man is man by form and feature,  
Man by vice and virtue too,  
Man in all one common nature  
Speaks and binds us brothers true.

## THE EMIGRANT.

BY MRS. SOPHRONIA CURRIER.

A few days after our arrival at our prairie home, my attention was drawn to a company of emigrants who had come—so we were informed by our friends who had for some time resided in this part of the country—from Pennsylvania. Pennsylvania teams, they said, could be told from all others. And to me, who had never seen an emigrant team before, they were queer-looking things. Great lumbering wagons, covered with what might once have been a white canvas; but the covering was now so completely stained with a black mud, that the original color could only be guessed at.

They were each—the three teams—drawn by six oxen; and accompanied by a dozen milch cows and as many sheep, which, at the time they came within sight of our dwelling, were driven by two women; and one might have supposed, from the appearance of their countenances, that they had been the drovers through the whole journey; though the faces which peeped out from the vehicles, so numerous that we did not count them, were but very little more delicate. The journey thus far had been long for the distance passed over, as the weather had been uncommonly stormy for the season, and the roads were consequently in very bad condition; and both the people and their beasts looked completely jaded and heartily sick, so it seemed to me, of their undertaking.

I have since seen many emigrant companies which presented a very different appearance; for these wagons are really very convenient and comfortable. They are furnished with beds, and most usually cooking-stoves, both of which can be used within the vehicle, the front and back as well as the sides, being furnished with curtains, which entirely enough excludes the night air; and when more than one family, as is usually the case, travels in one of these wagons, another curtain is let down midway the vehicle, dividing it into two apartments.

The teams stopped as they drew near our dwelling, and the driver of the foremost one—a fine, manly-looking fellow, and, considering the appearance of the visible part of the company, very well dressed—came to the door to purchase bread, if it could be immediately obtained—the damp weather having prevented the company from using the cooking-stoves; and the young man made this request with some hesitation, some little delicacy for one who found it difficult to partake of the coarse fare, which only they had been able to procure for the last few days.

Bread we could not supply him with, unless he could wait until it was baked, and that the young man declared he could not do. If he could obtain something for the young lady, the others could get along very comfortably with what they could themselves prepare. But as he was turning from the door, a female climbed out of the vehicle he had in charge, and walked hastily towards him.

"The people will accommodate us, to-night; will they not, Henry?" she asked, in an earnest tone.



"I have not requested them to do so!" returned the young man; "we must travel some miles farther before we stop, for the sun is an hour high yet, and the clouds are breaking; perhaps the moon may shine to-night. I wish we could remain here, Julia, but it is not possible."

"But I do not wish to go any farther!" said the young lady, in a tone which told that she expected the gratification of her wish would, in his estimation, be the most important thing in the world; and it was evident that he did not lightly regard it, for he spoke regretfully—"I promised R—I would meet him at B—to-morrow, Julia, and I cannot do so, unless we travel farther to-night. You would not have me disappoint him!"

"Yes, indeed, I would!" she replied, "for I do not wish for any farther addition to our party!" and as she spoke in marked emphasis, she glanced towards the faces which were peering out of the vehicle, and an unequivocal expression passed over her features.

The appearance of the rest of the company was very different from her own. Warm, cheap dresses, coarse shawls, and gingham sun bonnets, were no more in contrast with the rich and elegant travelling dress and French hat, than were those coarse sun-embrowned faces, with the fair, delicate features of the young lady.

"I cannot enter that vehicle again to-night," she added, as she stepped into our dwelling and dropped into a chair, "let the people go on if they choose; it will please me well if they do so!"

A deep flush overspread the young man's face, and it was evident that it cost him some effort to speak with the calmness his voice assumed.

"It is necessary that they remain in our company, Julia, whether we wish it or not," he said; "and that to-morrow we join another family, an acquaintance with whom may not be more agreeable to you. I did not deceive you in regard to the people to whom I should introduce you, and who in future are to form your society, Julia?"

"No, no! but I did not believe anything could be so intolerable to me as they have become; and to think they are to be my associates! Oh, I wish——"

The young lady paused and buried her face in her hands.

"What do you wish?" enquired her companion in a low, quick tone, bending his head to hers. "Tell me what your wish is, and it shall be gratified. The past is irremediable, however much you may regret the step you have taken; but the future is open before you; mark out the path you would pursue!"

He spoke calmly, but his face had become very pale, and his lip was quivering. The lady partially raised her head, but her eyes were still covered, and she did not perceive that he had left the apartment.

"You probably wish that I would return to my home," she said, "since I have become so troublesome to you and your relations; but I have now no home to go to, and there is not a being on earth who cares for me;" and the tears began to stream down her face.

"Madam, are you not doing your husband in-

justice?" enquired the unwilling spectator of the scene, in as gentle a tone as she could command.

The lady raised her eyes, and a blush, partly of shame, at such an exhibition of feeling in presence of a stranger, and partly of anger at what might be mistaken for rudeness, stole over her face.

But the color passed away, and she replied frankly as her eyes again sought the floor:

"Yes, I am doing him injustice, but I am so very—very wretched"—and the tears began to flow again—"that no one should expect I can do as I ought. And instead of pitying me, he is only vexed that I am not cheerful and happy; and those people—to think they are his nearest relatives—regard him as the most unfortunate being in the world, in having me for his wife! Neither he nor they ever seem to think of the sacrifices I have made for him! Why, he was nothing but a poor mechanic, and my uncle is one of the wealthiest men in Philadelphia. We moved in the first circle in society; and no one lived in better style than did we. Until I left my uncle's house, I had never had a wish ungratified; and I did not realize, when I promised to marry Henry, that though he was poor, the means of enjoyment would not be as much within my reach as they had formerly been. I really thought my French dressing maid would go with us to the West; she had promised to remain with me for less wages than my uncle had paid her, and Henry told me the business he should engage in there would be very profitable. You are smiling, but I have not yet recovered from the disappointment and vexation I felt when Henry ridiculed the idea of having a person like Marguerite in a log cabin. I did not know then what kind of a dwelling that would be; but I imagined the home he would take me to would be something very unique and beautiful. A dear little cottage in the cleanest and prettiest grove in the world, with honeysuckles, wild roses, and sweet eglantines clambering over the windows; and among the clustering vines, the brightest-winged and sweetest-voiced songsters, I knew, would build their nests, and blend their music with the strains of our elegant piano; and the green lawn about our dwelling would be studded with choice flowers and fruitful shrubs, where the dear little fawns which I would teach to love their mistress so well, would gambol from morn till night. I knew I should be so happy there with Henry, and I anticipated as much pleasure in the journey. Pleasure! oh, I could not have believed I should live to be jostled about as I have been in that old cart; and to see Henry wading through the mud, driving those oxen. We have stopped in a dwelling-house only one night during our journey, and that was a log cabin; and when I wept that he should be so careless as to take me to such a place, Henry said it might be many years before we had a dwelling possessing half its comforts. I could not sleep that night, and I have been so wretched ever since; and when his mother enquired, so kindly, I thought why I wept, and I told her of my disappointment and misery. She only smiled contemptuously, and told me that Henry and I had showed ourselves fools, but that he had manifested more folly than myself."

"And, pardon a stranger's frankness, the old lady's words are true! Your husband could not have committed a greater error than to marry a woman whose love for him, he must have by this time have learned, will be measured by his ability to surround her with luxuries. With his fine, handsome features, manly form and countenance, which plainly tells of a good intellect and refined feeling, he could have found a woman who would love him whether he had been a prince or a beggar!"

"What, madam! what?" exclaimed the young lady, and the tears dried up very suddenly in those dark eyes. "Do you think I do not love my husband, and that he is not aware I could not be happy anywhere in the wide world, if he were separated from me? It is possible he has *not* chosen so unwisely, madam! is it not?"

"Yes, for there is the germ of a strong, noble character in the heart of many a thoughtless, romantic girl! But the love of man, though it may be a long-lived, is a fragile plant; it needs continued fostering, and it may be withered before that careless girl has become the sensible woman. Your husband is grieved and vexed with you to-night. It will be a long time before he forgets the words you have just now addressed to him in the presence of a stranger! But do not go and confess your error to him now; come into another division of our log cabin; and since you think that people must be utterly destitute of comforts in a place like this, while we are preparing a cup of tea, please look around the apartment."

When the table was spread, the females belonging to the team of which the husband of the young lady was proprietor, the other two wagons having proceeded on their way, came, though rather unwillingly, into the house. They were the mother and three sisters of the young man. On a nearer view they were far better looking than I had imagined them to be, but not very amiable just now. They were vexed at this delay on their journey, and they were by no means anxious to conceal their vexation from Julia, who, to my great satisfaction did not observe it, so closely was she watching the countenance of her husband.

The young man was little disposed to partake of the supper, and, under pretence of looking after his team, left the table before any one but himself had swallowed a cup of tea. When he returned to the house, Julia had retired again to our sitting-room, and her fingers were running lightly over the keys of the piano. She did not observe his entrance into the apartment, though he drew near her, and leaned over her shoulder. She did not sing—perhaps she could not trust her voice; but those little, white, delicate fingers, which, most likely, had never been taught anything less indispensable than the practice of music, woke most exquisite melody; but how unfitted seemed that young lady to perform the duties which should devolve on the wife of that poor, hard-laboring man! Perhaps such a thought struck him more forcibly than it had done before, for the look of displeasure passed away from his features, and an expression of pity succeeded it; and though he struggled to control his emotion, his voice trembled as he spoke—

"Julia!" he said, as her fingers rested, "I did wrong in asking you to become my wife; and I committed a second error in bringing you here, though I believed, since your marriage with me has separated you from all your former friends, that I should be most likely to secure your happiness, as well as my own, by removing you to a distance from them. The latter error I am willing to repair; and I do it the more willingly"—there was some bitterness in his tone—"that the former cannot be atoned for. You can pass the night here. I will go on with the team to B—, and there leave it to the care of my brother. If I were not married, I would not forsake my widowed mother and my sisters, whom I persuaded to part with their home to accompany me to the West; nor impose the care of them on the brother who finds it difficult to provide suitably for a feeble wife and a family of little ones; but you wish never to see them more, and your happiness must now be my first desire. You must remember, however, Julia, that there can be no sacrifices beside wealth and position in society. I will return to you to-morrow, and, during my absence, I wish you to decide what course you wish me to pursue. Good night. Let your decision be a final one!" and the young man turned to leave the room.

Julia sprang to her feet. Her first impulse was to throw herself into her husband's arms, but a second thought restrained her, and she stood calmly before him, but with her eyes fixed on the floor.

"I cannot decide to-night, Henry," she said; "in three months' time I will tell you what my decision is!"

"And where will you spend these three months, Julia?" he enquired.

"With them—mother, and our sisters," she said, quickly.

The young man looked surprised, but he made no remark, not even when she busied herself in preparing to continue the journey; but there was something in his face which said—"And so this scene, so trying to me, is to be acted over again!"

The mother and sisters, whom the young man had made acquainted with his plan to return to the East, if Julia desired it, though they were weeping when she made her appearance, ready to continue the journey, made no remark; the pleasure of having Henry with them seemed not to counterbalance the annoyance caused by the presence of his wife.

The young lady's veil was drawn so close, around her face that its expression was not seen by her relatives; but, when she lifted it, as she came near to bid me farewell, I observed a very different look was there from that the countenance had worn on her entrance into our dwelling.

"Shall I succeed?" she asked in a whisper.

"Do you love your husband?" was the answer.

She pressed my hand tightly and moved away. Poor young thing! My heart ached for her. She and her lover had waked from their romantic dream, and—no one could doubt it—before them was a lifetime of misery. To a man who could have surrounded her with the luxuries of life she

would have made a kind, pleasant wife, and one whom he would have been proud of, for she was beautiful, graceful, and accomplished; but what would she be but a curse to one who must toil for his daily bread?

Nearly four months subsequent to the time when those Pennsylvania emigrants called to our dwelling, while riding through the eastern part of Iowa, we were one day met by a young and very neatly-dressed lady, on horseback, and accompanied by a gentleman of fine appearance. The lady reined her beast, and accosted me very politely. The countenance was unfamiliar to me, but she checked my apologies.

"It is not strange you do not recognise me," she said, "my appearance is without doubt much changed from what it was when we met before;" and a slight blush stole over the somewhat sun-embrowned but very modest, pleasant face; but you must come to our dwelling. There is one there you will not fail to recognise, though a much greater change has taken place in her than in myself. I will prepare her to receive you;" and, with a graceful bow, she wheeled about her horse, and hastened away.

We could not imagine who she was; but there was no mistaking the young lady, who, as we drew near a newly-built log cabin, came running out of the door to meet us, and, springing into our carriage, exclaimed, as she seized my hands—

"Oh, Mrs. C——, I am so happy to see you! I have wished so much to tell you—"

"Why, Julia! you are not here, surely, in a log cabin, and with these people! Your three months expired some time since, and you and Henry have returned to the East!"

"Ah, you would not say so, did you not see I am the happiest being in the world, and that I am loving my family so well!" and it was apparent enough that the young wife was contented and happy.

And, as I entered the dwelling, and was welcomed by each member of the family, I fancied I had never seen a more pleasant household. It was really gratifying to look in the face of the young husband, as his eye turned from that of his wife to mine; there was in its expression so much of pride and happiness. To hear the mother, whose voice was naturally loud and quick, say so softly and gently, "My dear child!" (an epithet, I observed, applied to no one but Julia), and to see in the countenances of the three sisters such affectionate respect for her. It was strange what a change had taken place in that family.

Julia took me over her dwelling.

"It was unfinished when we came here," she said; "the logs were only piled one above the other, and a roof laid over them. Henry was so busy he could assist us but a little beside putting in the windows and making the doors. In fact, we have done all the rest. We filled up with clay the seams between the logs, and I covered the walls with paper, and white-washed the ceiling overhead. Is it not white and nice? and these window-shades, don't you think the pattern quite pretty? I painted them myself; and these lounges and ottomans are our own manu-

facture, the cabinet work as well as the upholstery. Could you have believed I should ever learn the use of a hammer and a saw? And this carpet; is it not pretty? You remember we brought a few sheep from the East. Mother made this carpet from their fleece; and was she not too kind to me? she insisted on putting it down in our room. You do not think how highly I value it! Look from our window; is not that a dear little parterre? They are all prairie flowers, you perceive; and are they not beautiful? There is our little arbor; the vines covering it, I found in the grove. Two birds have builded nests among them, and they sing to me so sweetly. Every morning, they come to my window and pick the crumbs I drop for them."

"And, Julia, have you learned to make butter and cheese?"

"Yes, indeed, I have. Come into the dairy and see it. Mother praises my work. And I can make nice bread, too! I was longest in learning to do that. Oh, Mrs. C——, you cannot think how ignorant I was of everything useful when I came here. We should have suffered for wholesome food, I doubt not, had Henry and I gone to housekeeping alone. I cannot be grateful enough to mother and the girls for what they have learned me."

"If I am not mistaken, Julia, they have as much reason to be grateful as yourself."

"It makes me happy to hear you say so," she replied. "Henry's sisters are dear, good girls; and they were not ignorant, though they were so awkward. I am doing all I can for them. Does not Lucy appear uncommonly well on horseback? She would do credit to Craigie; and her sisters ride as well. They are learning to sing beautifully; and do you not perceive they are becoming very graceful in their manners? Lucy is reading French very well; and come into our sitting-room again. These drawings are hers. Does she not exhibit some talent? Lucy, you recollect, was one of the girls who drove the cattle when we came from the East, and—can you believe it?—she is now engaged to be married to that young man you saw her riding with. He belongs to one of the most respectable families in Philadelphia; and I am very anxious that my husband's sister shall make a favorable impression on the circle to which he will introduce her. I was acquainted with W—— in the East. He was travelling through the Western States, and hearing I was somewhere in Iowa, he took particular pains to find me. I learned, a few weeks after we arrived here, that he was in our neighborhood, and was enquiring for me; and you may be sure I did my best to make a good appearance before the young man. Lucy had not begun to love me then, but somehow I persuaded her to let me do with her as I pleased; and I put on her a neat, becoming dress of my own, and arranged her hair—you know her hair is very beautiful—in pretty curls, and she appeared so well that W—— was quite fascinated. I knew him to be a most estimable young man, and that Lucy deserved a good husband, and I did everything in my power to encourage their acquaintance. Since then she has put herself entirely

under my guidance, and W—— has promised me he will not persuade her to marry him until I consent. She does not know it yet, but to-morrow a piano he has ordered will arrive here for her. I anticipate great pleasure in learning her music."

"Why, Julia, what a darling wife and sister you are making."

Tears sprang into the young lady's eyes. "I hope I shall deserve the praises bestowed on me," she said; "sometimes I am afraid they will spoil me."

"And you are really happy here? You do not regret the sacrifices you have made for your husband?"

"Sacrifices! Mrs. C——, I have asked Henry's forgiveness for the words I have uttered, and every day I thank him for the happiness I enjoy. A life of activity and usefulness is to me a life of beauty. You do not think what a frivolous, selfish creature I should be were I differently situated. There is but one thing which troubles me—the thought of my dear uncle whom, when he forbade Henry his house, I left in anger. I have written to him, entreating his forgiveness for my disobedience, and telling him how happy I am in my new home. I did not expect a reply, and none has come. I suppose he did not credit the story I told him; but when Lucy goes to Philadelphia she will meet with my uncle, and I am sure she will give him a favorable idea of the family to which she belongs."

The tale the writer is telling is no fiction; and, perhaps, the eye for which it was prepared may glance over it. If it does, that old gentleman may rest assured that the dear girl, for whose welfare he would have sacrificed his own comfort, has secured for herself a happiness his wealth could not have procured for her. She has married a man entitled to the highest respect; and, though he is poor now, his energy and perseverance, with the good management of his wife, will, in a few years, place him in comfortable circumstances. Will not that gentleman visit his niece in her new home?

We passed the evening most pleasantly with the family and a few neighbors whom our host invited in to see us. One young man—a wealthy farmer from the adjoining settlement—came over without an invitation. It was apparent, however, that he was not unexpected by one member of the family, at least; and, though Julia informed me, in a whisper, that notwithstanding it would be a most excellent match, she had not quite made up her mind to let him marry Fanny—Henry's second sister—the young man seemed to have decided, fully, to do so.

SOUTH GROVE, ILL.

A very thin audience attending the tragedy of Richard III., at Windsor Theatre, some time back, the crook-back tyrant had not sufficient philosophy to endure this neglect of his powers; for, losing all patience in the tent scene, he exclaimed, with emphasis: "*I'll forth, and walk awhile;*" and very composedly went home to supper.

## ARTHUR LELAND.

BY REV. WILLIAM M. BAKER.

Arthur Leland was a young lawyer, of some twenty-seven years of age. His office stood a stone's throw from the court-house, in a thriving town in the West. Arthur had taken a full course in a Northern college, both in the collegiate and law department, and with some honor. During his course, he had managed to read an amazing amount of English literature, and no man was readier or had a keener taste in such things than he. He had a pleasing personal appearance, a fluent and persuasive manner, an unblemished character. Every morning he came to his office from one of the most pleasant little cottage homes in the world, and if you had opened the little front gate, and gone up through the shrubbery to the house, you would have seen a Mrs. Leland, somewhere in-doors, and she as intelligent and pleasant a lady as you ever saw. You would have seen, moreover, tumbling about the grass, or up to the eyes in some mischief, as noble looking a little fellow of some three years old, as you could well have wished for your own son.

This all looks well enough, but there is something wrong. Not in the house. No, it is as pleasant a cottage as you could wish—plenty of garden, peas and honey-suckles climbing up everywhere, green grass, white paint, Venetian blinds, comfortable furniture.

Not in Willie, the little scamp. No; rosy, healthy, good head, intelligent eyes, a fine specimen he was of an only son. Full of mischief, of course, he was. Overflowing with uproar and questions and mischief. Mustachios of egg or butter-milk or molasses after each meal, as a matter of course. Cut fingers, bumped forehead, torn clothes, all day long. Yet a more affectionate, easily-managed child never was.

The mischief was not in Lucy, the Mrs. Leland. I assure you it was not. Leland knew, to his heart's core, that a lovelier, more prudent, sensible, intelligent wife it was impossible to exist. Thrifty, loving, lady-like, right and true throughout.

Where was this mischief? Look at Leland. He is in perpetual motion. Reading, writing, walking the streets, he is always fast, in dead earnest. Somewhat *too* fast. There is a certain slowness about your strong man. You never associate the idea of mental depth and power with your quick-stepping men. You cannot conceive of a Roman emperor or a Daniel Webster as a slight, swift man. The bearing of a man's body is the outward emblem of the bearing of his soul. Leland is rather slight, rather swift. He meets you in his rapid walk. He stops, grasps your hand, asks cordially after your health. There is an open, warm feeling in the man. No hypocrisy whatever. Yet he talks too fast. He don't give you half a chance to answer one of his rapid questions, before he is asking another totally different. He is not at ease. He keeps you from being at ease. You feel it specially in his house. He is too cordial, too full of

effort to make your visit pleasant to you. You like him—yet you don't feel altogether at home with him. You are glad when he leaves you to his more composed wife. You never knew or heard of his saying or doing anything wrong or even unbecoming. You look upon him as a peculiar sort of man—well, somehow—but! He is at the bar defending that woman, who sits by him, dressed in mourning—some chancery case. Or it is a criminal case—and it is the widow's only son that Leland is defending. If you had been in his office for the last week, you would have acknowledged that he has studied the case, has prepared himself on it as thoroughly as a man can. He is an ambitious man. He intensely desires to make for himself a fortune and a position. His address to the judge—or to the jury, as the case may be, is a good one. Yet, somehow, he does not convince. He himself is carried away by his own earnestness, but he does not carry away with him his hearers. His remarks are interesting. People listen to him from first to last closely. Yet his arguing does not, somehow, convince. His pathos does not, somehow, melt. He is the sort of man that people think of for the Legislature. No man ever thinks of him in connection with the Supreme Bench or Senate.

Wherein lies the defect? Arthur Leland is well read, a gentleman of spotless character, of earnest application, of popular manners. Why is not this man a man of more weight, power, standing? Why, you answer, the man is just what he is. He fills just the position up to which his force of mind raises him. Did he have more talent, he would be more. No, sir. Every acquaintance he has known—he himself knows that he is capable of being much more than he is—somehow, somehow he does not attain to it! It is this singular impression Leland makes upon you. It is this singular, uneasy, unsatisfied feeling he himself is preyed upon by. "He might be but he is not," say his neighbors; "I am not, yet I might be," worries him as an incessant and eternal truth.

It broke upon him like a revelation.

He was at work one fine morning in his garden, in a square in which young watermelon plants of a choice kind were just springing. Willie was there with him, just emerged fresh for fun from the waters of sleep. Very anxious to be as near as possible to his father, who was always his only playmate, Willie had strayed from the walk, in which his father had seated him, and stood beside his father. With a quick, passionate motion, Leland seized his child, and placed him violently back in the walk, with a harsh threat. The child whimpered for a while, and soon forgetting himself, came to his father again over the tender plants. This time Leland seized him still more violently, seated him roughly in the walk, and, with harsh threats, struck him upon his plump red cheek. Willie burst into tears, and wept in passion. His father was in a miserable, uneasy frame of mind. He ceased his work, bared his brow to the delicious morning air. He leaned upon his hoe, and gazed upon his child. He felt there was something wrong!

He always knew, and acknowledged that he was of a rash, irritable disposition. He now remembered that ever since his child's birth he had been exceedingly impatient with it. He remembered how harshly he had spoken to it, how rudely he had tossed it on his knee when it awoke him with its crying at night. He remembered that the little one had been daily with him for now three years—and that not a day had passed in which he had not spoken loudly, fiercely to the child. Yes, he remembered the heavy blows he had given it in bursts of passion—blows deeply regretted the instant after—yet repeated on the first temptation. He thought of it all; that his boy was but a little child, and that he had spoken to it, and expected from it, as if it were grown. All his passionate, cruel words and blows rushed upon his memory; his rough replies to childish questions; his unmanly anger at childish offences. He thought, too, how the little boy had still followed him, because its father was all on earth to him; how the little thing had said, he "was sorry," and had offered a kiss even after some bitter word or blow altogether undeserved. Leland remembered, too, as the morning air blew aside his hair, how often he had shown the same miserable, nervous irritability to his dog, his horse, his servants; even the branch of the tree that struck him as he walked—yea, even to his own wife. He remembered how the same black, unhappy feelings had clouded his brow, had burst from his lips at every little domestic annoyance that had happened. He could not but remember how it had only made matters worse—had made himself and his family wretched for the time. He felt how undignified, how unmanly all this was. He pictured himself before his own eyes as a peevish, uneasy, irritable, unhappy man—so weak-minded!

He glanced at the house—he knew his wife was in it, engaged in her morning duties; gentle, lady-like, loving him so dearly. He glanced at his sobbing child, and saw how healthful and intelligent he was. He glanced over his garden, and orchard, and lawn, and saw how pleasant was his home. He thought of his circle of friends, his position in business, his own education and health. He saw how much he had to make him happy—and all jarred and marred, and cursed by his miserable fits of irritation; the fever, the plague increasing daily; becoming his nature, breathing the pestilent atmosphere of hell over himself and all connected with him.

As he thus thought, his little boy again forgot himself, and strayed with heedless feet toward his father. Leland dropped his hoe, reached toward his child. The little fellow threw up his hands, and writhed his body as if expecting a blow.

"Willie," said the father, in a low, gentle voice. Willie looked up with half-fright, half-amazement. "Willie, boy," said the father in a new tone, which had never passed his lips before, and he felt the deep, calm power of his own words. "Willie, boy, don't walk on pa's plants. Go back, and stay there till pa is done."

The child turned as by the irresistible power of the slow spoken, gentle words, and walked

back and resumed his seat, evidently not intending to transgress again.

As Leland stood with the words dying on his lips, and his hand extended, a sudden and singular idea struck him. He felt that he had just said the most impressive and eloquent thing he had ever said in his life! He felt that there was a power in his tone and manner which he had never used before—a power which would affect a judge or a jury, as it had affected Willie. The curse cursed here too! It was that hasty, nervous disposition, which gave manner and tone to his very public speaking—which made his arguments unconvincing, his pathos unaffecting. It was just that calm, deep, serene feeling and manner which was needed at the bar as well as with Willie. Arguing with that feeling and manner, he felt, would convince irresistibly. Pleading with that quiet, gentle spirit, he felt would melt, would affect the hearts as with the very emotion of tears.

Unless you catch the idea, there is no describing it, reader. Leland was a Christian. All that day he thought upon the whole matter. That night in the privacy of his office he knelt and repeated the whole matter before God. For his boy's sake, for his wife's sake, for his own sake, for his usefulness sake at the bar, he implored steady aid to overcome the deadly, besetting sin. He plead that, indulging in that disposition, he was alienating from himself his boy and his wife—yes, that he was alienating his own better self from himself, for he was losing his own self-respect. And here his voice sank from a murmur into silence—he remembered that he was thus alienating from his bosom and his side—God!

And then he remembered that just such a daily disposition as he lacked was exactly that disposition which characterized God when God became man. The excellence of such a disposition rose serenely before him, embodied in the person of Jesus Christ—the young lawyer fell forward on his face and wept in the agony of his desire and his prayer.

From that sweet Spring morning was Arthur Leland another man—a wiser, abler, more successful man in every sense. Not all at once—steadily, undoubtedly advanced the change. The wife saw and felt, and rejoiced in it. Willie felt it and was restrained by it in every drop of his merry blood; the household felt it, as a ship does an even wind—and sailed on over smooth seas constrained by it. You saw the change in the man's very gait and bearing and conversation. Judge and jury felt it. It was the ceasing of a fever in the frame of a strong man—and Leland went about easily, naturally, the strong man he was. The old, uneasy, self-harassing feeling was forgotten, and an ease and grace of tone and manner succeeded. It was a higher development of the father, the husband, the orator, the gentleman, the Christian. Surely love is the fountain of patience and peace. Surely it is the absence of passion which makes angels to be the beings they are. Men can become very nearly angels or devils, even before they have left the world.

## THE PEARL OYSTER.

A meditative oyster sat in a cool, dreamy state of subdued bliss, with the door of his "hard finished" house set ajar, for the pleasure of a seabath, of which he was exceedingly fond, and seemed the very picture of unsuspecting innocence. A philosopher, as cool and meditative, sat on a rock above, and for the hundredth time watched, for hours, the very deliberate operations of Mr. Oyster in his sub-marine armor. It seemed an even match of patience and imperturbable gravity. Your oyster is slow-blooded, slow-thoughted, and very much attached to his home and hole. Your philosopher is as slow-blooded, but not as slow-thoughted, and almost as firmly attached to the rock as your oyster. But philosophers have sometimes a wanton or careless freak, which no meditative oyster has been accused of; and our Solon was attacked with one of these, at the end of three hours of immovable meditation. His first symptom was to look about him, a symptom which, in any other, would have boded no danger. Then he selected a small pebble, which only looked suspicious by the accompanying action of a side squint cast below to the bed of reposing innocence. Then, with a carelessness which seemed like unconsciousness, but a steady aim which looked like malice, our philosopher let drop the pebble directly into the open valves of our submarine dreamer, who shut up his house with astonishing rapidity. Solon sprang to his feet smiling, and went his way, with no less show of vivacity than my oyster. Singular it was, how much latent vigor lay in them both. Our abused innocent shed no tears; it seemed to him in its briny bed, a work of supererogation to add salt water to the ocean. He seemed literally to pocket the insult, to lock the grief in his own heart, and shut his doors against the intrusion of weakening sympathy, and the extrusion of more weakening grief. But a silent change was going on within him; a smooth clear orb of his condensing tears closed about the wound, and a beautiful pearl was born. The grief which a more hasty and less meditative sufferer had blown out in sighs to cloud his own and his neighbor's sunshine, or spouted out in tears to swell the latent seeds of sorrow in human breasts—he, brave oyster that he was, swallowed down, and, by the alchemy of his sea-cool heart, transformed it to beauty and wealth. When exulting maidenhood wore the pearl over her throbbing heart, and men gazed on it as a fit symbol of her clear young soul, they forgot its deeper sense, thought not of it, as the pure crown and prize of victorious silent suffering of pain endured in the mute solitudes of the forlorn deep!

The silent Master whom some call Fate, and some call Providence, let fall a pebble of annoyance to the heart of my grave philosopher, on that side where it lay open to some sunny affections. If he started with a pang, it was but for a moment, then closed in the trouble to his inner chamber, locked it with the key of silence, and put the key in his pocket of reserve. When years brought forth his stores of clear wisdom, hopeful, joy-giving, and beautiful, a thousand hearts were

gladdened who never dreamed of the silent pain, and dumb, victorious endeavor that had been crystalized into those forms of worth and beauty. He said to himself, in the silence which now grew too sacred to mar for slight causes, "Is there not enough of inevitable grief, if I should stifle mine? Are the Heavens too clear to mortals, that I should blur them with my sighing breath? No, I will not. My oyster gave me a pearl for a wanton wound; shall I not give back a purer heart and clearer-shining soul for the smittings of Paternal love?"

The patient wife enduring alienated love, or the cold misunderstanding of slower, duller sympathies, or worse, the growing brutality of a besotted husband, if she is vital enough, presents the saddest-sweet beauty of the soul that human suffering ever evolved from human nature. So have been wrought as in fire, spirits clear as crystal, and beautiful in their mute solitudes, as gems in the black caverns of earth. But, alas, for these most wealthy hearts, they are most easily broken. Afflictions that fall too heavily crush the defenceless victim, and death, slow, dreadful death alone can lend deliverance, and the pearls ripen in another sphere, and glow against the bosom of the angels.

The spoken grief is divided, but is a sorrow still; the grief conquered in silence is crystalized to life-beauty, and sheds delight on others. All are not strong alike; and only the mightiest Heart could endure victoriously the heaviest sorrow. From the awful solitudes, and the silent, sacred agony of that One Heart, was evolved the Priceless Pearl, to make the impoverished world richer than ever with its infinite wealth. Reverently down from the mirth-wrinkled surface, where the light breezes play to solemn deeps, profounder than Atlantic's or Pacific's heart, I have dived for the rich moral. Such is life.

Silent endurance is the soul's mother of pearl. Let it give back, not the keen pain, but the birth of beauty, that feebler souls may grow strong, and young joy be yet more glad in its loveliness. —*Mass. Life Boat.*

## THE BEACH.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Ah! the beach in the Summer time, when white waves are kissing it, with a low laughter, and white sails are flitting, like the happy thoughts of a quiet mind, over the calm bosom of the sea!

Children of fashion, in your periodical flights to Newport and Nahant, do ye feel the beauty of the ocean and the shore? Does it mirror to you a low, rippling sea of inward peace, upon which are shining lights of Heaven, that never set but for new lights to rise; in whose brightness loving and holy emotions, birds of the Eden-shore, are ever waving and sunning their soft wings? If it be not so, you have no more part in the life of the scene than those empty and broken shells, which the tide has tossed high and dry, away from the burnishing spray; or the barnacles that cling to the wooden wharf-posts, through ebb and flood.

Yet it is hardly in human nature to resist the influence of a sea-side view. Harsh and dry characters are penetrated by it, unawares. It draws out the wiry lines of many a business face into the undulations of a smile; and subdues the petulant tones of semi-invalids to a softer key, in spite of their nerves and the east winds. The narrowest mind must feel something like the breadth of infinity unfolding within it, standing here on the beach, and recalling those grand old words, "The sea is His, and He made it. His hands also formed the dry land."

Now, the ocean lies at calm, in the golden sunset, and the white light-houses look over to us through the dim haze of far-away island rocks, like watching spirits from the shores of the blessed. And here and there a lonely sail glides across the crystal expanse, into the dimness beyond, as a soul long anchored by human love in its earthly harbor, passed half regretfully through the veil into the mysteries of spirit-land.

That thought stirs memory's waves, and sends them back in a tide of tears upon our hearts.

Where is the pale boy, who walked here with us only a year ago? Wearily he walked, for the angels had wound a golden chain around him, to draw him to themselves; while the tight bands of household affection, and the love of all that is good and beautiful in this world, held him here; and, swayed between the two impulses, it was hard to go, and hard to stay. Here, his foot slowly pressed the yielding sand; and on that wave-smoothed rock he sat down, while the starry soul shone from his dark eyes with a new light, piercing the violet haze of the horizon, as if he caught a glimpse of the happy islands for which he was soon to set sail, away from us who loved him.

Away from us? No, no! buried, living Edward; buried to the sense, but living to the spirit; thou art not gone so far but thou canst often return, with a swifter than sea-bird's flight, to the warm nest our hearts had made for thee, so lonely and cold without thy dove-like presence.

And we are coming to thee! We have loosed anchor since thou hast left us, and soon our barks will be outward-bound, to sail with thee around the beautiful shores, and among the bright islands of Love's stormless ocean.

Look! the tide is returning. The dipping of distant oars, that sounded so near and sonorous in the calm, is drowned in the wash of the waves. They are coming up to our throne of rocks, and as we are canutes with no courtiers, we may as well abdicate without a word.

Let us stand here, at high-water mark, and watch them. Somebody says that the fifth and the ninth waves are the largest. We will count. One, two, three; does that wavelet consider itself a wave? And was it the fourth or the fifth that laughed so loud, as it sprinkled salt water in our faces? Six, seven—ha! thou lordly ninth wave, thou art riding in behind thy heralds, with a green kelp-veil over thy crest; thou wilt give us, like the Prophet of Khorassan, one glimpse of thy terrors, and then retreat among meaner billows.

But we must go. The beacon-lights are kindled, and *Lyra*, the harp of the heavens, is hung out just within reach of the white-fingered waves. There is a fisherman pulling in his boat, and his plump-faced daughter is running down with a huge basket, to receive the finny spoils. A black cat follows her; another crawls from a warm bed in the sand; another still appears in quite a supernatural way, we see not from whence. But this is only a mile or two from the scenes of the Salem witchcraft. Gallops' Hill is in sight; and if *now* were *then*, we might make something more of a fisherman's daughter, surrounded by three black cats, than merely the piscatory penchant of the feline tribe. To-morrow, these kidnapped inhabitants of the waters will be borne in a triumphal march through the streets of the town, to the music of a creaking wheelbarrow, and "Here's your fresh cod and mackerel!"

Yonder lies a whaling-vessel, manned and equipped, waiting for a favorable wind. The sailors are seated about the deck, making a picturesque appearance, in their red flannel and blue-checked drapery, and enlivening the evening with laughter, songs, and long sea-yarns. Bound round Cape Horn, three years away from home! What heart but that of a jolly tar, could be so light in the prospect?

Silently wishing them a merry voyage, we turn, by a last look, to recall the pleasant and pensive dreams that attended our walk on the beach: with no regrets that we also encountered homely every-day pictures: for such is life—the grotesque everywhere standing out in bold relief against the sublime; and the hard, coarse features of the present leaning toward the delicate, shadowy lineaments of the distant and spiritual.

## MOUNT AUBURN.

Sweet Auburn! They told us that it was too late to visit this beautiful sleeping-place of the dead, they bade us wait until summer returned, the time of roses, when everything would be bright and glad, but we thought and chose otherwise. For we knew that beauty must be lingering there still, if only the many-colored fringes of her robe fluttered among the tree-tops; and we felt that the autumnal haze, the red, slanting sunbeams, and the dropping leaves, would harmonize better with the thoughts we took for our companions, than the glaring radiance of mid-summer.

And it was most beautiful. The kiss of the frost had been light upon the leaves; only here and there a maple sought to hide its blushes among greener trees, and the breezes that followed us down the secluded paths were soft as the whispers of angels.

We did not trouble ourselves with any officious "guide-books," believing beauty to be far more beautiful when met with unawares. We were in the mood for wandering hither and thither, without knowing where we were going, like the red leaves that the wind blew through the avenues.

They do well to call it the "home of the dead," for there are many tokens that the living

have a home-feeling upon the flowery turf that covers their buried ones. We read these tokens in the flower-basket waiting at the door of the tomb; in the chairs fixed by head-stones in family enclosures; in the rich vases that were wont to grace the marble mantel, and in the half-twined wreaths and freshly broken stems that showed where the warm hands of living children had been arranging buds for little hands that were too cold and stiff to hold them.

And the two fair children whom the sculptor has reproduced in marble—can the mother pass by her "Little Emily," sleeping so sweetly upon her white bed, without involuntarily bending to kiss her pale cheek? or, the chiselled boy, who stands with arms extended, as if ready to bound into his mother's embrace, can she help stretching out her arms to press her darling to her bosom?

Far-famed names are around us: Spurzheim, Torrey, and Bowditch, with a host of the honored and lamented. But we knew about them before we came; and we love best to linger by the resting-places of little children, who, even in death, make the world seem more like a family-mansion, and whose epitaph writes itself ever anew upon the hearts of such beholders as have not forgotten to feel.

A squirrel was perched upon an infant's grave-stone, and our footsteps hardly frightened him away. It was pleasant to see life playing, cheerful and unawed, in the presence of death. The nimble squirrel has no fear of playful fingers and noisy feet, now that they are hid away beneath the stone.

Some things, even here, are offensive to good taste; and such defects are more glaring when surrounded by so much that is truthful in art, and by the simplicity of Nature, always without pretension. A vase, filled with artificial flowers, protected by a glass screen, seemed to us greatly out of place, before the door of a tomb. It was like whispering a lie into the ear of the dead. They say it is a French custom; but wherever it may have originated, it betokens a shallowness of heart which it is not good to imitate. There are mockeries enough around us while living, without having them brought to our graves.

How much more of eloquence was in the empty bouquet-holder, and the leafless framework of a garland, lying at the base of a tall monument! The laurels of fame had withered upon the brows of him who slept beneath, and now the summer wreaths which a loving memory had twined, were faded, too, and were as lifeless as the skeleton under the marble. And the marble itself will crumble at last; for the grandeur and the loveliness of that which is only outward, is alike perishable.

A tower of granite is in process of erection at the summit of Mount Auburn. We ascended to its highest window, and were gratified with the view of a broad and picturesque landscape.

Dorchester Heights, and the Highlands of Roxbury, lay in soft outline in the distance, the pretty villas and shaded college-grounds of Cambridge, close at hand—Bunker Hill Monument, the finger of the glorious dead pointing upward



from among the roofs of the degenerate living—and across the wide, smooth waters, the State House, looking over from the top of that smoky hill of houses they call Boston.

It is well for them thus to look each other in the face, and to send mutual greetings—the city of the living and the city of the dead.

We are ready to say, Let us be buried here, and not go back to the living grave there; for, alas, what are many who walk those streets but moving corpses, with their souls buried in their bodies? And we cannot walk among buildings which are charnel-houses for human spirits, without being sickened by the death-damps they exhale; without feeling oppressed with the weight of mortality, as if we had the heavy earth over our heads, instead of God's pure, cheerful, cloudless sky. But the Spirit and the Word that once restored the dead to life have not departed from us; all living men are apostles gifted with their power. Therefore, Love and Faith shall yet behold a blessed resurrection.

And so, farewell to thee, sweet Auburn! As we look back, from without thy enclosing walls, thy monuments seem to us like white-robed saints rising from their graves; and we feel within us the fluttering of heavenward wings.

Pleasant will it be, amid the jarring of toils and cares into which we must plunge, to think that there are low winds waiting to lull us, and beauty to watch over us, and a lap of undisturbed peace, like thine own, to receive us, when our labors are finished.

L. L.

BEVERLY, Mass., October 1853.

## PHILANTHROPIA.

BY ELIZABETH JESSUP EAMES.

O, word of meaning! beautiful—sublime,

Full of the music of Humanity:—

Born 'mid the great and good of olden time,

Of souls heroic, lofty-toned and free,

Who saw in visions dim, what *ought* to be,—

And recognized the heaven-perfected plan,

The Unity of Peace—the Love of Man!

Philanthropie! all prophecies of Good—

This old Greek word harmonious inspires;

Its very *name* begets a nobler mood,

A phase of feeling holier and higher.

These men of Old had earnest inspirations

Of Truth sublime,—and saw with far-off vision

Redeemed, the Freedom of subjected nations—

Saw,—though afar as in a dream Elysian,

(Existing 'tween *all* men,) the true relation

Of Brotherhood, brought forth thro' Mercy's mission!

They leaped the life to come—these noble Teachers—

And words had meanings in those elder times,

While, in far ages past, beamed the bright features

Of *Philanthropia*—name of Eastern climes!

Oh! brave and beauteous word! the "*Love of man*"—

Let us rejoice that yet its *soul* is living,

In every liberal deed,—and noble plan,

A second Birth, divine, to *action* giving!

## A LESSON FROM THE BEES.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A murmur of impatience came from the lips of young Wentworth, as, laying aside his palette and brushes, he took up his hat, and, with a worried manner, left the studio, where, with two or three young men, he was taking lessons and seeking to acquire skill in the art of painting. He was at work on the head of one of Raphael's Madonnas, and was, with the warm enthusiasm of a young artist, in love with the beautiful, seeking to transfer to his canvas the heavenly tenderness of her eyes, when a coarse jest, from the lips of a fellow student, jarred harshly on his ears. It was this that had so disturbed him. Out into the open air the young man passed, but the bustle and confusion of the street did not in the least calm his excited state of feeling.

"A coarse, vulgar fellow!" he said, angrily, giving voice to his indignation against his fellow student. If he is to remain in the studio, I must leave it. I can't breathe the same atmosphere with one like him."

And he walked on, aimless, but with rapid steps. Soon he was opposite the window of a print-seller. A gem of art caught his eye.

"Exquisite!" he exclaimed, as he paused and stood before the picture. "Exquisite! What grouping! What an atmosphere! What perspective!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed a rough fellow at his side, whose attention had been arrested by a comic print. "Ha! ha! ha!" And clapping his hands against his sides, he made the air ring with a coarse but merry peal. He understood his artist fully, and enjoyed this creation of his pencil.

"Brute!" came, almost audibly, from the lips of Wentworth, as all the beautiful images just conjured up faded from his mind. And off he started from the print-window in a fever of indignation against the vulgar fellow who had no more manners than to guffaw in the street at sight of low life in a picture. On he moved for the distance of one or two blocks, when he paused before another window, full of engravings and paintings. A gem of a landscape, cabinet size, had just been placed in the window, and our young friend was soon enjoying its fine points.

"Who can be the artist?" he had just said to himself, and was bending closer to examine the delicate treatment of a bit of water, over which a tree projected, when a puff of tobacco smoke stole past his cheek, and found its way to his nostrils. Now, Wentworth was fond of a good cigar, and the fragrance that came to his sense on this particular occasion was delicate enough, of its kind. In itself, it would have been agreeable rather than offensive; but the vulgarity of street-smoking he detested, and the fact of this vulgarity came now to throw his mind again from its even balance.

"Whew!" he ejaculated, backing away from the window, and leaving his place to one less sensitive, or capable of a deeper abstraction of thought, when anything of true interest was presented.

"I will ride out into the country," said he. "There, with nature around me, I can find enjoyment." So he entered an omnibus, the route of which extended beyond the city bounds. Alas! Here he also found something to disturb him. There was a woman with a lap-dog in her arms, and another with a poor, sick child, that cried incessantly. A man, partially intoxicated, entered, after he had ridden a block or two, and crowded down by his side. Beyond this, the sensitive Wentworth could endure nothing. So he pulled the check-string, paid his fare, and resumed his place on the pavement, muttering to himself as he did so—

"I'd a thousand times sooner walk than ride in such company."

Two miles from the city resided a gentleman of taste and education, who had manifested no little interest in our excitable young friend. To visit him was the purpose of Wentworth when he entered the stage, which would have taken him within half a mile of his pleasant dwelling. He purposed to walk the whole distance rather than ride with such disagreeable companions. The day was rather warm. Our young artist found it pleasant enough while the pavement lay in the shadow of contiguous houses. But, fairly beyond these, the direct rays of the sun fell upon his head, and the clouds of dust from passing vehicles almost suffocated him. Just a little in advance of him, for a greater part of the distance, kept the omnibus, from which the women with the lap-dog and crying child got out only a square beyond the point where he left the coach. The drunken man also soon left the vehicle. Tired and overheated, Wentworth now hurried forward, making signs to the driver: but, as the driver did not look around, his signs were all made in vain: and he was the more fretted at this from the fact that a passenger, who was riding in the omnibus, had his face turned towards him all the time, and was, so our pedestrian imagined, enjoying his disappointment.

Hot, dusty and weary was our young artist, when, after walking the whole distance, he arrived at the pleasant residence of the gentleman we have mentioned.

"Ah, my young friend! How are you to-day? A visit, I need not tell you, is always agreeable. But you look heated and tired. You have walked too fast."

"Too far, rather," said Wentworth. "I have come all the way on foot."

"How so? Did you prefer walking?"

"Yes; to riding in the stage with a crying child, a lap-dog, and a drunken man."

"The drunken man was bad company, certainly. But the crying child and the lap-dog were trifling matters."

"Not to me," answered Wentworth. "I despise a woman who nurses a lap-dog. The very sight frets me beyond endurance."

"Still, my young friend, if women will nurse lap-dogs, you can't help it; and so, your wisest course would be to let the fact pass unobserved; or, at least, uncared for. To punish yourself, as you have done to-day, because other people don't

conform in all things just to your ideas of propriety, is, pardon me, hardly the act of a wise man."

"I can't help it. I am too finely strung, I suppose—too alive to the harmonies of nature, and too quick to feel the jar of discord. Do you know to what you are indebted for this visit to-day?"

And Wentworth related, with a coloring of his own, the incidents just sketched for the reader; taking, as he did so, something of merit to himself, for his course of action.

"Upon what were you at work?" asked his friend, when the young man finished speaking.

"On the beautiful Madonna, about which I told you at my last visit."

"Is it nearly completed?"

"A few more touches, and I would have achieved a triumph above anything yet accomplished by my pencil. It was in the eyes that I failed to succeed. They are full of a divine tenderness, that only a magic touch can give. Raphael was inspired when he caught that look from Heaven. I had risen, by intense abstraction of mind, into a perception of the true ideal I sought to gain, and the power to fix it all on canvas, was flowing down into my hand, when the jar of discord produced by that vulgar fellow, scattered everything into confusion and darkness."

"And so the Madonna remains unfinished?"

"Yes, and I am driven from work. Here is another day added to my list of almost useless days."

The friend mused for a little while, and then said, somewhat sententiously—

"You must take a lesson from the bees, Henry."

"I will hear a lesson from your lips; but, as for the bees—"

And he shrugged his shoulders with an air that said—"I can learn but little from them."

"Let us walk into the garden," said the friend, rising.

And they went out among the leafy shrubs and blossoming plants, where butterflies folded their lazy wings, and the busy bees made all the air musical with their tiny hum.

"Now for the lesson," said the young artist, smiling. "A lesson from the bees. Here is a sprightly little fellow, just diving into the red cup of a honeysuckle. What lesson does he teach?"

"One that all of us may lay to heart. There is honey in the cup, and it is his business to gather honey. Just beside the crimson blossom, and even touching it, hangs an ugly worm, spinning out the thread of his winding sheet; but the bee did not pass the flower, because of its offensive presence, nor will he hasten from it until he has extracted the honey-dew. Now his work is accomplished: and now he has passed to that clover blossom, which his weight bends over against the leaves of a deadly nightshade. But, the poisoned weed is no annoyance to him. So intently pursues he his search for honey, that he is unconscious of its presence. Now he buries himself in blushing rose-leaves, 'heeding not and caring not,' though a hundred sharp thorns bristle on the stem that supports the lovely flower. And

now, full laden with the sweet treasure he sought, he is off on swift wing for the hive. Shall we observe the motions of another bee? Or, is the lesson clear?"

The countenance of Wentworth looked thoughtful, even serious. A little while he stood musing, as though his perceptions were not lucid. Then turning to his wise and gently reproving friend, he grasped his hand, saying, with a manner greatly subdued:—

"The lesson is clear. I will go back and finish my Madonna, though a dozen vulgar fellows haunt the studio. I will have no eyes nor ears for them. My own high purpose to excel, shall make me blind and deaf to anything that would hinder my onward progress. Thanks for your lesson of the bees. I will never forget it. Like them, I will gather the honey of life from every rich flower in my way. Let the weeds grow nigh if they will. I shall not regard their presence."

### COMPUNCTIONIOUS VISITINGS OF CONSCIENCE.

On an instructive page of ancient history, we read of a certain king who took to himself his brother's wife, while that brother yet lived, divorcing his own wife, without cause, to make room for the new favorite. The dictates of conscience were thus resisted and trampled under foot of lust, and all law, human and divine, openly violated. The royal supremacy justly due to conscience was taken from it, and usurped by a rebellious subject—appetite.

There have always been in every age a few who have dared to rebuke and reprove wrongdoing, even when the wrong-doers were rich or powerful. One such moral hero reproved, boldly and without reservation, the egregious wrong of this wicked king. The prince, in his palace, with the power of death at his command, did not escape the sentence of moral indignation which publicly proclaimed that his shameless deed was an infraction of right and of law. A voice of indignant and offended justice spoke loud enough to reach the ears of the royal wrong-doer, pronouncing him guilty of a crime at which all delicate feeling and all sound morality, by the instincts of our higher nature, revolt. Courtiers and flatterers, as is their wont, might be willing to gloss over the blackness of its atrocity. His subjects, if they scowled at the misdeed, scowled in silence; but there was one, "among the faithless faithful found," who, in the face of a corrupt court and a trembling people, raised his voice in emphatic accents to condemn it. This was a sublime spectacle worthy of honorable mention to the latest age. Here was a moral hero lifting up his solitary voice against wrong-doing, even in a sovereign despot. In faithfulness to duty, the defender of the right dares all the anger of a king. Here we have the rare and honorable spectacle of moral right confronting material might.

Between the two a conflict came, of course. He, on whose side was might, abridged his rebuker of his liberty, and shut him up in prison.

A despot was not thus to be bearded upon his throne with impunity. An open rebuke, in addition to the wounds which conscience had already made, was more than a despotic sovereign could bear. On pretext of treason, sedition, or *lèse majesté*, the disturber of the peace of the royal wrong-doers must be arrested and placed in a dungeon.

Has might then prevailed over right, and come off conqueror? Were the secret thoughts of the king or his guilty partner brought to light, we presume none would really think so. For the guilty pair must have felt, while endeavoring to expel remorse and prevent rebuke from intrusion upon their pleasures, that whereas they could only fetter the limbs or destroy the life of him who had offended them, he could fix the barbed arrows of remorse and despair in their consciences. They could crush and silence and put out of the way; but the arrow which he had sped to their hearts they could never withdraw nor prevent their feeling, ever and anon, its poignant sting. They were not wholly rid of him, who had administered a bold but righteous rebuke, by immuring him in some lone dungeon. The thought of him and his rebuke would every now and then intrude and mix bitterness with the sweetest draught of pleasure. On the other hand, no guilty feeling disturbed the repose of him whom they had imprisoned; while the approval of conscience, and the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, bringing with them the hope or assurance of the approbation of Heaven, were fountains of peace and support. Might, therefore, had not prevailed over right, nor gained any enviable victory. The inhabitant of the prison was happier and more to be envied than the inhabitant of the palace. The one enjoyed a quiet peace and self-satisfaction, while the other suffered from a sore which no salve could cure, and from self-upbraidings which no revelry nor maddening draughts could drown.

So often have revenge and other blind passions urged on their victims from crimes of a lighter to those of a deeper dye, that we are not surprised when history informs us that the guilty king, pressed on by his companion in guilt and shame, at last put his prisoner to death. How often has one false step led on to another! How often has crime been added to crime! How blind and at the mercy of their impulses seem the victims of evil passions! By adding murder to all their former crimes they but added to the number and virulence of the scorpion brood which harbored in their hearts, and stung them well nigh to madness. They hoped, by his death, to get for ever rid of their disturber; but, instead, they made his presence with them perpetual, haunting them by night and by day. For the murderer can never rid himself of the presence of his victim. His ghastly countenance and gory locks are ever before the guilty heart. For lesser crimes it is often difficult to silence conscience and get rid of its compunctious visitings, but, from the confessions of murderers, we learn that, after this crime of deepest dye, the voice of conscience is never still. It makes itself heard even amid the tumults of the most riotous rejoicing,

and where pleasure seems to hold an undisputed reign.

We believe that it was thus with this guilty pair. So constant was their fear and dread, so frequent the compunctious visitings of conscience, that at last they were more than half persuaded that their murdered victim had returned to life, with the power and the disposition to inflict all imaginable torments.

The passage of history, to which we have been casting a retrospective glance, may yield some lessons of importance to those who will make it a theme for reflection. We have indicated some of these briefly, but have not exhausted its teachings.

O.

## TRY, TRY AGAIN.

In the month of May, 1539, a new family moved into the village of Saintes, in France. The father, Bernard Palissy, was quite celebrated for his paintings on glass. They lived comfortably and happily. Bernard was industrious, and earned enough to provide for all the wants of his family. After they had been two years at Saintes, Bernard one day saw a very beautiful cup, and was determined to make a vase similar to it, but stronger and more useful. So he went to work and mixed different kinds of earth, and kneaded it, and baked it, but it was not what he meant it should be.

He laid aside the painting of glass, which had supported his family so comfortably, and spent all his time trying to make this vase, which he was very sure he could do.

Every day his family grew poorer and poorer, but he comforted himself by saying that to-morrow he should have more gold than his strong box could hold. To-morrow came, but it brought no relief to the suffering household. Many to-morrows passed away, but still the strong box was empty. His starving wife and children clasped their thin hands, and with streaming tears besought him to return to his trade: but he would not. Twenty years glided on in poverty and suffering. Bernard's hair was gray, and his form bowed, but still he thought only of his darling object. His children were scattered here and there, to earn their daily bread. His neighbors called him a madman, a fool, and a villain.

Suddenly, the apprentice, who had served him patiently for many years, declared he would not remain another hour. Poor Bernard was obliged to give him part of his own clothing in payment of his wages, and was now obliged himself to attend his oven. It is in the cellar, and he anxiously gropes his way down the dark staircase.

"More wood! more wood!" There is none in the little shed; there is none beside the cottage door. What is to be done? Almost wild, Bernard tears down the frail garden fence, and hurls it into the fire. The flames rise high and hot, but still there is not enough. A chair, a stool, a table, whatever the frantic man can seize, is thrown into the glowing furnace. Suddenly, a loud shout rings through the heated cellar. His

trembling wife hastens to obey the call. There stands Bernard, gazing in mute joy on the vase so long desired, at length obtained! The news of his discovery spread far and wide. Henry III., then King of France, sent for him to come to Paris, and received him in his palace. Here he lived for many years, a rich and honored man. At length, a persecution arose against the Protestants. Bernard refused to give up his religion, and was, therefore, placed in prison, where he died in 1589.

Children, did you know that the invention of common crockery cost a wise and good man so many years of toil?—*Child's Paper.*

## AN AUTUMN LANDSCAPE.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

Out o'er the Autumn lea,

The maples, noblesse of our Northern woods,  
Rise yonder up, in goodly altitudes,  
Red-diademed, as western peaks at sunset be.

Under the spreading beech,

When the breeze passes like a mourner's sigh,  
I hear as 'twere tears fall from sorrow's eye—  
There squirrels gl'an their harvest-field with  
vaunty speech.

Fresh shrub, and time-scathed tree—

Young bride and dotage groom—are hymened  
fast,

By wilding grape, whose purple clusters last,  
Display beneath a sere and russet canopy.

Uplooking here and there,

The gentian with its fringe of delicate blue,  
Last of a beauteous, fragile race, I view,  
Emblem of heavenly hope come forth from earth's  
despair.

Hushed their delicious song

In council grouped upon the sumach row,  
Are birds whose breasts like the ripe berries  
glow,  
Ready to plume the fitting wing for journeying  
long.

The mountain wandery streams,

'Neath coverlet of crimson, gold, and brown,  
O'erhanging trees have generously shed down,  
Are lulling, yet with sobbings low, to wintry  
dreams.

A soft, cerulean haze,

In distance seeming liquid, flowing skies,  
On slope, and deepening in valley lies,  
Through which, like veiled bright eyes, appear the  
sun's slant rays.

There is a glory 'round,

Such as hath never been on canvas wrought;  
And never into mystic rhythm brought;  
Splendor, but not that lends the pulse a livelier  
bound.

For plainly, everywhere,

As once on kingly walls, is written doom!  
This brightness is but torchlight at the tomo;  
Or dying dolphin's hues, ephemeral as rare.

Ay, even while I stay,

The forest valiants bare them more and more,  
To grapple with the foe, whose frigid roar  
Comes o'er the hills as when a lion seeks his prey.

## NAUVOO, ILLINOIS—THE MORMONS.

BY REV. J. M. PECK.

With this place is associated a long train of imposture, superstition, fanaticism, Lynch-law, robberies, burglary, arson, murder, rebellion and civil war! The name itself—Nauvoo—pretended by Mormons to have been of Hebrew origin, intimates the most extraordinary religious imposture and wide-spread fanaticism the world has witnessed in modern times.

A regular, consecutive and complete sketch of Mormonism, or a history of the moral pranks of its founders, in detail, would fill a large volume. A truthful history, in full, of this strange imposture, enacted in the middle of the nineteenth century, has yet to be written. The materials are abundant, and a skilful and unprejudiced mind, from the series of facts that have occurred since 1830, could produce illustrations of some of the strangest and most unaccountable freaks of perverted humanity.

Nature has not formed, along the "Great River," a more picturesque and eligible site for a large city. The gradual acclivity, as terrace after terrace rises up from the river, until the high land is reached, more than a mile, furnishes a slope seldom found. The writer saw it before the hand of man had defaced the image of nature. Beautiful groves of tall oaks, interspersed by winding vistas, covered the ground to the summit ridge, where an immense undulating prairie was spread out in the distance. No shrubbery or undergrowth shut out the view of the open forest.

Near the river, on the right, was the beautiful residence of Dr. Isaac Gallard, where art had combined with nature to form one of the most delightful country-seats. He obtained possession of a fine tract of land, and, in 1834, laid off on this site the town of Commerce. In an ill-fated hour he sold this property to the Mormons, who had fled from Missouri, and identified himself with the fraternity, and entered into their speculations by selling "half-breed" claims in Iowa.

He was a gentleman of education, kind, philanthropic, and confiding in his disposition, but speculative and visionary, and a disbeliever in all revealed religion. He had been engaged in the Indian trade along the Mississippi, rejected all revelation from God, and wrote a letter in the "Times and Seasons," the Mormon periodical at Nauvoo, in 1841, in which he makes a number of ingenious suggestions to the Prophet, of the policy they should pursue to be successful in establishing the new religion.

### SKETCH OF MORMONISM

In the year 1830, a singular book came from the press, in Palmyra, Wayne county, New York, that attracted less attention from its claims to ancient inspired writings, than as a series of wild, irregular, romantic legends concerning a race of men on the American continent. On the authority of the book, they were an offshoot from the ancient Jews and the progenitors

of the Indian tribes of North America. It contained 590 12mo. pages, with the following imposing title-page:—"THE BOOK OF MORMON—An account written by the hand of Mormon, upon plates taken from the plates of Nephi." Then follows an awkward and illiterate sketch of the work, purporting to be "a record" of two sorts of people, "the people of Jared" and the "people of Nephi." "By Joseph Smith, Jr., Author and Proprietor."

Joseph Smith, Jr., or Joe Smith, as the Prophet was familiarly called, was a native of Vermont, but when a youth was removed by his father and family into the western part of New York, and lived for a time in the vicinity of Rochester. The family were idle, superspicious, illiterate, and of doubtful reputation; and Joe, when he had grown to manhood, spent several years roving about in the neighboring towns, pretending to be engaged in digging for buried money and hunting silver mines.

About 1827, he pretended he had found some curious golden or brass plates, like the leaves of a book, hidden in a box, in the town of Palmyra, to which he was directed by an angel! In the same box were two transparent stones, which, being placed in a hat with the plates, Joe, by looking in, became miraculously qualified to read and even translate their contents from the "Reformed Egyptian language." The Prophet, with his face buried in the hat, read out the translation, and Oliver Cowdery, a school-master in the vicinity, wrote it down in English. Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and Martin Harris bear testimony "unto all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people," that they "had seen the plates and the engravings thereon," "that they had been shown us by the power of God and not of man." David Whitmer and a family connection of the same name were the first converts. Cowdery was Smith's amanuensis. All these early converts left the sect at the period of the Mormon War, in Missouri, in 1838, and denounced Smith, who expelled them from the church.

Harris was a man of a religious and superstitious temperament, and credulous in the extreme, believed in dreams and other communications from the invisible world, and, withal, exceedingly avaricious, and close and calculating in his business. He mortgaged his farm on which he lived to raise the funds to enable Joe to print his new Bible. He had enough of credulity, superstition and ignorance to believe the tales of Prophet Joe, and was stimulated also by the flattering prospect of a money-making job from extensive sales of the Book of Mormon. His wife gave this testimony. The poor old man lost his farm, and, with many misgivings about his new creed, died in poverty.

The book itself contains a prosy series of extravagant legends, mixed up with pious suggestions, and containing whole paragraphs copied *verbatim et literatim* from both the Old and New Testaments in the common English version. Yet the Prophet and founder of Mormonism declares he translated the whole book from plates, written in the "Reformed Egyptian language," by the light of the stones! But the passages of

Scripture, when used, are perverted, being mixed up with the most extravagant and monstrous fictions, with quite a sprinkling of vulgar, cant words and phrases.

It contains a series of romantic tales about two kinds of people that, at two remote periods of time, are said to have crossed the ocean from the Asiatic continent. One class came here shortly after the building of Babel and the confusion of tongues, where they lived for many generations, became divided into hostile parties, and fought until they exterminated each other, in a more desperate mode than the legend of the Kilkenny cats, who left no trace behind save the tips of their tails. The wicked Jaredites left not a remnant of their race! The migration of this race is one of the marvels of the book. They built "eight barges," both air-tight and water-tight, and had sixteen stones "molten out of the rock," to illuminate their craft. Two of these stones were the identical ones used by the Prophet in his hat, to translate this wonderful book, having been put in the box with the plates by Moroni, the last of the Mormons, for that express purpose. Partly by swimming on the surface, and then, during storms, diving like ducks beneath the surface, these barges crossed the ocean, with "the families, flocks, herds, fowls, and all manner of provisions," in 344 days!

The second race migrated here in "ships," about 600 years before the Christian era, from Jerusalem, by way of the Red Sea, and became the progenitors of the Indian tribes. They sprang from the tribe of Joseph, and constituted the Mormons. The extravagant fictions of this part of the book outdo the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, or the stories of Sinbad the Sailor. They might pass for wild, incoherent romances, were it not for the blasphemous assertion that Jesus Christ, after having ascended to Heaven from Mount Olivet, again descended on this continent, organized the Mormon church, chose twelve apostles, and again ascended, after continuing for a period on earth in America.

The story runs thus:—Lehi, with his wife and four sons and their families, under the direction of Prophet Nephi, the youngest, left Jerusalem in the reign of Zedekiah, King of Judah, and, after wandering eight years, built a ship, and, guided by a "curious brass ball with pointers," crossed the ocean to the American continent. Here the family had a quarrel, became divided into two clans, which from the leaders were denominated Lamenites and Nephites. The Lamenites became corrupt and idolatrous. The Nephites, though descending "from the tribe of Joseph," as the tale goes, had their high priests, common priests, temple service, and Jewish worship, with baptism and other Christian (?) usages, long before the birth of Christ! Three or four hundred years after the Christian era, and long after he had descended on this part of the earth, and organized the Mormon church, the Nephites and Lamenites were engaged in exterminating wars. More were slain, according to the veritable Book of Mormon, than in the wars of Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon united, until all the Nephites were killed except Moroni, "the last

of the Mormons," who buried the plates "in the hill of Camorah," (Palmyra, New York), for the special purpose of being found by Joe Smith, who was to re-organize the Mormon church as the Latter Day Saints. These statements give an exhibition of Mormon character, habits and designs. War "to the knife," with all their enemies, is a fundamental principle in their creed, and habitual lecturing to the masses on these ancient, but fabulous, wars excites them to similar achievements.

The Book of Mormon makes the pretence of having been written by twelve different authors, during a period of 1020 years, a part of it having been translated by the writers from more ancient documents, and the whole engraven on plates by Moroni in the "Reformed Egyptian language." No series of childish tales ever bore such unquestionable evidence, as the production of a single mind, in modern phraseology, and all within the present century. It abounds with provincialisms common to illiterate New Englanders. It contains allusions to modern discoveries, as steamboats. The author makes a bungling attempt to imitate the style of the English version of the Bible, quotes sentences from Shakspeare, and uses colloquial phrases common to illiterate persons in the interior of the State of New York, thirty and forty years since.

Curiosity, and the laudable desire to prevent imposition on the minds of ignorant and credulous persons, have prompted full and successful investigation of the authorship of these writings. The result, established beyond all controversy, I here give.

About eighteen years before the appearance of the Book of Mormon, an eccentric gentleman, by the name of Spalding, then living in the north-eastern part of Ohio, was engaged in writing a series of historical romances, the fruit of his own fertile imagination, about the early settlement of North America, and the race of people whom he fancied made the mounds, fortifications and enclosures found. These writings were intended for his own amusement, and that of his friends.

He was a person of moderate abilities, of some slight mental obliquities, of honest reputation, and in straitened circumstances. He read his manuscripts to his neighbors, who, on reading the Book of Mormon, made affidavits that it contained the same stories they had heard Mr. Spalding read. His brother, who had read these manuscripts, gave the same testimony. His widow, who had married a man by name of Davidson, and removed to Massachusetts, also certified that in this work were the romantic legends of her former husband. More than forty other persons have made affidavits to the same effect. All these were persons of unimpeachable veracity.

Mr. Spalding removed with his family to Pittsburgh, where he formed an acquaintance with Mr. Patterson, a publisher, who read these manuscripts, had them in his possession for several months, and proposed to the author to publish them as a historical romance. Spalding then removed to Washington county, Pennsyl-

vanias, where he died in 1816. His widow still retained the manuscripts in her possession, which were read by her and her relatives.

One of Smith's early disciples was Sidney Rigdon, who, in authority and influence, was next to the Prophet in this new sect, until 1844, when he seceded, at Nauvoo, on the introduction of the "spiritual wife" system in domestic affairs.

Rigdon, before he joined Smith in the Mormon enterprise, was a man of a visionary, unsettled mind, of a morbid, enthusiastic temperament, subject to religious hallucinations, and, withal, a preacher. At the period Mr. Spalding resided in Pittsburg, Rigdon was about the office of Mr. Patterson, and might have stealthily copied the manuscripts; or Smith himself might have come into possession of this document, for the writings of Mr. Spalding were in Ontario county, New York, where his widow lived several years. Mrs. Davidson can give no account how these papers were lost. She certifies they were in an old trunk, with some books and other papers, and when the trunk was examined, this document was missing.

It is a fact, established by the most ample proof, that "The Manuscript Found," as Spalding called his romance, furnished the frame-work of the Book of Mormon, with such interpolations and changes as Smith and his coadjutors saw fit to make. These bear the finger-marks of the vulgar, illiterate imposter and his early associates, Cowdery, Harris, Whitmer, and Sidney Rigdon.

All these facts would not be worth a moment's attention, were they not the origin and foundation of one of the most dangerous religious impostures ever palmed off on human credulity and superstition. It is the starting point of a sect that has set the laws of God and man at defiance, and formed a political organization in the wilds of Western America, of a character unknown in the history of human governments.

Besides the Book of Mormon, there are divers publications from Prophet Smith and his followers, all claiming to be written by Divine inspiration, and their injunctions binding on the Mormon community. The most sacred, and the one which forms the basis of their extraordinary ecclesiastico-political polity, is the "Book of the Covenants." Before us lies a file of semi-monthly papers, called "The Evening and Morning Star," dated at Jackson county, Mo., in 1832-33, which contains numerous articles from the pen of the Prophet. They all claim to be direct "revelations from God," and, as prophecies of the future, have been singularly contradicted by the events that have since transpired.

Their church organization is the most complete temporal and spiritual despotism ever yet invented to control the persons, property, mind, conscience and religious feelings of the people, and render them subservient to the purposes of a few self-constituted leaders. Among the "gifts of inspiration" claimed, is the power of "discerning spirits," or, as they interpret it, to discern the misgivings, doubts, and most secret thoughts of their disciples; and the supreme authority to inflict any penalty, even death, on those who have

the inclination to become refractory, or to leave the society.

This strange sect was first organized April, 1830, in Manchester, New York, but took the attractive name of "Latter Day Saints," in 1834. They were six in number then, and all interested in the fallacy of the "golden plates."

At that period an extraordinary and preternatural state of religious excitement pervaded the State of New York and Northern Ohio, and Smith and his fraternity, with enthusiastic zeal, turned out to make proselytes. They preached from the Jewish and Christian scriptures, taught many of the common-place truths of Christianity, artfully mixed up with Mormon stories, and claims to a new revelation. Of course, they made and baptized converts, and soon after Rigdon joined them with a fraternity of his own.

A revelation was then made by the Prophet, instructing the whole fraternity to gather at Kirkland, in Geauga county, Ohio, and build there the "Temple of the Lord." This place became the head-quarters of the church, and the residence of the Prophet, for several years.

Their business transactions in merchandizing, banking, erecting the temple, and speculating in lands and town lots, were conducted, as they alleged, by "revelation from God;" and issued in an overwhelming bankruptcy. And for relief from the consequences, Prophet Smith availed himself of the bankrupt law of Congress in Illinois, in the process of which his debts exceeded \$100,000. His assets were — not to be found!

In 1831, Smith, Rigdon and some others, made a journey to the Western part of Missouri, to find the location for building "Zion," and were directed to Independence, Jackson county. Proclamations, as coming from the Almighty, were sent abroad to the "brethren" to repair to this "land of promise," with instructions to purchase land and prepare to build the temple there. About 1300 men, women and children established themselves in that county; their leaders proclaimed themselves the lawful possessors of the land, the confederates of the Indians, and that all the "Gentiles," who would not hear and obey their message, would be exterminated.

At the same time it was discovered that boxes of firearms and other munitions were transported into the country, and divers speeches and mysterious proceedings produced the conviction that a clandestine and unlawful movement was about being made to arm the neighboring Indians and enlist them in a war on the white people. A panic was thus produced in 1833; the militia were called out, and their printing office and two or three Mormon houses were demolished. The Governor issued his proclamation to all parties to keep the peace; men of influence and moderation interposed, and after several attempts at negotiation, the Mormons left the country and retired to Clay and the adjacent counties North of the Missouri river. At first they had the sympathies of many of the citizens there, and the poor received much charitable aid. They finally settled in a fine new country on Grand River, in the county of Caldwell.

After the explosion of the Mormon bank at

Kirkland, in 1837, which involved Smith, Rigdon & Co. in inextricable difficulties, these leaders and rulers came to Missouri, followed by a large proportion of the members of their church, to escape the pursuit of their creditors, and the indignation of the people whom they had swindled. Soon after their arrival they organized the "Danite Band," first called "Daughters of Zion." The members of this military corps were bound together by an oath or covenant, with the penalty of instant death attached to a breach to "do the Prophet's bidding," to "defend the Presidency (their rulers) and each other." They had "passwords," and "secret signs," by which they could recognize each other by day or night. There were at first about 500 desperate men in this association, armed with deadly weapons, and divided into bands of tens and fifties, with a captain over each band. They were instructed by the Prophet and his Council to drive off, or "give to the buzzards," all Mormons who dissented from these "new revelations," and proclamation was made accordingly. Among many dissentients who left the country, were David Whitmer, Oliver Cowdery, John Whitmer and Hiram Page, all witnesses to the Book of Mormon!

An address of Rigdon on the Fourth of July, in which he denounced destruction on all who left the society, and predicted an exterminating war with the people of Missouri, caused tremendous excitement and alarm, which did not cease until it terminated in a civil war with the State. It came on in this manner. Smith, with a party of Danites, went into Daviess county, as they said, to put down a mob; but it turned out to be their object "to take the spoils of the Gentiles." The citizens of Daviess county gathered in defence, but the Mormons far outnumbered them, and compelled them to retire. These fanatics, at the bidding of the prophet, killed about 200 head of swine, a number of cattle, and destroyed several fields of corn, broke up a post-office, robbed and burnt a store, burnt several dwelling houses, from which the owners had fled, and brought away a large amount of furniture, clothing and bedding, to their town (Far West) which they had fortified.

About the same time an engagement took place between a company of Missouri militia, who had been called out by the commanding officer, on requisition from the Governor of the State, and a party of Mormons. This was on the border of Carroll county. Two or three persons on each side were killed and wounded.

Inflammatory speeches made by persons of both parties served to increase the excitement, and dissensions among the Mormons exasperated their leaders. Many were infatuated and determined to fight for their "rights," and maintain possession of the country. Many of the Mormons became alarmed and dissatisfied with the desperate proceedings of the "Danites." At this crisis, the Governor of the State called out three thousand militia in the central part of the State, under the command of General J. B. Clark, who made a rapid march on horseback, surrounded Far West, took the refractory Mormons prisoners, and made peace without the sanguinary results of a battle.

A party of Mormons, including men, women and children, some miles distant, at Hawn's mill, were attacked by a party of armed men, and sixteen persons murdered, among whom were two boys. This was a most dastardly and lawless act, and furnished the Mormons with a plea in making appeals to the sympathies of human nature, where their own conduct was unknown.

The terms of peace dictated by the authorities of the State were, that five commissioners be appointed to sell their property, pay their debts, and the damages done by the Danites, and aid the whole fraternity to remove from the State. Between 40 and 50 of the prisoners, who had acted a conspicuous part in the rebellion, were selected for a preliminary trial before the Judge of that district. The testimony was taken in writing, and the whole published by the Legislature as an official document. Excluding all other testimony but that of Mormons, and the party were guilty of larceny, highway robbery, burglary, arson, assault with intent to kill, murder, rebellion and treason.

About thirty were committed and sent to prison in the counties of Clay and Carroll, (for there was no jail in the counties where the offences were committed) and the rest of the fraternity liberated on condition of their leaving the State. Many of the Mormon families were destitute, and had no means to get away. The State appropriated \$2000 for their relief, and citizens of Howard and the adjacent counties raised contributions in provisions and clothing, and proceeded to relieve the most necessitous. A part of the fraternity came to the Mississippi river, opposite Quincy, in the winter, in distress and suffering, and were relieved by the people, and the remainder next Spring came to Illinois, and established themselves in Hancock county, at Nauvoo.

In the meantime, missionaries were sent forth through the United States and Europe, with exaggerated stories of their persecutions and sufferings, and pleas of innocence, and the number of disciples to Mormonism were greatly multiplied. These were ordered by their leaders to repair to Nauvoo, and build the temple of the Lord. New "revelations" were forthcoming in accordance with the new state of things, and in the short space of two years, a spacious city was built up: the houses of every form and of all kinds of materials, from mud huts to spacious tenements of stone and brick.

The year 1840 will be long remembered as a season of great political excitement, and the election of Gen. W. H. Harrison to the Presidency of the United States.

Smith and Rigdon, who with their colleagues in guilt had been suffered to escape from Missouri without a trial, had visited Washington City, and appealed to Mr. Van Buren, then President, for the interposition of the Federal government against the Missourians, (a matter wholly beyond its jurisdiction.) On their return, they made report to a great meeting of more than 4000 Mormons at Nauvoo, held under the forest trees, that the President refused their application. The Mormons previously, to a man, had voted with the Democratic party, but now the Prophet announced his



political change. With an outlandish oath, (for this pious Prophet often swore profanely), he announced—"Every Mormon may vote as he pleases, but (with an oath) I'm for old Tippecanoe, for he'll do the right thing." A terrific explosion of hurrahs made the welkin ring, and the whole Mormon force in Illinois turned Whigs for that season.

A brother of Joe Smith was elected to the Legislature from Hancock county, and by artful management, encouraging leading Democrats that they might return to their "first love," and voting for Whigs, they gained their object.

This allusion to politics in Illinois is necessary to explain why a batch of chartered incorporations were granted by the Legislature for the Mormons at Nauvoo. Sympathy for their sufferings on the part of some, and political rivalry to gain their influence and retain their support by others, gained for them six charters—one for the incorporation of their city, with peculiar and dangerous powers—one incorporating, in fact, a standing army, under the name of the "Nauvoo Legion"—one for building the great temple—one for incorporating a "school of the Prophets," under the name of the Nauvoo University—one for building a hotel, to cost one hundred thousand dollars, and another for manufacturing purposes.

The vague and general provisions of these charters, without proper restrictions, gave them a wide range of power, and opened the way for the full exercise of their anti-republican and despotic principles.

The "Nauvoo Legion" furnished opportunity for the creation of a host of military titles, the acquisition of a magazine of arms that belonged to the State, and the rapid and full development of the true Mormon character. Prophet Joe was created "Lieutenant-General," an office unknown in the United States, while Major Generals, Brigadier Generals, Colonels, and subordinate titles, were distributed lavishly on his partisan followers. Commissions for high offices were sent to the Atlantic States, and gratefully received by vain, pompous and inflated minds. Nor was this all show. An arsenal was established, military reviews held weekly, and every male of 18 years and upward was required, by the laws of the city, to perform this service under severe penalties. Boastful threats were made of vengeance on the people of Missouri, and all persons who should molest them.

The "Legion," when fully organized, contained "cohorts" of flying artillery, lancers, riflemen, infantry and dragoons, and included more than 4000 men.

Circumstances, strong, convincing, and appalling, directed the public mind to Nauvoo as a place of refuge for counterfeiters, horse-thieves, burglars, robbers and murderers. This was not mere suspicion. Proofs, too numerous and direct to permit any impartial and unprejudiced mind to doubt, have appeared.

Intestine quarrels caused secessions every year, and in all cases the seceders were accused by Smith and his adherents of every crime that is disgraceful to human nature, while they would

give as reasons for their secession the profligacy and despotism of the Prophet and the heads of this politico-ecclesiastical confederacy. And certainly, in several instances, as the writer knows personally, these secessionists were honest persons, who had been deluded with the religious novelties of the sect, and awakened from this delusion in amazement and horror, to find such gross immoralities practiced under the garb of a new religion. They have proved their sincerity by subsequent good conduct.

It may be here stated, once for all, that no principle is more deeply seated and firmly fixed in the American mind than that of entire freedom in religious belief and practice, as the birth-right of every human being. All faith and worship is universally regarded as beyond the pale of human authority. The relationship of man to man, and not of man to God, is the limitation of human laws; and this principle is in our national and in all our State constitutions. But, when under the imposing sanctions of religion, or under any pretext whatever, the rights of men as citizens and neighbors are invaded, the American mind and heart are peculiarly sensitive, and resistance follows. All the difficulties with the Mormons both in Missouri and Illinois were caused by their invasion of the rights of man; and in no instance from their peculiar religious dogmas, or modes of worship.

Governor Dunklin, the chief magistrate of Missouri, in 1834, thus officially addressed the people of Missouri, through Colonel Thornton, in reference to the Mormons in Jackson county:

"Our constitution says, that 'All men have a natural and indefeasible right to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of their own consciences.' \* \* \* \* \*

"They (Mormons) have the right constitutionally guaranteed to them, to believe and worship Joe Smith as a Man, or an Angel, or even as the True and Living God, and to call their habitation Zion, the Holy Land, or even Heaven itself. Indeed, there is nothing so absurd or ridiculous that they have not the right to adopt as their religion, so that in its exercise they do not interfere with the rights of others."

It was the practical application of this last clause by inflicting punishment, even death, on seceding Mormons, and invading the property and attempting the lives of "Gentiles," as they called those people who would not join them, that caused the difficulties with the Mormons in Missouri and Illinois. Their organization as a government, and the habitual course of their leaders, brought them in collision with their own people, and their neighbors. Their principles and practices were at war then (as now) with the most sacred rights of man.

In the meantime, preparations were made for the erection of a spacious and singularly constructed temple. Proclamations were sent forth to all the faithful to come "to the gathering at Zion," and pay over their tithes to the Presidents of the church. Every artisan and laborer was required to perform personal service every tenth day, and they were so marshaled into companies,

as that, on each successive day of the week, the complement of laborers were provided.

This edifice was planned for an immense structure, with a combination of ancient and modern orders of architecture, of which Egyptian appeared prominent. An immense laver, in imitation of the one of brass in Solomon's temple, was projected as a baptismal font. It stood on twelve oxen, hewn from the trunks of large trees, with their faces projecting outward, and gilded. This font was specially designed as the sacred place of "baptism for the dead," one of the peculiarities of Mormon faith. The temple was never finished. After the Mormons were driven from Nauvoo, a committee were permitted to remain, to dispose of this and other property. Several attempts were made at negotiation for educational, manufacturing and other objects, but its manner of construction seemed to answer no useful purpose. There it stood as waste property, until the torch of the incendiary settled all questions of utility; but whether by the hands of Mormons, as many believe, or their enemies, is unknown.

The terrible collision between the Mormons and the other inhabitants of Hancock and adjacent counties, is to be traced to the oppression of Smith and his adherents on those who began to doubt his divine commission. We have no room for the detail of affairs that led on to the fatal catastrophe. They commenced with the disclosure of the practice of polygamy, under the fallacy of enjoying the "blessings of Jacob," by a plurality of wives, all of whom, except the first, are denominated "spiritual." This new era in their religious progress caused divisions in the ranks of the "faithful," and the establishment of another press at Nauvoo, in May, 1844, and the issue of a paper under the title of "Nauvoo Expositor." It contained a series of charges against Joseph Smith, and the heads of the church there, including bigamy, adultery, larceny, and counterfeiting. The paper in the control of Smith and his adherents retorted on the dissenters similar charges, and the corporate authorities of the city ordered the new press to be destroyed, which was done by violence. In the meantime robberies were perpetrated on citizens of Hancock and the adjacent counties.

The dissenting Mormons, whose press had been destroyed under pretext of city authority, united with the opponents of Mormonism: public meetings were held in the county, and warrants issued against the Smiths, (Joseph and Hyrum) and other Mormons, for the illegal destruction of the press, and though served by legal officers they refused to obey. Their shield was the writ of *habeas corpus* from the city authority, and they discharged themselves.

This mock administration of law added fuel to the flame. The people in the adjacent counties became aroused, and, conscious of their power, were resolved to sustain the State authority, in defiance of the city. The officer who had served the warrant on the members of the corporation, summoned a *posse comitatus* from the adjacent counties, to renew the arrest, but they were met

by the armed "Legion" of four thousand men in command of the Prophet, with artillery. The city of Nauvoo was declared under martial law. The officer called on his Excellency, Thomas Ford, Governor of the State, for military aid to sustain the law, who immediately ordered out the militia from several counties, and proceeded to Hancock county; in person, to examine into the state of affairs. After unsuccessful attempts at negotiation, warrants were issued against Smith and others for treason, and levying war against the State, and the officer with the writs was ordered to enter Nauvoo with a strong force; carrying an order from the Governor to disband the "Legion." The Smiths at first fled across the river into Iowa, and the city was in great confusion. Some of the Mormons rejoiced that their Prophet had escaped; others were loud in their denunciations that he had deserted them in the hour of peril, and left them to the mercy of their enemies, being the cause of all their difficulties. During the day, despatches passed across the river, to and from the fugitives, until about sunset, when they returned, and next morning set out for Carthage, (the seat of Justice for Hancock county) to answer to the warrants for the illegal destruction of the press, and resisting the authority of the State. They met a detachment of troops on their way to Nauvoo, with the order of the Governor for the arms of the State that had been in possession of the Nauvoo Legion. The Prophet and his brother retraced their course, gave up the arms, and again left for Carthage. This was on the 27th of June. The prisoners were examined on the charge of riot in destroying the printing-press, and held to bail for appearance at the next session of the Circuit Court of the county. Joseph and Hyrum were also arrested on charge of treason, and committed to jail. As all now appeared tranquil, the Governor supposed there was no further occasion for the military force, except a guard for the jail. He disbanded the troops on the morning of the 27th, and, with his suite, left Carthage for Nauvoo.

There he made a public address to the Mormons, and urged them to maintain their allegiance to the State, and unite with the citizens in preserving order, and sustaining the laws. He pointed out the fatal consequences of persisting in the course in which their leaders had misdirected them.

While the Governor was making his best efforts at Nauvoo to restore peace, quite a different scene was enacted at Carthage. After the militia were disbanded, many of them entertained the impression that the Smiths would be released, and the Mormons continue their depredations. Urged on by dissenting Mormons, who narrated horrible stories of the conduct of their former leaders, about 140 men, armed and disguised, made an attack on the jail, drove off the guard, and shot Joseph and Hyrum Smith while attempting to escape. Four rifle-balls pierced each as they fell. The provocation had been great, and vengeance had been nursed by a long series of injuries. No doubt both deserved death for their offences, but this illegal mode of vengeance, in direct violation of the majesty of the

law, met the strong condemnation of the Governor and people.

Great excitement and alarm prevailed throughout the country, from the expectation that the Mormons, driven to desperation, would arise and massacre the people. The effect, however, was far otherwise. Disheartened and appalled, they made no direct attempt at revenge. The bodies were carried to Nauvoo, and the funeral attended by an immense concourse of men, women, and children. Addresses were made by their leaders, and they were exhorted to abstain from all violence, and quietly submit to the persecutions of their enemies. Silent and gloomy, they brooded over the past. All remained quiet for several weeks, when the party became re-organized by the appointment of twelve apostles, to be the heads of the hierarchy. Dissensions then began. William Smith, the youngest brother, and the only one now living, claimed the patriarchate by succession from his brother Hyrum, and to hold the prophetic office in reversion for the son of Joe, a mere boy. Sidney Rigdon, who renounced the authority of Prophet Joe, on account of his 'spiritual wife' scheme, and departed to western Pennsylvania before the rebellion, put in his claims, which were recognized by a small party. J. J. Strang set himself up as co-leader, and led off a company first to Wisconsin, and then to an island in Lake Michigan, where, with the imposing title of "Imperial Primate and Absolute Sovereign," he enacted some "strange" things, and got into collision with the authorities of the State of Michigan.

Brigham Young, a bold, reckless, and unprincipled adventurer, got the ascendancy, and was elected by the "Twelve Apostles" to the headship of the church, and the building of the temple and other public works were resumed.

It was not long before collision with the inhabitants of the surrounding country again commenced. The smouldering fires were rekindled. Depredations on property were resumed. Charges of robbery and arson were made. The people in the neighboring counties became aroused, public meetings were held, and a convention of delegates from nine counties met at Carthage on the first of October, 1845. Resolutions were passed that aimed at the entire separation of the Mormons from the State. It became evident to their leaders that this people, under their peculiar organization, could not live within the jurisdiction of any State. Both parties became desperate, and civil war actually commenced. A party of pioneer Mormons were sent on an exploring expedition to the country on the Missouri River, beyond any organized government, and early the following Spring, the people, *en masse*, commenced removing westward. A large party settled, for the time being, in a part of Iowa, near the Missouri River, above any American settlements, while an advance corps took the trail for the Salt Lake Valley, beyond the Western Mountains. There they organized a State government, under the whimsical name of Deseret, which, by the Act of Congress of 1850, was changed to a territorial form, under the jurisdiction of the United States, by the Indian name of Utah. They

have evinced great enterprize in making improvements, but as no law has been enacted against polygamy, each leading Mormon takes as many wives, which the church, that is the official authorities in this politico-religious community, is pleased to permit.

Emigrants from Pennsylvania, Ohio, and other States, purchased farms of the Mormons, and since their removal from Nauvoo, good order, law, industry and prosperity, are the characteristics of Hancock county, as of others in that part of Illinois.

Nauvoo more recently has become the site of a community of French socialists, under Mons. Cabet.

## THE MOTHER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

A softening thought of other years  
A feeling link'd to hours  
When Life was all too bright for tears,—  
And Hope sang, wreath'd with flowers!  
A memory of affections fled—  
Of voices—heard no more!  
Stirred in my spirit when I read  
That name of fondness o'er!

Oh, Mother! in that early word  
What loves and joys combine;  
What hopes—too oft, alas! deferr'd;  
What vigils—griefs—are thine!—  
Yet, never, till the hour we roam—  
By worldly thralls oppress,  
Learn we to prize that truest home—  
A watchful mother's breast!

The thousand prayers at midnight pour'd  
Beside our couch of woes;  
The wasting weariness endured  
To soften our repose!—  
Whilst never murmur mark'd thy tongue—  
Nor toils relaxed thy care:—  
How, Mother, is thy heart so strong  
To pity and forbear?

What filial fondness e'er repaid,  
Or could repay the past?—  
Alas! for gratitude decay'd!  
Regrets that rarely last!  
'Tis only when the dust is thrown  
Thy lifeless bosom o'er;  
We muse upon thy kindness shown—  
And wish we'd loved thee more!

'Tis only when thy lips are cold—  
We mourn with late regret,  
'Mid myriad memories of old—  
The days for ever set!  
And not an act—nor look—nor thought—  
Against thy meek control,  
But with a sad remembrance fraught,  
Wakes anguish in the soul!

On every land—in every clime—  
True to her sacred cause,  
Filled by that effluence sublime,  
From which her strength she draws,  
Still is the Mother's heart the same—  
The Mother's lot as tried:  
Then, oh! may Nations guard that name  
With filial power and pride!

## JUST ONE LITTLE CAKE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Oh, dear! this basket is so heavy, and nobody has bought any matches to-day. I'm so cold, too, and my fingers ache; and they're so stiff—I can hardly stretch them out, when I change my basket from one hand to the other. My head swims when I look up street; and my voice is so hoarse I can't scream 'cheap matches' any more, and, if I did, this mad, howling wind would drown the words. I'm afraid to go back to that old man's, and tell him I haven't sold any, for he said, this morning, I shouldn't sleep in the garret any more without I brought him some money, and I know he'll beat me again, just as he did the other day. What *shall* I do?"

"If I only had a piece of bread, I might get along a good while yet, and maybe meet with somebody who would buy a package, but I ain't had a mouthful to eat to-day, and my feet drag along so, and there's such a gnawing pain at my stomach.

"Oh, don't it look pleasant!—that beautiful room, right across the street! I can see it just as plain, standing here, for they haven't shut the blinds. How beautiful the light plays hide-and-seek over those pictures on the walls—with the great frames round them, all solid gold, I s'pose. How I wish I had just *one*. It would buy me a new, warm coat, like those I see hanging in the shop windows, and bread and cake enough to last me for a whole year. Two little boys (I see 'em) are playing before the fire. How warm and happy they look, with the buttons sparkling like stars all in a row down those pretty jackets. They're just about my size, those boys are, and I guess they're just about my age. I wish I had a pleasant home, and a warm fire, and a pretty jacket with sparkling buttons, too. There, that cross-looking woman has come and shut the blinds. Oh, dear! everything seems so much darker and colder now.

"Oh! don't those cakes look good in that window? If I only had a cent to buy one. I can't keep my eyes off from 'em; and yet, while I keep looking, I grow hungrier all the time. It seems as if I *must* have that little one, with the white sugar sprinkled on its yellow top, that lies on one side. There, they've opened the door. I can peep in, and see the woman at one corner, behind the counter, rolling up some candy for that little girl and her mother. Now, I could creep up them steps, and put my hand in softly, and get that cake just as easy as nothin'. Nobody'd see me. Stop! didn't mother used to say, a long time ago, before she died, that God could look down, and see everything we did, and that He'd be angry with us if we did anything wrong? What if He should see me now? I don't believe He would though, and if He did, He don't care anything about me—a poor, little, hungry match-boy—that's a sure case,' as the old man says. I don't much believe there is any God, and if there is, He only loves rich, beautiful-dressed little boys, like them I saw in the parlor. There—the shop-woman's looking the other way—

now's the time—softly, softly—my hand's inside. I've got it!"

"Oh! what a dark, awful place to spend the night in! and to-morrow they say I'll have to go to jail only for stealing one little cake, when I was so hungry. If I hadn't dropped my basket, they wouldn't have found me; but my fingers was so numb I couldn't hold it. What awful looking folks they are here. I'm half afraid of 'em, and I'm glad I got into this corner, all alone. Well, the old man always said I'd come to jail, and when he hears I'm there, he'll only say, 'I'm glad of it!' Somehow, there's been a dreadful weight, just like a stone, on my heart ever since I took that cake. It made me cry harder than that man's gripe on my shoulder, and it seems as if I could see mother looking at me so pale and sorrowful out of her blue eyes, and shaking her head at me. I wonder if I'm the same Willy Watson that she used to kiss a long, long time ago, and call her 'darling little boy!' And then she used to comb my hair every day, and wind the curls round her fingers, smiling all the time, and saying they were the color of gold, and she was prouder of them than she would be of a thousand dollars. How I used to love her, too; and she was never cross or ugly to me, as everybody else has been. Oh! it seems to me, if she would only come here to-night, and I could put my arms round her neck, and hug her just as tight, and say, 'Mother! dear, darling mother! I wouldn't have taken that cake, but I was hungry, and it looked so tempting. Mother, won't you smile on me, and kiss me, and let me be your little Willy, just as I was a long time ago? and I'll be good always then. Oh, dear! I wish I could stop crying; but I can't help it when I think of mother.

"Well, she lies down, down, to-night, in the dark grave where they laid her a long time ago, and here I am, with nobody to care for me, in the watch-house, going to jail to-morrow. I'll lie down here, in this corner, and try to go to sleep, if I can. Oh! I wish I was sleeping close by mother!"

## THE ROBIN RED-BREAST

Two robin red-breasts built their nests

Within a hollow tree;

The hen sat quietly at home,

The cock sang merrily,

And all the little young ones said,

"Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee, wee."

One day—the sun was warm and bright,

And shining in the sky—

Cock-robin said, "My little dears,

'Tis time you learn to fly;"

And all the little young ones said,

"I'll try, I'll try, I'll try."

I know a child, and who she is

I'll tell you by-and-by,

When mamma says, "Do this," or "that,"

She says, "What far?" and "why?"

She'd be a better child, by far,

If she would say, "I'll try."

## A SKETCH.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

Children's rights—how constantly and wantonly are they disregarded. Their darling projects and schemes of amusement are set aside without the least compunction, if they interfere with those of "children of larger growth"—though perhaps of much more importance, if measured, which is the true standard, by the amount of happiness they confer: and sometimes their most trifling schemes afford them more real enjoyment than our noisy endeavor, that cost us so much. If it be true, as it doubtless is, that "a mob of school-boys will organize a dirt-pie manufactory out of a heap of sand, that will afford them more solid happiness than people of a larger growth would extract from a luxurious supper, flanked by a whole platoon of Champagne bottles;" then what a reckless disregard of right, wantonly to destroy their enjoyment, as we often do, because it is less costly than ours.

I used often, when a child, to wonder why, on many occasions, the children, in all the agonies of starved impatience, must wait until their elders—much less hungry—were served; these abating not one jot of the time they chose to sit, that the little sufferers might be sooner accommodated; and I am at a loss to understand it now, except upon the principle that might makes right.

I spent an evening at the house of a friend, where the *grown-up children* were going to amuse themselves with charades and some other games, and it was proposed by some of the members of the family, that the more juvenile portion of the company, consisting of four children, between the ages of eight and thirteen, should be put to bed before operations commenced, and it was almost unanimously voted by those "on pleasure bent," that such should be the case. In vain the proscribed party pleaded for a short respite from this rigorous sentence; for their little curiosities were excited by the preparations that were going forward. With tearful, pleading faces, they promised to *sit very still* in a corner, and not to speak a word, or ask any questions—which last, the frequent snubs they had met in their laudable efforts to gratify their thirst for knowledge, they regarded as the greatest offence of children, in grown people's category. The happiness the proposed amusements would afford them, if merely suffered quietly to look on, would be much greater in amount, I thought, than all they would bring to the rest; so I ventured to interpose a word in their behalf—for there is no more pleasant sight to me, than the eager, happy faces of children, and my own enjoyment would have been enhanced by witnessing theirs—I suggested that they would offer no interruption to our plans, and to be suffered to be spectators of our amusement, would afford them so much pleasure, it seemed downright cruelty to banish them. But it was objected by their mother, that "it wouldn't do for children to get an idea they must sit up whenever anything was going forward;" and one of the elder sisters protested that she "never could do anything when children were about," and a young

lady friend who stood by her, and who was going to take an active part in the performances, affirmed that such was always the case with herself. Another sister added that it was children's bed-time, any way—so by the united suffrage of nearly the whole party, for they were all familiar friends, met for a social evening—they were sent up to their beds with sorrowful faces. For myself, my enjoyment was much diminished by this circumstance, and their sad eyes and sorrowing expression as they were led away, haunted me in all the mirth and merriment that followed, and dampened the pleasure I might have derived from it.

And why, I said, when there is so little true enjoyment in the world, should we so wantonly rob these little creatures of their innocent happiness? Sadness and sorrow will come soon enough, let them enjoy the sunshine while they may, and let us borrow some brightness from their radiance.

## THE LOST POCKET-BOOK.

The other day I stepped into a Bowery stage, going up town, in which were some three or four gentlemen, and as many ladies. Soon after taking my seat, a young man, upon a fast run after us, called to the driver from the sidewalk. The stage stopped, and the young man came up, pulled open the door, and stepped in. He was well dressed, with an overcoat on his arm, about eighteen, and evidently from the country.

The passengers moved to give him a seat, which he did not seem disposed to take, but looked anxiously about the stage.

"I have lost my pocket-book in this stage," he said, as he began to examine the seats and floor.

Every man smiled incredulously, as every man in New York will at the first mention of any story of loss or misfortune, suspecting that every such story is simply a *ruse* to get money.

"It wasn't in this stage, I guess," said one.

"Yes, it was in this stage. I got out at Broome street to take the cars, and, as soon as I was out, found that my pocket-book was gone."

"Oh, yes," said one of the men, "I recollect seeing you get out."

This declaration quickened the memory of another, who also now remembered that he left the stage at Broome street.

Here every one in the stage commenced a search for the lost pocket-book. The search in a stage is not an extensive one; there are few crooks or crannies, or by-places in a 'bus, where lost treasures may lie secluded. Just cast your eye along the floor, and turn up the cushions, and the work is done. Every one got up, every one looked intensely along the floor, and every one assisted in turning over the cushions. But every one failed to find a lost pocket-book. It certainly was not there. Again they looked at the floor, again pulled up the cushions, but with the same success.

The first thought I said, always is, where one complains of losing, that it is all a *ruse*. The second thought is that somebody has *stolen* it.

When no one could find the pocket-book, each one began to wonder who took it from his pocket.

"It was in this pocket," said the young man, "and I sat in that corner;"—which would have made it impossible for any one to have taken it while he was in the stage.

"I don't know what I shall do," said the young man, despondingly. "I was going into the country, and I haven't got money enough left to pay my fare. I wonder if the conductor would take me?"

No one ventured a reply to this query, but some one asked how much money he had in his wallet.

"Oh, only about a dollar-and-a-half. I don't care anything about it, if I only had enough to get home with."

The case now was reduced to a very simple point, and the question was, how should he get money enough to pay his fare. No one moved, but all were thinking, perhaps, though they did not say it, "Well, go to the conductor—I guess he will let you pass;" or, "Somebody, if you ask them, will let you have the money;" or, "Well, I can't do anything for you—you *must* look out for yourself."

And all looked hard at the floor, for the third time, and thought of turning over the cushions again.

No one offered to give him anything, for if any one felt disposed to a generous act, he had not courage, because every other one would think, "Why, what a fool you are, to give money to everybody that gets into a *fix*! If you undertake to give to every one, your hands will be full."

"Come, *hurry up*!" cried the driver; "can't stay here all day."

And on went the stage, tumbling over the rough pavement.

"How much did you say you needed?" asked a lady.

"Fifty-five cents," was the reply.

Without saying another word, she quietly drew out her purse. The effect was electrical. Every lady fumbled for her purse; every gentleman put his hand into his pocket, as they do in the city cars, when the conductor comes along and says, "*Fare*, gentlemen!" And almost before the lady could put her money into the young man's hand, six or eight hands were extended to him with their contributions.

"There, there!" said the young man; "take care—don't give me too much. I only want fifty-five cents; that's all. There, you keep that—no, I don't want it, here's enough;" and he refused to take several pieces that were held out. "Thank you, ladies and gentlemen;" and immediately he jumped from the stage and was out of sight.

I looked at *that lady*, whose magic touch of her purse called money from so many pockets, more surprisingly than Signor Blitz could possibly have done. She was perhaps thirty, well dressed, though not richly, with a fine, interesting countenance, yet not particularly beautiful. She was evidently in easy circumstances in life, and yet as evidently not wealthy. She was also, I sup-

pose, a mother, as she had a beautiful little girl, of some four years old, about whose smiling rosy cheeks the chestnut curls danced, as she nestled into her mother's lap, or whirled round to look out of the window.

The gift of the money was a very small affair; but the manner in which it was done, and the circumstances, made a deep impression on my mind. She did not ask who his father was, and where he lived, and what he came to New York for, and why he was not more careful, and if he could not beg the money, or borrow it, or work for it. There was no flourish or parade—not a word; no vain-glorious look of triumph. She did not gaze round at others, as much as to say, "Now follow my example." A Fifth Avenue Madame (just moved into that quarter) would have turned up her aristocratic nose, and said to her coachman, "John! send the fellow away; we can't be troubled all the time with these cheats and beggars!"

It was a small particle, but it was the genuine, pure gold. She was a *mother*; perhaps she had a *son*; and he might meet some time with a little accident away from home, and need a few pennies to return him to her fireside and her embrace. Would she not then bless the heart that might prompt a generous though a trifling service?

If it had only been in an old fashioned country stage-coach, so I could have talked with her! In stage-coaches, anybody may talk to anybody without being intrusive. Even in a railroad depot, waiting for the cars, you might venture to speak. But in an omnibus, it is scarcely polite to do more than assist a lady in getting in or out, or make change for her when she pays her fare, or—give her your seat.

But a mother has always a second self in her child. The little rosy-cheeked girl was reaching her dimpled hands out of the window catching at the carriages as they passed, and laughing at the sport. I patted her cheek and said, "Won't you come and sit with me?"

She turned around with a merry laugh, that made her sweet face radiant as if the golden borealis was playing with her curls.

"Won't you go and sit by the gentleman?" said her mother, turning around and smiling.

What mother ever failed to be pleased when you caressed her child?

"Ah! hold up, driver—I must get out."

No matter; I left the stage, and the child, and the mother. Who she was, where she went, I do not know. It's of no consequence. But there is one home, *somewhere*, that she makes happy; there is one fireside, not very rich, not very poor, where the comforts if not the luxuries of life, and even its toils, are sweetened by her goodness.

God bless her! whatever joys or sorrows she may have in life. May she, every day, do some *little* deed of noble, generous sympathy and love, that shall help to lighten somewhat the heavy load of trouble, misfortune and misery that afflicts humanity! Every such act shall be a new set to gleam in life's dark firmament: a new spark to kindle fires in its chilly and cheerless waste: a new beacon to light others to generous deeds. She did not dream that any one would think of it—

perhaps has already forgotten it herself. Yet that *little act* has a better memorial than I can give it. I shall see her no more; but I will think of that act.

Who knows but some day to come my boy may be far from home, in a great city, and penniless! Who knows? Would I not bless and pray for the one who should give him but a farthing, that he might return to my embrace, so that I might kiss him when he went to sleep, as I used to do, and he not be exposed to stay all night in the streets, or, what is worse, perhaps, be seduced to the abodes of death?

Do deeds of generous love! They may be *small*. Never mind that; they cannot be so small but that they shall call forth thanksgiving from some heart—but that they will be seen of Him who numbers your hairs, and notices a sparrow's fall!—*New York Recorder*.

## THE TURKS.

"I will put down as many instances as I collect, in which the Turks not only differ from, but are exactly contrary to ourselves. They turn in their toes; they mount on the right side of the horse; they put their guests into a room first, and out of it last; serve themselves at table first; take the wall, and walk hastily, in sign of respect; they think beheading disgraceful, in comparison with strangling; they cut the hair from the head, and leave it on the chin; they invite with the hand by throwing it backwards, not drawing it toward them; their mourning habit is white."—*Sir John Hobhouse's Travels in Albania, &c.*

A later traveller, Mr. Levinge, as quoted in the "Dublin University Magazine," notices these distinctions, still more minutely:—

"They abhor the hat; but uncovering the head, which with us is an expression of respect, is considered by them disrespectful and indecent; no offence is given by keeping on a hat in a mosque, but shoes must be left at the threshold; the slipper, and not the turban, is removed in token of respect. The Turks turn in their toes; they write from right to left; they mount on the right side of the horse; they follow their guests into a room, and precede them on leaving it; the left hand is the place of honor; they do the honors of the table by serving themselves first; they are great smokers and coffee-drinkers; they take the wall, and walk hastily in token of respect; they beckon by throwing back the hand, instead of throwing it towards them; they cut the hair from the head; they remove it from the body, but leave it on the chin; they sleep in their clothes; they look upon beheading as a more disgraceful punishment than strangling; they deem our short and close dresses indecent, our shaven chins a mark of effeminacy and servitude; they resent an inquiry after their wives as an insult; they commence their wooden houses at the top, and the upper apartments are frequently finished before the lower ones are closed in; they eschew pork as an abomination; they regard dancing as a theatrical performance, only to be looked at, and not mingled in, except by slaves; lastly, their mourning habit is white;

their sacred color green; their Sabbath day is Friday; and interment follows immediately on death."

The crowning difference, however, is, that in diplomatic matters, the Turks use great frankness.

"To give you an idea (says Lord Collingwood in one of his letters to his lady, dated August, 1807) of the Turkish style of letters to the Russians, the Captain Pasha begins one to the Admiral Siniairn, by telling him—'After proper inquiries for your health, we must observe to you, in a friendly way, what yourself must know, that to lie is forbidden by all religions. Your friend should not receive a falsehood from you, nor can he be a friend who would offer one.'

"In a sort of battle they have had, the Turks accused the Russians of something contrary to the received law of nations, which the Russians denied to be the case, and the Turks tell him in return, that his religion forbids him to lie."

## TRUE FREEDOM—HOW TO GAIN IT.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

We want no flag, no flaunting flag,  
For Liberty to fight;  
We want no blaze of murderous guns,  
To struggle for the right.  
Our spears and swords are printed words;  
The mind our battle plain;  
We've won such victories before,  
And so we shall again.

We love no triumphs sprung of force—  
They stain her brightest cause;  
'Tis not in blood that Liberty  
Inscribes her civil laws.  
She writes them on the people's heart,  
In language clear and plain;  
True thoughts have moved the world before,  
And so they shall again.

We yield to none in earnest love  
Of Freedom's cause sublime;  
We join the cry "Fraternity!"  
We keep the march of Time.  
And yet we grasp no pike nor spear,  
Our victories to obtain;  
We've won without their aid before,  
And so we shall again.

We want no aid of barricade,  
To show a front of wrong;  
We have a citadel in Truth,  
More durable and strong.  
Calm words, great thoughts, unflinching faith,  
Have never striven in vain;  
They've won our battle many a time,  
And so they shall again.

Peace, progress, knowledge, brotherhood—  
The ignorant may sneer,  
The bad deny; but we rely  
To see their triumph near.  
No widow's groan shall lead our cause,  
No blood of brethren slain;  
We've won without such aid before,  
And so we shall again.

MEMOIRS OF A FIVE FRANC  
PIECE.

Although scarce reckoning thirty years of existence, I have seen much, travelled much; and if I have not felt much—for that is not in my nature—I have, nevertheless, been the cause of agitation to many hearts. I have excited both desire and remorse; set ambition to work, and disappointed or realized many a hope. I have sometimes soothed misfortune; still oftener ministered to the follies and caprices of fortune's favorites. During my career, I have had intervals of great activity. I have passed from the palace of the noble to the cottage of the laborer, but seldom have I entered the abode of poverty. At the present time I am, as it were, engulfed in the depths of an iron chest of an old miser, and there I shall probably remain until the day when his greedy heirs will contend for my possession. As it may be long ere that period arrives, I have taken a fancy to employ my leisure in recapitulating the various incidents of my circulation in the world from the day when, dazzling with splendor, I came forth from the mint to augment the public treasury.

For several weeks, I remained in the coffers of the State, mingled with a variety of other coins. Some new, like myself, had never come into contact with humanity. Others, on the contrary, injured, defaced, sullied by the impurities we all must encounter in passing through the world, only momentarily reposed to set forth again to stir up the turbid waters of human passion.

On the 31st of December, we were withdrawn, in very large numbers, from the coffers of the bank, for the purpose of remunerating the officers of government. I fell to the share of one of the clerks of the Minister of the Interior, and although I was the most brilliant of the ninety pieces which constituted his quarterly salary, he showed me no preference, but cast me into the same bag as my companions. In his eyes I was but the equivalent of the objects I might procure, and it never entered his mind to devote to me an affection purely contemplative. The unfortunate man, constantly engaged in his prosaic occupation, had lost his sense of the beautiful. This instinct, however, his wife still preserved. She gazed upon me with a look almost tender, as the Minister's clerk portioned off his earnings into small sums, which he folded into divers parcels, writing upon one, "Rent;" upon another, "Baker;" upon a third, "Grocer." Just as he was about to enclose me, side by side with two other pieces destined to settle the account of the apothecary—

"Oh! Joseph," cried his wife, "surely you are not going to give away that splendid crown?"

"It is not worth a cent more than any other; besides, we cannot afford to keep it to look at. We have not more than sufficient to pay all our bills. It is dreadful. We never have anything to lay by."

"Let us thank God, my dear, that, at the end of the year, we are free from debt, and let us not

be anxious for the future. But, although we cannot keep this beautiful coin to look at, could you not reserve it for our Henry's New Year's gift? Did you not promise that, when he was ten years old, you would give him five francs, instead of three, on New Year's day?"

"Well, let it be so. Children love things that glitter."

Madame Joseph, thus authorized by her husband, wrapped me up carefully in rose-colored satin paper, and placed me upon her bureau, where I awaited the dawn of the 1st of January. With its earliest light, little Henry hastened to the chamber of his parents, and, placing himself in the attitude of an orator, commenced the customary complimentary harangue, at the termination of which he was to receive his New Year's present; but, while his lips hastily murmured the pedantic verses of his tutor, his eyes, riveted to the attractive paper, betrayed his impatient curiosity. At length, I was placed by M. Joseph in the hand of his son, who, quickly tearing open the envelope, exclaimed, in a voice tremulous with emotion—

"Five francs! I never in my life possessed so much money!" How many beautiful things I can buy with five francs! I will have a pair of straps; a little cane and a round hat, like a man; some wooden soldiers, some gingerbread, and some sugar candy. Mamma, we will go and buy all this to-day, won't we?"

"To-day it will be impossible, my son. We are to spend the day with your grandmamma."

"Ah! so we are. Grandmamma will give me a New Year's present, too—who knows? perhaps a kite, a ball, a top!" And the little gentleman forgot his intended purchases in the expectation of his presents.

Henry enclosed me in a pretty purse, which his sister had just given him, and, during the course of the evening, he several times slid his little hand into his pocket that he might satisfy himself of my presence by a gentle touch. On his way to his grandmother's, my little master passed along part of the Boulevards, and through several of the arcades and galleries of the Palais Royal. Every one knows what brilliant toys and trifles are there displayed, during the last and first days of the year, to attract the admiring eyes of the Parisians. It is one of the means made use of by the inventive genius of the artisan and the shopkeeper to appease the fever of covetousness which consumes human nature. Henry was seized with the prevailing mania. He wanted to purchase everything—to possess all he saw. Every instant he was pulling his mother's cloak to draw her attention to the objects which captivated him. Several times she had the kindness to stop and bargain for him, for a writing desk, a cricket ball, &c.; but the constant reply to her question as to the price was always ten, fifteen, twenty francs. Once they were asked fifty.

"Then there is nothing worth having for five francs," said Henry, as he came out of the last shop. The child, who thought himself in the morning so rich, felt himself poor on reaching his grandmother's house, while I felt my impor-



tance lessened in proportion as his desires increased.

That evening, Henry laid down his purse upon the table, saying—

"I hope to-morrow will not pass without my spending my five francs."

"Is there any absolute necessity for your spending it immediately?" said his mother.

"Certainly. Of what use is it there?" replied the child, striking the marble table with his purse, so as to produce from me a ringing sound.

"Would it not be better to wait for an opportunity of laying it out in a suitable manner, than to purchase just now some useless article?"

"Oh! whatever is amusing must be useful; for instance, I can get a quantity of fireworks for five francs."

The little fellow fell asleep, dreaming of squibs, crackers and sky-rockets. The thoughtful mother likewise had her dreams, but they were of the means to be employed to instruct Henry how to make use of his wealth for profitable purposes, and to moderate his desires. The visit of a poor woman, a protégée of Madame Joseph's, furnished her the very next day with the desired opportunity. He listened attentively to the details of the misery and sufferings of the unfortunate woman, and saw his mother give her some provisions and a bundle of clothes.

"I wished to have added to these stockings," said Madame Joseph, "a pair of slippers for you, my poor Fanny, but my purse is almost empty. If I have it in my power, I will buy them for you before the end of the Winter."

"Oh! Madame, you have already been too generous," said the old woman, as she turned to leave the room.

Henry cast a look of compassion upon her cold and trembling feet, scarcely covered by her torn shoes.

"Are slippers very expensive?" said he to his mother.

"Two francs, my dear."

"And have you not two francs?"

"Not to spare, at this present moment, to my great regret, for your Fanny is suffering much from the cold."

Henry glided his hand into his pocket, turned me round two or three times, drew me half out of his purse, replaced me and took me out again. At length, he cried out—

"Mamma, if I buy the slippers, I shall still have three francs left. That will be as much as I used to have on former New Year's days, and I was very happy then."

The delighted mother embraced her son, a tear moistened her eye, and a sigh of gratitude arose to Heaven from her heart. She took her child by the hand, and conducted him to a shop, where she assisted him in choosing a warm and strongly made pair of slippers. When Henry placed me in the hand of the shopman, his eyes sparkled, and there was a smile upon his face. He was happier than when he contemplated me for the first time. I know not whether the three francs procured him all the pleasure he had anticipated, but I believe that his first purchase procured him a moment of unmingled happiness.

As for myself, I was proud of having aided in so good an action; and, whilst the shopkeeper tossed me into his till, I beheld unfolded to my gaze a series of useful works, in which I should perform a principal part.

It was not long before I perceived that the possession of me was not quite of so much importance to every one, as it had been to the young boy, whose heart I had caused to beat high, and whose thoughts I had occupied during two entire days. Many months passed away before I again became an object of special regard. I was mingled in a bag, with a number of other five franc pieces, destined to effect a payment which was shortly to become due. Serving thus in commercial transactions, I was, for a long time, carried from office to office, from store to store: from the till of the grocer to the strong box of the money-changer. I was already becoming defaced and tarnished, when, one day I passed from the chest of a rich banking-house into a elegant little bag, containing one hundred and nineteen other crown pieces, and a purse of twenty Napoleons. This bag was deposited upon the escritoire of the banker's wife, a fashionable young woman, who lavished a similar amount, monthly, upon silks, perfumes, and ribbons.

"Ah!" exclaimed she, on opening the bag, "silver money again; I detest those horrid five franc pieces. I certainly think, my dear, you might just as easily send me all in gold."

"Money does not remain so long in your possession that you need trouble yourself about its form and appearance. It is perfectly unnecessary for you to pay off your tradespeople's bills with gold—you never receive any change."

"Oh, I entreat of you, let me have none of your tiresome calculations. Reserve them for your accountants. But I fancy Madame Dufour has sent in her bill; that will relieve me of this silver."

The young wife locked up the purse of gold in her pearl desk, and rang for her maid.

"Victoire, see if there is sufficient money in that bag to pay Madame Dufour?"

Mademoiselle Victoire counted the money, and replied—

"There is more than enough, Madame; the bill amounts to only four hundred and fifty francs."

"Well, settle it; and take the rest of this silver for current expenses. But let me look at the bill. I have not yet seen it."

After having run her eye over the minute details of making and trimmings, occupying four long columns—"These charges are extravagant," she exclaimed, carelessly; "can nothing be deducted from them? You know better than I do the price of these things, Victoire."

"Indeed, Madame, I know not one article upon which to deduct a centime; Madame Dufour is so conscientious, I cannot understand how she can make any profit upon such moderate charges."

"Very well, pay her what she asks."

Mademoiselle Victoire paid the milliner four hundred francs in exchange for her receipt. The remaining fifty francs, which had been charged in her account, was relinquished in favor of the

femme de chambre, as a remuneration for her kind offices in retaining for Madame Dufour the custom of her rich mistress. I was among the number of the ten five franc pieces constituting the sum thus honestly acquired.

I was placed in a purse already tolerably well filled, but I did not remain there long. The same evening, Mademoiselle Victoire conducted to her chamber a woman, whose appearance indicated sickness and suffering; she brought with her a dress, which the femme de chambre tried on, scolding her all the time, severely, for the faults in her work and fitting. The poor sempstress promised to do her best to repair what was amiss; but, before leaving, she asked, in a faltering voice, whether Mademoiselle Victoire would not pay her her little account.

"Truly," replied she, "you are in a great hurry; you have scarcely worked for me three months, and you already want to be paid."

"You must know, Mademoiselle, that money is not plentiful in the abodes of the poor; we need all we work for."

"I certainly do not know how things go on in the abodes of the poor," replied the haughty woman, sarcastically; "but to be done with you, give me your bill, and let me pay it."

The poor woman, with a trembling hand, held out a small paper to Mademoiselle Victoire, who exclaimed, as she cast her eyes upon it—

"Fifteen francs! why it is enormous; exorbitant! for only making a corset, and altering three dresses! really, my good woman, you cannot expect such a thing; there must be some mistake."

"Mademoiselle, you must see that the trimmings are all included in the fifteen francs. I have reckoned my work as nearly as possible, at thirty cents a day."

"You must work very slowly, if that is the case. I cannot pretend to pay you according to the time you are dawdling over a dress, but for the work there is in it; and I think I am very liberal in offering you eight francs. I did not expect to have paid more than six for such trifling matters."

The poor sempstress remonstrated warmly, and, after a long discussion, obtained ten francs. She put me, with a look of sadness, into her pocket, with another five franc piece, which she left at the baker's, to pay off a long-standing debt. As she ascended the five stories which led to her apartment, the poor woman took me in her hand, and looking upon me with a tearful eye, "Alas!" said she, "I would fain employ this money in purchasing a warm dress for my child! but would Pierre pay our expenses for this week? Oh! if that young lady would only have paid me the fifteen francs—and they were well earned! but there are persons who only think of profiting by the distress of poor work people, without considering that in taking from their wages, they deprive them of their bread. Oh! my God, preserve me from discontent!" cried the poor sempstress, entering her room, and falling on her knees. After having wept in silence a few moments, she arose calm and resigned, placed me in a little box, which she concealed under

a bundle of old clothes at the bottom of her closet, and then applied herself to her work with renewed ardor.

The following day her little Felix returned from school with a violent headache; his mother hastened to put him to bed, prepared him an infusion of mint, and watched at his side till his father came home.

"Pierre," said his wife, "I am afraid that Felix has the measles; it is of the greatest importance to keep him warm. I have put our last log on the fire. Cannot you give me a little money to buy some wood?"

"Oh! yes, money is so plentiful," said the half-intoxicated man.

"But your master paid you, this evening."

"What is that to you, whether he paid me or not? See, there are thirty cents," added he, throwing some change upon the table; "and do not ask me for any more for a week at least."

With these words, Pierre threw himself upon the bed, where he snored till break of day. As soon as it was light, he went out to join some companions, whom he was to accompany on an excursion. His wife, well knowing that she should not see him again, either that day, or the next, and that she could hope for no further assistance from that quarter, approached her child, who was burning with fever; then, looking at the money which her husband had thrown upon the table, "I must have a little sugar," said she, "to put into his gruel, and a little meat to make broth; will that be sufficient for him? scarcely; and wood—there is not a stick left! Oh! if the measles should strike inwards! I must take care of him while he is sick, and think no more of his dress," said the poor woman, sighing, and taking me from my hiding-place. "When this is expended, God, who sees my misery, will know how to succor me. Oh! if I had greater faith, I should be able to cast the care of this dear child, with more confidence, upon Him," continued she, imprinting a kiss upon her child's forehead.

The unhappy woman rapidly descended the stairs, and, at the corner of the street exchanged me for a few faggots and a small amount of change. I would willingly have remained in that hand, which, in relinquishing me, parted with the last resource; but the wood-dealer, seizing me between his finger and thumb, slipped me into his waistcoat pocket, saying to the woman—

"That's fine dry wood; it will burn like a match."

Alas! she who had paid so dearly for her fuel, did not wish it to consume too quickly.

My next proprietor was a short, thick-set man, with a jovial countenance. With the back of his hand, he gave a tap to a sturdy little fellow, who now ran noisily into the shop, calling out—

"Well, father, what shall we do to-day; it's Sunday?"

"Ah, Mr. Gourmand, you are thinking of something nice already! but wait a little, we will go somewhere. Wait till the press of business has gone by, and then well shut up the shop."

"You had better shut it up at once, and go to

church, Master Thomas," said a neighbor, as she went out to attend Divine service.

"Pooh, nonsense!—church is all very well for old women like you, and simpletons who choose to be amused with idle tales—for my part, I think the best church is a good shop full of customers."

"The fool hath said in his heart there is no God," said the woman, continuing on her way.

"Well, well, go and prostrate yourself devoutly," said the fat dealer, sneering—"poor silly creature, of what use is all her devotion to her, when half of her time she is in want of bread? All her psalm-singing does not bring her any."

"Perhaps," said the younger scapegrace, "she lives upon singing, like the cricket."

"Upon my word, you have some wit, my son. I knew very well it would show itself as soon as you went to school. I should not wonder if you were to do great things; instead of a shop you will be keeping a timber-yard, and the dealers who go there to lay in their supplies, will be calling you Monsieur at every word. Truly, that will be no bad joke, to be selling wood by wagon loads, instead of retailing faggots by the dozen; however, I have not done badly at the trade, so I won't speak ill of it."

The soliloquy of the shopkeeper was here cut short by the appearance of his wife, who, arrayed in all her Sunday finery, exclaimed:—

"Come, my good man, the weather is splendid; do afford us a coach, and take us into the country to dinner."

"A coach! You are quite grand to-day, Madame," said the husband, in a joking tone.—

"However, I have done pretty well this week, and I have in my pocket a five franc piece, which has not been into the till, so we may as well spend it merrily."

Half an hour afterwards, the family of the Thomases were driving in a hackney coach, and soon after I was in the pocket of the driver, who at midnight threw me on the counter of a tavern-keeper, demanding his change.

A few days after, I made one of a number to be sent by mail to a rich merchant of Dijon, who supplied the tavern-keeper with wine.

My provincial debut commenced under the auspices of Madame Thierrons, the wife of the merchant.

The latter, on placing in her hands the weekly sum which he allowed her for the expenses of housekeeping, accompanied it with a lecture upon economy.

"Each one of these five franc pieces," said he, "has been earned by my untiring diligence, and in your hands they melt like wax."

"You forget that we must eat," replied the lady.

"Last week we twice had company to dinner; it certainly does not appear to me that the expenditure has been so very exorbitant."

"Oh, when we entertain strangers, I do not say things must not be a little different; there is, however, a certain way of making an appearance without spending much. In general, appearances are of more importance than the reality."

Madame Thierrons, although considerably displeased with the admonitions of her husband,

did not fail to address her cook in much the same strain.

"You seem to think, Madame, that I pay more for things than any one else. I wish you would go to market yourself—you would find provisions high enough just now."

"Well, do your best, and try and bring all the things mentioned in my list, without spending the whole of the five franc piece. I cannot afford five francs for our marketing."

Jeannette went away shrugging her shoulders in a manner not very respectful. She stopped at the grocer's shop at the corner, to get me changed for smaller coin. The grocer was out, and his wife, not having the key of the till, could not accommodate the cook, but was willing to listen with much pleasure to the accounts the latter gave of the parsimony of her master and mistress, commenting in not the most charitable manner upon the minute details of the domestic economy of the house of Thierrons.

"Ah!" continued Jeannette, "if I did not take care of myself, I should never get rich by perquisites. For instance, with this five franc piece, I shall commence by putting ten cents into my pocket; I shall account for it by adding a few cents to each article upon my list."

To this the grocer's wife replied: "That is the way to act prudently. You must learn how to help yourself to what you are deprived of by the injustice of your masters."

Jeannette next went into a fruit seller's, where, while selecting some apples, she recommenced her animadversions, but here she did not meet with the same sympathy.

"Does not your master pay you your wages?" said the fruit woman."

"Oh! I suppose you would have me serve them for nothing."

"Are you not well fed?"

"Not to excess; however, I am not starved."

"According to that, it appears you have justice done towards you. With regard to presents and perquisites, those are voluntary things, which you have no right to exact; but if you are not satisfied, why do you not leave your situation, instead of slandering and abusing it?"

"Oh, when I find a better, I shall not wait to be asked; but good situations are scarce."

"And good servants also; we all have our faults, and if we would learn to bear with one another's, everything would go on better. In every trial, remember, my dear girl, that the Word of God says: 'Servants, be subject to your masters; not only to the good and gentle, but also to the forward.'"

"Bah! bah! that's all very good in a sermon," cried Jeannette, throwing me into the lap of the fruit-woman. "Come, my good mother, give me back four francs and fifteen sous, and let me go and make my other purchases."

It was Saturday: and the woman, Renouard, in closing her stand, took away all the money contained in her counter. On her return home, she put it into a bag already half full. Soon after her husband and three children came in to supper. The repast ended, the father of the family opened a large Bible, read a few verses, and then knelt to

invoke the blessing of the Almighty. After worship, the children went to bed, and the husband and wife remained alone, conversing upon their affairs; the woman emptied the bag of money upon the table, and separated the copper from the silver; the husband, on his part, took from his pocket his weekly earnings, took up his wife's memorandum book, made a calculation, and said—"This has been a good week, everything paid and forty francs remaining."

"The Lord has bestowed His blessing on our labor for some time past. I feel in my heart, that I should wish to testify our gratitude by a larger thank-offering than heretofore. What think you of it, husband?"

"You are right, 'He that hath pity on the poor lendeth to the Lord.' We must do something for that poor unhappy woman on the fifth story, whose husband beats her every day, while she is working herself to death to provide food for her children."

"That is a good thought; but can we not also give something for the missionary society? It is the only way in which we can benefit the poor heathen, for neither you nor I can go and preach to them."

With one consent, the husband and wife put me aside for their charitable offering. The rest of the money was partly destined for the payment of the proprietors, from whom the fruit woman procured her supplies, and partly disposed of in the box which provided for the wants of the family. Before she went to bed, Dame Renouard set her apartment in order, so as to have less to do on the Sabbath morning. She prepared the children's clean clothes, taking care to deposit a penny in each of their little pockets, so that they might have something to put in the poor box in coming out of church.

I remained some time in the scrutoire of the pastor, whose office it was to collect the missionary offerings. I witnessed the arrival of many smaller sums, which he appeared to receive with more pleasure than those of greater amount.

"Behold, said he, as he deposited in the drawer the piece of money which the artisan had deducted from his necessities: "Behold the gifts which are well pleasing to God—they are the offerings of the heart."

I passed from the hands of the pastor to the chest of a banker, who had undertaken to forward to Paris the sum which had been collected at Dijon.

One day there was a grand dinner at the Prefecture. The banker in his festive robes came to the chest to fill his purse, and I was among the number of pieces which he selected. During the evening, one of the guests gave a pathetic account of an incendiary, who having consumed several houses in a neighboring village, had reduced a number of families to a state of destitution. The wife of the Inspector was much affected with the relation, and proposed a subscription.

A velvet bag, containing some counters, happened to be upon a table near at hand; she emptied it and was going to take it round, when her husband, actuated by what reason I know not, entered the room with a silver plate, which he

substituted for the bag, saying to his wife: "This receptacle is preferable."

At the same instant the banker's fingers replaced in his purse the one franc piece which he had just taken from it. He substituted me in its place, and deposited me in the plate with a graceful inclination to the beautiful collector.

The money thus raised was employed in purchasing articles of the most urgent necessity for the unfortunate people who had been burnt out of their homes.

I served to pay for a portion of a piece of cloth, furnished by a rich manufacturer, whose son was going to Paris the following day. This young man was to spend a year in the capital, that he might acquire, as his mother said, fashionable habits and manners. In general this is an expensive mode of education, and the merchant, besides a letter of credit, had placed in his son's portmanteau, a tolerably weighty bag, in which I took a place, and behold me once more on the road to my native place. Although I was quite at the bottom of the bag, I did not remain there many days; for the young man was not long in emptying it. I was with three other crown pieces, all that remained of his substance, when after putting us in his pocket, he set off to saunter on the Boulevard de Gend.

"Well! what's the news?" cried one of his companions, accosting him—"you look as if you were dreaming. Come and dine at Very's, and from there we will go to the Italian opera."

"The only objection is, that I am no longer able to stand treat; we have committed so many extravagancies the last three weeks, that I have come to the end of my ready money, and I dare not, upon my word, already make use of my letter of credit; my father could never understand how I had spent, in so short a time, a sum of money, which, according to his calculation, should have sufficed for my expenditure six months at least."

"Don't talk about fathers!—they are all alike. I have the greatest trouble in the world to get a few coppers out of mine. But for some time, I have been able to manage without his assistance. I am so fortunate at play, that my winnings pay all my expenses."

"Indeed!"

"You must try your hand at it."

"But supposing I lose?"

"Well, there's a chance, but it's not very likely. You will follow my luck; besides, if you lose at the commencement, I will lend you wherewith to follow your fortunes."

A few minutes later, the two young men entered a saloon, in the midst of which was a long table, covered with green cloth, and surrounded by a number of men, who appeared as though their hearts were in their eyes, so greedy, passionate, sparkling with hope, or fraught with despair, were the looks they darted upon the masses of gold circulating before them. No other sound was heard but that of the money passing from hand to hand, and a few words rapidly pronounced, such as "Rouge, Noir, Game."

One would have thought that these men had neither words nor ideas to exchange with each other; they seem to have assembled to contend for

gold like hounds over a carcass. The three crowns of the young provincial at first won several others, but at the moment he was congratulating himself upon his success, the luck turned, and in a few minutes, I was, with the rest of the money heaped before him, drawn away by the rake of the banker.

I cannot tell how many times I changed owners during that evening, or rather that night; in fact, I belonged to no one, but merely served as a plaything for those low and sordid passions, which extinguish in the heart of man the capability for those higher enjoyments, which are bestowed only upon the refined and the intellectual.

At four o'clock in the morning, I found myself mixed up with a quantity of Napoleons, in the pocket of a stock broker, who, a few hours later in the day, experienced anew the excitement of the gaming table, in the alleys of the exchange.

From his hands I passed into those of a banker-prince, whose head and whose pen were the creators of millions. He was one of those men whose every thought and action, in short, whose whole existence centred in one object, that of enriching himself. His name was the passport to success for every enterprise to which it was attached. Proud of his commercial capacity, he exercised the power of a despot on 'change, suffering his patronage to be purchased by the most abject compliances even in speculations which were to enrich his own coffers, and in which he would have been much mortified had he not been a participant. Rising at break of day, spending a great part of the night over his books, scarcely allowing himself time for his meals, the opulent speculator subjected himself to more arduous toil than the poor laborer, who has to support his numerous family by the sweat of his brow. But these physical exertions were trifling compared to the excitement of mind which the rising and falling of the stocks, the arrival of despatches, the bankruptcy of correspondents, &c., each day occasioned him.

Such a life must have been a martyrdom, and this man imposed it upon himself, and to what end? Undoubtedly to the love of money. But did not this money procure him numberless enjoyments?—his home, it is true, was magnificent; but he possessed himself of all his comforts and luxuries for the sole purpose of displaying them to the eyes of the gaping multitude, who would exclaim, "What a head that Monsieur X— must have! What genius! What an immense fortune he has amassed for himself!"

This species of admiration flattered his self-esteem, and without doubt, indemnified him for the sleepless nights he passed beneath his brocaded curtains. It was not then for the enjoyments which it procured, that M. X— loved money. The freedom with which he embarked it in the most hazardous enterprises, showed that it was not the avaricious desire of hoarding it and contemplating it, which actuated his exertions for its attainment. No, his ambitious mind coveted gold, to prove his capacity; considering in a manner that his intellectual faculties were a machine for the coinage of money, he thought to himself— "The more I acquire the more I am worth. The

success of my enterprises is a certain title to the esteem and admiration of mankind."

Forgotten by chance at the bottom of one of his pockets, I participated for some time in this life of perturbation. All of a sudden, however, M. X— was taken ill;—I found myself shut up in his chamber, assisting at the daily levees which he held with his head clerk and exchange agents. He recovered while receiving these people all his presence of mind, all his energy, dictating letters with remarkable facility, giving his directions upon speculations of vast importance with the same extraordinary foresight which had acquired him his fortune. But if at any time his wife endeavored to divert his mind by reading to him, he would listen for a time to please her, but his mind not having the power of occupying itself in anything but calculations, a nervous restlessness would seize him, and Madame X— would close the book.

One of his nieces, whom he had in a manner adopted, daily passed some hours at his bedside. This young girl endeavored to draw the attention of her uncle to religious subjects, but he jokingly cavilled with what he termed her mystical ideas. One day that she had taken upon herself to make more direct allusions to his state, which had now become critical, he peremptorily imposed silence.

"There will be time enough," said he, "to think of eternity when we have done with this world."

"Yes," replied his niece, "if our Saviour had not said 'Watch and pray, for you know neither the day nor the hour.'"

"Oh, nonsense! Death is not so near at hand; I have money enough to pay for Doctors and remedies, to keep him at a distance for a long time to come."

"So had the rich man in the Gospel, when he said, 'Soul, take thine ease, thou hast much goods laid up for many years.' That night his soul was required of him."

This courageous reply provoked the anger of M. X—, and he suffered her no more to speak. She quitted the chamber with tears in her eyes, saying to herself—

"How true it is, the love of money is the root of all evil."

The sick man was now attacked with violent spasms, which the physicians took pains to convince him were entirely nervous.

One day, the last he was to spend in this world, M. X— ordered his clerk to attend, as usual, to communicate his correspondence. M. Simon, on entering the room, started with horror at the sight of his livid countenance, already stamped with the hues of death; but, with the ready tact of a man of the world, he quickly recovered himself, and told the dying man that he thought him looking better than on the previous day.

"We shall soon," added he, "have the happiness of seeing you again in your counting-house, where your long looked-for presence will reanimate the zeal of your assistants, to whom your admirable example is so powerful a stimulus."

After having offered up his servile incense at the pillow of the dying man, M. Simon unfolded a correspondence, which, in less than half an hour,

unfolded to the view of him who was about to quit the earth, the various business which had been transacted in his name in London, Vienna, Berlin, Odessa, Naples, &c.

While M. Simon was reading to him a letter from London, the sick man was seized with so violent a spasm, that all assistance seemed hopeless. The physicians, summoned in haste, thought him in the agonies of death; their remedies, however, triumphed over the crisis. The dying man opened his eyes, and said, in a faltering voice—

"M. Simon—continue"—

"What?" replied the clerk, much agitated.

"Why—the despatch from—London—Such a falling—in the funds—ah! what—an excitement!"

The attendants looked at each other in mute astonishment. One of the doctors, however, hastened to congratulate M. X— upon his presence of mind.

"How could you, after so violent an attack, resume the thread of your subject? It is truly sublime! What genius!"

"You must, however," said the other doctor, "moderate your sensitiveness. You suffer yourself to be too much excited by the affairs of business. Wait till your health is re-established, before you suffer them to occupy your attention. It will not be long. These nervous attacks sometimes cease all at once."

This man, on leaving the room, whispered to the niece of the banker—

"Do not leave Madame X— alone in the chamber; her husband will not live through the night."

"Oh!" cried the young girl with gentle firmness, "are you not responsible before God for the salvation of that soul, which you have continued to delude to the last hour?"

The doctor not hearing, or feigning not to hear her, hastily descended the staircase, humming an opera air.

Still in the pocket of the last coat, worn by M. X—, I was present at the dying agony of the wealthy banker. The active and powerful man had become a lifeless corpse, around which watched the numerous mercenaries, who were looking forward, either to a legacy in the will of the deceased, or to a share in his wardrobe. They were in haste to dispose of their master's remains, that they might seize upon the spoils.

The coat, in which I lay concealed, fell to the lot of a valet de chambre, who sold it to a pawnbroker. The latter, in brushing and turning about his purchase, saw me fall at his feet, and immediately called his wife to witness his good fortune.

"But," said the latter, yielding to an impulse of rectitude, "ought you not to return this five franc piece to the gentleman's servant who sold you the coat?"

"La! what nonsense! what it is lucky to find, it is lucky to keep; besides, nothing can be more honestly acquired than what we find."

The wife, convinced by this reasoning, returned to her kitchen.

To his trade in old clothes, the broker united the honest calling of money-lender, which drew

him numerous customers. A young man, about nineteen years of age, entered, holding in his hand a watch.

"Father Goulard," said he, "how much will you loan me upon this article?"

The usurer turned about the watch in every direction, examined the thickness of the case, weighed the chain and the key, and appeared to consider a moment, without replying.

"I will lend you fifty francs, if you will engage to return me seventy in a fortnight."

"Fifty francs! that is very little; and a fortnight is a very short time. I think you are a little of the Jew, my good man."

"A Jew! Father Goulard a Jew! Ah! I only wish you had to deal with a Jew! that is a creature without either law or faith. For my part, I have a conscience; and I advance you, on your old rattle-trap of a watch, more than I should get for it, were I obliged to sell it; but I hope you will not reduce me to that extremity."

"No, certainly; it was my father's watch, and my mother would make a fine fuss if I did not take it home with me at the vacation. Some way or another, I must contrive to get it out of your hands, before then."

The law student pocketed the ten crown pieces, of which number I formed one, and rapidly gained the corner of the street, where a companion awaited him. I did not remain long in his hands, and after having circulated for some time, I passed into those of a jeweller, from whom a young married couple were making some necessary purchase for travelling. The husband paid in gold, and I was given to him in change. He threw me carelessly into the bottom of an old purse, in which I found myself, a few days after, travelling in an elegant carriage, the road from Paris to Nice. We were approaching the Sardinian custom-house; the young lady was beginning to manifest a very lively solicitude respecting her trunks of fashionable things, for the safety of whose contents the awkwardness of the custom-house officers made her tremble. As soon as the carriage stopped in the yard of the entrepot, the pretty traveller saluted with a not very amiable look, the officer, who, coming up to the carriage-door, called out in an imperative voice—

"You must unpack the whole of this carriage. It is our rule to search every part."

The scoundrels, without any regard for the nervous tremors, which their rough handling occasioned the elegant young lady, obeyed their superior, and all the precious handboxes were spread out in the centre of the court-yard. Next arrived the inspector, turning up his sleeves in order to testify the zeal with which he meant to accomplish his work. As soon as he had emptied one trunk, and buried his arms in the sides of it, the officer, whose business it was to overlook him, seeing him fully employed, turned away to receive another carriage; at the same instant the traveller drew me from his purse, and slipped me, clandestinely, into the hand of the inspector, who, with no less adroitness, dropped me into his pocket, and continued opening the boxes of finery with unabated diligence. But

his profane fingers raised not the silver paper which protected the contents; scarcely did he allow himself the most discreet glance, before he cried out,—

"The carriage of Monsieur may be packed again, everything is perfectly right!"

The inspector had a child who was dying of consumption, and the disconsolate mother never ceased telling her husband, that their son would certainly recover, if he could have a nine day's mass performed in his behalf.

"But it will require money for so many masses," added she, sighing.

"That child has cost us enough, already, without adding to it," replied the father. "My opinion is, that the masses of M. le Curé will no more save him, than the drugs of the apothecary. These things are necessary but devices of the church to extort money."

"How is it possible you can be such an unbeliever when so many miracles are every day being performed by the nine day's masses, and the intercessions of the saints? You should have heard what neighbor Girolamo told me about them, this morning."

"Well, if you have so much faith in the saints, why do you not invoke them yourself, instead of giving away your money to the priest?"

"Oh, our prayers cannot be as good as those of a holy man of the church! and then the mass! the mass!"

"Well, I cannot understand a God who will do nothing for nothing. Men are more liberal than that; they help each other gratis."

"At the same time no one loves better than yourself to receive payment for your services and attentions to travellers, while all you care for is to spend it upon your own pleasures. If our child dies, it will be your fault."

The poor woman cried, and begged, and teased her husband, till, at last, he threw me into her lap, saying,—

"I suppose I must give it you for the sake of peace."

Placing me, with some other money, the fruits of her recent savings, the wife of the inspector exchanged me for the promise of a nine day's mass from M. le Curé.

The latter rang for his housekeeper, and placed me in her hands.

"You will give this," said he, "to Juspino, the carrier, and tell him to bring me from Marseilles the best chocolate he can procure."

In consideration of the delicacy of his stomach, M. le Curé had obtained permission from his bishop to take every morning, before mass, a cup of chocolate.

The carrier left me at Marseilles, where, for a long time, I had the run of the banks and counting-houses, passing alternately into the hands of people of every nation. My longest resting place was the wooden bowl of a money changer, where, screened by an iron grating, and in company with a multitude of coins of every stamp, I attracted the attention of the passers-by. Often did the wretch, who held out his hand to implore charity, cast a look of envy on so much useless riches. More than once have I seen a tear

moisten the eye of the workman, as he returned from the shore, not having obtained employment, with empty hands to his family, who were waiting for bread. A single one of those pieces would have rendered him so happy. The boys of the neighborhood often gathered round the grated window, to discourse upon all the enjoyments which the possession of that money might procure them. They formed project upon project, and more than once the construction of their castles in the air became the occasion of quarrels and fighting.

To find oneself thus the object of admiration, of envy and of desire, continually to be exciting passions, and never gratifying them, is not a very agreeable position. I was not, therefore, sorry to leave the wooden bowl to enter the pocket of a young man, who was travelling for the two-fold purpose of amusement and instruction. He visited the smallest ruins, the most insignificant buildings—not a single place pointed out in the guide-book escaped his investigation. He did not examine very minutely, it is true; but, directed by his valet de place, he made numerous notes in an elegant Russia leather pocket-book, with clasps of gold, and pencil of the same precious metal. The traveller forgot this valuable appendage in a hired carriage. Not having taken the number of the coach, and not reckoning much upon the honesty of the driver, he was quite in despair at having made such an expenditure of wit and talent to no purpose, when, just as he was going to order an advertisement in the public papers, the pocket-book was brought in by the coachman, who had been making numerous researches to discover the proprietor. I was bestowed on the good man as a reward for his honesty. He hastened home to his poor dwelling, and held me up in the distance to his wife, who was waiting for him at the door.

"Here," said he, "this will complete the sum. This year, at least, our little cottage will not be sold."

"God be praised," said his wife, wiping away a tear. "I had prayed so much that He would come to our succor, and yet, an hour ago, I was quite disheartened. I felt my faith fail, when M. Rochon came and told me that if, to-morrow morning, we did not bring him the fifteen francs interest upon the two hundred francs which he lent us, he would have us immediately turned out. It was of no use my telling him how your long illness had occasioned our being behind-hand, or my begging him to receive, on account, the ten francs which are in the closet. He would listen to nothing, and he went out, striking his cane violently on the pavement, saying, 'All or nothing!'"

"Ah! I was very unhappy, also, for I knew the hard heart of our creditor. Did he not ruin poor widow Perrin, who owed him five hundred francs, with the expenses of a law-suit? The whole parish will become his property, by his way of lending money on mortgage at enormous interests, and taking possession of the property of every family who make the slightest delay in the payment."

"Listen to me, my good husband. It is not

for us to judge that old man. The Word of God forbids us. Let us rather pray for the conversion of his soul, for he knows not the one thing needful, and makes his money his god."

"Alas! what will it avail him at the last day? But I have not told you how the Lord helped me to-day. I was quite unhappy, not knowing whether I might venture again to ask an advance from my master, when, upon the seat of the coach, I espied a pocket-book, all decorated with gold. What a sum of money it must have been worth! For a moment I was tempted to keep it. I said to myself, Perhaps the gentleman has gone away by the three o'clock coach. Besides, I do not know where he lives. But all at once these words came into my mind, 'Withhold not the goods of another, even when thou hast it in thy power.' And, immediately, I set off from hotel to hotel till I found the gentleman I had driven in the morning. He was so delighted at getting back his pocket-book that he rewarded me generously."

"Exactly the five francs we wanted. The hand of God directed him."

The next day I was carried to M. Rochon, who, wrapped in a dressing-gown, full of holes and patches, was seated in a black leathern arm-chair. He was making a calculation, which so absorbed his attention that he did not hear the coachman enter, although he had several times knocked at the door.

"Ah! there you are," cried M. Rochon. "Have you brought the money?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is fortunate for you. I was just going to write to my attorney."

"I am sorry I am a little behindhand this year. But you know, sir"—

"Yes, yes. Debtors are never at a loss for excuses. It is owing to my excessive lenity in listening to them, that I have ruined myself. That's what one gets by assisting ungrateful people. But, for the future, I give no quarter. I must lay up something to keep me in my old days. Here, take your receipt, and, for the future, be more punctual."

The coachman retired, and I remained upon the writing-desk of M. Rochon, who continued his calculations aloud—

"Thirty-nine thousand six hundred and eighty francs, interest of four hundred thousand francs, lent to different people. What a pity! what a pity there are not three hundred and twenty francs more. That would have made an even sum. But I do not exact a sufficient interest. I am too lenient in my business transactions. I give up a cent here and a cent there, and at the end of the year it amounts up. And now let me look at the letter of my Paris correspondent: Balance—ten thousand francs profit upon the speculation in the Austrian funds. And those funds rose fifty cents the next day. If he had only waited. If he had only had a little more patience. But I am always so unfortunate. I must look over this file of law papers: Rents—thirty thousand francs. This landed property brings no return—literally nothing. To make farmers pay is toil and misery. Justice is slow

in proceeding, and my attorney still more so. He always finds some excuse to make in favor of the idle. He commiserates the numerous family of one and deplores the bad harvest of another. Oh! how difficult it is to maintain one's rights, and protect one's wealth!"

The only servant of the old man here interrupted his lamentations by bringing in his breakfast, which consisted of a cup of coffee, without sugar, and a penny roll.

"Marianne," said M. Rochon to his house-keeper, "this coffee is very strong. I think you must have exceeded the proper allowance."

"Sir, you can satisfy yourself by measuring what remains."

"At any rate, you can reduce the quantity. Times are so hard that we must really retrench in every way. Now mind, do not buy any more rolls for my breakfast. A crust of common bread will serve me just as well."

"As you please, sir," replied Marianne. But, as she left the room, she muttered to herself, "Get along, you old miser! Your nephews will thank you greatly for starving yourself to amass wealth for them. They'll make it spin merrily, after your death!"

After having taken his light repast, which was to last him till five o'clock in the evening, M. Rochon double locked the door of his room, and gave a searching look all round. When he had satisfied himself that no indiscreet eye observed his proceedings, he opened, by means of a secret spring, a partition of the wainscot. He then cautiously raised the lid of a large iron strong box, the various compartments of which were filled with pieces of gold and silver. M. Rochon took delight in counting the piles, and said, as he contemplated them—

"It is as well to reserve a nest-egg. Prudence demands it. No one in the world knows of this resource. I can only augment it by slow degrees. It is now twenty years since I commenced this hoard, and, although I devote to it every fraction of the payments I receive, I have not yet amassed more than fifty thousand francs. To-day, I have five francs to add to my little savings."

And the old Croesus deposited me upon a pile, where I have reposed for three years, and where I shall probably continue to repose till the death of the poor monomaniac, to whom I am of as much use as a pebble gathered from the seashore.

MIRA.

SELF-RELIANCE.—There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till. The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried. Not for nothing one face, one character, one fact, makes much impression on him, and another none.—R. W. Emerson.



## GOSSIP ABOUT CHILDREN.

From the Knickerbocker's pleasant gossip about children, we take the following:—

"Talking of children, reminds me of another childish anecdote, which I have lately heard in these New England 'parts.' You no doubt know what a Yankee 'muster' was in the olden time. Well do I remember my boyish glee when my mother gave me 'nine-pence,' and I revelled in untold wealth and 'dreams of glory,' on 'muster-day.' The story is anent the youthful Websters. Their father had given them each a small sum, and they had been to the militia 'muster.' At nightfall, they returned home; Daniel, as usual, somewhat ahead of his brother. Their father met them and, addressing the first, said—

"'Well, Dan, what have you done with your money?'"

"'Spent it!' was the sturdy reply.

"'And what have you done with yours, Zeke?'"

"'Lent it to Dan!'"

"'Willie's father is a clergyman, and 'temperate in all things;' so Willie had never seen a man chewing the 'vile weed' until he was about three years old, when Mr. —, holding his little son by his dimpled hand, stood in the street for a moment, to speak to an acquaintance. Willie was all eyes, as he could not comprehend the conversation; and, seeing the heavily-bearded individual occasionally put a pinch of 'fine-cut' into his mouth, was considerably puzzled and astonished. At last, he could stand it no longer.

"'Pa,' said he, anxiously, 'does that man *chew* hair, so as to make it grow out over his face?'"

"Ella's mamma had allowed her to walk up and down before the door, with strict injunctions never to go off the walk into the street. This piece of flagging was her world, and she often looked with longing eyes beyond it. One day, Ella's baby-sister died, and Ella talked with her mamma of the mystery of death.

"'Where do you think baby is now?' Mrs. — asked her little girl.

"'Oh!' said Ella, 'I think her soul has gone right straight off the sidewalk!'"

"I heard a story lately about the 'little-folk,' which will please E—— and yourself, I am sure. A two-year old boy was taken by his mother, who lives hereabouts, to a church, for the first time. When the organ commenced playing, the youngster listened attentively for some time, and then, turning to his mother, asked in a loud voice:—

"'Ma! ma! where's the monkey?—I don't see the monkey!'"

"There were several persons in a house where there was a young child, some two or three days old; among them a little, bright-eyed boy, of some four Summers. When the grandmother soon after came in, with the babe in her arms, he was particularly pleased with it, kissed it,

and evinced every symptom of delight; asked his aunt where she got it, and was told she bought it of Dr. Adams. Then he asked how much she gave for it. She told him she paid ten dollars. He then stood by her lap, on which the child was lying asleep, his eyes beaming with intense satisfaction. The babe soon awoke, and squalled vociferously. Instantly his countenance fell; and, with almost disgust pictured on his beautiful face, he turned around, and said—

"'Aunt, if I was you, I'd take it back to Dr. Adams, and get my ten dollars!—making such a noise as this!'"

"By the way, the same little child, who had not been accustomed to grates, being once where there was a poker near the chimney corner, very soon reasoned out the analogical use of it—

"'To sharpen the shovel and tongs on—a steel, you know.'"

## THE WINTER FIRE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

A fire's a good companionable friend,  
A comfortable friend, who meets your face  
With welcome glad, and makes the poorest shed  
As pleasant as a palace. Are you cold?  
He warms you—weary? he refreshes you—  
Hungry? he doth prepare your food for you—  
Are you in darkness?—He gives light to you—  
In a strange land? he wears a face that is  
Familiar from your childhood. Are you poor?  
What matters it to him? He knows no difference  
Between an emperor and the poorest beggar!  
Where is the friend, that bears the name of man,  
Will do as much for you?

## A CHILD.

BY ALEXANDER SMITH.

O thou bright thing, fresh from the hand of God,  
The motions of thy dancing limbs are swayed  
By the unceasing music of thy being!  
Nearer I seem to God when looking on thee.  
'Tis ages since He made His youngest star,  
His hand was on thee as 'twere yesterday.  
Thou later revelation! Silver stream,  
Breaking with laughter from the lake divine,  
Whence all things flow! O bright and singing babe  
What wilt thou be hereafter?

## A SIMILE.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

See how, beneath the moonbeam's smile,  
Yon little billow heaves its breast,  
And foams and sparkles for awhile,  
And, murmuring, then subsides to rest.  
Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,  
Rises on Time's eventful sea;  
And, having swell'd a moment there,  
Thus melts into Eternity!

## GEORGE MORLAND.

[From a very entertaining work, "Anecdotes of Painters, Engravers, Sculptors and Architects, and Curiosities of Art," by Shearjashub Spooner, just published by G. P. Putnam & Co., we take the following anecdotal reference to Morland, the Painter.]

The life of this extraordinary genius is full of interest, and his melancholy fall full of warning and instruction. He was the son of an indifferent painter, whose principal business was in cleaning and repairing, and dealing in ancient pictures. Morland showed an extraordinary talent for painting almost in his infancy, and before he was sixteen years old, his name was known far and wide by engravings from his pictures. His father, who seems to have been a man of low and sordid disposition, had his son indentured to him as an apprentice, for seven years, in order to secure his services as long as possible, and he constantly employed him in painting pictures and making drawings for sale; and these were frequently of a broad character, as such commanded the best prices, and found the most ready sale. Hence he acquired a wonderful facility of pencil, but wholly neglected academic study. His associates were the lowest of the low.

On the expiration of his indenture, he left his father's house, and the remainder of his life is the history of genius degraded by intemperance and immorality, which alternately excites our admiration at his great talents, our regrets at the profligacy of his conduct, and our pity for his misfortunes. According to his biographer, Mr. George Dawe, who wrote an impartial and excellent life of Morland, he reached the full maturity of his powers about 1790, when he was twenty-six years old; and from that time, they began and continued to decline till his death in 1804. Poor Morland was constantly surrounded by a set of harpies, who contrived to get him in their debt, and then compelled him to paint a picture for a guinea, which they readily sold for thirty or forty, and which now bring almost any sum asked for them. Many of his best works were painted in sponging houses, to clear him from arrest.

**MORLAND'S EARLY TALENT.**—Morland's father having embarked in the business of picture dealing, had become bankrupt, and it is said that he endeavored to repair his broken fortunes by the talents of his son George, who, almost as soon as he escaped from the cradle, took to the pencil and crayon. Very many artists are recorded to have manifested an "early inclination for art," but the indications of early talent in others are nothing when compared with Morland's.

"At four, five, and six years of age," says Cunningham, "he made drawings worthy of ranking him among the common race of students; the praise bestowed on these by the Society of Artists, to whom they were exhibited, and the money, which collectors were willing to pay for the works of this new wonder, induced his father to urge him onward in his studies, and he made rapid progress."

**MORLAND'S EARLY FAME.**—The danger of over-

tasking either the mind or body in childhood, is well known; and there is every reason to believe that young Morland suffered both of these evils. His father stimulated him by praise and by indulgences at the table, and to ensure his continuance at his allotted tasks, shut him up in a garret, and excluded him from free air, which strengthens the body, and from education—that free air which nourishes the mind. His stated work for a time was making drawings from pictures and from plaster casts, which his father carried out and sold; but as he increased in skill, he chose his subjects from popular songs and ballads, such as "Young Roger came tapping at Dolly's window," "My name is Jack Hall," "I am a bold shoemaker, from Belfast Town I came," and other productions of the mendicant muse. The copies of pictures and casts were commonly sold for three half-crowns each; the original sketches—some of them a little free in posture, and not over delicately handled, were framed and disposed of for any sum from two to five guineas, according to the cleverness of the piece, or the generosity of the purchaser. Though far inferior to the productions of his manhood, they were much admired; engravers found it profitable to copy them, and before he was sixteen years old, his name had flown far and wide.

**MORLAND'S MENTAL AND MORAL EDUCATION UNDER AN UNNATURAL PARENT.**—From ten years of age, young Morland appears to have led the life of a prisoner and a slave under the roof of his father, hearing in his seclusion the merry din of the schoolboys in the street, without hope of partaking in their sports. By-and-by he managed to obtain an hour's relaxation at the twilight, and then associated with such idle and profligate boys as chance threw in his way, and learned from them a love for coarse enjoyment, and the knowledge that it could not well be obtained without money. Oppression keeps the school of Cunning; young Morland resolved not only to share in the profits of his own talents, but also to snatch an hour or so of amusement, without consulting his father. When he made three drawings for his father, he made one secretly for himself, and giving a signal from his window, lowered it by a string to two or three knowing boys, who found a purchaser at a reduced price, and spent the money with the young artist. A common tap-room was an indifferent school of manners, whatever it might be for painting, and there this gifted lad was now often to be found late in the evening, carousing with hostlers and potboys, handing round the quart pot, and singing his song or cracking his joke.

His father, having found out the contrivance by which he raised money for this kind of revelry, adopted, in his own imagination, a wiser course. He resolved to make his studies as pleasant to him as he could; and as George was daily increasing in fame and his works in price, this could be done without any loss. He indulged his son, now some sixteen years old, with wine, pampered his appetite with richer food, and moreover allowed him a little pocket money to spend among his companions, and purchase acquaintance with what the vulgar call life. He dressed him, too,

in a style of ultra-dandyism, and exhibited him at his easel to his customers, attired in a green coat, with very long skirts, and immense yellow buttons, buckskin breeches, and top boots with spurs. He permitted him, too, to sing wild songs, swear grossly, and talk about anything he liked, with such freedom, as makes anxious parents tremble. With all these indulgences the boy was not happy; he aspired but the more eagerly after full liberty and the unrestrained enjoyment of the profits of his pencil.

**MORLAND'S ESCAPE FROM THE THRALDOM OF HIS FATHER.**—Hassell and Smith give contradictory accounts of this important step in young Morland's life, which occurred when he was seventeen years old. The former, who knew him well, says that "he was determined to make his escape from the rigid confinement which paternal authority had imposed upon him; and, wild as a young quadruped that had broken loose from his den, at length, though late, effectually accomplished his purpose." "Young George was of so unsettled a disposition," says Smith, "that his father, being fully aware of his extraordinary talents, was determined to force him to get his own living, and gave him a guinea, with something like the following observation: 'I am determined to encourage your idleness no longer; there—take that guinea, and apply to your art and support yourself.' This Morland told me, and added, that from that moment he commenced and continued wholly on his own account." It would appear by Smith's relation, that our youth, instead of supporting his father, had all along been depending on his help; this, however, contradicts not only Hassell, but Fuseli also, who, in his edition of Pilkington's Dictionary, accuses the elder Morland of avariciously pocketing the whole profits of his son's productions.

**MORLAND'S MARRIAGE AND TEMPORARY REFORM.**—After leaving his father, Morland plunged into a career of wildness and dissipation, amidst which, however, his extraordinary talents kept his name still rising. While residing at Kensall Green, he was frequently thrown in the company of Ward, the painter, whose example of moral steadiness was exhibited to him in vain. At length, however, he fell in love with Miss Ward, a young lady of beauty and modesty, and the sister of his friend. Succeeding in gaining her affections, he soon afterwards married her; and to make the family union stronger, Ward sued for the hand of Maria Morland, and in about a month after his sister's marriage, obtained it. In the joy of this double union, the brother artists took joint possession of a good house in High street, Marylebone. Morland suspended for a time his habit of insobriety, discarded the social comrades of his laxer hours, and imagined himself reformed. But discord broke out between the sisters concerning the proper division of rule and authority in the house; and Morland, whose partner's claim perhaps was the weaker, took refuge in lodgings in Great Portland street. His passion for late hours and low company, restrained through courtship and the honey-moon, now broke out with the violence of a stream which had been dammed, rather than dried up. It was in vain that his wife

entreated and remonstrated—his old propensities prevailed; and the pot-boy, the pawnbroker, and the pugilist, were summoned again to his side, no more to be separated.

**MORLAND'S SOCIAL POSITION.**—Morland's dissipated habits and worthless companions produced the effect that might have been expected; and this talented painter, who might have mingled freely among nobles and princes, came at length to hold a position in society that is best illustrated by the following anecdote: Raphael Smith, the engraver, had employed him for years on works from which he engraved, and by which he made large sums of money. He called one day with Bannister, the comedian, to look at a picture which was upon the easel. Smith was satisfied with the artist's progress, and said, "I shall now proceed on my morning ride." "Stay a moment," said Morland, laying down his brush, "and I will go with you." "Morland," answered the other, in an emphatic tone, which could not be mistaken, "I have an appointment with a gentleman, who is waiting for me." Such a sarcasm might have cured any man who was not incurable; it made but a momentary impression upon the mind of our painter, who cursed the engraver, and returned to his palette.

**AN UNPLEASANT DILEMMA.**—Morland once received an invitation to Barnet, and was hastening thither with Hassell and another friend, when he was stopped at Whetstone turnpike by a lumber or jockey cart, driven by two persons, one of them a chimney-sweep, who were disputing with the toll-gatherer. Morland endeavored to pass, when one of the wayfarers cried, "What! Mr. Morland, won't you speak to a body?" The artist endeavored to elude further greeting, but this was not to be; the other bawled out so lustily, that Morland was obliged to recognize at last his companion and croney, Hooper, a tinman and pugilist. After a hearty shake of the hand, the boxer turned to his neighbor, the chimney-sweep, and said, "Why, Dick, don't you know this here gentleman? 'tis my friend, Mr. Morland." The sooty character smiling a recognition, forced his unwelcome hand upon his brother of the brush; they then both whipt their horses, and departed. This rencontre mortified Morland very sensibly; he declared that he knew nothing of the chimney-sweep, and that he was forced upon him by the impertinence of Hooper: but the artist's habits made the story generally believed, and "Sweeps, your honor," was a joke which he was often obliged to hear.

**MORLAND AT THE ISLE OF WIGHT.**—Morland loved to visit this isle in his better days, and some of his best pictures are copied from scenes on that coast. A friend once found him at Freshwater-Gate, in a low public-house called The Cabin. Sailors, rustics, and fishermen, were seated round him in a kind of ring, the roof-tree rung with laughter and song, and Morland with manifest reluctance left their company for the conversation of his friend. "George," said his monitor, "you must have reasons for keeping such company." "Reasons, and good ones," said the artist, laughing; "see—where could I find

such a picture of life as that, unless among the originals of *The Cabin*?" He held up his sketch-book and showed a correct delineation of the very scene in which he had so lately been the presiding spirit. One of his best pictures contains this fac-simile of the tap-room, with its guests and furniture.

**HASSELL'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH MORLAND.**—Hassell's introduction to Morland was decidedly in character. "As I was walking," he says, "towards Paddington on a summer morning, to inquire about the health of a relation, I saw a man posting on before me with a sucking-pig, which he carried in his arms like a child. The piteous squeaks of the little animal, and the singular mode of conveyance, drew spectators to door and window; the person, however, who carried it, minded no one, but to every dog that barked—and there were not a few—he sat down the pig, and pitted him against the dog, and then followed the chase which was sure to ensue. In this manner he went through several streets in Mary-le-bone, and at last, stopping at the door of one of my friends, was instantly admitted. I also knocked and entered, but my surprise was great on finding this original sitting with the pig still under his arm, and still greater when I was introduced to Morland the painter."

**MORLAND'S DRAWINGS IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.**—A person at whose house Morland resided when in the Isle of Wight, having set out for London, left an order with an acquaintance at Cowes to give the painter his own price for whatever works he might please to send. The pictures were accompanied by a regular solicitation for cash in proportion, or according to the nature of the subject. At length a small but very highly-finished drawing arrived, and as the sum demanded seemed out of all proportion with the size of the work, the conscientious agent transmitted the piece to London, and stated the price. The answer by post was, "Pay what is asked, and get as many others as you can at the same price." There is not one sketch in the collection thus made, but what would now produce thrice its original cost.

**MORLAND'S FREAKS.**—One evening Hassell and his friends were returning to town from Hempstead, when Morland accosted them in the character of a mounted patrol, wearing the parish great-coat, girded with a broad black belt, and a pair of pistols depending. He hailed them with "horse patrol!" in his natural voice; they recognized him, and laughed heartily, upon which he entreated them to stop at the Mother Red Cap, a well-known public-house, till he joined them. He soon made his appearance in his proper dress, and gave way to mirth and good fellowship. On another occasion, he paid a *parishioner*, who was drawn for constable, to be permitted to serve in his place; he billeted soldiers during the day, and presided in the constable's chair at night.

**A JOKE ON MORLAND.**—At another time, having promised to paint a picture for M. de Calonne, Morland seemed unwilling to begin, but was stimulated by the following stratagem. Opposite to his house in Paddington was the White Lion; Hassell directed two of his friends to breakfast there, and instructed them to look anxiously to-

wards the artist's window, and occasionally walk up and down before the house. He then waited on Morland, who only brandished his brush at the canvas, and refused to work. After waiting some time, Hassell went to the window and affected surprise at seeing two strangers gazing intently at the artist's house. Morland looked at them earnestly—declared they were bailiffs, who certainly wanted him—and ordered the door to be bolted. Hassell having secured him at home, showed him the money for his work, and so dealt with him that the picture, a landscape with six figures, one of his best productions, was completed in six hours. He then paid him, and relieved his apprehensions respecting the imaginary bailiffs. Morland laughed heartily.

**MORLAND'S "SIGN OF THE BLACK BULL."**—On one occasion, Morland was on his way from Deal, and Williams, the engraver, was his companion. The extravagance of the preceding evening had fairly emptied their pockets; weary, hungry, and thirsty, they arrived at a small ale-house by the wayside; they hesitated to enter. Morland wistfully reconnoitred the house, and at length accosted the landlord—"Upon my life, I scarcely knew it; is this the Black Bull?" "To be sure it is, master," said the landlord, "there's the sign." "Ay! the board is there, I grant," replied our wayfarer, "but the Black Bull is vanished and gone. I will paint you a capital new one for a crown." The landlord consented, and placed a dinner and drink before this restorer of signs, to which the travellers did immediate justice. "Now, landlord," said Morland, "take your horse, and ride to Canterbury—it is but a little way—and buy me proper paint and a good brush." He went on his errand with a grudge, and returned with the speed of thought, for fear that his guests should depart in his absence. By the time that Morland had painted the Black Bull, the reckoning had risen to ten shillings, and the landlord reluctantly allowed them to go on their way; but not, it is said, without exacting a promise that the remainder of the money should be paid with the first opportunity. The painter, on his arrival in town, related this adventure in the Hole-in-the-Wall, Fleet street. A person, who overheard him, mounted his horse, rode into Kent, and succeeded in purchasing the Black Bull from the Kentish Boniface for ten guineas.

**MORLAND AND THE PAWN-BROKER.**—Even when Morland had sunk to misery and recklessness, the spirit of industry did not forsake him, nor did his taste or his skill descend with his fortunes. One day's work would have purchased him a week's sustenance; yet he labored every day, and as skilfully and beautifully as ever. A waterman was at one time his favorite companion, whom, by way of distinction, Morland called "My Dicky." Dicky once carried a picture to the pawnbroker's, wet from the easel, with the request for the advance of three guineas upon it. The pawnbroker paid the money; but in carrying it into the room his foot slipped, and the head and foreparts of a hog were obliterated. The money-changer returned the picture with a polite note, requesting the artist to restore the

damaged part. "My Dicky!" exclaimed Morland, "an' that's a good one! but never mind!" He reproduced the hog in a few minutes, and said, "There! go back and tell the pawnbroker to advance me five guineas more upon it; and, if he won't, say I shall proceed against him: the price of the picture is thirty guineas." The demand was complied with.

**MORLAND'S IDEA OF A BARONETCY.**—Morland was well descended. In his earlier and better days, a solicitor informed him that he was heir to a baronet's title, and advised him to assert his claim. "Sir George Morland!" said the painter—"It *sounds* well, but it won't do. Plain George Morland will always sell my pictures, and there is more honor in being a fine painter than in being a fine gentleman."

**MORLAND'S ARTISTIC MERITS.**—As an artist, Morland's claims are high and undisputed. He is original and alone; his style and conceptions are his own; his thoughts are ever at home, and always natural; he extracts pleasing subjects out of the most coarse and trivial scenes, and finds enough to charm the eye in the commonest occurrences. His subjects are usually from low life, such as hog-sties, farm-yards, landscapes with cattle and sheep, or fishermen with smugglers on the sea-coast. He seldom or ever produced a picture perfect in all its parts, but those parts adapted to his knowledge and taste were exquisitely beautiful. Knowing well his faults, he usually selected those subjects best suited to his talents. His knowledge of anatomy was extremely limited; he was totally unfitted for representing the human figure elegantly or correctly, and incapable of large compositions. He never paints above the most ordinary capacity, and gives an air of truth and reality to whatever he touches. He has taken a strong and lasting hold of the popular fancy; not by ministering to our vanity, but by telling plain and striking truths. He is the rustic painter for the people; his scenes are familiar to every eye, and his name is on every lip. Painting seemed as natural to him as language is to others, and by it he expressed his sentiments and his feelings, and opened his heart to the multitude. His gradual descent in society may be traced in the productions of his pencil; he could only paint well what he saw or remembered; and when he left the wild sea-shore and the green-wood side for the hedge ale-house and the Rules of the Bench, the character of his pictures shifted with the scene. Yet even then his wonderful skill of hand and sense of the picturesque never forsook him. His intimacy with low life only dictated his theme—the coarseness of the man and the folly of his company never touched the execution of his pieces. All is, indeed, homely—nay, mean—but native taste and elegance redeemed every detail. To a full command over every implement of his art, he united a facility of composition and a free readiness of hand perhaps quite unrivalled.

If Love is not really required to be blind to demerits, it cannot be too quick-sighted in discovering, or constant in dwelling upon qualities of real value.

## THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY WILLIAM W. HARNBY.

The beautiful, the beloved are made  
For the human heart alone;  
The tranquil eyes, the twilight shade,  
And the wind's delicious tone.

The cool, pellucid nights that droop  
From the thin rim of the moon;  
The orbiting hours, that softly loop  
The daylight and the noon;

The long, all-dreamful days that slid  
From the wings of Summer time,  
Like a maiden, beneath whose languid lid  
Stole the picture of a rhyme—

A picture drawn by an olden rhyme,  
As it rang within her ears,  
Of the golden, glossy Summer time  
And the arm'd chevaliers,

Who, with the lance and bossy shield,  
Like the silver dripping rain,  
Went down to the crimson battle field,  
And never returned again;

For all that's beautiful is a spell  
To gather up dreamful things,  
And quaint old rhymes have a kindred swell  
To the whirr of the Summer's wings.

And everything that God has made  
Has some deep hidden good;  
And sorrow hath beauties like the shade  
Of the deep sequestered wood.

The lilies bloom by the water's side,  
And the leaves drop on the stream;  
They float along on the sable tide,  
Like the bright barques of a dream;

And thus joys drop from the lily stem  
On the waves of life below,  
And still we gather each former gem,  
From the wavelets as we go.

So sweet are the joys that memory hath  
For those who wander alone,  
Or they fall like sunbeams over a path  
Where the light has rarely shone.

All that is beautiful hath a charm,  
That is nigh akin to love,  
Which into the heart comes soft and warm  
As a blessing from above:

A pearl-white flower with streaks of red;  
A violet in the grove;  
However hidden, hath often said  
That the world is full of love.

For a love still lingers in every grove,  
And a dream on every hill;  
Though sorrow hath shadows over love,  
Yet the spirit lingers still.

Shadows as over a tranquil stream  
In the warm and silver noon,  
When the laggard cloudlet stops to dream  
In the merriest days of June.

And ever and ever through day or night  
The kindest blessings rove;  
The sun goes down and the moon comes up,  
And the world is full of love.

## FROM ASPINWALL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

BY S. W. COMFORT.

[A friend of the writer of the following fine description of a voyage across the Isthmus of Panama, and up the coast to San Francisco, has placed it in our hands, with permission for its publication. The narrative is a very interesting one, and the descriptions animated and graphic. Not the least attraction about the article is the fact, that it is from the pen of a member of the Society of Friends, a visitor to the land of gold, as will be seen, by an occasional use of the plain language.—ED. HOME MAG.]

We arrived at Aspinwall on Seventh day, at about four o'clock, P. M., ten days after leaving New York, under a clear blue sky, a scorching sun, and with an unrefracted bay of water around us. That morning, at dawn of day, I ascended the stairway from the ladies' saloon to the upper deck of the *El Dorado*, (after having kept night vigils with a very sick friend) to inhale the refreshing breeze that softly swayed around our noble ship, and to wait upon sister, who also had attended during the night upon another sick friend, Miss W—, in the captain's cabin on deck—and the towering hills and mountains of Central America stood boldly out to view, indicating our near approach to the Isthmus, and a speedy but short deliverance from a "life at sea."

Soon burst upon the vision one of those most magnificent and gorgeous scenes, only known at sea, and to which I had before, in my trips to and from Cuba, been an eye-witness—a bank of clouds resting upon the bosom of the waters, having all the appearance of land within a very short distance of the ship, and looming up in the view like mountains of fantastic shapes, so well calculated to deceive any but a practised eye; and as the sun rose, breaking through the prodigious mass of floating vapor, one of the most beautiful and sublime spectacles presented itself that I have ever beheld.

I called sister to my side, and showed her one of those wonderful phantasmagora of nature, which it is absolutely necessary to see, to enable you to understand and appreciate. The most perfect hills, mountains and valleys were formed out of this curious mixture of the aerial elements, and as the rays of the sun permeated the ever-varying mass of nebulae, high projecting crags of rock overhanging immense chasms, with dark dells beneath, would form higher and bolder in their glorious aspect; and the feathery ridges, over, around and among this world of evolving deception, became tinged with those gorgeous rays, which ever varied in color, as the fantastic clouds would assume different shapes and appearance of magnitude, rendering the whole a spectacle of inconceivable beauty and grandeur. Now could be seen the "giant's causeway," with its rugged and broken masses of rock; then the pillar of Hercules; and far up the sky Mont Blanc, with its bald head glistening in the sun, and the towering Alps, with their glaciers of ice reflecting varied hues of light, rolled up conspicuous; and we could almost

fancy in view the grand army of Napoleon, ascending those lofty crags, and rushing, avalanche-like, down the opposite side, to spread devastation and ruin upon the fair plains of Italy.

As the sun rose higher and higher behind this glorious *seascape*, the edges, the ridges, in fact, the whole of the magical phenomena blazed with every variety of colors, and shed a charm of an indescribable character over it, such as no pen could possibly portray, or pencil properly delineate. At last the "dissolving scene" appeared, and this beautiful creation of the morning melted away, like the vapory imaginings of many a dreamy mind. How very like, it appeared to me, to the brilliant creations of speculative geniuses, calling up, with singular power, the aerial superstructures, amazingly beautiful to look upon, but evanescent as the scene before us.

While sister and myself were gazing with feelings of admiration and awe, upon that stupendous scene, a fellow passenger came and stood by our side, and as I pointed out to him a spot of glittering beauty and grandeur, formed by the mingling rays of the sun upon a fantastic-shaped mountain brow, he looked upon the gorgeous spectacle for a moment, and then turned his whiskered face towards us, and replied, "Yes, it is a *very pretty streak*."

There is, indeed "but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous," and only think that miserable specimen of humanity—that infinitesimal *streak* of poetry, was taking notes all the way in a memorandum book, of the scenery and incidents occurring in our passage. How rich would such a production appear, if it could only be obtained. We honored him with the soubriquet of "pretty streak" ever afterwards.

Upon our arrival at Aspinwall, we found that the cars would not leave until next morning at nine o'clock, for Barbacon, so the passengers went ashore to seek lodgings for the night, it not being permitted them to stay on shipboard. The captain, however, politely invited our party, Mr. K.'s family, sister and myself, to remain on the *El Dorado*. Sister and the family accepted the invitation, but I preferred going ashore, and seeing what was to be seen. I started off for the hotel, which lay at a considerable distance, and having a broad-brimmed straw hat to shelter me from the sun's rays, I concluded the feat would be comparatively easy of accomplishment, but thee would scarcely credit it—I was barely able to reach the goal, without sinking beneath the intense rays of the sun. I thought I had experienced some hot weather before, in my short pilgrimage through the world thus far, but I soon found that I had but an inkling of the reality of heat.

Aspinwall is decidedly the hottest place I ever was in. The captain of the *El Dorado* said that it was generally considered as the place nearest approaching, in heat, of any other known, to a certain region, not to be named, where certain preachers send so many of the human family, in their wild declamations.

Aspinwall is situated on a low, marshy flat, surrounded by hills which break the breeze, and exposed to the full play of the rays of the sun,

which seem to delight in wreaking their intensity upon the breathless inhabitants; and, besides this, it is one of the most sickly spots known. Almost every individual I saw there, who had been some time resident of the place, had a sickly, sallow look; and, in fact, the very atmosphere, the general appearance of the place, and aspect of the people, all impress the mind of the stranger with the fact, that heat, pestilence and death reign supreme in that much-dreaded spot.

Sleep was a stranger to my eyelids that night, for between the fleas, sand-flies, mosquitoes, rats, great stalking crabs (which made a tremendous noise in running around the house, the doors and windows being open), and the heat, I was made to toss and tumble and roll about in my sheetless bed the whole livelong night. In the morning, I plucked a few pretty flowers out of the landlord's vegetable bed, for which I received his especial blessing, and presented them to the ladies on board.

First day morning's sun arose amid a cloudless sky, fiery and red, and when nine o'clock arrived, the time for our departure, his forked beams came down with fearful intensity, and as the iron horse, his cars freighted with human life, sped over the causeway, and then rapidly glided into the thick forest of the Isthmus, I felt as though we were leaving behind us, in that terrible caldron, many a fated victim to the ravages of disease and death. But we are now from it, out of it, and clear of its noxious vapors and heat, rolling along amid the wooded scenes of the Isthmus-land. And, dear E., it is scarcely entered and beheld, before the mind of the spectator is awakened, as it were, to a new life; and new sensations stir within him, as he gazes upon the scenes around, while he glides along mile after mile over that narrow belt of land which connects two immense continents.

The principal engineer of the road, who was introduced to us, the evening before, by Captain D—, stood by us, explaining the difficulties of its construction, and pointing out the varieties of trees, the mahogany tree, &c., &c. It is wonderful how the road was ever made fit to travel on. The poor Irish have been obliged to work up to their middle in swamps, without a breath of air, under the scorching sun—or construct it through dense masses of trees and shrubbery. Thousands have found an early grave without mention or scarcely any warning. A car for the dead passed along daily.

It was conceded, by sister and myself, as well as some others of our party, that the Isthmus scenery is worth a voyage from New York, to see it alone.

For some few miles after leaving Aspinwall, the country continues quite level and flat, but thickly covered with shrubbery. The heat was quite oppressive, as no breeze seemed to find its way in that thickly matted and low region; but we soon found that we were rising upon the surface of the land, by the stirring of the air, the gradual coolness of the atmosphere and the sensation of relief from that oppressive feeling which had held in bondage the buoyant spirit in the heated furnace of Aspinwall.

About twelve o'clock we reached the terminus of the railroad, at a place called Barbacoa, a village of a few native hovels, and the railroad depot, situated on the banks of the Chagres River. Here we were detained some two hours in hiring boats and removing our baggage and the sick to the crafts which were to convey us up the river, some nine miles, to Gorgona. This spot is beautifully located, being some two or three hundred feet above the river, and having a fine level plane in the rear, of rich arable land. The scene here was truly interesting. The long row of covered boats at the foot of the hill, receiving their freight of boxes, bags, trunks, &c., as well as men, women, and children; all in a delightful state of Babel-like confusion, until we were fairly under way for the great town of Gorgona. We had in our boat some eight or ten of the feminine gender, and about an equal number of the sterner sex, with some sprinkling of children, and a cargo of every variety of baggage. Now came "the tug of war." Every boat, and the stream was lined with them, to witness a race—nay, eager to reach the point of disembarkation the first; and a merry time we had of it. The boats are propelled by natives, with poles, from two to six or eight to a boat, and perfectly unencumbered by dress, excepting a short, waving piece of stuff around the waist. They manage the boats with much dexterity, and evince an amazing degree of muscular power by the manner in which they force the heavy freighted barges through the strong, opposing current. Chagres River is a small stream. In some places we found it so shallow as scarcely to admit our boats over its rocky bed. The water is clear, cool, and very good for drinking, especially at the stage in which we found it, which was considered quite low. In the rainy season, it rolls up a large and deep volume, and almost defies the force of the native's arm to ascend its rapid stream.

The afternoon was delightfully cool, being in altitude far above Aspinwall. The excitement of the race, and fine spirits of the passengers, rendered the voyage a very exhilarating and delightful one. Although our party was about the last to start, yet we had the satisfaction of passing nearly all the boats on the way, gaily informing the mortified passengers that we would give notice of their coming. And if our barge conveyed no Cleopatra, nor was so magnificent in costly ornaments, as her's, yet it glided beautifully along, bearing over the gladsome waters of the Chagres a number of American sovereigns, as cheerful and as proud within the panoply of their rights, as the luxurious queen herself when sailing down the Egyptian stream.

Indeed, my dear niece, I think I never enjoyed a short river trip so much before; and I am sure, had thee have been there, thy romantic feelings would have been highly gratified. The river is very tortuous, and as we wound our way along the sinuosities of the stream, now rounding its beautiful curves, then shooting over a straight line, from one point to another, an ever-varying landscape met the eye, full of picturesque beauty, and constantly drawing forth, from some of us passengers, involuntary bursts of joyous

admiration. Here all was "wild and sweet;" the green, grassy slopes; the great variety of trees and shrubbery so unsurpassed in their rich foliage; the oft appearing in the distance of some mountain ridge and overhanging cliffs, resting their gigantic brows against the limpid sky; and ever and anon, spread out to view enchanting vales of larger or smaller extent, most exquisite in their rural loveliness, seemingly fit abodes for perfect peace and purity of soul. As the poet once murmured: "If there is peace to be found in the world, a heart that is humble might hope for it here," such at least was the beauty, quietude and romantic appearance of some of those enchanting spots, as we glided along by them, that the lover of nature might rapturously exclaim, "Oh! for a lodge" among them. The stream itself was as clear as crystal. In many places were rapids, formed by the water rushing over the beds of rock and gravel, making it somewhat difficult for the polemen to stem its dancing torrent. Great numbers of precious stones lie glittering in the bed of this romantic little stream such as agates, rubies and other beautiful and valuable kinds, and as we were informed, very large specimens are frequently met with. We had not time to spare to search for them, as we were bound for the land of gold, and cared not to linger on the way. Occasionally appeared some few natives upon the bank, dressed in the costume of their country; and now and then, a pony or two, or some of the "lowing herd" could be seen nipping the tender grass, which grew wild and luxuriant in spots along the river.

We reached the small village of Gorgona late in the afternoon, and took quarters for the night at what is called a hotel. Sister and I walked about the town, and saw the Castilians in their miserable abodes, and heard them speak their beautiful language. Some were at gaming-tables, with their piles of money by their side; some swinging in their hammocks, while others were collecting for a dance. All were smoking their segars. Even the ladies had their cigaritas, with their handsome mull dresses, lace capes and white satin slippers. Their black, glossy hair curls in beautiful ringlets, and their forms are as graceful as nature could mould them.

The town is located on a bluff, overlooking the Chagres River, and consists, or consisted, rather, of a main street, with a few alleys and narrow lanes running round the place, and three or four hotels—if they can be so called—besides a number of shops and gambling rooms.

Gorgona is a very pretty site for a city, and some day it may boast of being a considerable one; but such accommodations, in the way of eating and sleeping, as we met with there, impressed us anything but favorably—nothing fit to eat, and nothing *luxurious* to lie upon.

Next morning, the immense caravan of men, women, children, and mules, were preparing for their journey to Panama. It was truly a stirring and interesting scene, and one that will long be remembered. It was a little before or about daylight; a fog was hanging over us: the chickens were crowing for morning. Three or four

hundred mules were being packed—some with human beings, some with boxes, bags and trunks; while the natives, all around us, in their Spanish gibberish, were extracting the last dime for some little menial service.

Sister compared it to the Children of Israel going up out of Egypt, and I thought it might very well pass for a miniature representation of the same. It is very difficult to fasten all the baggage and mails securely upon the backs of those small animals, to be brushed through the woods and bushes, and down through gulches, and almost overhead in mire.

That same night, the whole of the town was consumed by fire; a narrow escape, truly, for us who had so lately emerged from the fated place. The brand of the incendiary followed quickly upon our heels, and ruined the hopes and happiness of many a family so gay and joyous the night before.

Sister, robed in her Bloomer costume, was mounted upon a good mule, which she facetiously named "Betty the Wise," and bravely pushed forward amid the moving throng. Two of our party were each put into a hammock, and eight men (natives) started to carry them on their shoulders. Two would carry till they got tired; then be rested by two more taking their places. One little girl was placed in a small arm-chair, lashed upon the back of a native on foot, with her face backward, holding a parasol over her head; and thus quietly threading her way over the Isthmus, she seemed to heed not the dangers nor toil to which others might be exposed.

We now soon entered the forest-land. The morning was as propitious as could be desired for the full enjoyment of that glorious mental feast which was in store for us, and as we gradually became buried in the folds of Nature's works, our admiration and wonder increased at the astonishing exhibition of her magnificent productions, far surpassing anything of the kind I ever before witnessed. I have never seen it equalled even in the fertile Island of Cuba, and what is most astonishing to me is, that of all those persons who have crossed over this country, and published an account of their travels, none, that I have seen, speak in such terms of it as its appearance would naturally call forth. A lady, once writing upon the Nicaragua route, and describing the scenery there, came nearer to the proper estimate of such wonderful beauty and grandeur than anything I have yet seen.

But it is scarcely to be wondered at that no one has ventured a description of the appearance of this most singular country; for I do not see how any pen or brain could begin to do justice to the subject; and not even the painter's skill could fill up a landscape so as to give a perfect idea of how it looks to the eye of the traveller as he passes along through its immense avenues. The country is very broken, and many of the hills quite precipitous, so that you are almost constantly rising and descending, excepting here and there, when a level stretch occurs, plane-like, to interrupt the hill and dale; and all of this is covered with a forest of trees and shrubbery of such various sizes, distinguishing colors,



and innumerable kinds, and so thickly matted and interwoven together, as to present a remarkably brilliant and gorgeous aspect; and although nature is so prodigal with her vast storehouse of plants, flowers and trees, that in many places neither the eye, nor rays of the sun can penetrate the tangled masses of foliage so luxuriantly displayed, yet it appears all so beautifully arranged and thrown together, as if by some masterly and tasteful hand, that it excites the liveliest wonder and astonishment. Trees of an immense growth tower above and around you, with their sturdy limbs interlocking each other, answering to a tribe of patriarchs, who have withstood the storms of centuries, and still protecting, with outstretched arms, the humbler plants beneath them. From the bosom of mother earth, up trail tender and delicate vines or creepers with slender stems, piercing through the thick shrubbery below, and climbing higher and higher, till they reach the lower limbs of those majestic trees, which now prove their support, and then gently and gracefully twining themselves among all the lower and higher branches until the tree top is entirely in the embrace of these fair, delicate plants, with their flowers and slender tiny leaves hanging in every direction, until fairly covering the whole of the giants of the woods. They are extremely numerous, and of great variety, twining about in every direction among the shrubbery and trees, forming cool, shady arbors, through which the rays of the sun never penetrate. How beautiful the little blossoms, of an infinite variety of colors, with corresponding leaves and thread-like stems, appear, gracefully pendant, like gauze-work, from myriads of trees and bushes, and filling the air with their delightful fragrance.

In fixing thy mind's eye, dear E—, upon the scenes I am but very imperfectly sketching, thee must imagine a world of shrubbery, lining the whole road, so thickly blooming, that no room appears left for more. From the smallest, humblest growth, which rests its lily-like leaves upon the ground, through all the intervening gradations, till you reach the lower branches of those towering trees of the forest, the whole space is filled with vegetation of such luxuriant appearance, and so beautiful withal, that the botanist and lover of nature look with amazement upon the scene around them. The cactus, in all its varieties, shows to greater perfection than I ever saw before. The convolvulus, and a similar plant to the morning-glory, are scattered through this immense bouquet of nature. The xanthoxylum, with its spicy leaf, and lovely blossoms, blooms in modest beauty; while the cocoa-nut and palm trees wave their long, feather-like leaves, gracefully over and among their sister plants. The lemon, the lime and the orange trees are also there, with their deep green leaves and fragrant blossoms—not the last nor least in attractiveness in this grand array of variegated foliage.

Some small plants there are, with great broad and long leaves, as though they had mistaken these for their "parent stems," while others have small tiny leaf, most exquisitely delicate and

beautiful, blooming on vigorous stems, forming remarkable contrasts in the wayward freaks of Nature. Even some of those mammoth trees which catch the first rays of the sun in their downward course, sport leaves of the most diminutive kind, while others wave their tops and branches in the breeze, showing an exuberance of foliage truly magnificent. Plants, shrubs, vines and trees of all sizes, shapes and varieties abound upon the road we travelled, in such excess, and covered with leaves of such a variety of shapes and sizes, that it would afford a vast field for the botanist to study and explore. All this prodigious profusion, dear E—, of magnificent foliage, was bathed in colors so intense in their hues, so diversified in their shades, and so supremely beautiful in their tout ensemble, beneath the Equatorial sun, that it seemed as though it might have borrowed its lustrous glow of transcendent loveliness and grandeur, from the glorious perfections of the Garden of Eden.

As we slowly moved along this undulating avenue with a thin gauze of clouds above us, which was almost transparent by the sun's luminous flood of light, (it was a lovely day) every now and then stood out in bold relief, some tree or shrub, so *startlingly* beautiful by its gaudy leaf or flower, that it seemed "refined excess" indeed. Here and there the eye would catch a view of some little bud or flower pendant from a twig or vine, so modest that it would shelter most of its beauty behind an exquisitely formed leaf which seemed saucily proud of its enviable vocation, as it moved by the gentle breeze around this precious little gem. Near by would some sweet little warbler of the grove chant his exquisitely tuned notes, as though it might be wooing the virgin beauty-bud beneath. The fact is, that the whole of this enchanting scene was vocal with the chorus singing of the feathered songsters of the wood, which charmed the ear, while the visual senses were taken captive by the world of attractions around them. In some places the whole forest was filled with a music so strangely soft and sweet, that it fell upon the ear like distant whispers of some floating spirits through the air, soothingly gay and exquisitely fine. It must have been produced by myriads of invisible insects among the leaves and branches of the trees. It was truly a melody of unsurpassing sweetness, at least to my ears, and amidst its almost magical influence we might easily imagine ourselves in fairy land.

As we gained the summits of some of those lofty hills over which our road led us, we would occasionally behold, in the distance, the sides and tops of mountains, covered with a blue gauze of vapor, pointing upward to the radiant sky, and again some charming valley, with its wild, silent look, would burst upon the view, like the scenes described in fairy tale. I had two ladies in company, who seemed capable of appreciating all this wonderful novelty and world of beauty, which rendered it so full of enjoyment to thy inexpressibly delighted uncle. They were my sister, who thee well knows is always alive to the charms of Nature, and Miss W—, of Philadelphia; although the latter at times was too feeble and ex

haunted by sickness to indulge fully in the rapturous impressions and sensations such scenes are calculated to produce.

We reached Panama, at least some of our party did, at about 8 o'clock in the evening, very much fatigued, and some of them completely exhausted. I was sorry we did not arrive at that place by daylight, so as to have a view of the city as approached by land. It is a much larger place than I had expected to find, with much more substantial buildings, although its decaying aspect, crumbled walls, and dingy colored houses, bear the insignia of age. But little or no improvements are visible in its whole breadth and extent. The churches are venerable looking piles, and the Cathedral has two towers at its front, completely inlaid outside with pearl shells. The whole structure cost an immense sum of money in its original erection.

We found the place free from any epidemic. The narrow streets, which high houses render quite shady, and the cool sea breeze coming during the morning, renders Panama, I thought, an agreeable place than otherwise; although, what is called the sickly season, may dispose strangers to think differently. We staid five days there waiting for the steamer, although sister and her friends remained most of the time at the Island of Tobago, about fifteen miles off, up the coast.

We had splendid weather all the way from New York to this place, and if we had had a fine steamer from Panama to San Francisco, our trip would have been delightful. We kept in sight of the coast most of the way, and frequently had a view of the Islands, which lie scattered along some little distance from it. But we had now left the Isthmus with its gorgeous robes of green, to gaze upon one of the most barren and sterile looking coasts the mind can imagine. From Acapulco up to San Diego, the whole range of land bordering the sea, with its numerous islands, present one continuous aspect of cheerless sterility. Hills and mountains loomed up to view, like old bald headed age, with no points of attraction except their unique and fantastic figures, which truly sometimes won our admiration by their strange, wild and grotesque appearance.

Neither Acapulco nor San Diego claim especial notice, excepting the latter for the wonderful salubrity of its climate. The atmosphere is so dry and pure there, that sickness is but little known; and from the same dryness, together with the winds that constantly blow there, neither trees nor shrubbery will grow.

In coming up from Panama to this place (San Francisco) we lost two of our passengers; one was a Judge Schoolcraft, a nephew of the great historian and geologist by that name. He took the fever on the Isthmus. The other person lost was a Mr. Hunter, formerly Lieutenant in the Navy; he was storekeeper on board the ship, and died three or four days after Schoolcraft.

I never witnessed a funeral at sea before, and it impressed me with feelings of deep solemnity. It was ten o'clock at night when we committed Schoolcraft to the mighty deep, and it was an impressive scene indeed. He was sewed up in a

sack, and laid on a board, with his feet toward the sea, close to the side of the ship; a flag covering his body, and lights suspended around him. The bell of the ship tolled slowly and mournfully; the sea was almost motionless, waiting, apparently, with silent composure, for its victim. As we approached the spot where he lay, the engine suddenly ceased its labors, and the service began. The Purser of the ship read from the Bible a number of passages, commencing with "I am the resurrection and the life," which never appeared more impressive to me than at that moment; and ended with the Lord's prayer. Then approached two men, who removed the flag from the body, and, raising one end of the plank, slid the corpse noiseless down into the briny deep: and as it went gyrating through the water, a phosphorescent glow from the disturbed portions of the sea, revealed the descending body far down in the sparkling deep; and that was "the last of earth." He left a wife and two children at Sacramento City, who were looking for his arrival by every ship. He had been to Washington for an office, and obtained the appointment of Collector of the Port of Sacramento.

It was midnight when we entered the magnificent harbor of San Francisco. The moon, in its fullness, shed a world of light upon the scene before and around us, gilding the waters of the bay, the islands, the hill tops, and the city itself, with its silvery beams, and displaying to view the forest of shipping that so thickly studded this splendid sheet of water. The scene was truly interesting and magnificent, as from the upper deck of our ship, as she quietly but majestically moved up the placid bay, we were enabled to have a full view of the glorious panorama which burst so beautifully upon our sight. There lay before us the remarkable city of San Francisco, whose magical growth hath astonished the world, spread out in its whole length and breadth, covering valleys, hill sides, tops and all, and streaming with myriads of lights from windows, streets and open doors, even at that late hour, while almost as far as the eye could extend, an amazing number of ships and vessels of all sizes stood like a dark forest, and told of mighty commerce and prosperity.

And this was the land of gold. A little beyond those hill tops, now visible in the moon's glowing beams, lay that world of gold, the irresistible magnet power which permeates all the nations of the earth, and draws to itself so large a portion of the human family. Strange feelings came over me; and as I gazed around upon the countenances of those who had grouped together upon deck, —my fellow-passengers— and watched their varied expressions, and listened to the fervid ejaculations, I could almost read the strangeness of the feelings which seemed to seize upon them all. No one had thought of retiring to bed, but for miles along the coast, ere we reached the port, all were straining their vision to catch a glimpse of the beacon which tells that there lays the long-coveted city, the desired end of the voyage. And when at last, the reverberating sound of the ship's cannon among the hills, and upon the still waters, signified our arrival, the tumultu

ous feelings of the heart manifested themselves throughout the multitude of passengers, whose actions and language were interesting in the extreme.

A large number of those who come to California, have no fixed purpose or business in view; their object being to avail themselves of any favorable opportunity which may occur to better their circumstances, without regard to the occupations they were formerly engaged in. Thus, to the numerous enquiries I put to my fellow-passengers while on our way here, in respect to what kind of business they intended pursuing when in California, almost universally the answer was, "I don't know yet; it depends on circumstances." Yet, filled with high hopes and expectations, they crowd upon these shores; and, after tearing themselves away from friends and home; from all the tender associations of life, they find themselves at last at the Canaan land of all their aspirations, which rumor and imagination had gilded with gold. This was the case with most of the passengers on our ship, and the intense anxiety manifested among them, when once arrived at the port of their destination, showed plainly the surging of the mind at this important crisis of their lives.

I felt curious to know the future career of these fellow-candidates for Fortune's favors, and to learn how this fickle dame treats her votaries who come here, far from their loved homes, to seek her favors. Thus far, (nearly three months since our landing) but few of them, so far as I have seen, have begun to realize their glowing expectations. Some have gone to the mines and returned in despair; others are running about the streets of San Francisco, still seeking their fortunes. But one fact struck me with peculiar force, while coming out here, that but few of the number of our passengers appeared possessed of sufficient energy and qualification for business of any kind to ensure even a partial success in the great enterprises here, which certainly require no common force of character to consummate. As for the mines, every one has to take his chance, and while some accumulate fortunes, there are others, and numbers of them, too, who return as empty-handed as they came, or remain among the mines, the evident victims of ill-luck. Yet, too frequently, the fault is theirs; for, not so successful at first as they anticipated, they become discouraged; and, lacking the necessary perseverance to insure success, they either abandon the business altogether, or else lead a life of carelessness or dissipation. Not being successful in picking up a fortune in a few months, they fall into an error in coming so soon to the conclusion, that they are destined never to get it.

Although it was midnight when we arrived, the wharf was soon crowded with human beings to greet the wayfaring strangers, and hear the news from their own native land. The signal from Telegraph Hill, and the booming of the cannon from the ship, announced to the citizens the arrival of one of the steamships from the Isthmus, and in fifteen minutes the wharves and surrounding vessels are crowded with curious spectators, who rush from every part of the city as though some

extraordinary exhibition had called them forth. I have never seen anything equal to the excitement on those occasions, especially should the steamer arrive on Sunday. Husbands rush down to seek their wives, brothers their sisters, men their sweethearts, and others their newly-arrived friends; together with thousands only curious to see the kind of newly imported specimens of humanity that have come to pick up the superabundant gold which rumor has strewn so lavishly over this wonderful country.

A young lady passenger on board our ship, who came out here to unite herself in the bonds of matrimony with a young gentleman of San Francisco, found upon her arrival, that her impatient swain had taken the last steamer for the Eastern States in search of her. Here was an embarrassing dilemma for the lady, but many curious circumstances have occurred in regard to wives, or intended wives, coming out here in search of their husbands, or for the fulfilment of marriage vows.

The next morning our ship was emptied of her live stock of human beings, who soon became swallowed up in this mighty vortex of human strife for gold, and where and when and what they will individually turn up, the future only can reveal. Our party proceeded to a hotel, which we found to be well kept. The proprietors are gentlemanly men, and serve up an excellent table, although the rooms are not very comfortable. We pay sixteen dollars per week a piece for board and lodging, but some of the hotels charge twenty and twenty-five. Everything is enormously high here so far as living is concerned, and a dollar piece looks no larger in San Francisco, than a *flip* does in Philadelphia.

We soon get used to high rates, and mould ourselves to the customs and circumstances of the place we are in; but when a stranger arrives here, and is charged five dollars for carriage hire to take him and his carpet bag from the wharf up to a hotel, which occupies about *two minutes* in the performance, he naturally turns with an incredulous stare upon the driver, and fancies his own mind bewildered, or that the man is trying to play off a hoax upon him. But it is even so—and when the same stranger, the next day, in walking by a fruit store, feels desirous of indulging in the luxury of a melon, he grasps in his pocket a ten cent piece and demands the price, expecting, of course, some change; he is gravely told the price to be *one dollar and-a-half*; he recoils as though bitten by a scorpion. Not wishing to leave the stand without making a purchase, he picks up a peach and eats it to test the quality, and prices them, thinking to take a dozen, still having Philadelphia prices in view, when the relentless vender informs the astounded verdant gentleman that the peaches are *one dollar a piece*. Shades of Ceres! What next? He rushes back to his hotel, and to recover from the shock his bewildered senses has just experienced, he calls for a sherry cobbler, and throws down a *flip* on the counter, his accustomed *pile* for the beverage, when the polite gentleman behind the bar gently intimates that twenty-five cents is the charge. He now yields to "manifest destiny," and soon

learns to square his yards to the cutting breeze that sweeps upon him, and in a little while he is enabled to smile at the grotesque faces of those who come after, while passing through the same process of experimental knowledge.

San Francisco, taking it altogether, is undoubtedly unlike any other city in the world. Its history and its present characteristics are unparalleled and dissimilar to any place I ever knew or heard of. It must be seen and compared, to realize any adequate conception of it, for it is the most perfect exemplification of American energy and enterprise that our country has ever known.

In 1850, vessels of large size sailed through what is now the heart of the city. The hotel opposite to us is built upon the hull of a large ship, which was burnt at its moorings; and from here to the end of what is called Long Wharf, is about three-quarters of a mile. The whole space, except a portion of the wharf, is covered with buildings and teeming with a dense population. They are still extending some of the wharves out hundreds of feet into the deep waters of the bay, and staking out water-lots, upon which they build stores and saloons, by driving piles into the earth with a steam-battery; and those small water-lots sell for twenty-five and thirty thousand dollars a-piece. The city limits embrace hills and valleys, and the whole of it is a deep stratum of sand which, in the dry season, is wafted to and fro through the air by an almost constant current of wind, that blows in upon us from the west and north-west, and renders the after part of the day as chilly as Pennsylvania November evenings.

It is now August, and fires in the evenings and overcoats are absolutely necessary to keep comfortable, although the mornings generally are warm and pleasant. The changes are very sudden and great. From nine o'clock in the morning until two in the afternoon, it is frequently very warm; then comes in the strong wind from the north-west, and you see cloaks and heavy overcoats well-buttoned up as though Winter was stalking abroad with its chilling blast. Yet, with all this, it is very healthy. The atmosphere being extremely dry, the human system experiences but little detriment from these sudden changes, excepting colds or slight affection of the chest. There has been no rain since we have been here, three months, yet sometimes a heavy fog comes creeping down upon us from over the hills toward the sea-coast, which administers moisture to vegetation.

The nights are generally clear, calm and beautiful. Then the whole population appears to be out and moving. It is a wondrous spectacle to look upon San Francisco, after nightfall, and behold the living mass of human beings moving through the streets, the saloons, and public places of resort. You see but few children or boys, and still fewer old persons, but a dense crowd of vigorous and youthful manhood, all stir and moving along in a whirl of excitement like the coming forth of bees from their hive in case of a swarm; some to the gambling-saloons, some to the eating saloons, some to the bar-rooms, to the auction-stores, which line the

street, to the theatres, and some to the churches, and thousands merely to wander forth as a custom to mingle in and swell up the vast crowd which rolls onward in every direction, until a late hour of the night.

Crime is of rare occurrence at the present time, and the police reports are exceedingly meagre of what some would call interesting matter. The society of San Francisco is infinitely superior to what is generally conceived in the Eastern States. The female portion of the community has augmented wonderfully these last twelve months, and the private circles, the theatres, the concerts, lecture-rooms and reunions exhibit, to a very great extent, as much fashion, beauty and refinement as presents itself in the large cities of the Atlantic States. A better dressed community than this is to be found nowhere. Both men and women wear the most costly and rich apparel, and, in the evenings, you see men with the finest broadcloth and fur hats, whose occupation may be the laundry, driving water-carts, or any mechanical calling, which in the Eastern States would hardly justify such an appearance, and yet the pockets of these fine looking working gentry are generally well lined with gold.

The musical art is rapidly improving, and fine bands are already organized and being organized. Musical concerts are of frequent occurrence, there having lately been finished a spacious hall for that purpose, most elegantly and richly furnished and ornamented, which, when filled with the beauty and fashion of San Francisco, and lit up with its most magnificent chandeliers, would compare favorably with such assemblies in the Atlantic States. The piano, the guitar, and the flute, adorn and enliven a great number of the private dwellings, the boarding houses and hotels, and the church organs and choirs send forth their music on the Sabbath and oftentimes in the evenings of the week; while that from the gambling saloons is no less conspicuous, and is heard in almost every direction as the stranger perambulates this wonderful city.

Societies for the promotion of the arts and sciences are starting up into promising existence, and Sisters of Charity have unfolded their banner of benevolence, extending their consoling influence wherever circumstances require it. We are attending some lectures on the subject of the Chinese people, their domestic, social, political and religious relations, their language, history, etc., by an intelligent gentleman who has resided some time in China, and is acquainted with their language. The lectures are well attended, and are very interesting. There are various lectures here, and frequently delivered; various and numerous churches, and frequently held: Philharmonic Society, Academy of Natural Sciences, Mercantile Library, and other places of instruction and amusement, are to be found here as well as in Philadelphia. Schools and academies are increasing, I am told, and different benevolent associations are taking root here, and bid fair to be very useful to the country.

In fact, all the elements of the American character are at work in this new seat of wealth

and enterprise, far out on the verge of this western hemisphere, to give character, tone and refinement to a community which, but a short time since, could little boast of either. Yet, there are peculiarities about this place and the people, which will require time to do away. As a gentleman observed the other day, who had rooms to let, "This is a fast place, the rooms are just finished, and must be occupied immediately. The paint not yet dry, but it is to all intents and purposes—a fast place!" and a stranger soon becomes impressed with this conviction, who has but little money, and doing no business, for he will most unquestionably soon get rid of what little he has. Money commands five per cent. per month, interest, and yet, you see more of it here than in any other place. But the heavy investments in erecting new buildings absorb an immense amount of capital, and literally drain the money market. It is truly surprising to see the prodigious number of large brick fire-proof buildings now in the course of being built; for wherever you turn, whole blocks of these stately edifices meet your eye, and of such a massive structure that they must endure for ages. Fires now are of rare occurrence; and such is the efficiency of the fire department, that there is but little chance for the flames to extend themselves beyond the immediate spot of their origin. The promptness, energy, and skill of the firemen of San Francisco is certainly unsurpassed by any I have ever seen.

On the 4th of July last, a public ball, dinner, &c., was given over the bay, by subscription; the proceeds were advertised to be for the benefit of the clergyman of that place. Rather a singular way, some would suppose, to raise money for a minister of the Gospel; but, as I observed before, this is a peculiar place. The 4th of July was celebrated here with great spirit and enthusiasm. Business was suspended, the military paraded the streets, as did the fire companies, which appeared to a good advantage. There was more powder burnt in the form of crackers, flying-serpents, and other noisy manifestations, than the writer ever witnessed in one place before. A vender of these combustible articles had his shop set on fire by the mischievous boys and men throwing ignited materials among his susceptible stock, which bid fair for a time to make a great fire; but the almost incredible alacrity of the firemen soon quelled the furious element, and in half an hour after they left the premises, a fellow had set up a bar-room in the charred and smoking building, with a sign written in letters, "Go it, my boys! never give up the ship." There was a general rush to his stand, and I suppose some got intoxicated merely to patronize the "fast" man. Such are some of the traits of San Francisco; but I must close this already too long letter, and make my adieus.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1853.

A man should never object to exercise, for the gentleman is always distinguished by his walk; but there is this excuse to be made for a woman who takes but little exercise—that the lady is immediately known by her carriage.

## THE DARDANELLES.

The old gates of Janus were opened when Rome was at war; and their modern prototypes, the Dardanelles straits, are open only when a state of war makes treaty stipulations void, and the Porte deems it to be necessary to admit his allies through them to protect his capital. The accounts we have are that they are now open for the passage of the British and French fleets.

The Dardanelles, from which the strait, or Hellespont, derives its name, are four strong castles built opposite to each on the European and Asiatic coasts; and are the keys of Constantinople. Two of these castles, the old castles, were raised by Mahommed II. soon after the conquest of Constantinople, in 1453; the other two, the new castles, were built in the middle of the 17th century, to protect the Turks against the Venetians. The latter command the entrance to the Hellespont, and the distance from each is about two miles and a quarter; in four hours' sail up the strait are the old castles, which are about three quarters of a mile apart. These are well mounted with formidable batteries.

All along the European shore to the Marmora, the aspect of nature in its ruggedness corresponds with the frown of the guns; but the scenery on the Asiatic shore is beautiful. The region abounds, too, in places famous in classic story. Here it was Leander paid his nightly visit to Hero: here the ill-fated hosts of Xerxes crossed on a bridge of boats; here Solyman crossed on a bare raft; and in modern times, here Byron swam from Sestos to Alydos.

## THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE CHILD.

The "Reaper" for November is an interesting number. We copy from it the following article:

A philosopher once asked a little girl if she had a soul. She looked up into his face with an air of astonishment and offended dignity, and replied—

"To be sure I have."

"What makes you think you have?"

"Because I have," she promptly replied.

"But how do you know you have a soul?"

"Because I do know," she answered again.

It was a child's reason; but the philosopher could hardly have given a better.

"Well, then," said he, after a moment's consideration, "if you know you have a soul, can you tell me what your soul is?"

"Why," said she, "I am six years old, and don't you suppose that I know what my soul is?"

"Perhaps you do. If you will tell me, I shall find out whether you do or not."

"Then you think I don't know," she replied, "but I do: it is my *think*."

"Your *think*!" said the philosopher, astonished in his turn; "who told you so?"

"Nobody. I should be ashamed if I did not know that, without being told."

The philosopher had puzzled his brain a great deal about the soul, but he could not have given a better definition of it, in so few words.

## WHAT HAPPENED TO JOE BARKER.

A MAINE LAW ARGUMENT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Don't go out, Joe," said Mrs. Barker, as she saw her husband take his hat and move off quietly towards the door.

"I'm not going to stay long."

And as Barker said this, he glided from the room. Mrs. Barker followed quickly, with the purpose of arresting his progress and bringing him back into the house.

Now, Joe Barker was a very weak-minded man; one of those innocent, harmless creatures, who are their own worst enemies, and, as a matter of course, enemies to the peace of all with whom they have intimate relations. He was very good-natured, even when in liquor; and, what is more remarkable still, good-natured under the sharp words of his not over-patient wife, who never failed in her duty towards him, so far as reproof and angry invective were concerned. There was no lack of occasion for these, in the almost daily defections of Barker, whose temperance resolutions, when in sight of a dram-shop, were strong as threads of wax in a furnace heat.

Mrs. Barker, as just said, followed quickly, in order to intercept her husband's movements. She knew, very well, for what purpose he was going out after supper. There was only one attraction stronger than home for him, and that was the tavern. When Mrs. Barker passed forth and stretched out her hands to grasp the form of her weak husband, she clutched but the empty air. Anticipating this very movement, Joe had sprung away with nimble feet the instant the door was closed behind him; and was far beyond the reach of his wife's intercepting hands, when she made her appearance.

"Isn't it too much?" exclaimed Mrs. Barker, as she went back into the house, after satisfying herself that Joe was fairly beyond her reach. "He's got his whole week's wages in his pockets, and ten to one, if he doesn't get rid of nearly half of it before he comes home. I wish every tavern in the State was burned down, and every tavern-keeper in the penitentiary—and it would be so, before long, if I had my way! It's no better than robbery to take the money of a half innocent like him. If I had only been in time to stop him and get his money out of his pocket!"

Mrs. Barker was both vexed and grieved; so much so, that she sat down and wept.

In the mean time, her husband made his way to the nearest tavern, which was not very far off. Poor Joe Barker! The words of his wife, when she called him a "half-innocent," nearly expressed the truth. His intellectual range was very low. He could read—early drilling in the district school had accomplished for him that much—but his ability to read was rarely put to any good use. Newspapers he saw now and then at the tavern, but he never found much in them beyond a vulgar anecdote, that interested him. Of the history of current events, he did not understand sufficient to encourage thought in that di-

rection. In fact, general knowledge as to what was passing in the great world around him, was as much hidden from his dull eyes, as if it were in a sealed book. He worked at his trade, that of a cooper, very much as a horse goes round in a mill. He had learned how to make a barrel, somewhat indifferently; and daily, when not too much overcome with drink, he sat on the wooden horse in the old cooper shop, deliberately working his drawing knife—or arranged the staves in form, and bound them with hoops. He had no need of intellectual skill to keep on with his tasks. He knew how to make a barrel, and that was about the extent of his knowledge in mechanical science. His earnings ranged from two-and-a-half to five dollars a week, but never went beyond the last mentioned sum. Too large a proportion of this found its way into landlords' tills, much to the injury of Joe Barker and his miserable family. Strong liquor on so weak a brain made it only the weaker, and the poor innocent when sober, was little removed from a good-natured fool when drunk.

It was all in vain that Betsy Barker, his faithful, though long-suffering, and often justly indignant wife, went many times to the tavern-keepers who sold him drink, and implored them, with tears, in the name of God and humanity, not to sell her husband intoxicating drinks. Coarse insult or wicked abuse was all she received—and she would go back, weeping and despairing, to her cheerless home and half starving children.

Thus it was with Joe Barker and his family on the night in which we have introduced them to the reader. What was a little unusual for Joe, he had worked steadily all day, and without once going to the tavern to get a drink. In fact, Betsy had talked to him so earnestly in the morning, and pictured to his mind so vividly the evil consequences of his way of life, that he had made one of his feeble resolutions to become a sober man. This resolution he had been able to keep through the day, sustained therein by the useful labor in which he was engaged. But, when evening came, and his thought went to the tavern and the good fellows there assembled, with whom he was wont to meet, he was unable to withstand the impulse that led him thitherward. And so, seizing a favored moment, he left the house, ere his watchful partner could prevent it.

Diving down a narrow cross street, not far from the poor hovel in which he dwelt, Joe Barker was soon in front of "The Diamond," an old drinking haunt of the worst description. He was right against the closed door ere he noticed the absence of the red lamp, on which the word "Refectory" had so often tempted him with thoughts of good cheer within; and he pushed several times against the door, ere fully satisfied that it was fastened within.

"What's the matter here?" muttered Joe, in some bewilderment at so singular a state of affairs. Stepping back a pace or two, he looked up at the house. "Lamp out—door locked—shutters closed—what's the matter?—old Gilbert's not dead, I hope."

Two or three feeble raps were made on the door, but only a hollow sound came from within.

"I don't understand it all," said Joe Barker, now observing, for the first time, that this particular neighborhood, usually crowded, so to speak, with noisy tipplers every evening, had a deserted look. Here and there a man might be seen moving briskly along, as if on some particular errand, or on his way home. But, there were no groups at the corners, no loud talkers; none of the usual evidences of drinking and rowdiness.

"It can't be Sunday evening," thought Joe; and he stood still, trying to think, with his hand on his forehead.

No; it was not Sunday evening, he was certain of this; for he remembered that "The Diamond" had always been ready to receive customers—whether it were Saturday or Sunday evening.

"He's dead, or moved away." This was the only conclusion to which Joe could arrive. So he passed on, saying to himself—

"I'll go round to Sprigg's; for I must have a drink to-night."

And so the poor, meagrely-clad creature went shuffling along the half-deserted pavement, where, aforetime, he had been wont to meet, at every turn, wretches sold to the vice of intoxication, and even more degraded than himself. But few of these were now to be seen, and they were evidently as much bewildered at the changed aspect which every thing wore, as he was.

Sprigg kept a drinking and gambling den, in the next square from Gilbert's. Thither Joe Barker groped his way, for the street was unusually dark—the large lamp in front of "The Diamond," now extinguished, had, of itself, lit up the whole block. Stranger, still! Sprigg's den was closed. A dim light, shining through one of the upper windows, encouraged Barker to hammer on the shut door for admittance. Two or three times he knocked before there was any evidence of life within. Then a window in the second story was opened, and a man's head thrust out.

"Who's there?" was growled in a gruff, almost angry voice.

"Hey! Sprigg, is that you?" cried Barker.

"What, in wonder, is the matter?"

"Who are you, and what do you want?" returned Sprigg, sharply.

"I'm Joe Barker; come down and let me in. I want the stiffest glass of rum-toddy you can make; for I haven't tasted a drop since yesterday."

"If I do come down, it'll be a sorry time for you, old chap!" was the passionate answer of Sprigg. "Off with you, and this instant!"

"Why, what's in the wind, now, neighbor?" said Barker, more puzzled than before. "Have you all shut up shop—turned pious, and joined the church?"

The tavern keeper sputtered out an oath, as he drew in his head, and closed the sash with a heavy jar.

Joe Barker was mystified worse than ever. What could it all mean?

"Somebody must be dead." He looked for a strip of crape; but the old iron latch-guard was guiltless of the drapery of mourning. A wooden block stood by the door, and upon this Barker

sat down to think, if his mental processes could thus be dignified.

"The 'Diamond' and Sprigg's, both shut up! Can't make it out. Is the world coming to an end? May be somebody's murdered; and they're been closed by the police? Shouldn't wonder! They say Sprigg is a bad fellow; and that Gilbert was once tried for his life. That's it, as sure as a gun! I'll go right off to Paul Dixon's. They'll know all about it, there."

Paul Dixon was another grog-seller, whose bar-room was close by, around the corner. Thither Joe directed his steps, impelled as much by an awakened curiosity, as by an all-consuming thirst. Wonder of wonders! All was dark and silent in the neighborhood of Paul Dixon's. Even the great lamp, with its stained glass sides, and variegated letters, had been taken down, and the bare lamp-post, as it stood sharp against the sky, added to the deserted aspect of things, so new, and strange, and unaccountable.

"Something's wrong," murmured Joe Barker, in a subdued voice. "Something's to pay." He looked at the lamp-post, at the closed windows and door of Paul Dixon's tavern, and sighed. He really felt melancholy.

"I wish I had a good drink," he said, arousing himself. "I never was so dry in my life. I wonder if all the taverns are closed. Gilbert, Sprigg, and Dixon shut up? Can't make it out, no how."

Thus talking with himself, Joe commenced retracing his steps, but very slowly, his eyes cast down to the pavement. So lost was he in a bewildering maze of doubt and suggestion, that, ere aware of an obstruction in his path, he came suddenly, and with quite a shock, against a very sober, old-fashioned pump, that signified its consciousness of the assault, by rattling somewhat noisily the chain of its iron ladle.

"Hi, hi! what's the matter now?" ejaculated Barker, moving back a pace or two, and trying to relink the broken chain of his thoughts. "Only the old pump! Aha! I've had many a cool drink here, in my time, both as boy and man; and it never cost me a cent, nor made me more of a fool than some people say I am by nature. Good evening, Mr. Pump! Let us shake hands, or shake handle, just as you please, for old acquaintance sake. I've been trying to get a drink for this half hour. But, not a drop is to be had for love or money. The rum-sellers have all shut up shop, it seems. I hope you're not on a strike, too. Let's see!"

Joe Barker lifted the handle, putting the iron ladle under the spout as he did so, and brought it down with a strong jerk. Out gushed the crystal water, looking clear and beautiful even in the feeble star-light. It filled the ladle, overrun its sides, and went splashing down upon the pavement. There was something pleasant in the sound, even to the dull ears of Barker; and there was a feeble awakening in his mind of dear old memories about boyhood, and the early times when he was a better man than now.

To his mouth he placed the brimming ladle, and drank a pure draught of nectar. Just as he had removed the vessel from his lips, and taken a



deep inspiration, a hand was laid on his shoulder familiarly, and a friendly voice said—

"Cheaper drinking that, neighbor Barker, than ever was found at 'The Diamond,' across yonder, and a thousand times better into the bargain. I'm glad to see you returning to your old friend again, and hope you may never have occasion to desert him. Friend Pump is worth a score of your Spriggs, Dixons and Gilberts. What a blessed thing that you are for ever rid of their friendly offices!"

"For ever rid of them?" said Barker. "What does it all mean, neighbor? What have they done? Has any one been murdered?"

"Murdered! No, not exactly that; but, didn't you know that the old villain Alcohol died last night?"

"Died? What! I don't understand." And poor Joe Barker looked more bewildered than ever. "Died—how?"

"Why, Joe Barker! Is it possible you don't know that the Maine Law went into operation in our State to-day?"

"The Maine Law!" Joe took off his old hat, and laid one of his broad hands upon his forehead. "The Maine Law! I heard 'em talking about it on last election. They said it was a dreadful outrage upon our liberties, over at 'The Diamond,' and so I voted against it. What does it do, neighbor? Will it shut up all the taverns?"

"That's just what it has done already. You can't buy a drink of liquor in the whole town."

"You don't tell me! Good, say I to that! Well, I couldn't make it out, no how. I thought something strange had happened. All shut up? Ho! ho! Sprigg said it would be the ruination of the town if the law passed. I rather guess he thought there was nobody in town left to be ruined except rum-sellers. And you're sure every tavern has been closed?"

"I know it," was the decided answer.

"Then I'll run home and tell Betsy. But won't she be glad?"

And away the excited creature ran, as fast as his feet would carry him.

Poor Betsy Barker! When she found that Joe had gone off, with all his week's wages in his pocket, she felt like giving up. They were out of meal and meat, and the children's shoes no longer kept their feet from the ground. For herself, she had not a garment but what was patched and repatched until scarcely a whole breadth of the original fabric remained. She had laid it all out in her mind, how she was going to spend the four dollars which her husband told her, in the morning, he would be paid for his week's work. It was a very small sum when set off against their many, many needs; but she had apportioned it, in her thought, in such a way as to make it go the farthest in supplying things absolutely necessary. But, alas! alas! Joe had gone off with the whole sum in his pocket, and she knew the chances were ten to one that he would not have the half of it left—perhaps not a dollar—when he came home.

The poor wife was disheartened, and who can wonder? She cleared off the supper things, and

then sat down to mend an old jacket belonging to her oldest boy. As she turned it over and over, and noticed how torn and worn it was—more fit for the rag-bag than anything else—she let it fall into her lap, and, bending over upon the table by which she was sitting, buried her face in her arms. She did not weep now. Her feelings of despondency had in them too much of hopelessness for tears.

As she sat thus, the door opened, and her quick ears recognized the footsteps of her husband. Her heart fluttered instantly with a new hope, while half the oppressive weight on her bosom was removed. His return, so early and so unexpectedly, was an augury of good. That he had been drinking, she doubted not; but there was ground for believing that he had not wasted the money she so much needed. She did not raise her head until Joe came up to where she was sitting, and, in a tone of exultation, which he could not repress, exclaimed—

"Hurrah, Betsy! Good news! There's all my money—not a cent gone." And he threw a handful of silver coin on the table. "Good news! What do you think? Old King Alcohol's dead. I've just heard the news."

"Are you crazy, Joe?" said Mrs. Barker, looking in wonder and bewilderment at her excited husband.

"Not a bit of it, darling!" answered Joe, as he threw his arms around his wife's neck, and kissed her. "Nor drunk, either," he added, as she pushed him away. "Why, Betsy! Don't you know that we've got a Maine Law? I've been to Gilbert's, and to Sprigg's, and to Dixon's, but they're all shut up. Tompkins told me that a drop of liquor couldn't be bought in the whole town. Ain't that good news for you, old girl! Hurrah, boys! I'm as glad as if I'd found a new dollar. I never could pass their doors without going in for a drink, whether I wanted to or not. Somehow or other, I couldn't help it."

"Joe! Joe! Is all true what you say?" eagerly exclaimed Mrs. Barker, now pressing forward upon her husband, and drawing, almost involuntarily, her arms around him. "Is it all true, Joe?"

"Every word of it, Betsy, as I'm a living man."

"Thank God! Thank God!" was the overjoyed wife's sobbing response, as her face fell upon the bosom of her kind-hearted, but weak and erring husband.

A month from that time, and what a change was visible in their humble dwelling! And not in theirs alone, but in thousands of other dwellings throughout the State from which prompt legislation had driven the vile traffic in rum, with all its attendant crime and wretchedness.

From the way in which men sometimes talk, you would suppose that dollars and cents are the only respectable things in the universe, that successful speculation is the only true heroism, and that the hope of making twenty per cent. profit is enough to bestow dignity upon meanness itself.



## INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

**THE BUTCHER AND THE BEAR.**—A farmer, who had bought a calf from a butcher, desired him to drive it to his farm, and place it in the stable, which he accordingly did. Now it happened that very day, that a man with a grinding organ and a dancing bear, passing by that way, began their antics in front of the farm. After amusing the farmer's family for some time, the organ man entered the farmer's house, and asked the farmer if he could give him a night's lodging. The farmer replied that he could give the man a lodging, but he was a loss where to put the bear. After musing a little, he determined to bring the calf inside the house for that night, and place the bear in the stable, which was done. Now, the butcher, expecting the calf would remain in the stable all night, resolved to steal it ere morning; and the farmer and his guest were in the night awakened by a fearful yelling from the outbuilding. Both got up, and, taking a lantern, entered the stable stable, when the farmer found, to his surprise, the butcher, of whom he had bought the calf, in the grasp of the bear, which was hugging him most tremendously, for it could not bite, being muzzled. The farmer instantly understood the state of the case, and briefly mentioned the circumstance to the owner of Bruin, who, to punish the butcher for his intended theft, called out to the bear, "Hug him, Tommy!" which the bear did in real earnest, the butcher roaring most hideously the whole time. After they thought he had suffered enough, they set him free, and the butcher slunk off, glad to escape with his life; while the farmer and his guest returned to their beds.

**ANECDOTE OF A GATE.**—A correspondent of the Home Journal, writing of gates, tells this anecdote:—"I once passed through a door-yard gate which did, though unintentionally, give an indication of the designer's character. The gate was a common one, shut by a chain and ball. But the post, to which the inner end of the chain was attached, was carved and painted in the likeness of a negro, with one hand raised to his cocked hat, and the other extended to welcome you in. As you opened the gate toward you, in going in, the negro post-porter bent toward you, by a joint in his back, and fairly bowed you in. Upon letting the gate go, a spring in his back 'brought him up standing' again, ready for the next comer. This faithful fellow performed the amiable for his master for many years, without reward, except now and then a new coat—of paint; and finally died of a rheumatic back contracted in his master's service."

**THE PRICE OF POSSESSIONS.**—A friend from childhood of Marshal Lafevre, Duke of Dantzic, who had not run so brilliant a career as himself, came to see him at Paris. The Marshal received him warmly, and lodged him in his hotel, when the friend could not cease his exclamations upon the richness of the furniture, the beauty of the apartments, and the goodness of the table, always adding, "Oh! how happy are you!" "I see you

are envious of what I have," said the Marshal; "well, you shall have these things at a better bargain than I had: come into the court; I'll fire at you with a gun twenty times, at thirty paces, and, if I don't kill you, all shall be your own. . . . What! you won't? Very well; recollect, then, that I had been shot at more than a thousand times, and much nearer, before I arrived where you find me."

**NOVEL READING.**—"Are you fond of novels, ma'am?" said an amiable friend of ours, the other day, desirous of making himself agreeable to an interesting young lady, who had just returned from a fashionable boarding school, having completed her education. "Are you fond of novels, ma'am?" "Yes, sir, very," responded the fair damsel, with a pertness which indicated that she was at home on that subject. "Have you ever read 'Ten Thousand a Year?'" continued our persevering friend, wishing to be a little more specific in his inquiries. "Mercy on me, no," exclaimed the young lady, "I never read so many as that in all my life." At this stage of the colloquy, our friend feeling a little faint, gracefully retired, and we regret to be obliged to announce that he has not yet recovered from his indisposition.

**BEWICK, THE ENGRAVER.**—The Duke of Northumberland, when first he called to see Mr. Bewick's workshops, at Newcastle, was not personally known to the engraver; yet he showed him his birds, blocks, and drawings, as he did to all, with the greatest liberality and cheerfulness; but, on discovering the high rank of his visitor, exclaimed, "I beg pardon, my lord; I did not know your grace, and was unaware I had the honor of talking to so great a man." To which the Duke good-humoredly replied, "You are a much greater man than I am, Mr. Bewick." To this Bewick, with his ready wit, that never failed or offended, returned, "No, my lord; but were I Duke of Northumberland, perhaps I could be."

**DOING WHAT I LIKE WITH MY OWN.**—Crossing Hampstead Heath, Erskine saw a ruffianly driver most unmercifully pummeling a miserable bareboned packhorse, and on remonstrating with him received this answer:—"Why, it's my own; mayn't I use it as I please?" As the fellow spoke, he discharged a fresh shower of blows on the raw back of the beast. Erskine, much irritated by this brutality, laid two or three sharp blows of his walking stick over the shoulders of the cowardly offender, who, crouching and grumbling, asked him what business he had to touch him with his stick. "Why," replied Erskine, "my stick is my own; mayn't I use it as I please?"

**THE WIFE OF A GAMESTER.**—Monsieur de la Vaupiliere was very fond of gambling. His wife sent him, as a New Year's gift, a box, such as are used to contain counters, on one side of which was her own picture, and on the other a picture of the children, with this motto—"Think of us." Digitized by Google

VARIETIES.

The sun should shine on festivals, but the moon is the light for ruins.

No man has a right to do as he pleases, except when he pleases to do right.

Will is the root, knowledge the stem and leaves, and feeling the flower.

Nothing elevates us so much as the presence of a spirit similar, yet superior to our own.

It is curious with what moral fortitude men can bear with the misfortunes of others.

Somebody advertises to "sit up" with the sick for \$1.50 per night; delirium tremens double price.

Somebody says the Mississippi has raised one foot. When it raises the other, it will probably rum.

A universal cry after marriage is, "I wish we had the money now that we threw away at our wedding!"

The question for debating societies now is, "Does it follow that a man raised on ginger, must be ginger-bred?"

It is stated that trained dogs are about to be introduced into New York, to hold up ladies' long dresses on wet days.

Preaching is of much avail, but practice is far more potent. A godly life is the strongest argument that you can offer to the skeptic.

Consolation indiscreetly pressed upon us, when we are suffering under affliction, only serves to increase our pain, and to render our grief more poignant.

A man came into a printing office to beg a paper, "Because," said he, "we like to read the newspapers very much, but our neighbors don't take none."

There never was any party, faction, sect or cabal, whatever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent; for a bee is not a busier animal than a blockhead.

Wise men mingle mirth with their cares, as a help either to forget or overcome them: but to resort to intoxication for the ease of one's mind, is to cure melancholy by madness.

When the idea of any pleasure strikes your imagination, make a just computation between the duration of the pleasure and that of the repentance that is likely to follow it.

The preacher who "warms up" his hearers with "words that burn," has been consulted with by the deacons, upon the propriety of having no fire in the church the coming winter.

A New Orleans paper tells us of a man who has worn out four pair of boots in two months, all in trying to collect the money to pay for them! Really these are "times to try men's soles."

An Irishman, the other day, bid an extraordinary price for an alarm clock, and as a reason, he said, "that as he loved to rise early, he had now only to pull the string and wake himself."

"Enjoy the blessings of this day," says Jeremy Taylor, "if God sends them, and the evils bear patiently and sweetly. For this day only is ours: we are dead to yesterday, and are not born to tomorrow!"

We are but passengers of a day, whether it is in a stage-coach, or in the immense machine of the universe. In God's name, then, why should we not make the way as pleasant to each other as possible?

There exists in some parts of Germany, a law to prevent drinking during Divine service. It runs thus:—"Any person drinking in an ale-house during Divine service, on Sunday or other holiday, may legally depart without paying."

The talent of turning men into ridicule, and exposing to laughter those one converses with, is the gratification of little minds and ungenerous tempers. A young man with this cast of mind, cuts himself off from all manner of improvement.

We agree with a Philadelphia contemporary, when it says it does not give the country a very high idea of the *tone* of the Government offices in Washington, to learn that the clerks have been recently forbidden "to go out and take a drink during office hours, on pain of dismissal."

Diogenes gives the following exposition of Russian Religion:

"For the *faith* of his church the Czar boldly proclaims,

Is his banner of rapine unfurled:  
And to prove to all Europe the truth of his aims,  
He devoutly *breaks faith with the world.*"

Sir Walter Scott used to tell a story of a woman in Fife, who, summing up the misfortunes of a black year in her history, said, "Let me see, sir; our wee callant, and then Jenny, and then the gudeman himself died; and then the coo died too, poor hizzey; but, to be sure, her hide brought me fifteen shillings."

We can learn to read and write, but we cannot learn railery; *that* is a particular gift of nature; and, to tell the truth, I esteem him happy who does not wish to acquire it. The character of sarcasm is dangerous; although this quality makes those laugh whom it does not wound, it, nevertheless, never procures esteem.

A severe instance of the use of the term "humbug," occurred in a Court of Justice. A female, in giving her evidence, repeatedly used this term. In her severe cross-examination, the counsel, (a very plain, if not an ugly person) observed she had frequently used the term humbug, and desired to know what she meant by it, and to have an explanation, to which she replied, "Why, sir, if I was to say you were a very handsome man, would you not think I was humbugging you?" The counsel sat down perfectly satisfied.

## EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

### THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

We believe, that at the present time, the exhibition of articles in the New York Crystal Palace is complete in all its arrangements; and although we have not yet visited it ourselves, we are well satisfied that if any of our readers can spare the time and money, and have sufficient command over themselves to be prudent in their expenditures, an examination of the evidences of skillfulness in the various nations of Europe, and of the gratifying products of American genius, might not be without its remunerating benefits. All the written works in the world cannot improve the taste to anything like the perfection to which it can be brought by a few good examples appealing to the eye. The fashion of the thing, its beauties, and its peculiarities, are at once brought home to the mind, and in a manner which is rarely forgotten. Impressions of this kind cannot be received from books, whatever may be their number. Books occupy their own high sphere, as teaching how things are to be done, and the best way of doing them; but they cannot give cunning to the workman's hand, which is the result of perseverance, nor can they educate the eye to appreciate the beautiful in form, which must be learned from visible objects, in nature or art. In an æsthetic sense, then, the Crystal Palace exhibition is deserving of the amplest support: it displays works of art which the world have consented to regard as master-pieces of their kind, and thereby affords the gazer the best possible idea of what has already been achieved by the hand of genius. It enables the man of science to see at a glance the degrees of perfection to which various articles of machinery have been brought, and may, perhaps, develop the germ of an idea by which this perfection may be increased. It shows the man of wealth the finest specimens of things which are regarded as luxuries, and teaches him to distinguish between those articles which are really excellent of their kind, and those which from previous want of knowledge, he had been content to cherish as such. There is another feature in this exhibition. It brings within a reasonable compass, directly under the eye of all who choose to look, the best works of the best workmen in the world: it is, in fact, an exhibition of the supreme of skill, and if it may in some departments be wanting in completeness, and in others in fulness of perfection, we must remember that our exhibition is wholly the result of private

enterprise, and is therefore the more praiseworthy, inasmuch as its projectors incur a large pecuniary risk, while the American people, for whom they have brought together this noble collection of all that is rare, valuable, or excellent, can lose nothing, and may, if they choose, be in many respects large gainers.

### HEAT OF THE SUN.—WILL IT EVER DECAY?

The following is an extract from the address of President Hopkins, before the British Scientific Association:—

"The sun cannot continue for an indefinite time to emit the same quantity of heat as at present, unless his thermal energy be renovated from some extraneous source. The same conclusions may be applied to all other bodies in the universe, which, like our sun, may be centres of intense heat; and hence, recognizing no adequate internal supplies of heat, to renovate these existing centres of heat, Professor Thomson concludes that the dispersion of heat, and consequently of physical energy from the sun and stars into surrounding space, without any recognizable means of re-concentration, is the existing order of nature. In such case the heat of the sun must ultimately be diminished, and the physical condition of the earth therefore altered, in a degree altogether inconsistent with the theory of non-progression. I would at present merely state that my own convictions entirely coincide with those of Professor Thomson. If we are to found our theories upon our knowledge, and not upon our ignorance of physical causes and phenomena. I can only recognize in the existing state of things a passing phase in the material universe. It may be calculated in all, and is demonstrably so in some respects, to endure under the action of known causes for an inconceivable period of time, but it has not, I think, received the impress of eternal duration, in characters which man is able to decipher. The external temperatures and physical conditions of our own globe may not, and probably cannot have changed in any considerable degree since the first introduction of organic beings on its surface, but I can still only recognize in its physical state during the intervening period, a state of actual, though exceedingly slow progression, from an antecedent to some ultimate state, on the nature of which our limited powers will not enable us to offer even a conjecture founded on physical research."

That the mere natural philosopher, he who sees not in all created things the image of an Infinite Originator; who does not look from nature up to nature's God as the Great First Cause and perpetual Sustainer, should find himself in a maze of doubt like this, is no matter of special wonder. The Power that brought the sun into existence—

that first kindled its pure fires—keeps it for ever burning. The mere natural philosopher is ever looking for causes in nature, which being only a region of effects, can never fully answer his questions, nor entirely satisfy his reason. Will the sun ever decay? Must his thermal energy be renovated from some extraneous source? We answer, no. The causes—*they must have been in a plane above nature*, and therefore, spiritual causes—which produced the sun, have continued active ever since, or the sun must have gone out in darkness. Our natural sun is, therefore, not self-sustained by virtue of any abstract property given at Creation. The same law that was active in its production, must be active in its continuance, for, sustentation is only continued creation.

The mere philosopher, he who tries to find causes for all natural phenomena in nature herself, many spurn this doctrine with ill disguised contempt. But it is, for all that, the true doctrine; and so long as he, in the pride of self-derived intelligence, continues to deny it, so long will he find himself groping in darkness. To the Great First Cause we must look, as the perpetual Sustainer of all things. How the sun was created, science cannot tell; and as little can it inform us of the process by which its fires are still kept burning with undiminished fervor.

#### WILLING AND DOING.

A gentleman, who recently retired on a large fortune, accumulated through patient, persevering industry, united with great energy and an indomitable will, sends us for publication the following article from a late number of the Ledger. In his note to us he says:—"It was a rule I followed, never to suffer the word '*impossible*' to be used in our store." What a volume of practical suggestions for young men about starting in life is contained in this brief sentence! In neither genius nor talent lies the guaranty of success. Power can never accomplish any great results, unless united with an active, untiring, unflinching will:—

"WHAT THE WILL CAN DO.—It was one of the leading characteristics of Napoleon to regard nothing as impossible. His astonishing successes are to be attributed to his indomitable will, scarcely less than to his vast military genius. Wellington was distinguished for a similar peculiarity. The entire Peninsular campaign was, indeed, but one long display of an iron will, resolute to conquer difficulties by wearing them out. Alexander the Great was quite as striking an example of what a powerful will can effect. His stubborn determination to subdue the Persians; his perseverance in the crisis of battle, and the emulation to which he thus stimulated his of-

ficers and men, did more for his wonderful career of victory, than even his great strategic abilities. In the life and death struggle between England and France, during the first fifteen years of this century, it was the stubborn will of the former which carried the day; for though Napoleon defeated the British coalitions again and again, new ones were as constantly formed, until at last the French people, if not their Emperor, were completely worn out. The battle of Waterloo, which was the climax to this tremendous struggle, was also an illustration of the sustained energy, the superior will of the British. In that awful struggle, French impetuosity proved too weak for English resolution. 'We will see who can pound the longest,' said Wellington, and as the British did, they won the battle.

"But it is not only in military chieftains that a strong will is 'a jewel of great price.' Nations and individuals experience the advantages of a resolute will, and this alike in large undertakings and in small. It was the determined will of our forefathers to which we are principally indebted for our freedom.

"For the first few years after the Declaration of Independence, we lost most of the battles that were fought; New York and Philadelphia were successively captured by the foe; South Carolina fell; New Jersey was practically re-annexed to England; almost everything went against us. Had the American people been feeble and hesitating, all would have been lost. But they resolved to conquer or die. Though their cities were taken, their fields ravished, and their captured soldiers incarcerated in hideous prison-ships, they still maintained the struggle, making the pilgrimage of freedom, if we may speak in metaphor, literally with naked feet, which bled at every step. Had our fathers been incapable of Valley Forge, had they shrunk from the storm-beaten march on Trenton, we should never have been an independent nation. There are people in the Old World to-day, full of genius as well as of enthusiasm for liberty, who yet cannot achieve freedom, principally, perhaps, because they want the indomitable will to walk the bloody pilgrimage.

"To the individual a strong will is as necessary as to the nation. Even intellect is secondary in importance to will. A vacillating man, no matter what his abilities, is invariably pushed aside, in the race of life, by the man of determination. It is he who resolves to succeed, who begins resolutely again at every fresh rebuff, that reaches the goal. The shores of fortune are covered with the stranded wrecks of brilliant men, who have wanted energy, and therefore courage and faith, and have perished in sight of more resolute, but less capable adventurers, who succeeded in making port. In fact, talent without will is like steam dissipating itself in the atmosphere, while abilities controlled by energy are the same steam brought under subjection as a motive power. Or will is the rudder that steers the ship, which, whether a fast-sailing clipper, or a slow river-barge, is worthless without it. Talent again is but the sail, will is what drives it. The man without a will is the puppet and

bubble of others by turns. The man with a will is the one that pulls the strings and catches the dupes. Young man, starting out in life, have a will of your own! If you do not, you will be ruined. If you do, you will succeed, even though your abilities be moderate."

### HAIL, COLUMBIA.

A writer in the Pennsylvania Inquirer, signing himself "A Veteran," says that the martial air, Hail Columbia, was originally known as "The President's March," and was composed in honor of Washington, at the time he was President of the United States. "When," he adds, "his successor, the elder Adams, became President, there was soon excited an enthusiastic feeling against France, in consequence, not only of her violation of our neutral rights, but on account of her insulting conduct towards our Ministers sent there, and requiring from them the humiliation of a bribe. The country was immediately up in arms, and during this fervor, the late Judge Hopkinson composed "Hail Columbia," which was sung in the theatres and other public places. and before very long, the words improperly gave a name to the tune, instead of being called as it ought to have been, "Washington's March." I never hear that tune, without naturally associating it, with the august and dignified presence of that unequalled man, the illustrious chief, the Father of his Country, in honor of whom it was composed, and protest against it being called after words, which, under the circumstances of the case, may be called a misapplication."

### SECTARIAN NEWSPAPERS.

The Philadelphia Ledger, in copying some remarks of the New York Express, on the spirit of the sectarian press of our country, uses this strong language:—"While the secular press is daily growing more liberal and courteous, the religious press appears to be running on the opposite track, debasing its character by abuse, using foul and opprobrious language, and bitter and denunciatory epithets towards each other, till the reader wonders whether belligerent bullyism or piety recommend the editors to the position they occupy. The New York Express, which copies over a column of these elegant extracts, for the purpose of showing the 'spirit of the religious press,' says:—

"They seem to be infinitely more desirous of disparaging, every one his neighbor, than of uniting to advance the common cause of Christianity, which all of them profess to serve. Come, come, gentlemen, drop your fine drawn distinctions about what is 'Evangelical,' and what is

not—what is 'Catholic' or 'Roman,' 'Orthodox' or 'not Orthodox'—and help us of the day-press to do some of the real, practical good among our fellow-men, which the Redeemer himself would engage in—were He among you. The city is full of heathen! The jails are full of murderers and thieves! We have still a plenty of 'Five Points' among us! each and all of them inviting you to a more acceptable work than that of uncovering one another's faults, and calling one another names. That may be good enough sectarianism, but is not Christianity."

While we regard the sweeping condemnation of the Ledger as too broad, we are yet forced into the acknowledgment that our sectarian press resembles far too closely the political partisan press, and that the one, in its way, is quite as uncharitable and denunciatory towards opponents as the other. It is high time for a reform, when the secular editor rebukes, *with cause*, the evil spirit manifested by the religious editor.

### SUNDAY CORN.

The Investigator of last week publishes an extract from a letter, in which the writer says he has raised two acres of "Sunday corn," the proceeds of which he proposes to devote to the purchase of infidel books. All the work upon it was done on Sunday, and he thinks it will yield about seventy bushels to the acre. "I don't see," says this pains-taking Sabbath-breaker, "but what Nature or Providence has smiled upon my Sunday work, though the priests tell us that no labor performed on that day ever prospers. My two acres of corn tell another story."

Upon this, the Rural New Yorker comments briefly thus:—"If the author of this shallow nonsense had read the Bible as much as he evidently has the works of its opponents, he would have known that the Ruler of All does not always square up His accounts with mankind in the month of October."

### LIPPINCOTT'S HISTORIES OF THE STATES.

The Iowa Journal of Education, in referring to the Cabinet Histories of all the States in the Union, now in course of publication, by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., says:—

"The more familiar we become with this work, the better we like it. If the design is fully carried out—and no contingency that can possibly be foreseen will prevent this—we predict for the work a degree of popularity seldom attained in this book-making age." Seven volumes have already appeared—those for Massachusetts, Virginia, Georgia, New York, Kentucky, New Jersey, and Vermont. Ohio, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Tennessee and Connecticut, are in press, or nearly completed, and will be ready in January. These

twelve volumes will complete the first series of State Histories. The second series will be proceeded with as rapidly as the collection, digestion and writing of them will permit. The editors have called in the assistance of several able pens, in order to produce the books more rapidly, and at the same time secure the highest degree of accuracy

#### A DAGUERRETYPE OF LUCY STONE.

The editor of the *Columbian and Great West* gives the following Sketch of Lucy Stone, as she appeared at a recent Woman's Right Convention in Cincinnati:—"Miss Lucy, like the rest of them, wears the Bloomer dress; but it is more becoming to her than the others, because it seems to harmonize with her short thick form, her stooping shoulders, and her independent, man-like walk. Her short skirt is of brown merino, reaching a little below the knee. Her trowsers, as far as they are visible, are precisely like those of a man, but we had never had occasion before, to remark how ungracefully a lady's foot looks protruding from pantaloons, compared with the toe of a delicate slipper just peeping out from under her skirts. Miss Lucy wears a vest fitting closely, and from the point of it in front is suspended a golden cross: whether as a symbol of her faith or emblematic of the cross she is bearing for the sake of her sex, we know not. Her face is not beautiful, and her mouth and nose are both rather large: the latter might be described by the term pug, a contraction, we presume, for pugnacious. Her complexion is inclined to redness, as though she had been much exposed to out-door life. Her eyes beam brightly, but the light from them does not look like that of kindness or affection, and her hair is dressed in the fashion of a school girl of fifteen, though she is said to be twice that age. Her voice is very sweet, and sufficiently strong to fill that large hall perfectly. She gesticulates a good deal, and rather gracefully."

☞ An English paper, in some remarks on agriculture, makes this observation:—"However, the sober truth remains, that we have now farms in which steam does all the fixed machinery work, that such farms are increasing in number, and that machinery of every kind is so rapidly extending that the farm is fast assimilating to the manufactory; and that the farmer and his laborers bid fair, in another generation, to equal in intelligence their brethren of the towns."

☞ MAILING GOLD DOLLARS.—We often receive gold dollars enclosed in letters in so care-

less a manner, that the wonder is they did not drop out long before they reached us. Persons mailing gold should *paste a small piece of paper over the coin, firmly*. Occasionally, we receive gold coin carefully inserted in a piece of card or pasteboard, two or three inches square, and then enclosed in a letter. This is a good method. Split the edge of the card with a knife, insert the coin, and then carefully close and seal the edge. Trifling precautions of this kind would prevent many losses.

#### THE HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1854.

We commence a new year and a new volume, with every prospect of attaining for our Magazine a circulation far beyond any thing we had anticipated in the beginning. Although aware, that just such a Magazine as we proposed to make, was the very one that would be most acceptable to hundreds of thousands of readers in our country, yet we were quite as well aware, that people were so used to scolding literary announcements, that any new pretensions would be received with only a measure of confidence. We, therefore, expected to wait until time, which proves all things, should prove our work, and establish it in public favor.

Time has proved it; and we have the most substantial reasons for knowing that our efforts to make a good Magazine for home reading, have been sanctioned by thousands. That tens of thousands will be added to the number ere long, we confidently believe. The price at which we are able to furnish so large an amount of reading matter, carefully selected from original sources, as well as from current American and English literature, brings the Home Magazine not only within the reach of persons of moderate means, but enables others, who desire several periodicals, to add it to their list at but a trifling annual cost.

#### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

We give, in this number, something unique and beautiful, a steel plate, printed in colors by a costly process. The "*Sylphs of the Seasons*" is really a gem. The subject is charmingly treated; the figures being as remarkable for airy grace, as for elegance of arrangement and position.

"*The Intercepted Letter*" is a plate that tells, at a glance, its own story. A secret correspondence has been discovered by that best of all friends, a mother, and her loving, yet earnest, even solemn remonstrances with her child, has been pictured with remarkable skill by the artist. This engraving, as well in the subject itself, as in its effective handling, is one of great merit.

Subscribers may depend on our keeping true to our promise, of giving them steel engravings of a high order of artistic beauty. We have, for the year 1854, many pictures of exquisite beauty.

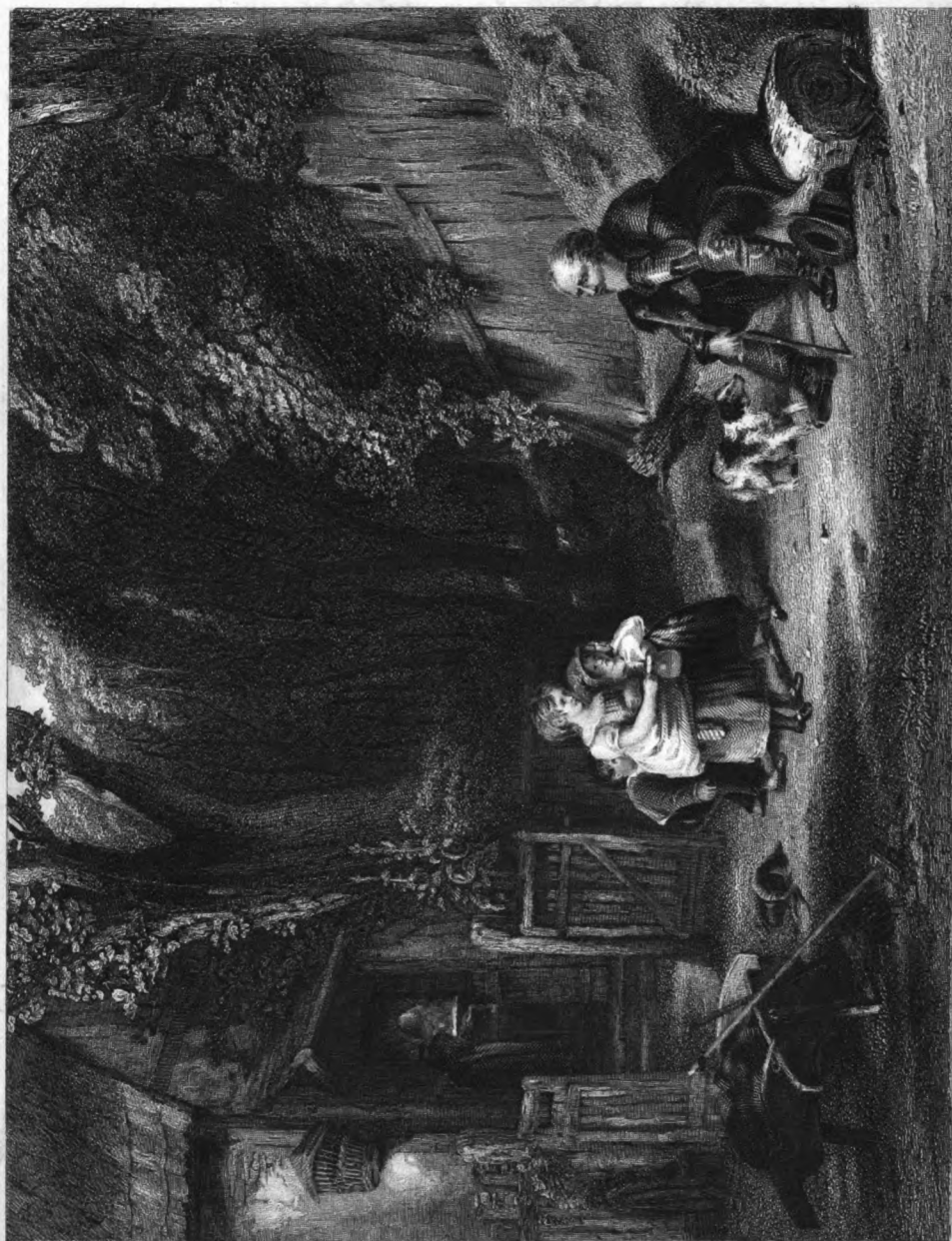
Among our other illustrations, is a thrilling scene, "*The Avalanche*," with one in pleasant contrast, the "*New Year's Eve*," in which a lad is seen taking a wifely survey of the good things displayed at the confectioner's. Then, there is a fine head of "*Christopher North*," followed by two charming illustrations from Lippincott & Grambo's edition of *Sterne's Tristram Shandy*. "*Living at a Convenient Distance*," a view of *Gibraltar*, and a *Calm at Sea*, complete, with the *Fashions*, the list of illustrations for January, which, we are sure, our readers will admit to be of great excellence and beauty.

The *Fashion Plate*, on the next page, gives two tasteful evening dresses, to which we refer our lady readers. As we do not make this a leading feature in the Home Magazine, and are by no means well instructed in the vocabulary of the work room and the toilet, we attempt no description, leaving to our fair friends the agreeable task of studying and interpreting the figures according to a science with which they are all more or less familiar.









Engraved by A.L. Dick

RUSTIC HOSPITALITY

Painted by W. Collins R.A.









FRUIT GATHERING.







LUCY ASHTON.—From The Bride of Lammermoor.









**THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.**

See page 180.





**LEIGH HUNT AT TWENTY-FIVE.**

See page 169.







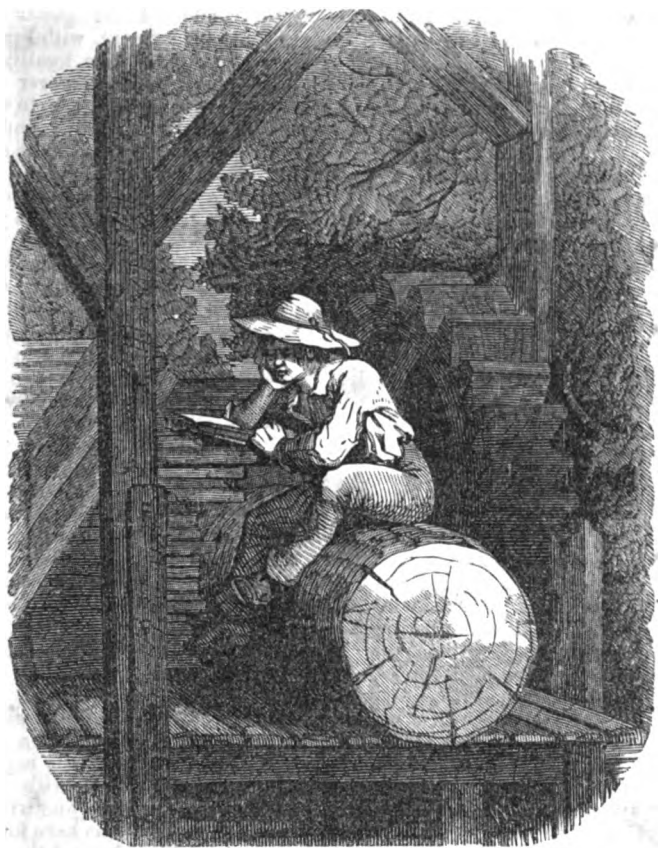


FRANKLIN AS A TALLOW CHANDLER.



# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE

PHILADELPHIA: FEBRUARY, 1854.



YOUNG DANIEL WEBSTER IN THE SAW MILL.

## THE BOYHOOD OF OUR GREAT MEN.

Few men, whose boyhood was not one of toil, strife, or hardship, have ever attained to high position in the world. Especially is this true of the great men of our own country. Scarcely one of them but learned in early life the lessons of self-denial and self-reliance that laid the foundation of future eminence. They had to work and to wait. And, while the pampered children of the favored few were growing weaker than the stock from which they sprung, they were gathering new vigor by rough contact with the world, and developing latent powers for use in the future, which, but for the seemingly untoward cir-

cumstances that surrounded them, would never have been known to exist.

What is true of the past is also true of the present, and will be true in the future. The great and useful men of our country will continue to spring from the ranks of the humble, toiling citizens. The oak that is to battle with the storm for a century, must acquire vigor as a sapling.

It is well for our youth to bear this in mind. They cannot read too often, nor think too frequently of the men who have gained eminence in our land, through courage, labor and patience.

Let them study the lives of Franklin, Clay, Webster, and others, who won so fairly the laurels they wore.

We offer our youthful readers two or three short extracts from the lives of Webster and Franklin, taken from volumes in an admirable series of illustrated books, published by Lindsay & Blackiston, under the title of "Young American's Library"—a series that parents may with safety and profit place in the hands of their children. The false idea, so prevalent, that there is something degrading in work, cannot remain in the thought of any sensible young man, when he looks back to the early life of these great men. It is far more honorable to achieve eminence by vigorous effort and unflinching self-reliance than to be born to a high position. The worker is the true noble of the land. But to our extracts; and, first, this reminiscence of the boyhood of Daniel Webster:—

"The writer of a very interesting article upon Webster, in Putnam's Monthly Magazine, opens by stating that he had visited the place of his nativity, and conversed with the friends of his boyhood, corresponded with most of his surviving classmates and college friends, and examined hundreds of his letters. As the result of his investigations, the writer has presented us with many important facts and conclusions, of which free use is made in this volume, with this general acknowledgment.

"Daniel Webster performed the ordinary services of a boy upon his father's farm. His taste for agriculture, and his fondness for rural life grew directly out of the associations of his childhood. Imagine to yourself a slender, black-eyed boy, with serious mien and raven locks, leading the traveller's horse to water when he alighted at his father's inn; driving the cows to pasture at early dawn, and returning with them at the gray of evening; riding the horse, to harrow between the rows of corn at weeding-time, and following the mowers with a wooden spreader in haying-time; and you have a true idea of the lad and of his duties. In dress, in the means of social and intellectual culture, his condition was far below that of the sons of farmers and mechanics of the present day. Many anecdotes have been published of his incapacity for manual labor, or of his aversion to it. The testimony of his early companions and neighbors contradicts, in general and in particulars, all stories of his idleness.

"He was an industrious boy. He labored to the extent of his strength. He was the youngest son, and, perhaps, on that account received some indulgences. Men are now living who labored with him, in the field and in the mill—who shared his toils and his sports. They affirm that he always 'worked well and played fair.' Boys in those days were usually trained to hard service. I have heard Mr. Webster say that he had charge of his father's saw-mill, and was accustomed to tread back the log-carriage, 'when he was not heavier than a robin.' An old school-mate of his told me that the mill was owned in shares, by several of the neighbors, who used it in turn. Boys were put into the mill to tend it,

when it required the weight of two of them to turn back the 'rag-wheel' and bring the log-carriage to its place to commence a new cut. He informed me that he had labored many a day with Daniel Webster, in this old mill, and that his companion was ever ready to do his part of the service. The same boy, Daniel, was accustomed to drive the team into the woods, where his elder brother, Ezekiel, cut the logs and assisted in loading them.'

"This mill has been, of late years, regarded as almost classic ground. Mr. Webster, who was notable for his attachment to the scenes of his youth, conducted his guests over the places marked in his memory, with honest pride. And the residents near these localities, admiring the man who in his fame never forgot 'the rock whence he was hewn,' gave to the haunts of the 'little black Dan' a fame and a consequence which is usually reserved to be conferred by posterity. General S. P. Lyman, for many years the friend and intimate of Daniel Webster, gives the following description of the place, and notice of its memoirs:

"In the bed of a little brook, near where Daniel Webster was born, are the remains of a rude mill which his father built more than sixty years ago. The place is a dark glen, and was then surrounded by a majestic forest, which covered the neighboring hills. To that mill, Daniel Webster, though a small boy, went frequently to assist his father. He was apt in learning anything useful, and soon became so expert in doing everything required that his services as an assistant were valuable. But the time spent in manual labor was not misspent as regarded mental progress. After 'setting the saw' and 'hoisting the gate,' and while the saw was passing through the log, which usually occupied from ten to fifteen minutes for each board, Daniel was reading attentively some book, which he was permitted to take from the house. He had a passion, thus early, for reading history and biography.'

"There, surrounded by forests, in the midst of the great noise which such a mill makes, and this, too, without materially neglecting his task, he made himself familiar with the most remarkable events in history, and with the lives and characters of those who have furnished materials for its pages. What he read there he never forgot. So tenacious was his memory, that he could recite long passages from books which he read there, and scarcely looked at afterward. The solitude of the scene, the absence of everything to divert his attention, the simplicity of his occupation, the thoughtful and taciturn manner of his father, all favored the process of transplanting every idea found in these books to his own fresh, fruitful and vigorous mind.

"Books were, however, hard to find in that sequestered place; and the young student, voracious of knowledge, was forced to read over and over again the old, because he could not obtain new. The Bible, Shakspeare, and Pope's Essay on Man, we have already mentioned as favorites with his father. With the first-named, the first of all books, he was very familiar, his early taste



for poetry leading him to delight in studying the poetical portions of the inspired volume. The traces of this familiarity with Scripture, common to most men of enlarged minds, may be found continually in his writings and speeches. Pope's *Essay on Man* he committed to memory on the very day it fell into his hands; before he was fourteen years of age. When once asked why he committed that poem at so early an age, he replied, 'I had nothing else to learn.'

Most of the incidents in the boyhood of Franklin are familiar to every reader. But the following extracts, from the well-written life in the "Young American's Library," are worthy to be read a second and a third time, as lessons of perseverance for the too effeminate youth of the present day:—

"Franklin was originally intended to be educated for the ministry; his early readiness in learning, and the advice of friends, including his uncle Benjamin, determining his father upon that course with him. He was accordingly placed, at eight years of age, at a grammar-school, where, in less than a year, he was advanced from the class in which he entered to the next above, and would, at the beginning of the next year, had he remained, have been still farther promoted. But his father's large family led him to shrink from the responsibilities and expenses which a collegiate education for Benjamin would have involved; and he removed his son from the grammar-school to one where more practical branches were taught—the writing and arithmetic, or commercial school of Mr. George Brownell.

"Here he remained a little more than a year. He made great proficiency in writing; but like too many other boys, who fancy they may neglect what they do not like, he failed entirely in arithmetic, as, indeed, he had done at the grammar-school before. As teachers and parents frequently have occasion to tell pupils that in after years they will be sorry for their negligence, young Franklin probably heard the caution without heeding it, while at school. But six years afterward, while an apprentice to his brother, he was made ashamed of his ignorance of arithmetic. Probably some occasion arose for the use of it, and Master Franklin was found deficient. He repaired the mischief by studying at once, in his leisure hours, what he had neglected at school; a mortification and labor which might have been spared, if he had attended to the proper thing at the proper time.

"At ten years of age—and perhaps his term of schooling was shortened because of its apparent inutility—Benjamin was taken home by his father to help him in his business, which was that of a soap-boiler and tallow-chandler; a trade he had taken up on his arrival in this country, because he found his own, that of a dyer, little called for. As Benjamin was young and light, he was employed in the easier work, such as cutting wicks, filling moulds, attending the shop, and 'going of errands.' At this employment, though he very much disliked it, he remained for about two years. His father, kindly willing to consult his inclinations in all reason-

at work, in order to observe his inclination, and give him his choice of a trade, if possible. Benjamin was very desirous of going to sea, which his father earnestly opposed, and this was another reason why he wished to fix his son's attention upon land.

"In the course of their walks together, the father and son visited joiners, bricklayers, turners, braziers, and such other mechanics as then pursued their occupations in Boston. Franklin says, that ever after this it was a pleasure to him to see good workmen handle their tools. It was also useful to him, as he learned so much by it as to be able to use carpenters' and other tools, when some trifling job required to be done and a workman was not at hand to attend to it. He could also, when he became Franklin the philosopher, construct little machines for his experiments, while the idea was warm in his mind; and probably he could do many such things much better than he could direct another to do them for him. He found through life, as all of us may find, that there is nothing better for a man to learn, than to learn to help himself. He made it a rule to extract good and knowledge from everything he saw; and his father's humble soap laboratory undoubtedly furnished to the sage and philosopher many hints for conducting the experiments and making the discoveries which have since astonished the world, and the benefits of which can never be lost or forgotten.

"There is one incident of his boyhood which we copy, in his own words, for the moral, which his father's correction impressed upon him, and which forms an excellent maxim, as a rule of conduct for boys and men:

"I had a strong inclination to go to sea; but my father declared against it. But, residing near the water, I was much in it and on it. I learned to swim well, and to manage boats; and, when embarked with other boys, I was commonly allowed to govern, especially in any case of difficulty; and upon other occasions I was generally the leader among the boys, and sometimes led them into scrapes, of which I will mention one instance, as it shows an early projecting public spirit, though not then justly conducted. There was a salt marsh which bounded part of the mill-pond, on the edge of which, at high water, we used to stand to fish for minnows. By much trampling we had made it a mere quagmire. My proposal was to build a wharf there for us to stand upon, and I showed my comrades a large heap of stones, which were intended for a new house near the marsh, and which would very well suit our purpose. Accordingly, in the evening, when the workmen were gone home, I assembled a number of my playfellows, and we worked diligently like so many emmets, sometimes two or three to a stone, till we brought them all to make our little wharf. The next morning the workmen were surprised at missing the stones, which had formed our wharf. Inquiry was made after the authors of this transfer; we were discovered, complained of, and corrected by our father; and, though I demonstrated the utility of our work, mine convinced me, that that which was not honest could not be truly useful."



"Franklin's apprenticeship to a printer gave him more access to books than he had before enjoyed, both by his acquaintance with other apprentices, and by the friendship of gentlemen to whom his studious habits and correct deportment recommended him. Of these advantages he was careful to avail himself, and in the selection of books he showed a judgment and wisdom far beyond his years, reading and studying those chiefly which would repair the deficiencies in his education, which existed partly from his previous limited advantages, and partly from his negligence in improving the opportunities he had enjoyed. His brother, in 1721, commenced the publication of a newspaper, the New England Courant, the fourth which had appeared in America, where there are now so very many. This seemed to open a new era in our young philosopher's life.

"The gentlemen who wrote for the Courant were in the habit of visiting the office, and conversing about the manner in which the public spoke of their communications to the paper; and these conversations were carried on in the hearing of the apprentice, without any suspicion that he listened or was interested in them. But hearing others talk of their writings, prompted young Franklin to attempt and see what he could do in the same way. As he was but a boy, and suspected that his brother would object to printing anything which he knew to be his, Benjamin disguised his handwriting, and put the paper at night under the door of the office. It was found in the morning, and laid before the gentlemen for examination and comment; and the unsuspected writer, while he stood by at his work, had the exquisite pleasure of hearing their commendation of the piece, and their guesses at the author's name. In giving their opinions as to who wrote it, Benjamin heard them mention nobody but men of some reputation for learning and ingenuity. Of course, after such encouragement he continued to write. He kept his secret till, as he says, all his "fund of sense for such performances was exhausted." Then having, to use a familiar expression, written all he knew, he discovered himself as the author.

"After this the gentlemen began to treat the young apprentice with consideration, as something more than a mere boy."

"Franklin arrived in New York in October, 1723, without money or letters, and at the inexperienced age of 17. He failed in finding employment there; but was told by Mr. William Bradford, a printer, who had moved to New York from Philadelphia, that he could probably find employment in the latter place, as the son of Mr. Bradford, who was a printer in Philadelphia, had just lost his principal hand by death. Accordingly, our young adventurer pushed for Philadelphia, going by boat to Amboy, and leaving his chest to come round by sea. He had a rough passage in the boat, being overtaken by a squall, driven out of his course, and forced to anchor near Long Island, where nobody could land on account of the surf. The boat leaked, and he passed a wet uncomfortable night without rest

and the next day made a shift to reach Amboy, after being thirty hours on the water without food or fresh water, or any other drink than a bottle of filthy rum.

"The next day somewhat refreshed by sleep, he started on foot for Burlington, distant about fifty miles, where he expected to find boats for Philadelphia. He was three days on the road, one day drenched with rain, and every day heartily tired. He was questioned, and suspected too, from the miserable figure he made, to be a runaway, and began to wish he had never left home. When he reached Burlington he had the mortification to find that the regular boats were gone, and that there would be no more until Tuesday, the day on which he arrived at Burlington being Saturday. But toward evening a chance boat which happened to be passing took him on board. There was no wind, and they rowed until midnight, when, being uncertain where they were, and not sure that they had not passed Philadelphia, they pulled into a creek, landed and made a fire, and remained there until daylight. Then they perceived that they were a little above Philadelphia, and taking to their oars, arrived at Market street wharf about eight o'clock on Sunday morning. This tedious journey from New York to Philadelphia is a strong contrast to the present mode of travelling, when people are dissatisfied if they are as many hours on the road as Franklin was days. But his toilsome journey, and his not very prepossessing entrance into Philadelphia, are in yet stronger contrast with his after life and standing there. We will let him describe his first appearance in Philadelphia in his own words:

"I have been the more particular in this description of my journey, and shall be so of my first entry into that city, that you may in your mind compare such unlikely beginnings with the figure I have since made there. I was in my working-dress, my best clothes coming round by sea. I was dirty from my being so long in the boat. My pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no one, nor where to look for lodging. Fatigued with walking, rowing, and the want of sleep, I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted in a single dollar, and about a shilling in copper coin, which I gave to the boatmen for my passage. At first they refused it, on account of my having rowed, but I insisted on their taking it. Man is sometimes more generous when he has little money than when he has plenty; perhaps to prevent his being thought to have but little.

"I walked towards the top of the street, gazing about till near Market street, where I met a boy with bread. I had often made a meal of dry bread, and inquiring where he had bought it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to. I asked for biscuits, meaning such as we had at Boston; that sort, it seems, was not made in Philadelphia. I then asked for a three-penny loaf, and was told they had none. Not knowing the different prices, nor the names of the different sorts of bread, I told him to give me three penny worth of any sort. He gave me accordingly three great ruffy rolls. I was surprised at the

quantity, but took it, and having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other. Thus I went up Market street, as far as Fourth street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut street and part of Walnut street, eating my roll all the way and, coming round, found myself again at Market street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

"Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers near the market. I sat down among them, and, after looking round a while and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continued so till the meeting broke up, when someone was kind enough to rouse me. This, therefore, was the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia."

"On the next day, our young adventurer having made his toilet with as much neatness as the case would admit, called on Mr. Bradford, the printer. He found there the father, from New York, who had arrived at Philadelphia before him, by travelling on horseback. Mr. Bradford did not want a hand, having already supplied the loss of the deceased printer, but received Franklin very kindly, offering him a lodging and chance work, until something better should offer. Meanwhile he advised him to apply to Keimer, another printer, who had lately commenced business. The senior Bradford accompanied Franklin immediately to Keimer's, making a show of his friendship, in order to discover Keimer's expectations as a rival to his son. The 'crafty old sophister,' as Franklin terms him, succeeded in his covert purpose; and Franklin also succeeded, the result of the interview being his engagement with Keimer. His new employer would not, however, permit him to lodge at Bradford's, but procured him a lodging at Mr. Read's, whose daughter has already been mentioned, as noting Franklin's singular appearance on the day of his landing. His clothing having by this time arrived, he was able to make a more respectable appearance than when first seen by the lady who was afterwards his wife."

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF HOME MEDICAL PRACTICE.



There are not many men and women of the present generation, the record of whose early experience does not bear testimony to the truthfulness of our artist's first illustration of "Home Practice" in Medicine. Poor Master Johnny has oppressed his system by over-eating, and his evil genius is Aunt Tabitha, who is an Allopathist of the old school, and believes in powerful doses, brings out her medicine box, and in brief time compounds a nauseous remedy, and invites him, with exceeding blandness of manner, to swallow the medicine; making unlimited promises of cakes and candies at some future time; but it is in vain that she pleads and entreats; Master John has a fixed aversion to physic in general, and to castor oil in particular, besides distrusting with good reason the treacherous lures of Aunt

Tabby, whose particular creed is that "promises, like pie-crust, are made to be broken."

As Aunt Tabitha has neither the patience of Job nor his good temper, she soon tires of being amiable, and angrily protests "if he does not take the stuff by fair means, he shall by foul"—and, calling assistance, she attempts to force down the nauseous dose.

The struggle that ensues, in which the bowl is overturned, and the house and neighborhood alarmed by Johnny's cries, is graphically pictured on the preceding page.

Happily for Johnny, but a very small portion of the castor oil gets beyond his teeth. The liberal dose given to the carpet is productive of far less harm to that household appendage, than it would have been to him.



No. 2.—A HYDROPATHIC EXPERIMENT.

Poor Johnny! Aunt Tabitha, strange to tell, abandons Allopathy and adopts the Water-Cure. How narrowly she watches for an opportunity to try the virtue of Hydropathy on her "ne'er-do-well" nephew. At last this impatiently anticipated opportunity occurs; John having returned from school with a severe headache, the natural consequence of an immense quantity of gingerbread and like dainties that he has absorbed during the day. Seeing him duller and more inactive than usual, Aunt Tabby plies him so close with questions, that he is obliged to acknowledge his in-

can rarely obtain, as he knows the consequences, he is so sure in his knowledge of the destruction of her bottles, that he expects to escape, in this instance, with a little dry toast, or perhaps with being sent to bed without his supper.

But Aunt Tabby has no intention of letting him off so easily. "Oh! child," says she, "what a blessed thing it is, you have me to look after you; if I'd been your own mother I couldn't have been more maternal to you; you ought to pray every day when you rise up and when you lay down, that I may be spared to you."

Come right away up stairs till I doctor you. Aint you ashamed of yourself to treat me so?"

And Aunt Tabby stalks indignantly to her room, John following her with a frightened and submissive air, rather curious to know what Fate has in store for him, but not daring to enquire. She orders him to undress, and while he mechanically obeys her, she rings for assistance in her preparations, covering the bed with three heavy blankets, which in succession are pinned tightly around the poor victim. After being packed thus for an hour, by which time he is in a profuse

perspiration, he is, notwithstanding his cries, by an ingenious manoeuvre of Mrs. Tabby's, precipitated into a tub of cold water, which she effects by suddenly unrolling him out of the blankets and pushing him gently over the side of the bed into the ready bath. Here, however, the process is at an end, for making a sudden dart out of the tub, Johnny flies, dripping as he is, to his own room, and, locking the door, jumps into bed, deaf to the entreaties of Aunt Tabby to let her in before "he catches his death of cold."



No. 3.—PRIVATE PRACTICE IN HOMŒOPATHY.

A new era has dawned on our persecuted young friend. Aunt Tabitha has become enamored of Homœopathy, and is the possessor of a box and book. At first, Johnny eyes the box and its multitudinous little bottles with side-long and suspicious glances. But, after being held fast, once or twice, for the purpose of having the white pellets laid upon his tongue, he loses all dread of that particular kind of medicine, and at the first fair opportunity gets the box into his hands and swallows the whole contents in regular order—beginning with Aconite and ending with Zincum. Just as he is through his alphabet, and, like Mr. Weller of renowned memory, concluding "that it was hardly worth while to go through so much for so little," Aunt Tabby enters the room, and seeing the empty vials, is struck

"you are poisoned. What have you been and done with yourself? Now you'll die—nothing can save you now!"

Need we tell how Mrs. Tabby, taking advantage of Johnny's momentary stupor from fright, to bind his legs and arms, and tie him securely in a large chair, whilst she begins pouring, in succession, down her hapless victim, all the antidotes recorded in her book, justly observing "That as he has taken all sorts of poisons, he must have all sorts of cures?"

How, acting on this principle, she gives him, without pausing, milk, eggs, sweet oil, warm water, vinegar ad libitum and soap suds ad infinitum, his bands rendering all resistance vain, whilst her determined grasp of his nose chokes him into submission?

Not enough. Our illustrations of "Home

## THOUGHTS ON THE SEASON.



[We commend to our readers the following brief, but eloquent article. It is from the pen of George R. Graham.]

Winter is here—Jeremy! Desolate winter! and the white fields are shivering in the sunlight—the old woods are solemn and sad—the voices of the air are hushed, and a quiet, save the moan of the wind, tells us that nature is passing through the dark valley, typical of death. We know that she will burst the stern fetters, and rising from her sleep, shall laugh again with infant glee in all her brooks; and spreading her motherly arms over the earth, will shower with parental liberality her treasures into our laps once more. Yet still we feel her silence—we are sad because of her desolation.

Winter is here—Jeremy! The long nights have come—the long, dark winter nights; and we draw the heavy curtains, and sit down in our warm parlors, carelessly to ponder and to dream. The light has gone out of the starry skies which bended over us in youth, and the dun clouds surge up from the horizon, and grow heavier and blacker as we muse—the Present is dreary! We turn back with memory, and over all the Past we wander. We remember the snug cottage nestled in the hills—the crackling faggots on the old hearth-stone—they have their young vivacity now, and the whole picture of our youthful home in this beautiful cloud-land rises gradually and expands before us. Faces all rosy with the light of the Immortals appear and vanish—bright wings of angels flash and fade to the view—and as the scene swells to our mental vision, the old

familiar tones of the old familiar lips ring out their silver syllables again. We listen to the joyous laugh, as to the gushing of music, and almost feel the presence of soft hands in ours. The glad, beaming face of the young creature we first worshipped, with all the innocence of love's first delusion, sparkles with the radiant beauty of those happy hours. The mother in that quiet chamber, with the dim lamp and the snowy curtains gleaming out from the corner, where we knelt at her side and uttered the evening prayer, lifts her white hands to our brow again, and says, "God bless and keep thee, my boy!" God help us now—how have we wandered since our souls felt that earnest benediction!

Winter is here! and the long, stormy nights have come, Jeremy—the nights of dread and desolation to the poor. The roar of the tempest has the voice of a demon out there! Do the moan and the howl, which sound so fearfully now, stir in the heart a thought of the perishing ones, who, in the midst of this splendid city, sit shivering, ragged, and starved? The pale brow and the hollow eye of the consumptive mother, sitting desolate amid her famishing ones, grow paler and sadder as the storm rolls on! Does her low wail of agony reach the ears of angels to-night? If not—God help her!

Scores of Christian churches stand grandly out in the storm, and bravely defy the tempest. They are tenantless, now, of the rosy lips and bright eyes which have looked appealingly to Heaven, and muttered prayers for the poor. Are willing hands employed to-night in confirmation of the Sunday's sincerity? Or do cards, the piano, or the dance, lend a sorry confirmation of the utter hollowness of words? Is all the wealth and splendor of Gothic steeples and stained glass—the majestic column—the lordly porch, and the sweeping aisle, but the magnificence of delusion?—mere monuments of the wickedness of man endeavoring to cheat the Creator with tinsel—with show, not worth—with words, not deeds! God help the homeless Jeremy, where this is true! And help the disciple, too, who prays, but never *thinks*! God bless the humble Christian, who *labors* and cares for THE POOR!

## CHANGES.

The lopped tree in time may grow again,  
The naked plants renew both leaf and flower;  
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,  
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower.  
Times go by turns, and changes come by course,  
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

Not always fall of leaf, nor always spring;  
Not endless night, yet not eternal day;  
The saddest birds a season find to sing,  
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.  
Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,  
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;  
The net that holds no great, takes little fish;  
In some things all, in others none are crost;  
Few all they need, but none have all they wish!  
Unmingled joys here to no man befall:  
Who least, hath some; who most, hath never all.

SOUTHWELL.

## THE BIRD'S NEST.

FROM THE FRENCH, BY ESTHER WETHERALD.

The counsellor Arcin possessed a pretty country seat in a pleasant neighborhood. Thither he frequently repaired to breathe the fresh air and to recruit himself from the fatigues of business. And when Spring came, he took with him his two little boys, to their great delight. The garden close to the house, the grain still green, and the meadows covered with flowers, excited transports of pleasure. There was also a park, full of oaks, birch and alder, through which passed pleasant roads covered with gravel.

One day their father took them into this park and showed them a little bird's nest. It contained five young birds, and the parents were busily engaged in bringing food for them. They continued doing so, without being alarmed at the close proximity of their delighted visitors. Then causing his children to sit down beside him on a stone bench at the foot of an old oak, from whence there was a beautiful view of the valley:

"I will tell you," said he, "a story about a bird's nest, which I hope will interest you; it took place in this part of the country."

The children listened with delighted attention to his recital:—

About forty years since, on a fine morning, a little boy was seated under this oak, taking care of some sheep. He held a book in his hand, which he was reading attentively; only raising his eyes occasionally to look after his charge.

Suddenly there appeared before him a handsome young boy, clothed in richly embroidered garments. It was the hereditary prince, scarcely ten years old. The shepherd did not know him, but supposed him to be the son of the grand forester, who came sometimes on business to the hunting lodge near."

"Good morning, Mr. Forester," said he to him, taking off his straw hat as he spoke. "How can I serve you?"

"I wish to know," said the prince, "whether there are bird's nests here?"

"Oh! what a singular question for a forester. Do you not hear the birds singing. There must be many nests in this wood,—each bird has his own."

"Thou must know then where some of them are," said the prince, good-naturedly.

"I know where there is a charming one; the handsomest I ever saw in my life. It is made of twisted straw, covered with moss, and has five eggs in it, blue as the sky."

"Very well! come and show it me. I am very curious to see it."

"I dare say you are; but I cannot show it."

"I do not ask you to show it for nothing. I expect to pay you."

"That may be, but I cannot show it."

At this moment the tutor came up, a venerable ecclesiastic, whom the shepherd had not seen before.

"Do not be so disobliging, my friend," said he, "this young lord has never seen a nest; but he has read many books which speak of them. Do not refuse to give him the pleasure of seeing one;

he does not think of taking it; he only wishes to look at it."

The shepherd arose, and shaking his head, replied:

"I cannot change what I have said. I will not show where the nest is."

"That is not right," said the tutor. "It ought to give thee pleasure to oblige our hereditary prince."

"Is that the hereditary prince?" said the child, again uncovering his head. "I am happy to know him; but I should not show my nest if the prince himself asked me."

The young prince appeared very much disappointed.

"I never saw so stubborn a fellow," said he, "but we will find means to make him show it."

"At least," said the tutor, "tell us why thou refusest to satisfy our desire, that we may see whether thy reasons are good, and if they are, we will let thee alone."

"I will tell you why I refuse," answered the child. "Michael, who keeps his goats on the mountain above there, showed me this nest, making me promise, at the same time, not to show it to any one else."

"That is another thing," remarked the tutor, (and to prove the fidelity of the boy,) "Here is a piece of gold," said he, "I will give it thee if thou wilt do as we wish. It is not necessary to inform Michael; he will never know it."

"Ah! how can you speak thus?" returned the shepherd. "If I acted as you wish, I should be a rogue, and that I will not be, whether Michael knows it or not; and what if all the world remained ignorant of it, I should know myself that I had done wrong, and God would know it also."

"Thou dost not understand the value of this piece of gold, my friend. If thou changed it for copper money, there would be enough to fill thy hat."

"Indeed!" said the child; and he looked again on the glittering coin. "My father would be very happy if I could take him that much money; but no, no—take yourselves away from me." Then he added in a milder tone, "The young prince will pardon me. I placed my hand in Michael's, promising not to betray his secret. A man has but one word. Farewell."

He was preparing to leave the spot, when the prince's huntsman, who had been standing near during this conversation, and whose face was inflamed with anger, seized him by the arm, and said, in an angry tone,

"Miserable wretch! Darest thou resist thy sovereign thus, and prefer a shepherd before him? Show us the nest immediately, or I will break thy bones."

The child turned pale, trembled, and with tears in his eyes, cried, "Oh, pardon! I ask your pardon."

"Well, show us the nest," repeated the huntsman.

The child joined his hands, and casting a timid glance upon the arms of the huntsman,

"Oh! I cannot," said he, "I cannot."

"It is all right," interposed the tutor; "be easy, my friend; no harm shall happen to thee. Thou



hast behaved nobly. Thou art an honest boy. Ask thy friend's permission, and then show us the nest. Afterwards thou may'st divide with him this piece of gold."

"Very well," said the shepherd, "this evening you shall have a reply."

The tutor walked back with the young prince to the hunting lodge, where they expected to pass a few days. On their return, he said,

"The honesty of this child should excite our admiration. It is a precious stone of almost priceless value. There is in this shepherd the material to make a remarkable man, a fine and firm character. Thus we often find in a cottage, virtues that we look vainly for in a palace."

When they reached the lodge, the tutor made inquiries about the child, and learned that he was a good boy, named George, the son of a poor but honest laborer who lived near.

And when the lesson of the young prince was over, he advanced towards the window, and exclaimed,

"There is George waiting for us; he has brought his flock nearer here, and is looking this way. Now we shall know his reply," and he went out with his pupil.

George advanced eagerly towards them.

"All is right," said he, "I am satisfied now; I have spoken with Michael, and am at liberty to show you the nest."

And he hastened forward, the tutor and prince following him.

"Do you see that yellow bird singing so merrily on the branch of an alder tree? He is the owner of the nest; now let us walk softly."

In a small open space in the forest rose a white thorn-bush, with its prettily shaped leaves and odorless blossoms just opening to the sun. George pointed to this bush, and said to the young prince, "Look! the female bird is sitting on her eggs."

She flew off almost immediately, and the prince was highly delighted to have an opportunity of examining the nest and the beautiful eggs it contained.

"Now," said the tutor to the boy, "come and receive the reward I promised thee. Gold would be of so little use, I will pay thee in silver," and taking a rouleau from his pocket, he counted upon a stone bench a quantity of little pieces, to the great astonishment of the child. "Divide faithfully with Michael," said the tutor.

"Upon my honor!" returned George, and he almost flew away with his treasure.

The tutor inquired afterwards how the division had been made, and found that George had not wronged his comrade of a penny; and all of his own share he had carried to his father, without reserving anything for himself.

The prince went every day into the forest to visit the nest, and, as he never harmed the birds, they soon ceased to be afraid of him. He took great pleasure in seeing them sit upon their eggs, and afterwards in seeing the pretty, little yellow beaks open, and warble at the same time, when their parents brought them food; and he was still more delighted when he one day saw them trying their wings and flying about on the neighboring branches.

In their walks, the tutor and prince frequently met the shepherd, who kept his sheep sometimes in one place, sometimes in another; and the tutor was much pleased to see him always reading diligently in his book. One day, he asked him to read aloud. The child tried to do so, but could not without stopping occasionally to spell a word.

"That is very well," said the tutor. "In what school hast thou taken lessons?"

"Ah!" replied George, "I have not yet been to school. It is far off, and I should lose much time. In Winter, I have to stay at home and spin. Nor can my father afford to pay a schoolmaster. But Martin has taught me to spell, and also to read a little. I have read this book of his three times, but it is so spoiled and torn that one can scarcely distinguish the letters; therefore, it is not easy to read."

Some days after, when the prince met George, he presented him with a handsome new book, bound in morocco.

"I lend it to thee," said he, "but when thou canst read a page, without making a mistake, it is thine."

The poor shepherd took it joyfully, and next day he came to see the prince, and said to him—

"I can read any one of the first six pages you may choose without mistake."

After the trial was over, the prince made him a present of the book, and George was transported with happiness.

One day, the father of the young prince came unexpectedly to see him, and to judge of the progress he had made in his studies. Whilst they were at dinner, he told his parent of the bird's nest and the young shepherd; and the tutor added—

"The uprightness of this child is admirable. George would make an excellent servant; and it would be desirable that he should have an opportunity to improve the talents God has given him. His father is too poor to give him an education. It would be a pity for him to grow up an ignorant laborer."

On leaving the table, the prince took the tutor aside. After some conversation with him, he sent for George, who was very much surprised on being shown into the superb saloon, to see there his noble lord with a star on his breast.

The tutor told him who it was, and the child bowed very low to the prince.

"Well, my friend," said the latter to him kindly, "I hear thou hast a fondness for books. Wouldst thou like to study?"

"Yes," replied George; "if it only depended on me I should be a student. But my father is too poor."

"Well," said the prince, "I will see if I cannot make something of thee. The tutor has a friend, a country pastor, who takes children into his house, and teaches them the learned languages. I will send thee to him, and pay all expenses. What thinkest thou of it?"

The prince expected that the child would express his joy, and kiss his hands to thank him; but, instead of that, he saw him at first smile, and then look very sad.

"What is the matter?" asked he; "thou look-  
est more like weeping than laughing. Tell me  
the reason of it."

"Ah!" replied George, "my father is so poor.  
He needs all I can make in Summer by keeping  
sheep, and in Winter by spinning. It is but a  
little, yet he cannot do without it."

"Thou art a good son," said the prince, "and  
the love thou bearest thy father is more precious  
than the finest pearl in my crown. But be not  
uneasy. If thou changeest thy present occupa-  
tion for pen and books, I will take care of thy  
father. Art thou satisfied?"

Then George was like one distracted. He cov-  
ered the hand of the prince with kisses, and  
then ran home to carry the good news to his  
father, who soon returned with him, the eyes of  
both moistened with tears, and not knowing how  
to express their gratitude.

M. d'Arctin, whilst making this recital, was so  
much moved that the tears flowed down his own  
cheeks. He stopped.

"Well!" cried his two children, Adolphus and  
William, "the history is not finished. What be-  
came of the good George?"

"My children," said the father, "that George—  
that shepherd—is myself. When I had finished  
my studies, the prince took me into his service,  
and was satisfied with me. He has been dead  
ten years, but his remembrance dies not. My  
gratitude and that of the whole country follow  
him beyond the tomb.

"The young prince, whom I saw for the first  
time in the forest, is the one who rules over us  
now.

"The pastor of our principal church, who has  
such an affection for you, and has taken so much  
pains with you, is the good tutor.

"My father, who lived with me, and passed  
many happy days in my house, has gone before  
us to Heaven. He loved you dearly, and sought  
incessantly to give you pleasure, though I  
scarcely suppose you can remember the good and  
honest old man. May he rest in peace.

"By the help of God, I have been able to buy  
this estate, on which, when a child, I took care  
of sheep.

"The good farmer I employ upon it is that  
same Michael who used to take care of goats  
upon the mountain, and who gave me my first  
lessons."

"Well," said little William, "the bird's nest  
was of great use to thee. Long life to the birds!  
Are they the same that have built their nest in  
this part of the forest?"

"Why not?" replied Adolphus. "But what  
aest thou of the nest? It is because our father  
was honest and industrious that, from a shep-  
herd, he became a counsellor and proprietor of  
this estate."

"Not to me belongs the honor," said the  
father, "but to God. How could I, poor child  
that I was, have risen so far? It was God who  
conducted me. He made use of that bird's nest  
to make me known to the hereditary prince; and  
the prince rewarded my industry and integrity.

children. Labor earnestly; be honest and just;  
and, above all, have confidence in God, and pray  
for His assistance. Then you will see all your  
efforts richly rewarded. Oh! may God grant it,"  
added he, rising and blessing tenderly his two  
sons, whose eyes were now filled with tears.

We should here relate what the preceding rec-  
ital has not told. The counsellor Arctin served  
his prince faithfully; and, as he always told him  
the truth, his influence was a great blessing to  
the country.

His two sons, Adolphus and William, walked  
in the steps of their father, and deserved the es-  
teem in which they were generally held. Adol-  
phus became a counsellor, William an officer;  
and both, renowned for their fidelity in their pro-  
fession, their learning, and uprightness of heart,  
became the support of their father, and the crown  
of his old age.

## THE LEGACY.

### A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

It would not have been easy—we could almost  
say impossible—to have found anywhere a more  
contented or a happier family than that of David  
Hunter, at the period when we first take up their  
history. Yet, the Hunters were in but humble  
circumstances, the father and three sons being  
merely common workmen in a large bleaching-  
manufactory, at very moderate wages. But what  
of that? They were contented, and that was  
enough.

David Hunter, the head of the family, was a  
truly respectable man for his station in life—  
quiet, sober, honest and intelligent. His sons  
were not behind him in any of these particulars.  
They, too, were quiet, well-behaved lads. The  
family consisted, altogether, of a wife, the three  
sons just alluded to, and two daughters—the lat-  
ter, like all the rest of the family, being remark-  
able for their industrious habits and the general  
propriety of their conduct.

But it was the love that the several members  
of this happy family bore to each other that  
formed the most remarkable feature of their com-  
munion, and which most particularly attracted  
the most notice and excited the admiration of all  
who had an opportunity of marking it. And  
such opportunity had the whole parish in which  
they resided; for, in going to church, they inva-  
riably all went together, brother and sister,  
linked arm in arm, and all talking so kindly,  
and looking so fondly in each other's faces—it  
was delightful to see them.

In church, too, it was a pretty sight to see  
how attentive the brothers were to their mother  
and sisters in pointing out the text and the psalm.  
These were trifling matters, indeed, but people  
of discernment saw a great deal in them. At  
home, too, it was equally pleasant to see the  
Hunters of an evening, after the father and the  
young men had returned from their work—the  
house clean and neat; the daughters busily  
employed in sewing; the mother in discharging  
her household duties; the father seated by the



seated around him, engaged in lively and cheerful conversation. Great, indeed, though humble, was the happiness of the Hunters.

Their employer, who had a great esteem for David and his family, was in the habit of looking in upon them sometimes, after work-hours, when making his usual rounds to see that all was right about the field. On these occasions he never could refrain from saying something congratulatory to David, in reference to the quiet, cheerful and affectionate conduct of his children. He had witnessed the domestic felicity of the family often; but every time he saw it, it struck him as forcibly as the first time.

"It would be no small matter, David," he said, on one of these occasions, smiling as he spoke, "that would cause a difference in your family. I hardly think anything could interrupt the harmony that reigns amongst you."

"Well, I believe," replied David, with a very excusable look of complacency, "that hardly anything possibly could. There has never been the slightest difference amongst us yet, and I trust there never will." The sons and daughters replied to their employer's remark by raising their heads, and glancing at him with a smile, which said as plainly as smile can say anything: "A difference between us! No, no; such a thing can never be." We love each other too well and too sincerely for that."

Thus stood matters, then, with David Hunter and his family, and thus they remained for several years, with little or no change; only that David and his wife were getting a little older, and their sons and daughters further on in life. But in their happiness and attachment to each other there was no change, unless an increase of such happiness and attachment can be so called.

David Hunter and his family were surprised one evening by a visit from the letter-carrier. He had not been at their house for two years before; and then it was with a very primitive-looking epistle, most abominably folded, sealed with a bit of resin instead of wax, and superscribed with a vile hieroglyphical sort of direction. It was from a very honest, decent man, however, a brother of David Hunter, who was a weaver in Bridgeton, near Glasgow. No letter had they received from any quarter since then till now. But the letter that made its appearance now was of a very different description, being properly folded, carefully sealed, and altogether business-like. On its being handed in, David slowly put his hand into his capacious waistcoat-pocket in search of his spectacles. These found and drawn forth, he deliberately opened them, and with equal deliberation placed them on his nose. All these preparatory proceedings gone through with due solemnity, David at length opened the mysterious letter, and, surrounded by his wondering and anxious, but profoundly silent family, read as follows:—

LONDON, ———.

"Sir: We have much pleasure in informing you that you are named in the will of the late John Pitt, Esq., of Woodvale, Jamaica, for a legacy of £5000.

of the circumstance; but shall, in a day or two, address you again, with instructions as to proceedings necessary for putting you in possession of said legacy, also as to time and manner of payment. We are, sir, your obedient servants,  
GRESSEY AND GREGSON, Solicitors."

It is presumed to be unnecessary to describe the effect this extraordinary and most unexpected communication had upon David Hunter and his family. The reader will himself form a sufficiently lively idea of it, without our troubling him with a description. The legacy had been wholly unlooked for; the testator being a very distant relation, and a person with whom David had never had any correspondence; indeed of whose existence he was hardly aware.

The news of the Hunters' legacy, notwithstanding the precautions taken by the family to keep the matter quiet for a little time, soon spread amongst the neighbors, who said that David's family, happy before, would surely now be ten times happier. It was reasonable to think so; for, if they were content and happy with very limited means, they would certainly be much more content and happy when these means became abundant. It was reasonable that it should be so—that, on becoming richer, they should become happier. Did it? We shall see.

In the course of a few days, David heard again from the London solicitors, who now wrote fully on the subject of the legacy, and gave him such instructions as put him in possession of the money in less than three months after. For some time subsequent to this event, no change whatever was observable in the family. Neither pride nor ostentation followed their good fortune. On the third or fourth Sunday, however, the neighbors and others who knew of and had observed their affectionate manner towards each other, were a good deal surprised at the unusual order in which they came to church. Formerly, as already noticed, they used to come in the most loving manner, arm in arm, together, now they came in a string, all separate and wide asunder. There was observable, moreover, more or less of an angry and discontented expression on the countenances of all of them, which, contrasting so very strikingly as it did with their former cheerful looks, was very conspicuous, and attracted the notice of the more shrewd observers. Coming to church in this manner, they of course entered their pew in a straggling way, one after the other, at considerable intervals, and not together as formerly—another circumstance, indicative of some change of feeling, which did not escape the notice of the congregation; the report of their sudden acquisition of wealth having rendered them objects of special attention for a time. Neither did a total neglect of those little acts of courtesy to each other in church, of which we formerly spoke, elude the observation of those around them.

People were much surprised at this unusual deportment on the part of the Hunters, and wondered if any disagreement had sprung up among them, and if so, whether the legacy could have anything to do with it. They said it would be

fortune had been unable to do—namely, destroy the happiness of the family; in this remark, alluding to a period when the Hunters had been in great distress from want of employment and illness together—trials which seemed only to increase their attachment to each other; while now it appeared to be precisely the reverse. But had any change really taken place in their feelings towards each other? By retrograding a little in their history we may ascertain this.

On the third day after the receipt of the legacy, David Hunter called his family around him, and told them that he wished to inform them of certain arrangements regarding the distribution of the legacy amongst them (including a provision for himself and wife), on which he had determined. He then proceeded to name to his sons the respective sums which he intended giving them to begin business with, and to his daughters the sum he intended giving them as dowry in the event of their marriage. Having concluded, David looked around for the approbation which he felt conscious he deserved. But what was his surprise and mortification when he perceived in every countenance the most unequivocal signs of disappointment and discontent! There was not one of his children, sons or daughters, pleased with the portions allotted them.

Poor David endeavored to meet their views by altering, modifying, and even by offering to increase the different sums by reducing the moderate proportion he intended retaining for himself; but to no purpose. No arrangement or distribution he could propose or suggest, would satisfy the expectations or wishes of his children. They did not, indeed, complain openly, much less by either loud or angry expressions; but there was gloom on every brow—sullenness and discontent on every countenance.

From this moment there was no longer any happiness in David Hunter's family. A feeling of jealousy and dislike was now engendered, which could never again be eradicated. Poor David saw and bitterly felt the change, and wished a thousand times that the legacy had gone to the bottom of the sea, instead of coming to him, as he deemed it but a poor substitute for the domestic felicity he had lost. Here will be found a sufficient explanation of that difference of deportment which had attracted the notice of their neighbors.

David Hunter, seeing that there was no hope of restoring harmony amongst his children, who were now snapping and snarling at each other, morning, noon, and night, determined, however painful to his feelings it might be, to break up his family. In pursuance of this resolution, he recommended to each of his sons to betake himself to lodgings of his own, and to start in the world on his own account. To enable them to do so, he said he would instantly pay them down the different sums he had determined on giving them respectively. His sons, though far from satisfied, sulkily acquiesced in the proposed arrangement; and, in a few days after, left their father's house, but in such sullen mood that they would not tell him either

where they were going, or what they intended doing.

They never held any correspondence again. Each brother, thinking the others had got more than they ought to have done, and of course he himself less, never went near each other, but, on the contrary, continued to the end of their lives to entertain a feeling of the most bitter hostility to one another. Neither did any of them ever again visit their father, whom they all agreed in accusing of unjust dealing towards them.

Such was the consequence of the legacy; and it may be taken as another evidence of the well-known truth—that an accession of wealth is not necessarily, by any means, an accession of happiness.—*Chambers' Miscellany.*

## THE HEART'S GUESTS.

BY JESSIE CAREY SPENCER.

Soft falls through the gathering twilight  
The rain from the dripping eaves,  
And stirs with a tremulous rustle  
The dead and the dying leaves;  
While afar, in the midst of the shadows,  
I hear the sweet voices of bells  
Come borne on the wind of the Autumn,  
That fitfully rises and swells.

They call and they answer each other—  
They answer and mingle again—  
As the deep and the shrill in an anthem  
Make harmony still in their strain:  
As the voices of sentinels mingle  
In mountainous regions of snow,  
Till from hill-top to hill-top a chorus  
Floats down to the valleys below.

The shadows, the fire-light of even,  
The sound of the rain's distant chime,  
Come bringing, with rain softly dropping,  
Sweet thoughts of a shadowy time;  
The slumberous sense of seclusion,  
From storm and intruders aloof,  
We feel when we hear in the midnight  
The patter of rain on the roof.

When the spirit goes forth in its yearnings  
To take all its wanderers home,  
Or, afar in the regions of fancy,  
Delights on swift pinions to roam,  
I quietly sit by the fire-light—  
The fire-light so bright and so warm—  
For I know that those only who love me  
Will seek me through shadow and storm.

But should they be absent this evening,  
Should even the household depart,  
Deserted, I should not be lonely—  
There still would be guests in my heart;  
The faces of friends that I cherish,  
The smile, and the glance, and the tone,  
Will haunt me wherever I wander,  
And thus I am never alone.

With those who have left far behind them  
The joys and the sorrows of time—  
Who sing the songs of the angels  
In a purer and holier clime!  
Then darkly, oh! evening of Autumn,  
Your rain and your shadows may fall,  
My loved and my lost ones you bring me—  
My heart holds a feast with them all!

## TRUE BEAUTY.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

It has been said that "acquaintance with faces is like the peeling of an artichoke, and the *core* of a face, to those who know it, is very different from the outside folds that stop the eye in the beginning." This was forcibly illustrated in the case of a couple of young ladies, sisters, with whom I was acquainted. Sophia, the younger, was always looked on as beautiful by strangers, while her sister Alice was considered unattractive, but this was reversed with those who knew them thoroughly. There lived in the same family, a cousin of these young ladies, a young man in feeble health, and who had been lame for years. His habits of life and his physical suffering had fostered a morbid sensitiveness, which inclined him to solitude, so he rarely went into society, and usually kept his room, when there was company at the house. He was thus, when not engaged with his books, dependent on the kindness and sympathy of those about him for his enjoyment, and Alice, the elder sister, was always mindful of those little kindnesses and marks of consideration, trifling in themselves, but so soothing and grateful to a sensitive spirit. She often gave up some scheme of amusement, in which all the rest of the family were engaged, that she might stay at home and enliven him, for he was peculiarly susceptible of sympathy and kindness, and loved the society of his chosen friends; but he was not insensible of these sacrifices on her part, though she never made a parade of them, and he used to wish that he might ever hope to return her kindness. Sophia would often express in words, her sympathies for his loneliness and suffering, and would wish she had time to read to him, or amuse him; but she never found it, and those thousand ways in which she might have contributed to his happiness, without detracting from her own, and which would have suggested themselves to one really kind, never seemed to occur to her, and though she was never guilty of any real acts of unkindness towards him, he felt that she was selfish, and at all times valued her own pleasures and amusements more than his happiness.

There came to the village a young lawyer of considerable promise, whose fancy was particularly struck with the appearance of Sophia on his first meeting her at a party one evening. He sought an introduction, and after that, whenever they met, he scarcely left her side; as their acquaintance progressed, he called frequently at the house, and it was evident to all that he was deeply enamored. A brother of the young ladies, one day, when they were alone together, mentioned to the invalid cousin, the conquest his sister had made, of a fine, talented young lawyer.

"She," he exclaimed in inadvertent surprise, "why I should have thought he would have fancied Alice in preference to her, she is much more attractive."

"She would be to me, too, I confess," said her brother, "but some people set a great value on beauty, you know."

"Beauty!" exclaimed the young man, "and is not Alice much the most beautiful, besides possessing all noble qualities?"

"Only to those who know her well, and view her by the reflection of these qualities. Sophia, you know, is called very handsome."

"I did not know it," said the cousin in surprise, and in a tone almost indignant. "I never thought her so, and I was not aware any one else did. I had suspected *she* thought so, and was like the girl in the song, who

"Her own beauty saw, which gave her pride,  
That she saw more than all the world beside."

"But she is considered very beautiful by strangers," said her brother; "she is always observed in a crowd."

"'Tis an evanescent beauty," said her cousin, "which will vanish on intimate acquaintance. It consists of mere form and coloring at most, and is not based upon those qualities which please permanently. But the beauty of Alice will grow on you; the more you know her, and witness the daily beauty of her life, and those thousand graces which bespeak that their owner has a soul."

I would add, that before the end of two years, Alice, instead of her sister, as was at first predicted by those who saw his admiration for her, became the wife of the young lawyer.

On intimate acquaintance with the family, her beauty, as her cousin said, daily grew upon him, and the beauty of her character still more so; while Sophia daily fell in his regard—so he wedded Alice, and the invalid is made happy by a residence with them, and being a constant recipient of the kindness of his favorite cousin.

## MOTHER'S DEAD.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Oh, dear! how cold all the rooms look. I wonder why Charlie and I can't sit still anywhere? and I feel just as if I wanted to cry all the time. Everything looks so strange, and dark, and awful; yet the sun is shining just as bright as ever; and when the wind blows the rose-brier at the window, the shadows scamper across the wall, just as though they were playing runaway! but somehow I can't laugh at them as I used to. I went to the front door a while ago. The bird that made a nest up in our old pear-tree was singing just as it always does, but I couldn't bear to hear it, and I just put my hands in my ears, and walked away. Charlie follows me round, and looks at me such a strange, wondering look, and whispers when he speaks to me, and I whisper back when I answer him. Somehow I can't speak loud.

This morning, grandma looked so sorrowful, when Charlie and I went down to breakfast. She didn't eat anything, either, but as soon as we had done she took each of us by the hand, and led us into the parlor. The curtains were down, and the glass carried away. Only papa was in the room, and dark as it was, I could see his eyes were red, just as if he had been crying. The table stood in the middle of the room, with a long, strange-looking box on it. Grandma led

us to it, and papa took away a white cloth, and then lifted us up, and there lay mamma. I knew her in a minute; but, oh! how white and cold she looked! It made me tremble all over! Her eyes were closed tight, and her hands folded together.

"Papa, what makes mamma look so?" Charlie said; and then grandma burst right out a crying; and papa said—

"My poor little, motherless children!" just as if he was choking; and he kissed us both, and then said, very quick, "There! take them away, mother. I can't bear it!"

Grandma took us out; and then Charlie and I cried real hard—we couldn't help it.

I wonder what makes the neighbors look at us so grave, and shake their heads? and Betty hasn't spoken a cross word to us to-day; and when I asked her to get my bonnet, she said, just as pleasant, "Yes, dear," instead of "Get it yourself!" as she used to. Everybody and everything seems changed.

Grandma told Charlie and me that mamma had gone home to God, and that we must be good children, and we would go to her; and though they would bury her in the ground, where grandpa lies, under that great willow in the grave-yard, still she would have gone to Heaven. I wonder if she won't want to come back sometimes, and see Charlie and me?

Somehow, I can't believe we shan't see mamma any more—that at night we shan't hear her coming on tip-toe into our chamber; and that we won't spring up, and put our arms round her neck, and kiss her just as we used to; and when we're sick, as I was last winter, with the fever, that she won't have us lie in her bed-room all day, and look at us so loving and sorrowful when we have that nasty medicine to take; and lay her cool hand on our foreheads, when they are hot. *Nobody's* hand is so soft as *mother's*!

And to think we shall never hear her tell any pretty stories again, or sing those dear little songs, every night, as she used to. And how shall we say, "Our Father," and "Now I lay me," and she not there to listen?

And then, I used to run straight to her, when I came home from school, to get a kiss; and if the girls had been cross, or I hadn't said my lesson good, I'd put my arms round her neck, and lay my head on her bosom, and cry; and then she'd say so sweetly, "What troubles my little Nellie?" and I'd tell her all about it, and she would talk to me until I felt good again. Oh, dear, dear! I can't help crying when I think of it. There! I hear Charlie calling, "Where are you, sissy?" O, dear little fellow. I'll never speak cross to him again, for he's only four, and I am six; and he shall have my doll whenever he wants it, now. I mean to remember everything mamma told me, so that I can go to her, sometime; but I am sure Heaven is a great, great way off, for grandma says we could not get any nearer by climbing to the top of that big mountain I can see from the kitchen-window. Come, Charlie, take hold of my hand, and we'll go to that dark, closed-up chamber, and cry there all alone.

## ADA'S LIFE ROMANCE.

BY MRS. S. E. WENTZ.

"Yes! yes! as beautiful as I could desire it! Every precious object takes a hue from the rose glow of my life!" and very gently was the foot-fall of Ada Ward pressed into the velvet carpets of her bridal home; very soft were the glances that rested upon the rich and graceful furniture, as though it were capable of making a part in her strange and wonderful happiness!—for the mysteries wrought in the quiet soul by love, are ever new, and more than strange and wonderful to the possessor of the enchanted life. And so the light figure of Mrs. Graham Ward, for the twentieth time, had been flitting from room to room, beginning at the top of the great house; her heart pronounced a benediction on every thing, and when she stood within her magnificent parlors, her lips spoke the thoughts sleeping within.

"Yes!" she murmured, smilingly, "I believe if I did not look every day at all these things, and almost touch them, I should think myself in some delirious, blissful dream. But I am awake, and Graham is my husband, and this beautiful home is as fresh to me as the love-lighted world I have come to dwell in. Ah! many dreams I have had, but no wandering in delicious dream-land ever equalled this: dim prophecies they were that haunted me—a faint idea I had of the love mighty and eternal, that was to illuminate my soul—and I must be to Graham all that he is to me—sunshine! life! breath! Ah! I dare not tell him all my thoughts; he is so much older than I; and yet for all the world, I would not have him a day younger, for I could not feel that repose, that blessed assurance in looking up to him.

"And this is my boudoir!" she continued, entering a charming little room where the softened light fell through embroidered curtains, and lighted up with more brilliant touches the flowers her own hand had placed on the broad window-sill—then the same magic light struck out a richer crimson on her little favorite rocking-chair, and sought its rest upon warm crimson roses in the carpet. A dainty work-basket stood upon a zephyr table filled with pretty pretences to industry, and two or three delicate notes of congratulation and love from "the girls;" intimate friends to whom her heart clung, and for whom she wished a happiness equal to her own.

Ada took her seat, and still looked around her; she did not care to sew, she was too happy to need the ministry of the choice authors in the book-case before her—but a new thought struck her—she would talk with her own soul, she would begin a journal, and keep imperishable the burning thoughts that rose, wave upon wave, within her; this unparalleled romance that came with such a glory to her young, girlish spirit, should be impressed upon paper, where in future years she could go to it, and live it over again, and know that it really happened. And so she drew pens and paper from the secretary, and in the afternoon shadows and the golden lights she wrote, and wrote, and poured forth the eloquence

that welled up from her heart. While her pen was busy, and her cheek glowing, a timid hand rapped at her door.

"Oh, Betsy!" she exclaimed, a little impatiently, "what have you come here for?"

"But, mistress, dear!" said the girl, deprecatingly, "if I only could get you to write me a little word to my brother, I should be so thankful."

"I will; but not now, Betsy. I am busy now!"

"Oh, but Miss Ward, I want to send it for him."

"Well, Betsy, haven't I said that I am busy now?"

And Ada closed the door, but her heart smote her for a moment, ere she went on weaving together her life-romance. Poor Ada! she was too happy to lend a listening ear to others' hopes and wishes. Graham came home and entered the boudoir, where his wife, lovelier than ever, met him with outstretched hands, and eyes that half sought to hide their love-shining; he pressed the sweet mouth uplifted for his evening kiss, and passed his arm around her waist.

"Is tea ready, my dear?" he asked.

"I will see! Must you go out to-night, Graham?"

"Yes! a man of business must be at his post, my child!" and he pushed back the curls from her brow, and kissed it.

Ada left the room, and her husband stood musing alone—he was a man of thirty-five, with a handsome, haughty face, where a something reckless and imperative, not to say selfish, could be traced.

"A very pretty little creature she is, and she loves me so devotedly! A very pleasant thing it is to have such a pretty little wife to welcome me, and such a handsome fortune with her!" and the glances Graham cast around were very different from Ada's. "I intend to make the little thing happy; poor child, how happy she is; but then it must be done in a reasonable way. I can't think of giving up my evenings to be spent here alone. I'll do it sometimes though."

Here Ada appeared, and laying her hand on her husband's arm, went with him to tea.

When he had gone, she sought her favorite room again, and from the window watched the twilight shadows.

A familiar carriage stopped at the door, and her mother's face looked from it, and smiled a mother's love. Ada hastened to the front door, and received the beloved visitor with kisses and embraces.

"Come into my sanctum, mother, this is such a dear, precious room, the very quintessence of my Eden home!" and her sweet, happy laugh, went like music to the fond mother's heart.

"Let me take off your bonnet, mother darling, and here, sit in my own little chair, and let me sit on this cushion—isn't it pretty? and lay my head on your lap, and tell you, oh! so much! I never can tell you how happy I am. Do you know, mother," and she raised her head and looked into the beautiful, soft eyes above her, "Do you know, mother, sometimes I think I shall not,

cannot live very long, for this wild, intense love must burn my heart out—but I don't care; I care for nothing, nothing but this happiness—it is enough; it swallows up my being. I could not love more, and yet every hour I love him better. Mother, do you think that other people do, can love as I do? is it as beautiful to them?"

"Yes, my darling; there are thousands of hearts telling the same story to day!"

"Oh, bless them! blessings on them in their happiness!"

"And blessings, all holy blessings on those who are walking in dark and dreadful paths, without any joy to help them through their lot. The happy-hearted should send their sunshine to these."

"Oh, yes!" murmured Ada; "but who can turn from their heaven to look on such leaden pictures? Oh! mother, I am very, very selfish. I cannot bear that anything should break in upon this enchantment. I have almost forgotten that a day of reckoning will come. I am wicked, I know, but I want no better heaven than I have!"

"My poor child! my poor child!" and a gentle hand stroked Ada's hair, while glistening tears fell upon it.

"Why do you say 'poor child,' mother?" asked Ada, raising her eyes where love and hope unquenchable seemed to dwell. "Your rich and happy child!" and with smiles she drew down the beloved face and kissed away the drops. "Mother, dear, I feel within me the assurance that this happiness must be immortal. Do you remember these words:

"And if such dreams are given  
While at the portals thus we stand,  
What are the truths of Heaven?"

Oh! if Heaven be as blessed as my-own heaven, I shall ask no more!"

"But, dear child, it will not be as beautiful, unless you learn to be an angel here, and look with a true and tender love on others besides those your own happiness is bound up in."

"Ah, true!" answered the young wife, and poor Betsy's imploring face came before her.

"Mother, will you excuse me a few moments?" she asked, rising hastily.

"I must go myself, dear. I have stayed longer than I intended. Try to-morrow to call on poor Kate Sutherland, and comfort her. You heard that Henry Williams had married in Europe?"

"No. Oh! Kate, dear Kate."

"Well, good-bye, darling. Come and see us very soon."

"Yes, yes. Good-bye."

Ada bent her steps to the kitchen, and there she found Betsy sitting by the table, with her apron over her face, crying.

"What is the matter, Betsy?" she asked, very kindly.

"I am afraid the vessel will sail in the morning, and my brother cannot come over in it, unless I send the money to him in a letter."

"Is it too late, do you think?" and a great pang of self-reproach went through the heart of the young mistress.

"Perhaps not," answered the girl, with a look of hope.

Ada ran to her room, and brought utensils for writing, which she rapidly used. Then, after enclosing the money, she sealed the letter, saying—

"Now, hurry, Betsy. Here is sixpence to get in to the omnibus. You will reach the place in time."

But Betsy did not reach the place in time. She was half an hour too late, and her young brother, as well as herself, suffered from the sickness of hope deferred many long weeks, because the fair young bride, amid her joys, had not yet learned the habit of instantly turning a patient ear to others. This beautiful life-lesson her guardian angels waited to teach her, that, when her hour was come, she might enter into her rest.

A year, fraught with experience, has passed away, silently dropping into the book of life its records; and Ada Ward is within her favorite room. The broad moonbeams slant across the carpet, and fall upon the form lying there in the abjectness of despair. A pale cheek is pressed to the foot-cushion. Ada has that day buried her little babe, and cold, black, ghastly shadows envelope her; colder and blacker than they might have been, because her husband, finding it so gloomy at home, has gone out for a walk.

"Oh! that it should be I," she groaned, wringing her clasped hands, and pressing them upon her heart as though she would quiet its great agony. "If I could die! If I could only die! Oh! that such woe should come to me! That my glorious temple of love should be broken—dashed to pieces eternally. That I must live years—ages in this blackness of darkness. Day after day pressing my hands upon my heart to keep it from bursting. If we were parted, I think I could endure it better; but to gaze in his face and read no love there; to receive with a grave, repressed face his acts of politeness; to know that I cannot charm him; that there is no winsome light in my eyes to him; nothing precious in my smile; to have no words pass between us save those that are necessary, and to see often more smiling words addressed to others than to me. Oh! my Father, why may I not die? Am I so unlovely, so unworthy of love? Is there no grace in me? My mother, my mother! oh! to lay my head on her sheltering breast! She would weep her soul away to know that her cherished child was an unloved wife. It would strike to the core of my father's heart to hear the cold words spoken to his 'little bird,' as he used to call me. I am no one's little bird now, only a miserable, blasted wretch, with the elixir of life for ever dried up in my veins, and burning ashes heaped on my heart. Little babe! little angel! thou, too, art taken from me! If thou wert here, soft tears might perhaps allay this aching. But it is well with thee. Only one pang more to lose thee, but I can bear it, when I remember how merciful it is to thee. Thou wilt not be subject to a lot like thy mother's. Sometime, I shall come to thee, my flower, and it will be a joy to look within thy sweet eyes, and know that no shadow ever darkened them. I must live. I must bear on to meet thee. If thy dimpled hands could be laid upon my brow, I should think God and His angels were merciful to my pain. But He has left me no love, no blessing!

He has bereaved me awfully, cruelly. He has forgotten to be gracious. Ah! that I were stronger; that I could argue with the Almighty. I did not ask the breath of life—it is hateful to me now. Oh! this madness, this dreadful rebellion at my lot. This fearful life, without hope, and without God in the world. If I could sleep, sleep on and get some rest, and grow resigned, and wear a placid face, and quietly tread my way downward to the grave. Perhaps, I could bear up better if my health were as strong as it used to be. Oh! my Father and my God, forgive me! Be merciful to thy wretched, lost, abandoned child. Shelter me until the storm be overpast. I will endeavor to bear my cross, to wear my crown of thorns."

This battle with life went on in Ada's soul for months. Sometimes the evil and sometimes the good triumphed; most frequently, a cheerless despair dwelt within her. She saw nothing lovely, nothing to be desired on earth; but she wore a quiet face, and fulfilled the duties of wife and housekeeper. Friends thought she seemed rather pensive since the death of her babe, and not much inclined for society. Her husband thought she had grown to be "deuced sober." He did not remember in whose power it lay to dispel that soberness, or that he had freely and solemnly promised to study her happiness before that of any other mortal. Ada's soft eyes lighted with love when her parents were with her, more tender and caressing than ever; and she tasked herself to the utmost to be as cheerful as *their* Ada used to be. A thousand sweet and graceful acts of devotion she performed for them; it was such a comfort to her to anticipate a want. Poor, forlorn one! this was one little fruit of her great sorrow. One day, when her parents had parted with her after a day's visit, her father remarked, earnestly—

"I think, dear, our Ada grows more angelic and thoughtful of our happiness every time we see her. She was always a lovely child, but not as she is now. Have you observed it, Mary?"

"Oh! yes," and the wife looked into her husband's beaming face with a smile, but a tear fell unobserved on her work. The mother remembered that her darling never told her now how happy she was. When her head lay on her lap, she sometimes said—

"Mother, dear, tell me of all that is noble in life: how we may be purified by sorrow; it was a sorrow to lose my little babe—teach me how to meet her."

And, with fast falling tears, the mother would talk, and Ada would weep quietly, very quietly and softly, until there was no bitterness within her. Then she would go to her splendid home, and with gentle patience give Betsy her accustomed lessons in reading and writing. When her head reposed on her pillow on such nights as these, the recording angel wrote, "Another deed of love is born from her great sorrow."

Ada rarely realized this. She realized that the gaunt demons of unbelief and despair were seeking after her soul, and that they had made a desolation there, and tempted every slumbering evil, while they had withered her every flower.

But the months went on, still silently dropping their records into the book of life, until another year had completed its cycle. Ada had sought her retreat after a busy day, and with a pensive smile had drawn forth her life-romance. Thus she wrote—

"When these quiet evening hours come, and I am alone, a tide of great and irrepressible regret rushes through my soul. Sometimes it is terrible in its useless, devouring might, and again it flows more quietly and dreamily. I often fear the bird of resignation will never fold its wings above my heart. I shall never be really happy again; perhaps, alas! never content and capable of gratitude for the sad gift of existence. I wish to be; none know, but myself, how great are my efforts to banish the memories of that golden, gleaming vision, and to enter heartily into all that is about me. I think the greatest woe is past; that I have drank all that is most bitter in my life's cup; yet it seems very sad to know that the sweetness was all drained before—is all gone! hopelessly gone! Yet I ought to be thankful that it is less dreadful to exist, that I do not momentarily 'draw the breath of fear' as I did when my self-deception was being dissolved—thankful that I know it is vain to make those heart-breaking efforts to win back that love; yes, thankful that I am in no suspense, sick no longer from hope deferred; in no new despair when his capricious tenderness vanishes into coldness. Certainly I know what to rely upon. I know that it is best for me to interest myself in other's welfare, to think as little of him and of myself as possible, as far as it is consistent with every duty. Another reason I have to be thankful—my anger towards him has ceased—my burning, maddening sense of injury. I have simply made a mistake. I thought he loved me for what I was; he probably thought he loved me somewhat, too; but it was only that my face was new, and bright with joyousness and love for him. It would, I think, have been the same with any other little maiden he had married. Then it is some consolation that I spare another young and noble heart from this quiet breaking. Why should it not be I as well as any other? Yes, I know that I can bear it, and mayhap it makes me a comforter to the suffering. Ah! I love them in their pain with a tenderness so infinite, compared with what it used to be. To-day I went to see Kate Suthington. Ah! that her love should still have power to tear her heart like a vulture—she bears up before others with a noble dignity, and Henry Williams is a weak and erring man to her view, now—he has lost the key wherewith he unlocked a soul too noble for him. But in her own words—

"Oh, Ada! that the world should have lost its loveliness; that I should only have learned what happiness, beauty, life were, to have lost them."

"Then I talk to her from my soul's depths. I cast about to find some recompense for all this, and I believe words of great faith and wonderful hope break from my lips; words that charm me with some deep, strange, all-powerful feeling that God is doing all things well. I feel serene and very peaceful after this, when Kate lays

her head on my breast, folds her arms around me, and says—

"You do me good, Ada! Yes, there may; there must be a something deep in all this, that we cannot see; perhaps when the ground has been broken and ploughed more deeply, gold may be found."

"Then we take out our sewing, and talk of the books we have have read, or one reads to the other, and we part with a cheerful glow thrown over our souls from this friendship."

Five years later, one serene afternoon, found Ada Ward within her favorite room. No outward changes of great moment had befallen her, save that the furniture was not so fresh. One might have thought but a day had passed. Her lovely face was more spiritual; more assured and earnest in its expression; in her eyes a world of trust and deep hopefulness might be found. At this moment they beamed upon Kate Suthington with a loving, laughing, triumphant look.

"Ah! Katy darling," she said, "there is not a happier mortal on earth than you, traitoress as you have been to your first love—and this new husband of yours, has he erected another Eden in your life?"

"Perhaps so," answered Katy, with a soul-illuminated smile.

"And you have learned to believe with me, that the pain of life may be transition, but that happiness is a real entity—something that shall come some day to the earliest spirit; perhaps here; perhaps not until our life has opened amid the everlasting beauty."

"I believe it; and should I lose it again, I should simply wait, and strive to work diligently, that others, as well as myself, might gain their greatest good."

"It is very beautiful to see great happiness," said Ada, softly, "it is an earnest of our life in Heaven, and a revealing of what our natures are capable of. It enables us to measure God's love better, and gives us a glimpse of something divine."

After Kate had gone to her happy home, Ada wrote in her journal, as follows:—

"Katy darling has been here, this afternoon; dear Katy, sweet Katy, happy Katy. I think she has no idea of the degree in which she brightens my life—it used to give me a pang when I saw happiness, such as mine was, one brief while, but it is so different now—it gives me a glow of such heartfelt pleasure. I say to myself, 'Not yet, a wise Father permits it to them; but you know your own heart, and God knows that you may need a discipline very different from theirs; but be patient and grateful, the joy is coming.' Oh! sometimes I feel a boundless hope and rapture when I look up to God, and realize the great love with which He has ordered my lot. I think I never should have taken a broad glance at life; never should properly have fitted myself for another world, if this had been as happy as I wished it. How differently do I write in this, my life romance, from what I expected to, when I began it; but with all its sad experiences, I have found a wealth in life that makes me often wonder. I have



wept with gratitude that this priceless gift has been vouchsafed me, that it will never have an end. Oh! wonderful to live amid fresh recurring joys, for ever; such as no pen can describe; to be bathed in love, and ever performing deeds of love. To be able, every day of my life, to strive, with God's help, to perfect and beautify this future, and sometimes to be able to arouse others to this noble strife.

"Ungrateful that I was! I once felt that my life was a blasted one. What does it signify if one suffer? I sometimes ask myself when the cross is folded to my heart heavily. I learn very soon that 'He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless return again, bringing his sheaves with him!' There are so many quiet pleasures given me, I look upon them sometimes as all extras. I think 'this is the world where the battle must be fought, and yet so many little joys to cheer us.' Eternally shall I thank God that He has taught me to fight this conflict—that the morning of my day was sorrowful, in order that a ripening eternity should be joyful. This morning I went to see one of my sick neighbors—she had lost a beloved husband. I said what I could to comfort her, but she answered—

"Ah! Mrs. Ward, I could speak to you, as you do to me, if I were young, rich, happy, one of the favored of the earth!"

"I said that even I might make myself miserable if I forgot what blessings I had—and that the 'favored of the earth' were not always the favored of Heaven.' But she would listen to nothing of this—her vision was bounded to a few fleeting years—they were life to her—she had no soaring hopes beyond. I came away thinking I was very rich, because I hoped I had an investment for a dearer, nobler life—yet I will try to open a vein of comfort for this afflicted one—perhaps she may in time believe how earnestly I desire her good. I meet with so many noble spirits, and often these dear ones confide to my ear heart-stories full of interest and pathos, and it is a holy pleasure to weep and wonder, and forget my own heart-story the while, or only remember what of worth has survived it. When I read books that go to my heart, I feel with one who has reached the haven where her genius is no longer thwarted. 'Life is richly worth living for!' It is true that my days are very much of one color, and household love does not bless me within my own home, yet it is noble to strive to be faithful amid all this, and to hope I am still of some use. My little life-romance is of a grey shade, but it is only the first chapters I am writing here—it will be finished where? In Heaven, I hope! Finished? Ah, never! its beauty shall increase, its glory of life shall be too dazzling to be written with an earthly pen; nevertheless, the romance shall go on, and never reach its end; in the world that is eternal!"

Ada had written her last chapter on earth; the sunshine that awoke her, was amid the Everlasting Beauty. When she had put away her writing materials, a strange pain shot through her heart; ere she could leave the room, it had ceased to beat.

## BERTHE LOUISE.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

Berthe Louise, sweet Berthe Louise—  
Where the sun eyelets the sycamore trees,  
Where the canary and oriole sing,  
Where the love-scented anemones spring,  
Oh, sitting long with a book on my knee,  
Lost I its lore in thy prattle to me.

Berthe Louise, sweet Berthe Louise!  
Golden curls swimming the sea-given breeze;  
Fair, dimpled hands ever clapping in glee;  
Feet keeping time to an air not for me;  
Face all aglow with a beauty divine;—  
These, oh, how well I remember as thine.

Berthe Louise, sweet Berthe Louise—  
Where the tide mirrors the sycamore trees,  
Earth-waves have cruelly met in a shrine,  
'Round a pure gem of the heavenly mine;  
There would I kneel with my tears free astart;  
Death! now I feel what a terror thou art.

## LIFE'S A RAILROAD.

BY CULMA CROLY.

Life's a railroad. Hurry on!  
Always keep a-going!  
Never stop to look at flowers  
By the roadside growing.  
Never think of anything  
But your present hurry.  
What if you should lose a train?  
Wouldn't you be sorry?

What's the use of sighing so  
After beauty, lying  
Half asleep beneath the trees  
Where the winds are dying;  
Where, through winding cattle-paths,  
Creep the lazy hours,  
And the slow-paced seasons walk  
O'er unconscious flowers?

Beauty changes with the times.  
Once she chose her shelter  
In the shadowy solitudes,  
Lest the sun should melt her.  
Stranger-breathed, she dashes on,  
Now, from town to city,  
In a locomotive's shape,  
Nothing's half so pretty.

Life was once a trodden path,  
Where the travellers cheery  
Spoke to all they chanced to meet,  
Or would rest, if weary.  
Rest is now quite obsolete;  
Sips of slumber take you,  
Careless who beside you sits;  
Norwalk draws will wake you.

Life's a railroad. Hurry on!  
Always keep a-going!  
Never stop to look at flowers  
By the roadside growing.  
Never mind what's on the track;  
On—though headlong—faster!  
If the engine Progress stops,  
That's the great disaster!



## THE STEP-DAUGHTER.

BY MEETA.

"Veronica!"—"Veronica!"

Yes; I heard them calling and searching for me—hither and thither with confused exclamations and laughter. I heard also the hurried tread of feet upon the great staircase, the opening and closing of doors, and occasional bursts of music from the rooms below. Yet I heeded not the festivity and gladness, and remained secure in the deep window overlooking the gardens, and shaded by the heavy silken curtains.

It was a festal night at Glockenburn—a night of rejoicing, for my father had but a few hours previous brought back to his stately mansion, a new bride. For this reason, was there music and gaiety, brilliant lights, beaming faces and joyous greetings.

But I stood aloof from it all—proudly alone, with a heart full of evil emotions. I, of all of them, owned no thralldom save my will, that one great self of my nature. Revering with absorbing devotion, the sacred memory of my dead mother, I could not acknowledge another in her place. Child though I was, I had long been the only mistress of Glockenburn, and should I thus surrender my royal sceptre into stranger hands? I who should have been sole sovereign, sole heiress of Glockenburn!

All the bitterness and pride of my spirit rushed forth at these thoughts, and my whole frame quivered with emotion. Envy, hatred, and all evil passions, crowded around my heart. I plucked one by one, the red roses that clambered about the lattice, and, tearing them in pieces, dashed them down into the walk below.

Again could I distinguish the voices of my gay cousins, calling repeatedly and with impatience—"Veronica! Veronica! where art thou?"

But I closed my lips firmly, standing upright and proudly in the full moonlight, behind the curtains. Presently steps came nearer, and a hand was laid upon the lock of my door. I knew that they would find me now; that they would drag me forth in their giddy mood. So I stepped from my concealment and stood calmly awaiting them.

Instantly the door burst open, and a gay troop hurried into the apartment. A glad shout greeted my appearance—then again they grew silent, remaining uncertain and wavering as they looked upon me.

Haughtily, and with angry defiance in my eyes, I stood in their midst.

"Why have you sought me?" I cried passionately. "Why break in upon my solitude and disturb me with your merriment? I go not with you—my foot shall not cross the threshold of that door."

My cousins and their young guests shrunk back in amazement at my words. Even the merry Genevieve, their leader, was abashed.

"Veronica!" said my father in a stern voice, as he stepped into the apartment—"you are no longer a child to indulge in such caprice. I command you to follow me."

His clouded brow and tones of displeasure left me no alternative. I obeyed.

With a beating heart and disordered dress I followed the laughing throng down the broad stairs, through the lighted corridors, even to the festal rooms below. I looked around upon the gay groups that hovered throughout the rooms. All wore smiles upon their countenances, and were clothed in gala-dresses. My dark robe and unbraided hair ill accorded with the rich costumes and shining fabrics which ever and anon floated past me in the dance. Still I passed onward in the wake of my conductors, silently and with scornful tread.

At the upper extremity of the long room, underneath a bridal canopy of white hangings and roses, stood a slight and graceful figure. She wore rich robes of shining satin, a veil of lace, and a crown of nuptial flowers. Very fair and very beautiful she looked in her snowy attire. I had never dreamed of aught so lovely. Her face was more beautiful than that of the Madonna in the chapel, more angelic than that of the pictured saint in the calendar of the Passover.

She was the new bride, she was—my step-mother.

Had she been less lovely, I might have forgiven her usurpation of my rights. But that very loveliness aroused my hatred, and augmented the indomitable pride within me.

We stood directly before her. I felt that all eyes were upon me, that all ears awaited the sound of my voice. She stepped hastily forward—a blush was upon her cheek, and she outstretched both her fair hands to me.

I did not reciprocate the movement. I did not even lift the bridal veil to my lips, as was customary or salute the jeweled cross which hung upon her arm.

Bowing low in mock reverence, and with a haughty flush upon my brow, I spoke clearly, but coldly:

"You are welcome—quite welcome to Glockenburn. I wish you all happiness, and greet you with a bridal greeting."

Her hands dropped beside her; the blush died upon her cheek, and she turned away with suffused eyes. My father gazed upon me with anger in his glance, yet no word escaped his lips. The guests exchanged whispers one with another, and my cousins stood awe-struck around me. I broke from their midst and rushed to my apartment.

I donned my gayest attire, bound my waist with a golden cord, and braided my long, dark hair with jewels. Flushed and excited, I stood before the mirror and viewed myself reflected therein. My eyes gleamed with unnatural brilliancy, my cheeks were crimson, and illuminated my dark face. I could not believe that I was the same calm, passionless Veronica of yore.

I did not stop to consider my new character, but descended again the staircase, and stood once more in the bridal hall. I was the gayest of them all. I whirled in the giddy dance, keeping pace with the music in impetuous delight. My senses were bewildered; my brain on fire. I was scarcely aware of my own existence. Yet wherever I

turned, I felt that a spell was upon me. Yes, I felt the mournful gaze of those wondering blue eyes, although I saw them not. I knew that my step-mother watched my every motion with a sorrowful and earnest glance.

The last lights were extinguished, the music hushed, the guests departed. I gained my own room unmolested, and, hastily disrobing, threw myself upon my couch. I cast aside the crimson curtains, and allowed the moonlight to fall in upon me. I dared not look back upon my past actions, lest I should repent. Feverish, and with an exhausted spirit, I closed my eyes. That night, a vision appeared unto me. I dreamed that a white figure bent over me with folded hands, and it said—

“Veronica, I greet thee with a bridal greeting.”

It was the feast of the Pentecost. The great hall was lined with green branches, and garlands were hung upon the walls. The little chapel was adorned also with evergreen, and the altar of the Madonna was wreathed in myrtle and palm. A beautiful Christ, of white marble, was placed on the shrine. It wore a crown of roses, and was surrounded by waxen lights. The silver basket, containing the broken bread, was beside it, covered with an embroidered cloth of fine linen. My young cousins were robed in white, looking peaceful and happy, and wearing little knots of blue flowers in their bosoms. My step-mother, also, was more beautiful than before, even paler and gentler. Since the evening of the bridal, we had ever avoided each other. She, sadly and timidly; I, disdainfully and proudly. My father's lips were closed. He no longer smiled upon me. Neither did he speak. My cousins, awed by my unpardonable conduct, kept aloof, and did not molest me with their gaily.

The great clock on the staircase struck two, the hour for prayer. My apartment was adjoining the little chapel, and there I sat alone, with no white robe about me, and no blue flowers resting upon my unquiet breast.

I could hear the sound of the organ, swelling out its mellow notes upon the air, as my step-mother played the “All praise Thee,” the divine hymn. How touchingly its deep tones spoke to me! melting my heart and teaching of the grace, the glory, the majesty of my Creator.

Then there was a great hush, a stillness profound, and I knew that they were at prayer. I threw myself upon my knees. I covered my face with my hands, and wept the first tears of remorse and anguish that had ever dimmed my eyes. Oh! how great was my sin and self-abasement! How immeasurably great the wickedness of my heart! I took my rosary from my bosom, and bedewed it with tears as I prayed to the Holy Mary, and to my mother in Heaven, to bless me and guide me to repentance.

Again I listened. I heard my father bless the broken bread, and my cousins responding fervently “amen.” Then by step-mother's voice spoke clearly and distinctly

“Peace and good-neighborhood be between us, my children.”

And again they responded cheerfully and earnestly—

“Peace and good-neighborhood.”

“Oh! how those words thrilled to my heart. I longed to join with them, also, to rest my weary head upon my step-mother's bosom, and whisper those words of love and amity. Crushed and humbled, I bowed myself in the dust, and cried aloud for forgiveness.

Thus, for a great length of time, I remained in anguish and despair, my face hidden among the cushions of the couch. At last, some one lifted the latch of my door; yet I heeded it not. Light footsteps echoed across the floor, and the rustle of garments disturbed me. I lifted my head—my step-mother stood beside me.

She still wore her white robes, and her long hair waved upon her shoulders. Her beautiful face looked down upon me with a pensive, angelic expression.

“Peace and good-neighborhood,” she uttered, gently. Her voice was tremulous with emotion, and there were traces of tears upon her countenance. Those tears had been shed for me—in secret and in sorrow.

There was no pride in my heart now. I took both her hands in mine, and drew her gently down beside me. Her fair hair fell about me, and I laid my weary head upon her bosom.

“Peace and good-neighborhood, my mother,” I whispered.

She encircled me with her arms, and I could feel her warm tears upon my cheek; and thus we remained in an unspeakable trance of joy.

At last, my step-mother spoke. She said—

“Veronica, I also have erred and suffered; therefore, have I less to forgive. Once, in my pride of heart, did I turn a deaf ear to His holy purposes and love. But the beloved voice and angel-teachings of a departed one have pointed out to me the path of rectitude. And now am I unceasingly thankful for the beautiful examples and glorious wisdom of our Saviour.”

My step-mother ceased speaking, and embraced me fervently. Twilight was already curtaining the windows, when we descended the stairs arm in arm. The halls were lighted, and a glad gleam went shining upon the walls and intertwining among the gay garlands. My young cousins crowded around me once again, and my father stood smiling in their midst. With a subdued spirit, I knelt at his feet, and received his blessing.

“Peace and good-neighborhood,” whispered the pretty Genevieve, at my side, and she crowned me with a wreath of myrtle blossoms.

I looked around at my young cousins, with their white robes and happy faces; at my step-mother, beautiful and loving; at my father, with his kind eyes full of tears. Then I stood up among them, and with a thankful spirit cried unto them all—

“Peace and good-neighborhood.”

## FORESIGHT AND PROVIDENCE OF ANIMALS.

Translated from the French

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

It is still insects who furnish us the most extraordinary examples of foresight. We do not speak here of those who, like the bee, provide for themselves, but those who do the same for their children. Among the latter, the burying beetle *Necrophorus vespillo*, Cuv.) is one of the most remarkable. This insect is from seven to nine lines in length, black, with two transverse and denticulated bands on the elytra. When the female wishes to deposit her eggs, she associates with herself two or three individuals of the same species, and they seek together the corpse of some little animal, usually a rat or a mole, to deposit their eggs in its body. But if their industry was limited to this, their future children would run the risk of perishing before their birth, for the sun in drying up the corpse, would deprive it of its nutritive qualities. This is, therefore, their mode of procedure: the five beetles glide beneath the mole, two rest their backs against its body, and, drawing themselves up, raise it, or, at least a part of it, a little above the ground; meanwhile the others hasten to dig the earth and to remove the dirt they have dug; this done, the two who lifted the mole, let it fall, and it is already partially interred. The five grave-diggers recommence the same operation at another part of the body, then at another; they return to the spot where they commenced; and, by continuing the same manœuvre for several hours, the mole is buried from five to six inches deep. It is then that they deposit in its body the eggs which are soon to give birth to larvæ, which feed on corrupt flesh, and when the mole is entirely consumed, these larvæ or worms will be in a state to be metamorphosed into nymphs or crisalides.

When the beetles have deposited the number of eggs which they have calculated to be proportioned to the size of the animal, they come out of the hole, cover it with earth, and fly away to seek another corpse. What is very singular when we see these little animals at work, is the manner in which the mole is buried in the ground. Without perceiving the laborers, we see it descend by a uniform and slow movement, without shocks, as if it were sinking by its own weight into a substance less dense than itself. It has happened to me a hundred times in my life to notice how many beetles assemble together to work; I have never found but three or five of this species. It is not thus with the Germanic beetle *Necrophorus Germanicus*; the latter being much larger, inters the corpses of cats, fowls, little dogs, &c. Under cats I have found nine, no more nor less. These insects are common enough in France.

As we have seen, they contribute not a little to purify the air by burying the substances which would infect it. As for the corpses of larger animals, such as the horse and ox, there are flies who destroy them so rapidly, that they have not time to infect the atmosphere. And do not think

that flies are incompetent to produce this result; for by a very simple calculation, I could prove to you that three flies have devoured the carcass of a horse sooner than a lion could have done it; for this it would be only be necessary to make the calculation of their posterity in a very short and given time; and it would be seen that this posterity might amount in a week to some hundreds of millions of worms.

The ichneumons are insects slightly resembling wasps, but which have bodies more elongated, extremely slender, and very lively motions. All show an admirable instinct in procuring nourishment suitable for a posterity whom they never see; for, like the beetles, the mother is dead long before her children are born. One day, in a garden, I perceived one of these little animals, (*aphex sabulosa*) attempting to transport a caterpillar which it had just killed. I remained motionless for more than an hour, and saw it make a manœuvre, which proved in this animal intelligence equal to that of the ants. Its body is black, with the abdomen of a bluish black. The caterpillar which it was trying to transport was at least five or six times larger than itself, whence it was difficult to manage. Now he pushed it before him, now seized it by the head, and dragged it backwards; but the asperities of the ground rendered all his efforts powerless. I saw him five or six times, despairing of the success of his enterprise, abandon his task, and fly to some distance, but soon return and make new efforts. At last, he placed himself astride of the caterpillar, having three paws on one side, and three on the other; with the middle ones he clasped the body of the animal, raised it to his breast, and began to walk on his four other paws. By this means the body of the caterpillar dragged very little on the ground, and he had soon crossed with it an alley six feet wide, and transported it to a bed exposed to the sun against a wall. There, it abandoned its burden, and, after having chosen a suitable spot, began to dig in the ground a cylindrical hole, of a diameter a little larger than the thickness of the body of its prey. In proportion as it withdrew the gravel and other little materials, it had the precaution to take them in its paws, fly away with them, and scatter them at a distance from the hole, doubtless, that the little pile of earth might not betray the cradle of its children. When the hole was dug, it introduced the caterpillar into it, and I know not how many ingenious devices it employed to conquer the difficulties which it encountered from time to time. At last, its work was terminated, it went to seek a little stone to stop up and mark the entrance to the hole; but it seems that it attached great importance to this operation, for it tried at least ten or twelve stones, which it rejected before it found a suitable one. Nevertheless, when its choice was determined, it arranged the soil around the hole, in such a manner as to deceive the most practised eye. It had deposited an egg in the body of the caterpillar, and the larvæ which was to come out of it was to be nourished by the corpse.

Here is another species of ichneumon fly which deposits its eggs in the body of a living cater-

pillar. The larvæ are careful not to attack a vital part until they are large enough to assume the chrysalis state, when they devour it entirely, leaving only its skin. This skin dries up, hardens, and forms a cradle, which shelters them from the temperature of the air, until they have reached the period of their last metamorphosis. Can you tell me who has taught anatomy to the larvæ of the ichneumon fly?

## SLEEP.

[From Hufeland's "Art of Prolonging Life," recently published by Ticknor, Reed & Fields, we copy the following chapter on sleep:—]

I have already shown that sleep is one of the wisest regulations of Nature, to check and moderate, at fixed periods, the incessant and impetuous stream of vital consumption. It forms, as it were, stations for our physical and moral existence; and we thereby obtain the happiness of being daily reborn, and of passing every morning, through a state of annihilation, into a new and refreshed life. Without this continual change, this incessant renovation, how wretched and insipid would not life be; and how depressed our mental as well as physical sensation! The greatest philosopher of the present age says, therefore, with justice—*Take from man hope and sleep, and he will be the most wretched being on earth.*

How unwisely then do those act who imagine that by taking as little sleep as possible they prolong their existence. They obtain their end neither in *intensive* nor *extensive* life. They will, indeed, spend more hours with their eyes open: but they will never enjoy life in the proper sense of the word, nor that freshness and energy of mind which are the certain consequences of sound and sufficient sleep, and which stamp a like character on all our undertakings and actions.

But sufficient sleep is necessary, not only for intensive life, but also for extensive, in regard to its support and duration. Nothing accelerates consumption so much, nothing wastes us so much before the time, and renders us old, as a want of it. The physical effects of sleep are, that it retards all the vital movements, collects the vital power, and restores what has been lost in the course of the day; and that it separates from us what is useless and pernicious. It is, as it were, a daily crisis, during which all secretions are performed in the greatest tranquility, and with the utmost perfection.

Continued watching unites all the properties destructive of life; incessant wasting of the vital power and of the organs, acceleration of consumption, and prevention of restoration.

We must not, however, on this account, believe that too long continued sleep is one of the best means for preserving life. Long sleep accumulates too great an abundance of pernicious juices, makes the organs too flaccid and unfit for use; and in this manner can shorten life also.

In a word, no one should sleep less than six, nor more than eight hours. This may be established as a general rule.

To those who wish to enjoy sound and peaceful repose, and to obtain the whole end of sleep, I recommend the following observations:—

1st. The place where one sleeps must be quiet and obscure. The less our senses are acted upon by external impressions, the more perfectly can the soul rest. One may see from this how improper the custom is of having a candle burning in one's bed-chamber during the night.

2d. People ought always to reflect that their bed-chamber is a place in which they pass a great part of their lives; at least, they do not remain in any place so long in the same situation. It is of the utmost importance, therefore, that this place should contain pure, sound air. A sleeping apartment must, consequently, be roomy and high; neither inhabited nor heated during the day; and the windows ought always to be kept open, except in the night time.

3d. One should eat little, and only cold food for supper, and always some hours before going to bed.

4th. When a-bed, one should lie not in a forced or constrained posture, but almost horizontal; the head excepted, which ought to be a little raised. Nothing is more prejudicial than to lie in bed half-sitting. The body then forms an angle; circulation in the stomach is checked, and the spine is always very much compressed. By this custom, one of the principal ends of sleep, a free and uninterrupted circulation of the blood, is defeated; and, in infancy and youth, deformity and crookedness are often its consequences.

5th. All the cares and burden of the day must be laid aside with one's clothes; none of them must be carried to bed with us; and, in this respect, one by custom may obtain very great power over the thoughts. I am acquainted with no practice more destructive than that of studying in bed, and of reading till one falls asleep. By these means the soul is put into too great activity, at a period when everything conspires to allow it perfect rest; and it is natural that the ideas, thus excited, should wander and float through the brain during the whole night. It is not enough to sleep physically; man must sleep also spiritually. Such a disturbed sleep is as insufficient as its opposite,—that is, when our spiritual part sleeps, but not our corporeal: such, for example, as sleep in a jolting carriage on a journey.

6. One circumstance, in particular, I must not here omit to mention. Many believe that it is entirely the same if one sleeps these seven hours either in the day or the night time. People give themselves up, therefore, at night, as long as they think proper, either to study or pleasure; and imagine that they make everything even when they sleep in the forenoon those hours which they sat up after midnight. But I must request every one, who regards his health, to be aware of so seducing an error. It is certainly not the same, whether one sleeps seven hours by day or by night; and two hours' sound sleep before midnight are of more benefit to the body than four hours in the day. My reasons are as follows:—

That period of twenty-four hours, formed by the regular revolution of our earth, in which all its inhabitants partake, is particularly distinguished in the physical economy of man. This regular period is apparent in all diseases; and all the other small periods, so wonderful in our physical history, are by it in reality determined. It is, as it were, the unity of our natural chronology. Now, it is observed, that the more the end of these periods coincides with the conclusion of the day, the more is the pulsation accelerated; and a feverish state is produced, or the so-called evening fever, to which every man is subject. The accession of new chyle to the blood may, in all probability, contribute something towards this fever, though it is not the only cause; for we find it in sick people, who have neither eat nor drunk. It is more owing, without doubt, to the absence of the sun, and to that revolution in the atmosphere which is connected with it. This evening fever is the reason why nervous people find themselves more fit for labor at night than during the day. To become active, they must first have an artificial stimulus; and the evening fever supplies the place of wine. But one may easily perceive that this is an unnatural state; and the consequences are the same as those of every simple fever—lassitude, sleep, and a crisis, by the perspiration which takes place during that sleep. It may with propriety, therefore, be said, that all men every night have a critical perspiration, more perceptible in some, and less so in others, by which whatever useless or pernicious particles have been imbibed by our bodies, or created in them, during the day, are secreted and removed. This daily crisis, necessary to every man, is particularly requisite for his support; and the proper period of it is when the fever has attained to its highest degree, that is, the period when the sun is in the nadir, consequently, midnight. What do those, then, who disobey this voice of Nature which calls for rest at the above period, and who employ this fever, which should be the means of secreting and purifying our juices, to enable them to increase their activity and exertion? By neglecting the critical period, they destroy the whole crisis of so much importance; and, though they go to bed towards morning, cannot certainly obtain, on that account, the full benefit of sleep, as the critical period is past. They will never have a perfect, but an imperfect crisis; and what that means, is well known to physicians. Their bodies also will never be completely purified. How clearly is this proved by the infirmities, rheumatic pains, and swollen feet, the unavoidable consequences of such incubation?

Besides, the eyes suffer more by this custom: for one labors, then, the whole Summer through with candle-light, which is not necessary for those who employ the morning.

And, lastly, those who spend the night in labor, and the morning in sleep, lose that time which is the most beautiful and the best fitted for labor. After every sleep we are renovated in the properest sense of the word; we are, in the morning, always taller than at night; we have then more pliability, powers, and juices; in a

word, more of the characteristics of youth; while, at night, our bodies are drier and more exhausted, and the properties of old age then prevail. One, therefore, may consider each day as a sketch, in miniature, of human life, in which the morning represents youth; noon, manhood; and evening, old age. Who would not then employ the youthful part of each day for labor, rather than begin his work in the evening, the period of old age and debility? In the morning, all nature appears freshest and most engaging; the mind at that period is also clearest, and possesses most strength and energy. It is not, as at night, worn out, and rendered unequal, by the multifarious impressions of the day, by business and fatigue; it is then more original, and possesses its natural powers. This is the period of new mental creation, of clear conceptions and exalted ideas. Never does man enjoy the sensation of his own existence so purely and in so great perfection as in a beautiful morning. He who neglects this period, neglects the youth of his life.

## SUNDAY REVERIES.

BY JEANNIE DEANS.

The clouds are gathering darker still. The sun struggles to shine through the murky fog. Now a sickly ray irradiates the sky, then disappears. The air is mild and soft. Mothers look anxiously after their little Sabbath school-goers, and gravely fear for the best bonnet or new hat.

The church bells ring. Influenced by a variety of motives, a variety of persons assemble in the house of worship, giving but a thought to the coming rain. We are in our pew. How elegant is this—God's house. Gold and crimson velvet, silver and marble abound. In a fashionably placed pew are three young ladies, regal in plumes and velvet hats, beautiful with shining braids and delicate contour of feature.

How small are the white gloved hands. How grand the lustre and rustle of the silken garments, the waving of the rich ribbons, the bright eyes and crimson cheeks. Often they whisper softly, or glance at one another with mirth-provoking smiles. It may be a whisper of Sontag's last concert, or the entrance of a favorite beau.

Or—the old woman in a full frilled cap, with a bonnet of the last century perched upon it. Her dress is narrow and scant. Her grey shawl, possessing no merit but that of comfort, is wrapped about her withered form. She is aged and poor. All that she has loved on earth have passed away. She has walked with them all to their last home here, and is hoping now to follow them in their eternal flight.

She occupies a shadowy corner of the house, an unobtrusive and avoided corner, too near the wall—too far from the light and heat. Behind her, still farther, under the cloud of the gallery shade, sits a girl of some seventeen winters. She shrinks into the darkness, and places her head in the corner to hide her faded bonnet—she twines her apron around her old and mended gloves, and

wears an uncomfortable look of penury and pride upon her pale face.

She belongs to a class in the worldly hive altogether different from the three queen-bees. She is a worker. She sips the honey from the flower, but it is for others to drink it. The satins and brocades that pass daily through her toil-worn fingers, never adorn her own tidy, yet illy-clad form. There are little ones who call her sister at home, whose hungered, eager mouths cry for food; there is a sickly mother, and perchance, that worst of all evils, a drunken father there.

As she gazes at those of her own age, enjoying all of life, its luxuries and elegances, there arises in her heart a question of God's justice. Why has He given to them the choice gifts of this world, and to her its evils?

The sun shines for an instant, revealing the venerable form of the minister, and lighting up the velvet and marble with scintillations from the golden surroundings. The girl is wondering if there is not some similitude between the trappings of wealth and the glistening velvet; if the hearts under the rich fabrics are cold and hard as that marble.

Oh, no, poor child! it is only a callous indifference and a want of proper teachings. The minister reads. Let us listen to him. It is the parable of Lazarus and Dives. The girl listens with growing interest; she leans forward and clasps her hands in attention.

"In hell he lifted up his eyes and saw Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom.

"Father Abraham, have mercy upon me, and send Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame.

"Son—remember, that thou in thy life receivedst thy good things and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted and thou tormented."

The girl in the corner drinks in the inspiration of the sermon. The last words are spoken, and we all feel that Lazarus is to be envied. The text says that Lazarus died, not that he was buried, thrown doubtless into some common Potter's field, but angels bore him to Heaven. The rich man died and was buried. While they carried him embalmed, wrapped in fine linen, to his grand monumental home, his soul was in torment.

Can you not imagine that the girl is thinking thus, with her pale, thoughtful face and earnest eyes?

Ah, how hard it rains, a cold rain, as this draught clearly proves when the church doors are opened. A knot of gentlemen have gathered around the three lovely girls. Servants have brought bright colored soft shawls and rubbers for their dainty feet. Umbrellas are plenty. They are escorted to the handsome carriage, handed in and driven off in a glitter of magnificence and display.

Alone, in the rain, chilled with the keen dampness, rides by the poor child of poverty unnoticed. Yet there is one eye that sees even the fall of a sparrow, that counteth the lily buds that bloom in the shadow and for every sorrow in the earthly crown, is added a star in the Heavenly one.

MEADELL, November, 1863.

## COPPER, ZINC, LEAD, AND TIN.

### What is Copper?

Copper is a very useful metal of a reddish, brown color, as may be seen in a new cent. It is but eight times heavier than water. It is easily wrought into sheets, or into cooking and other vessels.

### Does Copper easily rust?

It does; and the rust of it, green and having a disagreeable odor, is called Verdigris. Copper in sheets is often used to cover the bottoms of ships.

### Why is Copper so used?

Because it is smooth, and passes easily through water, and also protects the wood which it covers from certain worms that would else bore into it.

### Are Cooking Vessels made of Copper?

They are, but are generally lined with tin; if any acid like vinegar is put into an untinned copper vessel, it makes the rust of copper, which is a poison. Poisons taken into the stomach create sickness, and sometimes cause death.

### How is Copper converted to Brass?

By mixture with Zinc, another metallic substance. Brass is of a golden yellow color, and when highly polished is very brilliant. Copper bears hammering, but brass is not malleable, and must be differently wrought.

### What Countries afford Copper?

Some parts of England and Wales. Copper is said to exist abundantly on the borders of Lake Superior, in the United States.

### What is Zinc?

Zinc is a bluish-white metal, found often mingled with sulphur or carbon. Carbon is the same substance as Charcoal, but often so finely mingled with other matter that it cannot be seen. A substance containing carbon is called a Carbonate, as Zinc and Carbon are a Carbonate of Zinc.

### What is this Carbonate of Zinc?

It is Calamine, and is found abundantly in the State of New Jersey. Zinc may be rolled out into sheets.

### For what is Zinc used?

Zinc is extensively used for gas pipes, for roofing of buildings, and for lining of refrigerators. It is lighter than lead, cheaper than copper, and less liable to rust than iron.

### What is Lead?

Lead is a blue metal, so soft as to rub off on paper, and to be scratched with one's nail. It is highly malleable, but not sufficiently ductile to admit of being drawn into wire.

### Is Lead subject to artificial changes?

Yes; it can be made into White lead, used by painters; Red lead, also a painter's color; and Litharge, a preparation of it used in the arts.

### What are the Calces of Lead?

Calces is the plural of Calx. Calces of lead are such particles as fire causes to rise on the surface of lead, the whole substance of lead being convertible to Calces by continued burning. A certain portion of lead enters into the composition of the finest glass.

### In what countries is Lead found?

Lead is more in use than any metal except

**Iron.** It is found abundantly in England, Wales, and Scotland, and at Galena, in the State of Illinois. Thick bars of lead, intended for sale, are called Pigs.

What is the Worker in lead called?

He is the Plumber; the Plumber makes the leaden pipes which convey water to our kitchens and baths, and also what are called the Waste pipes, which carry water out into the drain or sewer of houses.

What is the Sewer?

A Sewer is a channel dug out and stoned on the bottom and sides, below the surface of the ground.

What is the use of the Sewer?

A Sewer, besides carrying off superfluous water, takes away many refuse substances which might else injure the health of families.

What is Tin?

It is a white metal, which, when untarnished, looks like silver; it is contained in inexhaustible mines in Cornwall, in England, and in the peninsula of Malacca.

Were the mines of Cornwall known in ancient times?

They were; for the Phœnicians traded with the Britons, the ancient inhabitants of England, before the birth of Christ. These Phœnicians came all the way from Western Asia through the Mediterranean.

What are the peculiar qualities of Tin?

It is softer than gold, slightly ductile, and so malleable that it may be made into a Foil only one-thousandth part of an inch in thickness.

What is Foil?

Foil, of gold, silver, or tin, is a thin sheet of either metal. Tin foil is so thin that one thousand leaves of it laid one upon another, would form a thickness of only one inch.

Is gold leaf thinner than tin foil?

Gold leaf is so thin as to require 28,200 leaves to make an inch of thickness, and silver foil requires 10,000 leaves.

How is Tin used?

Tin is used for the coating or lining of copper vessels, and, spread upon sheets of iron, forms what is called Tin Plate. These plates, joined together, make many useful things.

How are these plates joined?

They are united in seams; these seams are joined by a mixture of melted lead and tin, called Solder. This is poured into the seam, and, when cooled, strongly cements the pieces of tin.

Have you seen any thing made of tin?

I have seen boxes, kettles, candlesticks, pails and pans.—*Mrs. Robbins's Guide to Knowledge.*

**WORK.**—There is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work. Were he ever so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself, all these, like hell dogs, lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker as of every man; but he bends himself with free valor against his task, and all these are stilled—all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

## 'MENE, MENE, TEKEL UPHARSIN!'

BY CHARLES STEWART.

'Tis starry night. As one who grieves,  
The deep Euphrates murmurs by:—  
The palm tree lifts its giant leaves  
Unquivering to the solemn sky;  
The starlight trembles as it falls  
On Babel's gay and gorgeous towers,  
And all unholy mirth enthalls  
Her final, fond but fleeting hours.

The dates' sweet riches glowing droop,  
And flush with rosy hue the wave;  
The blushing buds and flowers stoop  
To kiss the waters as they lave.  
But in those regal towers, high,  
Ten thousand shifting torches shine:  
The brave are there, and beauty's eye  
Beams brighter than the crystal wine.

Around Belshazzar's banquet board—  
Around Belshazzar's impious throne,  
In lingering lines, the mystic light  
Hangs beautiful on arch and dome.  
But lo! what means that sudden pause?—  
'Tis not the votive pledge to hear—  
That blazing glare that overawes  
The banquet midway in career.

Behold! upon the shrinking sight  
Emphyreal lightnings wrap the wall,  
Embodying in their lurid light  
High Heaven's decrees for Babel's fall.  
And yon proud flag, that hangs so high,  
Another morn may never see—  
The Medes are shouting "victory!"  
And Babylon has ceased to be.

## MR. WINKLEMAN AT HOME.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Mr. Winkleman, after eating his breakfast in silence, arose without a remark to any one, and left the room in which his family were assembled at the morning meal. Taking up his hat, he passed from the house. As he came into the open air and made two or three deep inspirations, in the unconscious effort to relieve his bosom from a sense of oppression, he became very distinctly aware that a heavy weight rested upon his feelings.

"What's the matter with me? Why should I feel troubled?"

Thus Mr. Winkleman inquired of himself. And as he walked along, in the direction of the store, with his eyes cast down, he searched about in thought for the cause of his unpleasant state of feelings.

"There's nothing in my business to trouble me." So he talked with himself. "Every thing is going on prosperously. No heavy payments for a month to come. What does it mean?"

Search in this direction not revealing the cause of uneasiness, Mr. Winkleman's thoughts went back to the home he had left so unceremoniously—with such an apparent indifference towards his wife and children. This was evidently coming nearer the source of trouble, for the weight on his



feelings grew more oppressive. And now he was conscious of having been in a very uncomfortable, unsocial state, during all breakfast time. Why was this? Ah! It was all clear now—a sigh attested the discovery.

Mr. Winkleman, though a well-meaning man, and kind in the main, to his family, was sensitive to little incongruities and annoyances, and not over patient when they occurred. He was apt to speak sharply on the spur of the moment—always to the disturbance of his own peace after the excitement of the occasion was over.

On this particular morning, his daughter Fanny, a bright, playful, rather thoughtless girl, in her thirteenth year, committed some act of rudeness, for which he reproved her in so harsh a manner, that the child burst into tears.

The instant Mr. Winkleman spoke, he felt that he had done wrong. Experience, as well as reason, had long ago made clear to his mind the folly of harsh or fretful reproof. The clear conviction, in a parent's mind, that he has wronged his child, is always attended with pain. This conviction was felt by Mr. Winkleman; and pain followed. Fanny glided weeping from the room, and the erring father silently—almost moodily—went on to complete his toilet. While thus engaged, some article of dress was found not to be in suitable order. Already disturbed in mind, this newly exciting cause prompted the utterance of an impatient ejaculation, with an added word of censure towards his wife for neglect.

Mrs. Winkleman felt his unkind manner and expression—what true wife does not feel rebuke or censure keenly?—and though prompt to repair the neglect, showed that she was hurt.

Here lay the whole secret. Mr. Winkleman had permitted himself to feel and to speak unkindly, first to his child, and then to his wife. Such a state of feeling, in a man like Mr. Winkleman, could not exist without of itself producing an unhappy frame of mind; but when to this, was added the remembrance of harsh and hasty speech towards his wife and one of his children, with a perception of their mental pain, cause enough for all his uncomfortable sensations were apparent.

"I wish I had more control of myself," said Mr. Winkleman, with a sigh.

He felt worse, now that all was clear to his mind, for self-condemnation was added.

"I must control myself better." Good purposes were forming, and these always have a tranquillizing effect. "Harsh words and an unkind manner do little, if any good. If things go wrong, these act feebly as correctives. I must, and will control myself better."

By the time Mr. Winkleman arrived at his store, he was able to dismiss these thoughts, and to enter, with his usual earnestness, upon the business of the day.

On turning his steps homeward at dinner time, thought preceded him, and something of the oppression from which he had suffered in the morning now rested on his feelings. He remembered how it was when he left, and imagination could realize no change in the aspect of things. He

child, and the sober, almost sad countenance of his wife. To meet these, and yet assume a cheerful manner, was for him no light achievement. But, it must, if possible, be done. How relieved he was, when Fanny, his light-hearted little girl, met him with a sunny face, and claimed her usual kiss. Mrs. Winkleman smiled too, as pleasantly as if there had been no morning cloud. Yet, even from this he suffered rebuke. There was a generous denial of self, and a loving forgiveness on their part, that humbled and sobered him. Ah! If he could only forget the past, so that he might enter into the joy of the present. But that was impossible. Whatever is written on the memory in pain, bears too vividly the record.

Yet, there was one thing he could do, and that was to speak and act affectionately and kindly. How potent was the charm that lay in his words and manner! What a new sphere of life seemed to pervade the little home circle. The morning cloud had passed, and the risen sun exhaled the early dew.

But ere the dinner hour was over, a touch discordant jarred the pleasant harmony. Fanny happened to overturn a glass of water, at which Mr. Winkleman said impatiently, and with a frown—

"What a careless girl you are!"

The blood mounted to Fanny's cheeks and brow, and tears came into her eyes.

Scarcely were the words uttered by Mr. Winkleman, ere he was sobered by regret.

"Try and be more careful, Fanny," said he, in a kinder voice.

"I didn't mean to do it, father."

Fanny's lip quivered. She tried to regain her self-possession; but the very kindness in her father's voice helped, now, to break down her feelings, and she sobbed aloud. Mr. Winkleman didn't like this. His sudden irritation had clouded his perceptions, and he did not, therefore, see into the mind of his child, and comprehend her state. He attributed rather to anger, or perverseness, than of wounded feelings that would express their pain, the tears of his child.

"I don't see any use in your crying about it," said Mr. Winkleman, a little sternly.

Fanny's sobs increased. Finding it impossible to control herself, she left the table, and retired from the room.

Mrs. Winkleman's eyes followed, with a sad look, her child; and over her whole countenance gathered a sober hue, as she vanished through the door. Mr. Winkleman saw the change his impatient temper had wrought, and his feelings took even a darker shade; for self-reproaches, stinging sharply, were added to mortification.

Alas! How all was marred again—marred through Mr. Winkleman's unfortunate lack of self-control. His heart was heavier when he left his dwelling, and took his way to his store, than in the morning. He did not now have to search about in his mind for the causes that produced the weight upon his feelings. Alas! They were too apparent.

"I must do better than this. It is unmanly—

cruel," he said to himself, as he sat down in his private office, and mused alone. Half of the afternoon was spent in self-reproaches, repentance, and the formation of good resolutions. He reviewed the past through many years, and saw how, times almost without number, he had, through impatience and want of a thoughtful regard for his wife and children, destroyed their happiness and his own.

"I once heard a lady say, not knowing that the words would reach my ears, that Mr. Winkleman was a good husband and father. I was flattered exceedingly, and prided myself on the truth of her remark. But was the remark really true? Alas! I fear not. The captious, impatient, sharp-speaking husband and father, merits not such a commendation."

Humbled in his own eyes, and grieving for the pain he had occasioned in his family, Mr. Winkleman returned home at the close of day with a heavy heart. He wished to bring sunshine into his dwelling; but, unable to rally himself and put on a cheerful countenance, he felt that his presence would be far more likely to darken than brighten the spirits of his wife and children.

As Mr. Winkleman placed his hand upon the door to open it, he experienced no sense of pleasure. Fanny's tearful eyes were before him, and her sobs yet rung in his ears. With almost noiseless step he entered, and was going quietly up stairs, when he met his daughter coming down.

"Well, Fanny!" He forced a smile, and compelled his voice to assume a gentle, loving tone.

Instantly, Fanny's arms were around his neck and her warm lips on his cheek. He could not but return the kiss, nor help laying his hand upon her head, and toying affectionately with her sunny curls. When he entered the room where his wife was sitting, Fanny walked by his side, with both her hands clasping his arm.

If a cloud rested on the spirit of his wife when he entered, he saw not its shadow in her face. Light from his own countenance was reflected back from hers in sunny brightness.

"I must keep this sky undimmed," said Mr. Winkleman to himself. "It has been dark to-day; but mine was the hand that shrouded it in gloom."

Yet, ere half an hour passed, his impatient spirit was nigh overshadowing their firmament. Neither his wife nor children were perfect—and his weakness was a looking for entire harmony, order and good taste in all their words and deeds. But suffering had brought true perceptions of his own error, and these made him wiser. He controlled himself, and when it was right to use words of correction to his children, they were spoken with mildness. He could but wonder at their hidden power.

What a pleasant evening was that which closed on so dark a day.

Morning found Mr. Winkleman in danger of relapsing into his old state. But the memory of former pain was potent to help his quick returning good resolutions. Fanny jarred his feelings with some annoying act of carelessness or

tongue. But he restrained its utterance. When entire self control was his, he gently pointed out to her wherein she was wrong. With a prompt apology and a promise to do better, Fanny corrected her error.

At the breakfast table, Mr. Winkleman did not suffer himself to be thrown off of his guard. He had not enjoyed a meal so well for weeks, and could not help remarking how light and cheerful he felt, as, on rising from the table, and saying good morning, almost gaily, he left the house, and went out into the street with a light air murmuring on his lips.

"Good humor." What a power it possesses! And what a power there is in gentle words! Mr. Winkleman proved this, not only on the present but on many after occasions; and so may we all prove it.

Reader, do you often, like Mr. Winkleman, go out from your home with a weight on your feelings? Look again into the mirror we hold up, and see if you cannot discover the cause. The fault, as was the case with Mr. Winkleman, may be all in yourself.

## MARY'S LETTER.

Poor Mary! I never knew until yesterday that she had a little girl of her own. A darling little curly-headed beauty of a creature, everybody says, which she hires boarded in an Orphan's Asylum. Mary herself is the kitchen girl where I board, but somehow I have been haunted with a longing to know all about her. There is something in the way she has of saying "if you please, ma'am," and "thank you," and all those shreds of sentences somebody calls "the trimmings," in household intercourse, that is strikingly pleasing. Her phraseology is very correct too, almost faultless; and once, I am certain, she was beautiful. Well, last night Mrs. S. was away for one of her long evenings, and I occupied in solitary state the great, well-warmed, nicely-lighted sitting room. It was very lonely. I sat thinking of dear old times, when I had a home, and was not a "boarder." Images, pleasant and beloved, were flitting through my mind of dear ones in the spiritus world. I was in their company, happy, or forgetful of the present. I said I was lonesome—no, I was not for the time; the whole world occupied was peopled with those I loved, and was happy. It was only for a time, though. In the midst of my revery, the door was pushed unceremoniously open, and I was startled by the clear, sharp voice of Mary:

"Are you quite alone, ma'am?" very respectfully, but in tones that said "in earnest."

"All alone, Mary."

The sentence sounded killingly; it brought bad matter of fact.

"And are you busy for the evening?" was the next interrogation, no less deterred in tone.

"Not very, Mary. Why?"

"Could I trouble you to write me a line to my old mother, in Ireland?"

"Yes, indeed, Mary; I'd like it of all things."

The coarse face radiated. There it was

beauty I had had glimpses of once or twice before. A sudden pleasure, a new hope, would call a light over the weather-browned features that seemed for the moment almost a glorification. It must have lived there in brighter times, when her heart was fresh and her future all rosy.

"I have brought in the paper, ma'am, and the ink. Are you ready now?"

"All ready. What shall I write?"

"I suppose you must see my last letter from them at home," she said after a moment's hesitation, apparently struggling against a certain reluctance to expose home-treasures to a stranger's scrutiny, drawing from her bosom a dirty brown parcel.

It was choicely kept, however. Mary undid from it, first the brown wrapper, and then a bright-colored bit of silken stuff—some keepsake, I suspect; and there, all creased and broken with many times opening and folding, appeared the letter.

"You'll not be tilling tales on me, will you?" whispered the poor Irish girl mournfully, dropping the treasure into my hand.

"No; but shall I read it, Mary?"

"You must, I suppose."

"Ah, Mary, your father writes an elegant hand."

"No; I'm thinking that's the priest's writing. Father's no scholar. He didn't know writing when I came away at all. It's not like he's been learning now."

It was a nice letter, too, worded with great elegance, though representing the father in the first person. A great overflow of affectionate feeling there was in it toward the dear child Mary; a longing for the sight of her brown eyes, &c., and then an eloquent tirade against her long absence. The father and mother at home are getting weary with the anxiety. They had other troubles, too; and then rather boldly introduced, it seemed to me, was a demand for money. They were suffering, the cold Winter and the famine were at the door, and *she*, comfortable and well fed, was forgetting them in their old age, &c., &c.

Mary dropped her eyes, and wept all the while I read.

"Well, Mary," said I, when it was done, "now for your letter. How shall I begin?"

"Write just as I tell you, please; and please don't ask questions, please do not."

Even then, there was a trace of the strange, fitful beauty hovering about the poor girl, that made me pause to gaze at her. She began pouring out her sentences like an improvisatrice:

*My dear Father and Mother,*

*And all beloved ones at home:—*

I have received your letter, and I bless God for it, though it goes to my heart to know of all your suffering—I, so ill able to send you comfort. It's but little I can send, only four pounds, twenty dollars, we call it here; little enough, but there's gone in it many a hard week's work, and many of your poor Mary's tears and heartaches. All right willingly, though, and I'd work a million times harder with the sorrow a million times heavier, could it but be making your comfort.

But, mother, I've troubles of my own to tell you of. Truths you never dreamed would come when you sent your little Mary away here with brother Mike, who didn't know how the like of her should be cared for, only for the eating and the drinking. Oh! it's a terrible story, mother, but I'll tell it all to you, for I've been longing these long years just to lay my head on your breast, and rest it there till the throbbing of the great trouble got hushed to sleep for once. I can't do that, mother, but I'm speaking your name, and the story will come pouring out of my lips after it, spite of my trying to choke it down.

You never said I'd beauty, mother. I never thought of the thing this way or that; but what would you say, mother, to hear "pretty, little Mary Devine," and "black-eyed Mary," and "beauty Mary Devine," meeting me everywhere. More than one or two asked me in marriage, but I said "no" to all, for there was just one face I used to see when I came around the corner, mornings, that would come up in my mind's vision at such times, and make any other word seem sin. I used to see it inside a window, watching me as I moved up and down, always. A noble, handsome face it was. And I would peep in at it, till by-and-by it nodded friendly-like, and then it got to smile to me, and I smiled back again; and then, at last, it found the way to Mikey's cabin, making it all light in there, it seemed to me, handsome and royal as it looked. I used to think there was a glory in it just as there is around the pictures of the blessed Mary and the Christ child up in the churches. And, oh, mother, I forgot the Holy Virgin and the Christ to worship it. It was no Catholic father that married us, for we were married, and that soon; and I, your Mary—it's like a dream, mother—they called Mrs. Hill, and you've been writing all this long while as your little Mary Devine, little dreaming how old in the great world's experience is your little one you write to. I can't tell how Mikey was so wrought upon, but he made a solemn promise on the Book, as did I, that it should not be told you till my grand husband should say the word.

Well, I was married and deserted. I can't tell how I lived through it all. For a whole year I was his wife, and so proud and so happy was I. He never took me out walking, to be seen, and he made me turn Protestant. Mother, I would have turned Pagan to have pleased him, though that I couldn't do, for Pagan I was already, and he the idol I worshiped—but I was so happy in it all, mother! To be sure he was away a deal, but he brought the more sunshine into the house when he came back—and he never was the man to speak an unkind word to me—never! Well, by-and-by you had a little granddaughter in the house, mother, and I had her christened Mary. It's your name, your own name, and I longed to hear it sounded in my own home. My home! I've got no home, now. Little Mary, (she's got your own eyes, mother, and exactly such curly brown hair, Mike says, as I had when a little one,) God send her lot in life may be a fairer one) was but one month old when the dark time came. My husband never

said one word of what was to be; but one day, all the day and all the night I waited and watched for him, and he never came; and so the next day and night, and the next. And then poor Mike came with the news. Somebody had been sent to tell him he had a wife already, living away in England, and had taken passage to go and meet her. Then came the sickness; the long months that I had to live as a pauper in a poor-house, the precious child along with me. But I thank God I've strength to work now; but there's one that's even nearer and more helpless than father or mother, on my hands, to support, that it would be sin to desert. Every week I pay for her keeping just half I earn, and then, I'll not complain; but it's heavy on me to furnish all for the comfort of the little thing. How much I love her I can't tell you. It's not for me to leave my work to see her often, though. It went to my heart. The last time I went she didn't know me. And more, mother, there are grand ladies, enough of them, who would gladly take my little blossom off my hands, to make her fine, and cover her with silks and jewels, it may be; but that I say nay to. She shall call nobody but me mother, while I have hands to work with. And now, mother, give the little one and your Mary a blessing, for I feel that there's power in it that I never used to dream of. A blessing on the old home and all of you, is the prayer of your Mary.

Poor Mary had poured out, I am sure, all her heart. I am awaiting impatiently the time of an answer. Untaught and lowly as she is, there is a wisdom about her that surprises me. Her history seems a romance; and so, begging your pardon if my chapter seems too commonplace for your columns, I submit the whole to you.

S. ANISE.

## CURIOSITIES OF SLEEP.

In Turkey, if a person happens to fall asleep in the neighborhood of a poppy-field, and the wind blows over towards him, he becomes gradually narcotised, and would die, if the country people, who are well acquainted with the circumstance, did not bring him to the next well or stream, and empty pitcher after pitcher on his face and body. Dr. Oppenheim, during his residence in Turkey, owed his life to this simple and efficacious treatment. Dr. Graves, from whom this anecdote is quoted, also reports the case of a gentleman, thirty years of age, who, from long-continued sleepiness, was reduced to a complete living skeleton, unable to stand on his legs. It was partly owing to disease, but chiefly to the abuse of mercury and opium, until at last unable to pursue his business, he sank into abject poverty and woe. Dr. Reid mentions a friend of his who, whenever anything occurred to distress him, soon became drowsy and fell asleep. A fellow student also at Edinburgh, upon hearings suddenly the unexpected death of a near relative, threw himself on his bed, and almost instantaneously, amid the glare of noon-day, sunk into a profound slumber. Another person, reading aloud to one of his dearest friends stretched on his death-bed

fell fast asleep, and with the book still in his hand, went on reading, utterly unconscious of what he was uttering. A woman at Hainault slept seventeen or eighteen hours a day for fifteen years. Another is recorded to have slept once for four days. Dr. Macnish mentions a woman who spent three-fourths of her life in sleep, and Dr. Elliotson quotes the case of a young lady who slept for six weeks and recovered. The venerable St. Augustine, of Hippo, prudently divided his hours, into three parts, eight to be devoted to sleep, eight to recreation, and eight to converse with the world.

Maniacs are reported, particularly in the Eastern hemisphere, to become furiously vigilant during the full of the moon, more especially when the deteriorating rays of its polarized light is permitted to fall into their apartment; hence the name lunatics. There certainly is a greater proneness to disease during sleep than in the waking state; for those who pass the night in the Campagna di Roma, inevitably become infected with its noxious air, while travellers who go through without stopping, escape the miasma. Intense cold induces sleep, and those who perish in the snow, sleep on till they sleep the sleep of death.—*Scientific American*.

## PUNCTUALITY.

There are very few who have strength of character sufficient at all times to do now what we hope may be done to-morrow. Thus we put off acting at the right time, not because it is easier done hereafter, but because we do not wish now to make the effort. We make appointments, and do not keep them punctually, and think little of it; but we have no conception of the annoyance we cause our friends. We abuse their patience, consume their time, and lead them to distrust our promises in future. Melancthon says, when he had an appointment, he expected not only the hour, but the minute to be fixed, that the time might not run out in idleness or suspense. The punctuality of Dr. Chalmers's father was so well known, that his aunt, appearing one morning too late at breakfast, and well knowing what awaited her if she exposed herself defenceless to the storm, thus managed to divert it: "O, Mr. Chalmers!" she exclaimed, as she entered the room, "I had such a strange dream, last night! I dreamt you were dead."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Chalmers, quite arrested by an announcement which bore so directly upon his own future history.

"And I dreamt," she continued, "that the funeral day was named; the funeral hour was fixed; and the funeral cards were written; and the day came; and the folks came; and the hour came; but what do you think happened? why, the clock had scarce done chapping, (striking) twelve, which had been the hour named in the cards, when a loud knocking was heard within the coffin, and a voice, peremptory, and ill-pleased like, came out of it, saying, 'Twelve's chappit, and ye're no lifin'.'"

Mr. Chalmers was himself too great a humorist not to relish a joke so quick and cleverly

contrived, and the ingenious culprit felt that she had accomplished more than an escape. Let only those follow her example who can equal her wit.

We do not pretend to know the secrets of the ladies' toilette, but we do know that somehow or other, when waiting for a lady to accompany us at an appointed hour, we have to wait a long time while she "just slips on her things, and will be ready in a moment."

Whether it is our impatience for the return of her bright face, or whether it is because we know not the mysteries of just slipping on her things—whatever it is, we do know that the wear and tear of patience is terrible, and we often wish she had said frankly: "Sir, I have to hunt up my clothes, dress my hair, dust my bonnet, lace my boots, select a collar, cologne my handkerchief, and cannot possibly be ready under half an hour."

So when the bell rings for breakfast, dinner, tea, or recitations, some one is always a little tardy—a little late in rising, dressing, at meals, at church—everywhere some one is behindhand. The rest wait, and run, and call, and try to aid her, and when at last she appears, you wish that, in addition to all that she has put on, she had adorned herself with one more garment of beauty—the habit of being punctual.—*The Daughter at School, by Rev. John Todd.*

## MISS BREMER AND JENNY LIND.

Here I ascertained that Jenny Lind was still at Havana, and would not yet leave for a couple of days. I wrote, therefore, a few lines to her, and dispatched them by our young countryman, Horlin, who was glad to be the bearer of my letter. It was in the evening, and after that I took my light and went up stairs to my chamber to go to rest. But scarcely had I reached the top of the stairs, when I heard a voice below mention my name. I looked around astonished, and there, at the foot of the stairs, stood a lady holding by the balustrade, and looking up to me with a kind and beaming countenance. It was Jenny Lind—Jenny Lind here, and with that beaming, fresh, joyous expression of countenance which, when once seen, can never be forgotten! There is the whole Swedish spring in it. I was glad. All was forgotten in a moment which had formerly come between her and me. I could not but instantly go down, bend over the balustrade, and kiss her. That agreeable young man, Max Hjortsberg, was with her. I shook hands with him, but I took Jenny Lind with me into my chamber. We had never met since that time at Stockholm, when I predicted for her an European reputation. She had now attained it in a higher degree than any other artist, because the praise and the laurels, which she won everywhere, had not reference alone to her gifts as a singer.

I spent with her the greater part of the two days while she yet remained in Havana, partly with her in her own apartments, and partly in driving with her on the beautiful promenades around the city, and partly in my own room, where I sketched her portrait: and I could not

help once more loving her intensely. Beneath the palm-trees of Cuba, we talked only of Sweden and our mutual friends there, and shed bitter tears together over the painful loss of others. We talked much about old friends and old connections in Sweden—nay, truly speaking, we talked of nothing else, because everything else—honor, reputation, wealth, all of which she had obtained out of Sweden—did not seem to have struck the least root in her soul. I should have liked to have heard something about them, but she had neither inclination nor pleasure in speaking of them. Sweden alone, and those old friends, as well as religious subjects, lay uppermost in her soul, and of these merely had she any wise to converse. In certain respects I could not entirely agree with her; but she was always an unusual and superior character, and so fresh, so Swedish. Jenny Lind is kindred with Trollhatan and Niagara, and with every vigorous and decided power of nature, and the effect which she produces resemble theirs.

The Americans are enchanted with her beneficence. I cannot admire her for this: I can only congratulate her in being able to follow the impulse of her heart. But that Jenny Lind, with all the power she feels herself possessed of, with all the sway she exercises, amid all the praise and homage which is poured upon her, and the multitudes of people whom she sees at her feet, still looks up to something higher than all this—higher than herself—and in comparison with which she esteems herself and all this to be mean—that glance, that thirst after the holy and the highest, which, during many changes, always again returns and shows itself to be a dominant feature in Jenny Lind—that it is, in my eyes, her most unusual and her noblest characteristic.

She was very amiable and affectionate to me; yes, so much so, that it affected me. Little did I expect that, beneath the palms of the tropics, we should come so near to each other!

I met at dinner, at her house, the whole of her travelling party—Belletti, Mademoiselle Aehrs-trom, Mr. Barnum and his daughter, and many others. The best understanding seems to prevail between her and them. She praised them all, and praised highly the behaviour of Mr. Barnum to her. She was not now giving any concerts in Cuba, and was enjoying the repose, and the beautiful tropical scenery and air. She sang for me unasked, (for I would not ask her to sing,) one of Lindblad's songs—

"Talar jag säs här på mig?"—

and her voice seemed to me as fresh and youthful as ever.

One day she drove me to the Bishop's Garden, which was "Beautiful—beautiful!" she said; beautiful park-like grounds near Havana, where she was anxious to show me the bread-fruit tree, and many other tropical plants, which proves her fresh taste for nature. In the evening we drove along the magnificent promenade, *el Paseo di Isabella seconda*, which extends for, certainly, upward of three English miles, between broad avenues of palm and other tropical trees, beds of flowers, marble statues and fountains,

and which is the finest promenade any one can imagine, to say nothing of its being under the clear heaven of Cuba. The moon was in her first quarter, and floated like a little boat above the western horizon. Jenny Lind made me observe its different position here to what it has with us, where the new moon is always upright, or merely in a slanting direction to the earth. The entire circle of the moon appeared unusually clear.

That soft young moonlight above the verdant, billowy fields, with their groups of palm-trees, was indescribably beautiful.

I fancied that Jenny Lind was tired of her wandering life and her *role* of singer. She evidently wished for a life of quieter and profounder character. We talked of—marriage and domestic life.

Of a certainty, a change of this kind is approaching for Jenny Lind. But will it satisfy her soul, and be enough for her? I doubt.

She left that evening for New Orleans, out of spirits, and not happy in her own mind. The vessel by which she sailed was crowded with Californian adventurers, four hundred, it was said, who were returning to New Orleans; and Jenny Lind had just heard a rumor that Captain West, who had brought her over from England to America, had perished in a disastrous voyage at sea. All this depressed her mind, and neither my encouragement—I went on board the vessel to take leave of her, to give her my good wishes and a bouquet of roses—nor the captain's offer of his cabin and saloon, where, above deck, she might have remained undisturbed by the Californians below, were able to cheer her. She was pale, and said little. She scarcely looked at my poor roses, although they were the most beautiful I could get in Havana; when, however, I again was seated in my little gondola, and was already at some distance from the vessel, I saw Jenny Lind lean over the railing toward me.

And all the beautiful, regular countenances of the West paled below the beaming, living beauty of expression in the countenance which I then saw, bathed in tears, kissing the roses, kissing her hands to me, glancing, beaming a whole Summer of affluent, changing, enchanting, warm inward life. She felt that she had been cold to me, and she would now make amends for it.

And if I should never again see Jenny Lind, I shall always henceforth see her thus, as at this moment, always love her thus.

**A BEAUTIFUL SIMILE.**—The pious Jonathan Edwards describes a Christian as being like "such a little flower as we see in the Spring of the year, low and humble on the ground; opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory; rejoicing, as it were, in a calm rapture; diffusing around a sweet fragrance; standing peacefully and lowly in the midst of other flowers." The world may think nothing of the little flower—they may not even notice it; but, nevertheless, it will be diffusing around a sweet fragrance upon all who dwell within its lowly sphere.

## FIAT JUSTITIA.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Let justice be done, though the heavens should fall!" Mr. Elkington spoke with a firm voice and a steady eye.

"Crime is often committed under the pressure of great temptation. In a moment of weakness, the unhappy subject of evil allurements falls," said the person with whom the gentleman was in conversation.

"All true," replied Mr. Elkington; "all very true. But every act has its legitimate consequence; and we wrong society, and the individual wrong-doer himself, whenever we seek to interrupt so wisely ordained a relation. If a man steals from me, he is a thief. For theft, the law ordains punishment; and I hold it to be every man's duty to give up the thief to justice, if in his power to do so. The progress of crime is arrested thereby, and society guarded from future depredations."

"This is stating the case very generally. But general principles are never of equal application. There are collateral considerations in every case, which may not be disregarded without wrong to the individual. And we may assume it as an undoubted truth, that in doing wrong to an individual, we wrong the body of which that individual is a member."

"There is a great deal of false philanthropy, as well as false judgment, excused by this argument based on exceptions to general rules," said Mr. Elkington, with an air of self-satisfaction. "For my part, I believe that more harm is done in the end by admitting the exceptions, than could possibly arise from an invariably stringent application of the rule. The man who steals, knows that he is violating a law of both God and his fellow. The statute of his country says, that for such an evil act he must suffer the penalty of imprisonment. Let, then, the penalty be made so sure, that escape becomes next to a moral impossibility. Let every one who becomes cognizant of an act of stealing, give up the offender to speedy justice. For my part, painful as the necessity might be, I would not stand between justice and my own son, were he to become an offender. The stern old Roman father has left an example of unswerving justice that Christians would do well to imitate."

"The time may come when you will think a little differently," said the friend; "when collateral influences will have sufficient weight to interpose an exception to your stringent general rule."

"We'll see," returned Mr. Elkington, confidently, as the two men separated.

A few days after this conversation took place, Mr. Elkington, who was a merchant, was rather surprised to receive a notification that he had overdrawn his bank account more than two thousand dollars.

"Altogether a mistake," said he to himself, as he opened his desk, in order to take therefrom his bank book. But the bank book was not in the usual place. After trumbling over some papers

hurriedly, to see if it were not concealed beneath them, he turned to one of his clerks and said:

"Where is James?"

"He hasn't been to the store this morning, sir."

"Why? Is he sick?"

"I cannot tell, sir. He made no complaint of indisposition on leaving the store last evening."

It was on the lip of Mr. Elkington to say, in a doubtful tone of voice:

"There's something wrong;" but checking the utterance thereof, he took his hat and left the store. A little while afterwards he presented himself at the counter of the bank where he kept his deposits, and asked the book-keeper to oblige him by turning to his account.

"I see no credit here for two thousand dollars, deposited yesterday," said Mr. Elkington.

"Did you make such a deposit?" asked the book-keeper.

"I certainly did; or, at least, intended to make it."

The blotter of the receiving teller was referred to, but no credit of the sum mentioned was found thereon.

"What does your bank book say?" inquired the teller.

"I can't find it," said Mr. Elkington, in some confusion and perplexity of manner. "It has been overlaid, in or upon my desk. But I know the deposit was made."

"The bank book will settle the matter at once," remarked the teller.

"I don't like the look of this at all," said Mr. Elkington to himself, as he went hurriedly back to his store. "James absent; the bank book not to be found; and no memorandum of a two thousand dollar deposit made yesterday, standing to my credit. What can it mean? Surely, that young man has not robbed me! He cannot be so base. But if he has!"

How stern and hard instantly became the countenance of the merchant.

"If he has, woe be to him! I will track his steps with quick-footed justice; the ungrateful wretch!"

It was, alas! quite as bad as the merchant had suspected. James Craig, a young man in his twentieth year, whose character hitherto had stood above suspicion, in an evil hour had yielded to temptation, and become the base robber of his employer. But hardly was the deed done beyond the possibility of avoiding exposure, ere the dishonesty was bitterly repented. His first act, after appropriating two thousand dollars instead of depositing the sum in the bank, was to leave the city in the earliest train of cars for the South. In Baltimore he took lodgings in an obscure tavern, where he hid himself away from observation, hoping to remain concealed until the first search for him should be over. Here, in great humiliation and distress of mind, he awaited the progress of events, bitterly repenting his folly and crime. O, what would he not have given for restored integrity! The price of virtue and a good name was his; but the sum of two thousand dollars, which, a little while before, had loomed up with such a golden attraction, now seemed of no

value whatever, compared with the rich treasure he had parted with in order to secure it.

On the second day after Craig's arrival in Baltimore, as he sat irresolute and despondent in his room, the door thereof was thrown suddenly open, and Mr. Elkington stood before him, with sternly knit brows, and eyes that seemed as if they would pierce him through and through. Instantly the wretched young man turned as pale as death, and he was for some moments so paralyzed that he could neither move nor speak.

"Humph! So I've found you, have I?" said Mr. Elkington, as he closed the door. There was a cruel menace in the tones of his voice, that left small room for hope in the mind of the guilty one, who cowered before him. "And now, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Speak!" he added more imperatively; "what have you to say for yourself?"

"Nothing," replied the young man.

"Where is my money?" said Mr. Elkington.

Craig drew from his pocket a thick roll of bank bills, and handing them to Mr. Elkington, replied:

"There it is; I have not used a dollar. God in heaven knows how bitterly I have repented of this dreadful crime!"

The merchant was taken rather by surprise at this unexpected restitution. Still his purpose to hand the offender over to justice remained firm. He had pondered the matter closely—had even weighed the strong appeals made by certain collateral considerations—but his rigid motto—"let justice be done though the heavens should fall"—had decided his course of action, and even now a police officer awaited his summons sternly.

"James," said Mr. Elkington below, "you have crossed the Rubicon of crime, and your enemy, Retribution, must be met. The law wisely ordains punishment for theft. You have stolen my property, and, as a good citizen, it becomes my duty to give you up to the ministers of the law; which I shall do. A police officer is in the house; you will pass from here into his hands. Unhappy young man! how have you marred your whole future life! What insanity was upon you?"

"O, Mr. Elkington!" exclaimed Craig, sinking upon one knee, and lifting his ashy face to that of the merchant; "do not sacrifice me for one false step, the first I have taken."

"I do not sacrifice you, James," said Mr. Elkington. "The act is your own. You have committed a crime, and it is my duty, as I have said, to hand you over to those who punish crime. I feel for you, deeply; but I cannot give place to weakness. Justice must be done though the heavens should fall. If each one, against whom a crime is committed, should suffer the offender, when in his power, to escape, every social safeguard would be removed. No, no, James, painful as the act will be, I must give you up to justice."

And Mr. Elkington turned to leave the room. But, as he did so, the wretched young man started forward, and seizing his hand, said, imploringly:

"I have a poor, widowed mother, sir; if her son is disgraced her heart will be broken."



"You should have thought of that before, James. It is too late now."

"Do not say this! O, sir, do not say this! I am not so bad as you think. Though I wickedly took your money, I did not spend it. Every dollar is returned to you. But, ah! sir, if you ruin me before the world—if you have me removed from all contact with the virtuous, and associate me with old and hardened criminals, what hope is left for me? If I could be overcome in temptation while surrounded with safeguards, how will I be able to stand when all these are removed? O, sir, I claim justice for myself; justice for my unhappy mother. Do not utterly ruin the widow's only son!"

"Justice! justice!" said Mr. Elkington, in a half-bewildered manner, as he turned towards the young man. "You talk of justice!"

"Will it be just to destroy a young man, when you might save him?" The voice of Craig was now firm, and his eye steady. His imminent peril had made him calmer.

"The law was made for the protection of society. You have—"

"Listen, Mr. Elkington! Hear to reason. Will society be safer, so far as I am concerned, ten years hence, if, by your act, I am hardened into a deliberate criminal?"

The stern purpose of the merchant began to waver. Craig saw it, and, grasping his hand, said—

"Think of my poor mother, and let me go free. Believe me, sir, your head will rest upon a quieter pillow than if you set the heel of imaginary justice on my heart, and crushed out all innocence beneath its iron tread."

A moment or two Mr. Elkington paused. Then, in a softened voice, he said—

"What then?"

"I will pass on farther South; and, under a new name, seek to win back for myself, by honest industry, the position I have lost."

Mr. Elkington stood silent for the space of nearly a minute. "Have you any money?" he then asked.

"Enough to take me as far as New Orleans."

"James," said Mr. Elkington, his manner still more softened toward the young man, "it shall be as you wish. And to show you that I feel an awakening confidence in your good purposes, I will lend you fifty dollars. You may not readily find employment, and destitution might lead to temptation."

"Not fifty dollars, Mr. Elkington," was the quick answer; "but, if you will make the sum twenty dollars, it shall be returned, if I live. Ah, sir! this generous kindness will never be forgotten. I feel it, already, as a new impulse to virtuous actions."

"May your good resolutions fail not," said Mr. Elkington, with visible emotion. "Take this," and he handed Craig a small roll of bank bills. "Be true to yourself and your mother, and all may yet be well."

Ten years passed. Occasionally, in his native city, some one inquired for James Craig; but, from the time he left in disgrace, no one seemed to know anything about him. A few months

after his disappearance, his mother went somewhere to the South, it was said, to join her son. As time wore on, they were forgotten, or only thought of casually by a few who had known them more intimately than the rest.

One day, a Southern merchant, named Floyd, to whom Mr. Elkington had sold large bills of goods during the previous four or five years, but who had not visited the North during that time, called in at the store of Mr. Elkington, and mentioned his name. His hand was at once grasped, cordially, and much pleasure expressed at making the personal acquaintance of a valued business correspondent. As the two men stood, looking into each other's faces, Mr. Elkington was struck with something strangely familiar in the countenance of his visitor.

"You do not remember me?" said Floyd.

"James—James Craig! Is it possible?" exclaimed Mr. Elkington, in a low voice.

"Not James Craig. That name was dishonored. But Andrew Floyd, a name yet untarnished, and which I trust to keep bright to the end. You were just to the good that yet remained in my heart, Mr. Elkington, and I am, thank God! a man again. What the consequences would have been, had your sterner ideas of justice had their way, I shudder to imagine."

For several moments, Mr. Elkington stood silent, and in some bewilderment. Then he said, in a subdued manner—

"And I shudder, also. Ah! how much harm we may do by too stringent applications of general laws in particular cases. *Fiat Justitia* is a golden rule; but, when we resolve that justice shall be done, let us be very certain that we are not guilty of the rankest injustice."

And so we say to all. Let justice be done—but pause, and consider well the case, and be very sure that something really good is not destroyed by your action. Should such, unhappily, be the result, then, instead of being just, you have surely wronged your neighbor.—*Pictorial Drawing Room Companion*.

## THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

[We take the following just sentiments from an article in the *Badger State*, published at Portage City, Wisconsin.]

Treat men kindly, and they will do your bidding cheerfully, and well; but thunder away at them, and they will do it by halves, or not at all. Kindness will conquer a brute. Joe traded horses one day, and the horse he traded for wouldn't go before his dray. He commenced beating and whipping, and continued until it became evident that the animal would die game before she would go, when the old owner stepped up, and said he, "Let me try her." He patted her, and spoke kindly to her, and she pulled true as steel the first time.

The "Old Salt" will melt to tears when he thinks of the kindness of the one he used to call "mother." The strong will is subdued by the tenderness of affection, and the accents of love.

"Mother, you haven't whipped me yet!" said a wayward little girl, on being told to go to bed.

She had been whipped for her faults so often, that she expected it, just as much as the chickens expect to go to roost at nightfall; but now her mother drew her to her arms, and kissed her, and said, "My dear daughter, try to be a good girl!" The rod was not needed again, for love had conquered.

The very way to make vicious characters, is to shut them out from sympathy, and treat them with contempt and neglect. By treating a man as if he were a scoundrel, you are very likely to make him one. Tell your little boy that you doubt his words, and before long you will have reason to do so.

King Richard says:

"I that am rudely stamped, and want love's majesty,  
Have no delight to pass away the time;  
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,  
And descant on mine own deformity.  
And therefore, since I cannot prove, a lover,  
I am determined to prove a villain."

To speak kindly, and deal gently with our fellow-men, whatever their condition or circumstances, whether poor or despised, erring or refractory, is the way to win their confidence, reform their errors, and elevate their condition. It makes good servants, pleasant neighbors, and fast friends. He who does it is twice blessed; it blesses him who takes, and him who gives—

" 'Tis a little thing  
To give a cup of water; yet its draught  
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,  
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame,  
More exquisite than when nectarian juice  
Renews the life of joy in happier hours.  
It is a little thing to speak a phrase  
Of common comfort, which by daily use  
Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear  
Of him who thought to die unmourned, 'twill fall  
Like choicest music."

### THE RAILWAY.

We were journeying upon the Railway, crashing past the hamlets and fields, following the terrible iron horse in his mad speed.

And, presently, arriving at a tunnel scooped through the hollow rock, we plunged into darkness, stunned with roaring echoes, and enveloped in flashing sparks.

Thus on, until we emerged; and then I gazed around me, to discover if the faces of my fellow-passengers were not white with fear.

But no one seemed shaken, and the converse went on quietly as ever.

Then marvelling, I said to one beside me:—"Were you not afraid when we passed through the darkness, and amid the roar?"

But he laughed, and answered: "The conductor takes care of us! There is no more danger in the dark tunnel than on the open road."

Then I said secretly in my own bosom—"How, if men have faith in this railway conductor, shall I distrust my Heavenly Father? The Almighty Conductor is He, who guideth us safely through the darkness and the roaring echoes of adversity, into the broad light of day."

### THE TOAST.

The feast is o'er! Now brimming wine  
In lordly cup is seen to shine

Before each eager guest,  
And silence fills the crowded hall,  
As deep as when the herald's call  
Thrills in the loyal breast.

Then up arose the noble host,  
And smiling, cried: "A toast! a toast!

To all our ladies fair.  
Here, before all, I pledge the name  
Of Staunton's proud and beauteous dame—  
The Lady Gundamerel!"

Then to his feet each gallant sprang,  
And joyous was the shout that rung,  
As Stanley gave the word:  
And every cup was raised on high,  
Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry,  
Till Stanley's voice was heard.

"Enough, enough," he smiling said,  
And lowly bent his baughty head,  
"That all may have their due,  
Now each in turn must play his part,  
And pledge the lady of his heart,  
Like gallant knights and true!"

Then one by one each guest sprang up,  
And drained in turn his brimming cup,  
And named the loved one's name;  
And each as hand on high he raised,  
His lady's grace or beauty praised,  
Her constancy and fame.

'Tis now St. Leon's turn to rise,  
On him are fixed those countless eyes—  
A gallant knight is he;  
Envied by some, admired by all,  
Far-famed in lady's bower, and hall,  
The flower of chivalry.

St. Leon raised his kindling eye,  
And lifts the sparkling cup on high:  
"I drink to *one*," he said,  
"Whose image never may depart,  
Deep graven on this grateful heart,  
Till memory be dead.

"To one whose love for me shall last  
When lighter passions long have past,  
So holy 'tis and true;  
To one whose love hath longer dwelt,  
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,  
Than any pledged by you."

Each guest upstarted at the word,  
And laid a hand upon his sword,  
With fury-flashing eye,  
And Stanley said: "We crave the name,  
Proud knight, of this your peerless dame,  
Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would  
Not breathe her name in careless mood  
Thus lightly to another;  
Then bent his noble head as though  
To give that word the reverence due,  
And gently said: "My Mother!"

## FIRWOOD.

BY LILA M. LAIRD.

## CHAPTER I.

AUNT ETHEL.

I parted the curtains and looked out. The night was setting in cold and cheerless. Overhead stretched a wide, grey storm sky, the ground was covered with snow, and from the great, white, drifted heaps the thick bushes and tall trees stood forth dark and grim. For a little time, I looked in vain; but, as I gazed down the whitened road, a black figure came in view, riding slowly along.

"Doctor Blyth is coming now, aunt Ethel," I said, turning from the window; "he has just crossed the bridge."

"Then I will get up. Agnes, come and help me."

So I passed my arm around my aunt, and, raising her from the bed, led her gently to her great, cushioned chair. When I had wrapped aunt Ethel in her shawl, I sat down on a low seat beside her, and, half-unconsciously, with a loving motion, my fingers stole towards the shriveled hand which lay upon her lap. But aunt Ethel shrunk from my touch. She drew her hand quickly away, and her words were cold.

"Go down stairs, Agnes, I would rather be alone; and, when the doctor comes, send Margaret up with him."

I mutely obeyed. With tearful eyes I closed the door, and went slowly down the broad stairs.

Old Margaret had lit the candles, and placed them on the mantel. She had swept the hearth, too, and from it sprang up a high, ruddy blaze, in whose light the faded red damask curtains grew bright again, and the well-polished sideboard shone not dimly. So the parlor looked pleasant and cheerful, but my heart was heavy; and, as I sat by the fire, I began to muse sadly, and not without tears, about aunt Ethel. Over the mantel hung aunt Ethel's picture. It had been painted in her girlish days, and radiant then was her beauty. Moreover, around her mouth there hung an expression of the most winning sweetness, and her full, dark eyes shone with a loving, confiding light. Like and yet unlike aunt Ethel was this picture. The proud, high forehead and the finely chiselled features were hers, but the sweet, joyous light sparkled no longer in her eyes; great floods of tears had for ever quenched it; the pleasant, kindly smile had gone from her face, and in its stead was a settled expression of wretchedness and gloom. And to me it seemed almost impossible that this fair, young creature smiling from her massive frame, and the sad, stern woman in her sick chamber above, were one and the same person.

\* \* \* \* \*

I was a merry-hearted, little child of only seven summers when I went to live with aunt Ethel, at Firwood; but it had been my home for thirteen years, and in that time my spirit had caught somewhat of the gloom in which it lived. I had grown up a grave and thoughtful woman.

My father's name was Eugene Field. He was

aunt Ethel's only and well-loved nephew. She had brought him up by her own hearth-stone, and cared for him as though he were her child; but he married to displease her, and, in a fit of anger they parted, nor did they meet again for many years. My mother died when I was but a little child, and the Spring flowers had scarcely bloomed upon her grave before my father was stricken with disease. I was an only child, and when my father found "the messenger tarried not, but was hasting to call him hence," he grieved, most of all, that I should be left poor and lonely in the world. And he wrote to aunt Ethel—haughty, rich aunt Ethel—telling her he was dying, and begging her to forgive the past, and take to her heart and home his little orphan Agnes. And, from her grand, gloomy home in the North country, aunt Ethel came quickly. She stayed with my father until his death, and I have at this moment a vivid remembrance of seeing her kneeling by his coffin, and weeping bitterly. All that passed between my father and his aunt is unknown to me. Indeed, those days, now so far back in the past, seem much to me like a blank.

Aunt Ethel took me home with her, and it was an Autumn evening bleak and sad when we came to Firwood. As our carriage rolled up to the fair and stately home of my aunt, many servants came out upon the wide porch, one or two of them carrying lights; and when I was lifted from the carriage, and the red glare fell full in my face, I remember there rose a murmur of surprise from the group, and I heard distinctly the words—"She must be Master Eugene's child; she is just like him." Aunt Ethel haughtily waved back the servants. Then she took me by the hand and led me into the house.

And now I have but dim memories of my few first days at Firwood; furthermore than that I spent much of my time weeping in a shaded little porch at the side of my aunt's house, that I seldom saw aunt Ethel, and that the servants were very kind to me, I can remember but little.

Aunt Ethel never bestowed upon me the slightest love or tenderness. Grave and cold almost to sternness, she cast a chilling dread over me; and early in life I learned that my affection was distasteful to her, and, if I would not become utterly loathsome, I must keep aloof from her. Yet aunt Ethel was generous to me. With my education she spared no pains or expense, and my clothes were always costly and rich; but this was all. I was lonely, and my heart pined—yearned for a single loving word, one smile, one caress; yet I never received it. I saw my aunt but at dinner. Her other meals she took alone in her own room, and during the day I was free to wander where I pleased. My evenings were quiet and lonely. Sometimes, Margaret Ellis, the housekeeper, came in, and sat with me; and, as she was kind, I learned to love her. We had but few neighbors, and with them we rarely visited. And I lived on in my grand, gloomy home, not, indeed, unhappily; but my life was strange and dreary, the warm affections and glad yearnings of my heart were lying dormant, and although God had given them to me, a most

sweet dower, yet it seemed to me a sin that they should ever spring to life. I was a pilgrim, lonely in a great desert, through which I wandered, and amidst the burning sands there was no green oasis for me. My spirit was desolate, my heart blighted, and I grew up to the fair years of womanhood unloving and unloved.

I remember once when aunt Ethel had laid upon my neck a glittering chain, that I threw my arms around her, and would have told her of the love and gratitude of my childish heart, but she checked me instantly.

"Never act in this way, Agnes," said she, icily; "you will not please me if you do so. Child, you must know that I hate caresses; their sun is worse than the scorpion's."

I did not fully understand aunt Ethel's words, but they frightened me, and I went away from her crying. That afternoon, when Margaret Ellis was smoothing my curls, I told her what aunt Ethel had said.

"Tell me, Margaret, please do, why my aunt does not like any one to love her? What do those cross things mean that she said to me?"

"My mistress has had terrible troubles, Miss Agnes, and she has been deceived in people very often. Everybody that she loved and trusted turned against her, and stung her worse than scorpions, so she won't believe anybody now. She says there is *nothing* true in this world, and I think she is right, too;" and Margaret heaved a deep sigh as she bent over my curls.

I remembered that conversation, and whenever I thought of it I pitied my aunt, and I knew that she had been cruelly and widely deceived when she would doubt even the love of a little child.

Time went on, and as the love which I had sent out ever returned unto me void, so I gathered my affections to myself—I loved no one. I found that by many a minute silent attention, I could in a measure add to aunt Ethel's comfort, and these attentions I paid gladly, for, although she received them with a grim, chill distrust, my heart was satisfied to know that it was in the way of duty.

Aunt Ethel was sick now, and the tall, majestic woman, in her widow's weeds, had vanished from her seat by the bay-window. Not, indeed, was she confined to bed, but she stayed up stairs altogether, and Doctor Blyth rode from the village once a day to see her. He said there was no actual disease with aunt Ethel, only debility; and he paid but little heed to a slight yet hacking cough which occasionally troubled her.

"Before Spring comes, you will be quite well again, Mrs. Correy," said Doctor Blyth, but aunt Ethel shook her head with scornful incredulity—she was old, she was feeble, and she felt that for her "the silver cord" would soon be loosed—"the golden bowl" would soon be broken.

Still I sat before the fire with folded hands and head bowed down, musing, and my thoughts were sad—my tears bitter. Doctor Blyth's quick step suddenly fell on my ear, and I had scarcely time to brush away my tears, when he opened the door.

"Well, well. Miss Agnes! I have left your

aunt a good deal better this evening—but what is this, swollen eyes and a crimson face? Not crying, my child, I hope?" and the kind old man patted my head.

But I gave Doctor Blyth no answer; I only cried the more, and it was not until he had taken his seat beside me and soothed me with the kindest words, that I grew sufficiently calm to speak. Half ashamed, for I scarcely knew why I wept, I spoke briefly of my loneliness; aunt Ethel's cold and chilling manner; and when I had finished I looked eagerly in Doctor Blyth's face, wondering if he understood me. Oh, yes! my look was returned by a smile, so pitying and so tender, that I felt my eyes fill again with tears.

"Poor lonely heart—poor little Agnes," said Doctor Blyth, gently, "Firwood is a dreary place, and your aunt is but a gloomy companion for you; yet, my child, be patient, be hopeful, brighter days will come. You must bear all quietly, and learn only to pity your aunt. She does not dislike you, but she has had sorrows, and met with deceit, and these have made her the stern, sad woman she is."

I listened to these words, and as I did so, I remembered all that Margaret Ellis had told me years before, and I grasped Doctor Blyth's arm tightly.

"Please tell me, sir, something about aunt Ethel, something of her sorrows; I want to hear her story; you surely must know it?"

Doctor Blyth shook his head.

"I do know your aunt's story, Agnes," he said, gravely, "but I cannot reveal it to you; it has been kept from you a long while, and perhaps the day may not be far distant when you will hear it, but the time is not yet,"—and he got up and drew on his gloves as though he was in a hurry to be gone. So I said nothing more to Doctor Blyth, and directly he spoke of other things. "You will have neighbors soon, Agnes—near neighbors. Did you know that 'the Grange' was opened again? A pleasant family have come to it now—the Trevors, from New York—mother, daughter and one son. A fine fellow is young Trevors; who knows, Agnes, but that these little blue eyes will charm his heart, and Robert Trevors may yet win for his bride his fair neighbor—the heiress of Firwood?"

And thus Doctor Blyth ran merrily on. He made me smile for a little while; but when the hall door closed after him, and I heard the sounds of his horse's hoofs upon the frozen snow, dying away in the distance, my old feelings of gloom and loneliness stole over me. I did take up the candle and look in the mirror, and I saw that my eyes were deeply blue, my curls rich sunny brown,—I saw that my face was fair and young, and I smiled. But I soon set down the light. What of all this? The old doctor's playful words had rung pleasantly in my ears; yet, after all, what was the Trevors to me? Their world was fairer and wider than mine, and withal, very far from me.

\* \* \* \* \*

Aunt Ethel was asleep, and as the light fell on her face, I thought she seemed like the fair picture in the parlor; so I bent down and gently

kissed her high pale brow. But she turned suddenly on her pillow, as though my kiss had been a serpent's sting.

Strange aunt Ethel! not only in your waking hours were you stern and repulsive, but even in sleep.

## CHAPTER II.

### "A LITTLE LIGHT.—THE HEART AWAKENS."

As I sat at the breakfast table the next morning, Margaret came in with her knitting, and she had much to say about our new neighbors.

"The Grange' is open again, Miss Agnes, and from all that I have heard, I am thinking we will have very nice neighbors. Trevors is the name. Mrs. Trevors is a widow lady, and she has only two children, Robert and Elsy; they are very rich folks, and I expect will always have 'the Grange' full of company; anyhow, I hear they have furnished it like a palace."

I sipped my coffee silently, and when the old housekeeper paused for breath, I asked her if my aunt knew any thing of this.

"Doctor Blyth told my mistress last evening, Miss Agnes, and when he had gone, she said she was sorry 'the Grange' was open again, for it was not pleasant to have neighbors so near, and that was all the mention she made about it."

That was all; yet it was enough to make me shiver and feel heavy at heart; for though few those words, they were laden with aunt Ethel's peculiar gloom and coldness. Soon I rose from the table and went to the window. Just in sight lay "the Grange"—a noble old house, which had been closed for some years. Its broad lands touched those of Firwood, and looking from the windows of our house, we could plainly see the piazza and grounds of "the Grange."

Whilst I stood there, a clatter of horses' feet in the road beyond the lawn, fell on my ear, and directly after, a young lady and gentleman rode by. I supposed them at once to be our new neighbors, young Trevors and his sister, and I was not mistaken, for the next instant they dashed up the broad carriage road which led to "the Grange."

As Miss Trevors sprang from her horse and ran quickly up the steps, the jaunty little riding hat she wore flew back from her face, and I saw that she was young and very beautiful. She looked joyous too; at any rate, she curtsied merrily to her brother, whom I could not see for a large elm, and gathering up the folds of her riding dress, danced lightly along the piazza and into the house.

When I turned from the window, the little breakfast room seemed darker and gloomier than ever; and old Margaret, hovering over the fire with her knitting, had a solemn, staid look upon her wrinkled face.

I laid my head upon the table, and wondered if my pathway through life would be *always* across the desert.

And another morning cold and bright shone on earth, and I sat in the village church, for it was God's holy Sabbath.

I did not see our new neighbors, for their pew

was distant from ours, but when I passed out into the little church porch, after service, Robert Trevors and his sister stood there. Again did Miss Trevors' bright and joyous glance fall pleasantly upon my heart—but her brother I scarcely then noticed, and the crowd soon separated us. The next morning, when I went into aunt Ethel's room, an unwelcome and unbidden guest, as usual, I spoke of our new neighbors.

"Aunt Ethel, I have seen Miss Trevors, and I think I shall like her, so I will go to the Grange before long."

"Do as you please, Agnes," was the cold response, "but I cannot wholly approve of this step."

"Why, aunt Ethel," I broke out impetuously, "am I never to love any person, never to have any friends? I can't live always this way; it is terrible;" and I burst into tears.

"Go, if you like—love this Miss Trevors, love anybody you please; make friends; cling to them; but after a time, Agnes, you will grow wise, and then you will find that your wisdom has been bought with a bitter price."

And aunt Ethel waved her long hands like some weird prophetess. I shrank from her, but her words in no wise convinced me.

And I went to "the Grange." Margaret had called it a palace; it was not even as grand and stately as Firwood, but it was a sweet, home-like place. Elsy Trevors and her mother were so kind, so loving.

Robert Trevors came with his sister to Firwood. He was a slight, graceful young man, with a fine earnest face. Elsy and he were cheerful and pleasant, and when their visit was ended, and the two went away, and left me sitting alone in the parlor, I felt as though a great brightness, life's own fair sunshine, had gone with them.

Time went by, yet brought few changes. A little light had fallen across my pathway, and at last my heart had awakened from its strange, unnatural sleep. Sweet Elsy Trevors was my friend, and I was no longer lonely. Aunt Ethel still sat in her gloomy chamber, but her easy chair was now by the window, from whence she could look out and see the green meadows and bright waters. She yet was sick and languid, and Doctor Blyth's old brown horse was, as of yore, tied daily beneath the sycamore trees.

Aunt Ethel looked with a kind of child doubting scorn upon my friendship with Elsy Trevors, but she had ceased to prophesy "dark things" concerning it.

And with Robert Trevors and myself there sprang up a kind, warm intimacy. When Elsy and I rode or walked, he was always our companion; like her I learned ever to turn to him for counsel and sympathy, and he playfully called me his "other sister." And this was very pleasant; but after a time there came a change. Elsy began to find our walks and rides tiresome—they were "so long and rough," she said; so she staid at home, but Robert and I went out together. And from Elsy no longer came the sweet morning gift of flowers, but Robert sent them, and they were fairer and brighter than before.

And it was a golden summer evening when Robert Trevors first told me of his love. We were standing side by side in the library, and the blessed sunlight shone in fair and bright, and the birds sent forth their joyous carols; but I laid my head down on Robert's shoulder and wept. Not tears of grief. Oh, no—but my heart was full of a new, sweet happiness.

Robert smoothed back the long curls which would fall over my face, and he soothed me with dear words of tenderness. We sat together in the broad window seat, and whilst we talked there, the yellow sunlight died away, and the moon climbed slowly above the great sycamore trees, and threw a wide white flood of light upon us. And I was happy—my soul exulted in the precious consciousness that it was lonely, unloved no longer. That evening, when dear Robert Trevors went away, I sat by the window and watched him as he crossed the meadow, until he passed into the grounds of "the Grange," and I saw him no more.

Old Margaret put her head in at the door:—"Don't you want a light, Miss Agnes?"

I started at the sound of her voice, so lost was I in happy dreamings, I had forgotten everything else.

"No, Margaret, I am going now to aunt Ethel." And I went up the wide stairs with a quick, light step, carolling some merry old ballad; and even thus I went to aunt Ethel's room.

"Agnes, you are a poor foolish dreamer; yet marry young Trevors if you like. I hear nothing against him. I will not oppose you in this matter."

And aunt Ethel drew herself back in the shadow of the curtain. I kept my seat at her feet, but my face was hidden in my hands, and in spite of all I could do, the tears would flow. I had told aunt Ethel my story, yet this was all the answer she gave; these chilling words were the only sympathy my young heart received. Oh, how I longed for a kind mother to lay her hand upon my head and rejoice with me in my joy.

Elsy Trevors came over the next morning early, and, flying into the breakfast-room, she flung her white arms around my neck, and pressed me tightly to her heart. Here was sisterly sympathy, and I laid my head upon her shoulder and sobbed outright.

"Sweet, sweet, Agnes, and you are really going to be my sister. I am so glad, and dear Robert too, is so very happy."

And thus Elsy ran on for a while, and then she sat down gravely by my side, and we spent a pleasant hour together that morning.

Aunt Ethel gave Robert Trevors a chill consent. "You may marry Agnes, if you like," she said, "I am indifferent about the matter."

Robert smiled when he told me this. "I will take you away from Firwood soon, Agnes; for I am quite sure you must be heart-weary of all this chilliness and gloom."

So I was, and when I thought of Robert's wide and generous love, I constantly rejoiced, and my joy was great and perfect.

One fair morning, when Elsy and I sat together,

she told me with smiles and blushes, that she had given her heart away, "to one noble and good;" she quickly added, "and here, Agnes, is his miniature. Ah, you will see he is handsomer than Robert."

I looked at Ray Somers' face closely; it was young and joyous, but not so fine and earnest in expression as Robert's. Oh, no! and so I told Elsy, but she only shook her head and laughed.

### CHAPTER III.

#### STRUGGLES.

"Robert's temper is haughty and jealous, yet, Agnes, my boy is noble, and these are his only faults, but I am sure you will be happy together," and Mrs. Trevors smiled as she stooped down and kissed my cheek, but I felt a strange, undefinable dread chill my very soul. It passed away directly, though, when I went into the hall, and met Robert, he looked so bright and handsome; and as we walked together upon the piazza, and I listened to the pleasant, tender words his rich voice murmured in my ear, I quite forgot my momentary uneasiness. And we were happy. Yes! my happiness was sweet and perfect, and in it, I remembered not that I had once been a wanderer in the desert.

Doctor Blyth paused at the foot of the stairs, and when I came near him I saw that his usually smiling face wore a grave look.

"Now, Agnes," said he, laying his broad hand upon my shoulder, "don't get frightened, child, if I tell you a little bit of sad news."

I tried to be calm, but my heart began to beat very quickly—why, I scarcely knew.

"I have just come from 'the Grange' this morning," and Doctor Blyth hesitated for a moment, but it was only a moment; for, directly he cleared his throat, and went on. "Agnes, dear, your friend, Mr. Trevors, has not been well for a long time; he has had reason to fear an affection of the lungs, and his symptoms have of late become more alarming and decided. This morning, Doctor Graham and I held a consultation, and we advised him to spend the winter in some warmer climate. So, if Mr. Trevors leaves you soon—but, Agnes, poor child, how white you are."

I did not answer the old doctor: my fingers seemed to get stiff and nerveless, and the roses I held in my apron fell suddenly to the floor—a strange, choking sensation came over me, and I leaned heavily upon the balustrade. Doctor Blyth thought I was going to faint, and he opened the hall-door, and turned to call Margaret, but the fresh breeze swept in and seemed to give me sudden strength, so I checked him.

"I am not sick, doctor, only frightened," I gasped; "so please, do not call any one."

"I was too rough, too hasty, Agnes, in telling you all this; but don't lose heart, the danger is very far off yet. Now, go in the library, and lie down upon the sofa for awhile; you look pale and weak, even yet," then the kind, old doctor went up stairs, and I walked mechanically into the library. As I sat there, I began to ponder

over all Doctor Blyth had told me. I remembered, oh, yes! I remembered, too well, the bright, red spots which had flushed Robert's cheeks for many weeks, and the annoying, tedious cough which he could not conceal; and once I had heard him complain of a pain in his breast, but he had spoken of all these things lightly, saying he had only a cold, which would soon pass away. And now I recalled Elsy's anxious glances, and Mrs. Trevors' troubled tone, when speaking one evening of her husband. He had died with consumption; and she added, with a sigh, that she sometimes feared Robert had inherited his father's constitution. I understood none of these things at the time; then I rested in unsuspecting peace; now the truth burst upon me with stunning force. Robert, in his deep love for me, had kept this whole matter carefully concealed from my knowledge, but I had grown wise with fearful haste. I had not seen Robert for a day or two, the weather had been stormy, but he had written playful, affectionate notes, speaking lightly of his cold, and blaming Elsy and his mother for keeping him at home. There lay the notes in my writing-desk; I picked them up, and read them one by one, and when I had finished, I pressed my hands over my eyes, and sat as one in great sorrow—mute and motionless. The anticipation of a woe is oftentimes greater than the woe itself, and my forebodings upon that wretched morning were bitter indeed. Doctor Blyth came in, and said some words of comfort, and then he spoke of aunt Ethel.

"I am sure, Agnes, your aunt is growing weaker, and yet I can perceive no actual disease, but I hardly think she will be spared to you through the winter."

These words shocked and pained me, and when Doctor Blyth rode away, I hastened to aunt Ethel's room. Aunt Ethel was sleeping, so I sat down quietly beside her; in a little while she opened her eyes, and fixed them, with a full stare, upon my face.

"Oh, it is you, Agnes? Well, just bathe my head, will you? Margaret's hand feels so rough and coarse."

I did as aunt Ethel desired, and it was a pleasure to minister to her comforts, although she acknowledged my service by a cold "thank you," and directly after intimated that she was weary of my presence. So I left aunt Ethel, and went down stairs, but not until she had fallen into another calm sleep, and as I looked at her, I was again reminded of her fair portrait in the parlor, and again I pined for leave to love aunt Ethel, and tell her of my sorrows.

Suddenly a voice, a dear familiar voice, fell on my ear—

"Just stop, now, Allan, I will find your young mistress, myself," and before the servant could answer, quick feet crossed the hall, and Robert Trevors stood in the room, by my side. A mist came over my eyes; the grim old portraits and the rich furniture seemed to fade away, and I saw nothing—nothing but Robert's fine, earnest face, and in a little time, even that grew dim, for great tears blinded me. My grief seemed to puzzle Robert, yet he spoke playfully.

"Oh, Agnes, what a welcome, and I have not seen you for two days! Nay, if I had thought you would have been so very sorry, I would not have come this afternoon," and Robert smiled as he drew his chair near mine, but still I wept.

"I suspect," said he, in a little while, "that Doctor Blyth has been frightening you with some sad tale about me. Has he not, Agnes? Look up, darling, and tell me," and Robert spoke gravely now.

So I told him all.

"If I had known of this before; if even the slightest intimation had been given me, then I could have prepared myself; I could have been strong; but oh, Robert! it has come upon me so suddenly, with such crushing weight."

"Agnes, I did not want to give you needless alarm, for I hoped, eventually, these symptoms would vanish. I could not bear to wring your heart with, perhaps, idle dread and sorrow, so I have been silent—but really, to be candid, I do not seem to grow better, and I cannot hide from myself the truth that all that is to be done for me, must be done quickly."

A shuddering came over me, and I clasped Robert's hand tightly in both of mine, but I did not speak; I could not.

"Oh, Agnes, do not tremble so; but I have spoken too gloomily—look up, love; look at me, and tell me if I seem to you like a sick or dying man."

No! there was no deathly pallor on Robert Trevors' face; his eyes were bright and beaming, his cheek flushed, perhaps, too deeply, yet he looked healthy and joyous.

"If it were not for those little red spots upon your cheeks, Robert, I should say you were perfectly well."

Robert smiled as I spoke, but the next instant the low, hacking cough stole on again, and he got up hastily, and went to the window.

"Now, Agnes, I do not suppose I am yet so very ill," said he, returning to my side, "only my symptoms are threatening, and mother and Elsy have grown very restless, and anxious about me. And the physicians advise a winter in a warm climate, so I must go away soon, for life has become doubly precious to me." Then Robert told me fully of his plans, and finished by urging me to marry him immediately.

"Our wedding-day will only come a few months sooner, darling, than we at first anticipated, but that is nothing. I cannot go away without you, Agnes. I may never return; and if I am to die, I must have you with me. Now, don't shake your head—surely, you will not waver here."

Dear Robert! how handsome he looked as he talked thus earnestly. My first impulse was to fling my arms around his neck, and tell him how gladly I would go with him to the very ends of the earth, but I checked myself. For, oh, with sudden, chilling weight fell on my heart the memory of aunt Ethel, sick, lonely aunt Ethel! I could not go and leave her. Aunt Ethel's life was slowly ebbing away. I could not forsake her now. I could not leave her to die, with none but servants near—so I was silent. Robert looked searchingly in my face.



"You do not speak, Agnes; you surely do not hesitate? you cannot refuse me this request?"

"Robert," I calmly answered, "your claims are sweetly binding upon me, but there are others—*aunt Ethel!*"—

"I know what you are going to say," he broke in, impatiently, "you want to stay, and nurse your aunt Ethel; that cold, stern woman, who loves you not: and you will let me go away sick and lonely, to die perhaps in some far-off land. Oh, Agnes, if your love fails here, I have been bitterly mistaken in you."

How these harsh words stung me! but they came from Robert, and I answered gently—

"No, no, my love does not fail; you, indeed, are dearer to me than all the world, but if I go away and leave aunt Ethel, so desolate, and, it may be, upon her dying bed, will I be in the path of duty? Oh, Robert, she is indeed stern and cold, but to her I owe very much. Had it not been for aunt Ethel, I would have been a beggar."

"I know all you would say, Agnes, but I am not convinced. You have pledged yourself to become my wife, then surely no one's claims can be so sacred, so strong as mine—but I will not urge you any longer, this evening; to-morrow morning I will come to learn your decision—so, good-bye," and Robert turned off half haughtily.

I did not rise from my seat. I laid my head upon the table, and the long curls fell over my face, and hid it completely. Robert thought I wept, and he came instantly to my side.

"Forgive my hastiness, but the prospect of going away without you, half-maddened me—but you will not send me from you lonely and wretched? I will come to-morrow, darling, then you will tell me that you have consented," and Robert kissed me tenderly. He went away directly, and I was left alone. So I sat before the little table, motionless and sad; the sunlight had long died away, and the room was growing dark with night shadows, whilst over my soul already crept darker shadows, sad forebodings of a fearful desolation.

And I went a little while to aunt Ethel's room. She was sitting in her easy-chair, but she seemed sick and languid. I sat the light upon the mantel, and then I knelt down on the floor beside aunt Ethel, and I told her all; I kept back nothing, but I looked in vain in her face for sympathy. Aunt Ethel spoke at last.

"Robert Trevors wishes you to marry him, and go to the South, this winter—do so if you please, it does not matter much to me. Margaret and the rest of the servants can attend to me," and this was her answer.

Oh, how it chilled me! If aunt Ethel had only bid me stay, then duty would have seemed easier, but she would not, and her icy indifference cut me to the heart. I left aunt Ethel's side, and sat down far from her, and then there was silence, deep silence in the room; but, after a time, aunt Ethel murmured some words, and her voice was broken with sobs, and I listened as one in a dream—

"Oh, Agnes, do not leave me! do not leave me!" and this was all that I heard. for I stole

from the room the next minute. I knew aunt Ethel either spoke these words when sleeping, or believed herself alone, and I shrunk from her, knowing that I overheard her. But did aunt Ethel really love me? Gloomy, cold aunt Ethel! had she indeed a heart? and I wondered greatly.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the solitude of my own chamber, in the solemn night hour, began a fearful struggle. With conscience my heart battled sharply, and so equal was the strife that I knew not which would be the victor. I looked back over my desolate life, and vividly came before me all aunt Ethel's gloomy, unchanging coldness. She had never loved me. She had never thrown one ray of sunshine over my pathway. But, Robert, dear Robert Trevors, in his wide and generous love, my soul had walked along exultingly; he had led me from the desert; his affection so true and earnest, "had turned the bitters waters into sweet." I was Robert Trevors' plighted wife, and now he called me to redeem my vows, and go with him upon his pilgrimage. I loved Robert. I pined to be with him. My heart besought with agonized pleadings to be always near him. But dared I trample upon duty? Aunt Ethel, cold, unsympathizing, though she was, had been my first friend; was not her claim upon me the earliest and the strongest? I could not leave aunt Ethel to die amongst servants. I could not forsake her. I must remain. But against this my heart cried out with such torturing earnestness, that I knew not what to do. I opened God's blessed Book, and when I had read some of its lovely precepts I grew calmer, and I knelt down to pray. I knew the gracious "God-Man," our "own High Priest," "could be touched with the feeling of our infirmities," and this knowledge made me linger with sweet hope at the "Mercy Seat."

And when I rose from my knees my chamber of weeping and prayer had become one of vision. I seemed to stand beside my father's coffin in a far-off city—a stately and beautiful woman bent to kiss his brow, and she wept over him—then she took me by the hand, and wiped away my tears, and her words were gentle. And so, step by step, I went over my life with aunt Ethel, even from the very beginning; and I saw, that although frigid and cold, yet she had shielded me carefully from poverty—she had met me for every want.

"Honor thy father and thy mother," God's own command, issued with awful thunderings and lightnings from Mount Sinai. It seemed to be written as in letters of fire against me—and again I prayed for strength. Duty laid plainly before me. Aunt Ethel had filled, for many years, the place of my parents; reverence was due to her, and in her "dark days" I could not—I dared not forsake her. And I decided, but not without the bitterest struggles, to remain at Firwood. That night my sleep was troubled, and in my dreams I saw a rugged path, dark and dreary, stretching far before me, and if ever my feet sought to turn from it, a voice rang in my ears—"This is the way, walk ye in it."

# CHAPTER IV. THE RUGGED PATH.

Faithful emblems of my own dead hopes were those withered roses lying upon the hall floor. Margaret swept the crushed crimson heap away, and I passed on silently to the breakfast room. And, as the morning wore away, my heart grew heavy and sad. I dreaded Robert. I shrank from his reproaches—his entreaties. And at last Robert came. He entered the room with a bright smile and a joyous greeting, but I scarcely answered him. I looked upon the floor, and my heart beat quickly.

"Now, Agnes, sweet, for your decision; but I know it already—of course, you will go with me?" and Robert flung himself upon the sofa beside me.

I hesitated a moment, and in that moment I cried to God for strength, and then I spoke. I told Robert all. I kept not back from him my grievous struggle. I hid from him nothing. Once or twice his face flushed deeply and he strove to speak; but I went on calmly and solemnly, and, when I had finished, I pressed my hands over my eyes, and bowed myself before the storm. And it came. Oh! what a torrent of wild entreaties, bitter reproaches and stern upbraidings did Robert pour forth, mingled all the while with a strange, touching tenderness which made me weep and tremble.

"Oh! Robert, be calm," I pleaded; "have mercy on me. How can you urge me to trample so completely on duty?"

"I recognize no duty here, Agnes," was the cold reply. "You owe nothing to your aunt—she merits nothing at your hands. She has even bid you leave her; and yet, with a strange perversity, you turn from me and cling to her. Oh! woman, so beloved! where now is all your love for me? It has fled by like a mist. Fool that I was ever to trust in it. But, Agnes, is there no pity in your heart? Cannot your unnatural resolution be shaken?" and Robert looked imploringly in my face. Yet I was firm, even though my heart seemed almost breaking, even although my tears fell as a blinding shower. I dared not turn from duty, and, upheld by "the Deliverer's own right arm," I grew strong.

"Tempt me no longer, Robert. I do love you better than any one on earth; yet I cannot go with you."

And again flashed out Robert's haughty, jealous spirit. Mrs. Trevors had warned me of it, but I did not dream of its fierce bitterness. I bore Robert's reproaches calmly; but, at last, he blamed me with sordid, mercenary designs.

"I understand your motives, Agnes, and you cloak them under the hypocritical garb of duty. You are lingering near your aunt Ethel to cheat her into leaving you all her fair lands and goodly possessions."

With this unjust taunt sprang up all the pride of my nature, and I turned haughtily from Robert. I bade him leave me, and leave me for ever.

"You have been unjust, unmerciful with me, Robert, and I will listen to you no longer."

Robert Trevors gave me no answer. He leaned

his head upon the mantel, and for a time there was deep silence in the room.

"Oh! Robert, shall we not part kindly?" and I laid my hand half timidly upon his shoulder.

Robert drew me closely to his bosom. He wept over me. He pressed many kisses upon my lip and brow, and then he pushed me wildly from him.

"Henceforth, we are to one another as strangers; but, oh! this fearful work has not been mine. God bless you, Agnes! Farewell now, and let it, indeed, be for ever."

When at last I raised my head, I was alone. Robert had gone. Then against duty did my heart leap up in fierce rebellion; and, kneeling by the window with outstretched arms and choking sobs, I cried—

"Oh! Robert, Robert, come back."

But he did not hear me—he was already too far off. The sun shone, the birds sung, and the waters dashed on gladly; but I—I, a miserable weeper, still lingered upon my knees, and the cry of my heart was—

"Oh! Robert, Robert, come back."

I awoke as from a deep sleep, and I found myself upon my own bed. For a moment, I wondered how I came there, and then I remembered, when I arose from my knees, by the window, that I had crept up stairs, and shut myself in my own room. My head had whirled strangely, a noise of many waters had seemed to fill my ears, and, with a sudden swelling of the heart, I had fallen upon my bed. So I had awakened now, not from sleep, but from a swoon—a swoon of misery; and vividly came back every torturing memory. Margaret came to me with her teatray, but I sent her away directly, for I could not eat, and the kind, old woman went down stairs, grieved because I seemed so sick.

Days passed by, and I bore my sorrows uncomplainingly. I was calm, for I had gained that strength which *none* but a *woman* can attain—a strength made perfect through silent wretchedness. No tidings from "the Grange." Elsy stood aloof from me, and I saw neither her or Mrs. Trevors. Robert Trevors had gone to the city, Doctor Blyth told me, nor was he expected home again before his departure for the South.

I heard the footsteps, but I did not look up; then, directly, two loving arms were laid around my neck; a soft cheek came close to mine, and Elsy, sweet Elsy Trevors, knelt by my side. With a glad cry of surprise, I pressed her to my heart, and we mingled our tears together.

"Now," said Elsy, tying on her bonnet, "now, dear Agnes, I have told you all, and I must go. I could not leave 'the Grange' without coming to see you once again. I will not say any more about Robert. *Perhaps* you have done right, but, Agnes, I will always love you."

I watched Elsy from the hall door for a little while, and then I went back to my room, somewhat comforted in heart by her visit. In a day or two, Mrs. Trevors and her daughter left "the Grange," and it was desolate again. They were to meet Robert in the city, and accompany him to the South; and, before very long, I heard of their departure thither.

And the wailing winds of Autumn swept again over earth, and they found me where they had left me one little year before—a wanderer in the desert. Oh! more than that—a sorrowing pilgrim in a *rugged path*.

And time passed by, and aunt Ethel grew weaker each day, so that, before the first snow fell, she could no longer sit up in her easy chair. Aunt Ethel never spoke to me of Robert Trevors, and although she constantly now required my attention, I could in no wise trace the slightest softening of her heart towards me. Sometimes, I thought she seemed harsher and colder than ever. And for aunt Ethel I had given up everything, all my sweet, sweet happiness; and *this* was my recompense—unsympathising, icy indifference. Oh! was not mine a starless sky? The gloom of desolation fell over my soul, and for a season I walked in “great darkness.” But it was not always thus. The “Comforter” was gracious; He put far from me all my dark repinings and selfish grief, and gave me instead patience and resignation. So that, although my path was rugged, a light, “not of this world, but from Heaven,” streamed oftentimes across it. And I learned that duty’s ways “are ways of pleasantness and peace.”

I looked out, and could see nothing but faded grass, leafless trees, and a dull, stormy sky. A bleak afternoon it was, more like Winter than Spring, although now the middle of March. All was gloom and desolation without; and within was the awful desolation of death. For, when I turned from the window, my eyes fell upon a coffin, with heavy, velvet trappings; and, when I bent over that coffin, I saw within it the pale and shrouded form of aunt Ethel. Kneeling in that death chamber, I wept; and time flew by, and the light came in through the crape festooned windows dim and faintly, but still I lingered by aunt Ethel’s side. In the midst of my loneliness, a strange, sweet memory came soothingly across my heart, and it was this:—But a little while before aunt Ethel’s death, she called me to her side, and grasping my hands tightly in hers, thus had she spoken—

“Agnes, I know all you have done for me. I am not ignorant of the sacrifice you made for my sake. Before I die, let me thank you; before I die let me tell you that all your kindness fell pleasantly upon my heart, but I have been stern and cold, poor child. Your life has been dreary, yet I dared not do otherwise, I could not. Agnes, forgive me.”

And, when I weepingly stooped down to kiss aunt Ethel, she flung her arms around my neck. And in that close embrace, that solemn death-struggle, did I learn, but not till then, that aunt Ethel *loved me*. Aunt Ethel, though a stern and gloomy woman, was a follower of “the meek and lowly Jesus,” and in His name she laid her down, and slept in peace. A white, fair stone marks aunt Ethel’s resting-place, and upon its broad surface is but her name—Ethel Correy.

And aunt Ethel’s will was read. Firwood, its rich furniture, and goodly lands, with a small annuity, was my portion. To Margaret, she left

a legacy; but the bulk of aunt Ethel’s property—and it was great—she willed to charitable purposes; and her will closed with these words:—

“Riches have been to me a sharp thorn—a sore evil. In their possession I have been cursed. In mercy, then, to my niece, Agnes Field, I have thus disposed of my property. If she sees not my wisdom in this thing now, the light of eternity will one day reveal it to her.

“*ETHEL CORREYL.*”

## CHAPTER V. A BLIGHTED HEART.

Doctor Blyth looked up at aunt Ethel’s picture, and then he sighed.

“Yes! Agnes, I remember your aunt, just as you see her there; a fair young creature, knowing nothing but joy. And you want to hear her history? Well, listen now, and I will tell it to you.”

So I drew my chair near the old man, and I sat by his side all that pleasant afternoon, listening to his sad, sad story.

Ethel Field was an orphan heiress, young and beautiful—she had many suitors, but one she loved passing well. The wedding-day came on, and soon would Ethel have been the bride of Richard Ivers, but they were parted suddenly, and for ever. In an unguarded moment, when Richard little dreamed that Ethel was near, he spoke heartlessly of her love for him, and declared openly that he had sought her for her gold alone. Ethel turned from the window sick at heart. She wrote a brief, haughty note to Richard Ivers, releasing him instantly from his engagement, and forbidding him ever again to seek an interview with her. Ethel Field was more blest than she dreamed of in being freed from Richard Ivers, for he was weak and unprincipled, but she had loved and trusted him, and woman-like, she grieved silently and bitterly. Yet from this crushing blow, Ethel Field at length arose. And time went by and again Ethel loved—Charles Correy! became her husband, and for a while Ethel was completely happy. Then came dissensions bitter and heart-crushing, and Ethel woke once more to the terrible truth that she had been wooed and won for her gold. Charles Correy! and his wife were upon the eve of separation, when death called him from earth, and thus parted them. Then Ethel Correy!, a sad, changed woman, with hopes blighted, and faith shivered, gave herself up to sullen gloom and chill distrust, and as time went on, these feelings gained strength and grew apace. For from all those whom she had loved or leaned upon, did Ethel Correy! receive treachery and ingratitude, and ever suspecting the faintest friendly office to be paid but to her gold, she viewed it as a curse exceedingly great and grievous. Aunt Ethel had loved my father, but he married to displease her, and angry and grieved with him, from that hour she shut the door of her heart against loving any of the human race. And aunt Ethel brought me to Firwood—she provided for my wants, she shielded me from harm; but that was all—she gave me no sweet love, no sympathy—she had them not in *her* soul; they were dead. But before aunt Ethel passed away from earth.

her heart got up with a shivering sigh from its long sleep, and *that* sigh and *that* awakening was for me, for me. Oh, blessed knowledge! Was not *this* a wide and sweet recompense for all my suffering?

## CHAPTER VI.

### "GREEN PASTURES."

And I was mistress of Firwood. In my household I made no changes. Margaret and the old servants I had known from childhood still staid with me. I was very lonely in my grand, gloomy home. I had few neighbors, and those few had always been timid and unfrequent visitors at Firwood; moreover, they were in no wise congenial to me. So my life passed along sluggishly.

Then I sat and mused over all Doctor Blyth had told me. Mrs. Trevors was dead. Elsy Trevors and Ray Somers were married, and it was said they soon would come from the city to live at "the Grange." How sweetly this news fell on my heart. When Elsy came I would no longer be desolate. Robert Trevors was better, Doctor Blyth said, much better, and he was yet unmarried, and *this* was all I heard of him. Where Robert was I knew not. Two years since aunt Ethel's death—yes! that and even more, for it was Autumn now, and she had died in the early Spring. But it was fully three years since Robert Trevors and I had parted.

And "the Grange" was opened again. As yet none but servants were there, and Elsy Somers and her husband still lingered in the city.

Margaret poured out my coffee, and then she got up to leave the room, but ere her fingers touched the door handle, she turned suddenly towards me.

"I forgot to tell you, Miss Agnes, that Ray Somers and his wife came to 'the Grange' last night, and Allan did hear in the village this morning, that Mr. Robert was with them, but I am not exactly sure if *this* is true."

Then Margaret went out and I was left alone. Yet not alone either, for memories painful, yet beloved, suddenly were with me. With Robert's name a whole host of feelings, which long had slumbered, quickly awoke, and in their presence I wept exceedingly. And going to the window as I had done one Winter's morning years before, again I looked out towards "the Grange," and while I stood there, two figures came in view, pacing slowly upon the broad piazza. I knew Elsy Somers, for her dear, bright face was towards me; her companion I could not for a moment see, but when he raised his head, I gave a faint cry, and leaned heavily against the window; for there, in the fair light of that Autumn morning, I again beheld Robert Trevors. In a little while I drew the folds of the curtain before me, and looked cautiously out. Elsy and her brother seemed to be talking gravely and earnestly. Tears were in Elsy's eyes, and Robert's fine face looked flushed and troubled. Once he smiled. Oh! how that mournful smile thrilled me, and falling upon my knees, my heart sent forth the pleading cry of years before, "*Robert, oh, Robert, come back to me!*"

How Elsy Somers laughed and cried over *me*; and, when we both grew calmer, she sat down on the sofa, very close to my side.

"I must not forget my mission, dear Agnes," she said, gravely. "Robert is with me now. He loves you as dearly as ever. He has mourned bitterly over the past. He pines for your forgiveness. Agnes, shall he not have it? Will you not see Robert? Will you not hear his story from his own lips? He loves you, darling, so very much."

A gush of new, overpowering happiness came over me, and silently the great tears fell, sweet and blissful.

"Those tears have answered me, Agnes."

Then Elsy released herself gently from my arms. She got up from the sofa, and I knew that she left the room. I heard her voice faintly, as at a distance, and she seemed to speak to some one upon the lawn. Again the door opened, and a step fell on the carpet—a strangely familiar step, but it was not Elsy's. Still I wept on, and my hands were tightly pressed over my eyes. Some one sat down beside me; an arm stole around my waist, and a voice, a dear, well-known voice, said to me—

"Agnes, sweet Agnes, will you not speak to me?"

Then I looked up, and my eyes rested upon the handsome, beaming face of Robert Trevors; and, with a cry of great and perfect joy, I laid my head down upon his shoulder, and we wept together.

"Now, you have heard my story. I have been a restless wanderer, sad and weary-hearted, ever since I left you. And you, too, have suffered? Oh! Agnes, you were right, three years ago, when you so nobly refused to trample upon duty; and my selfish heart, in spite of itself, did you then full homage, although I acted so heartlessly and madly. Even though I left you in anger, I felt that no other woman could ever be so dear to me as you, and I resolved, if I should live to return, and find you yet unchanged, that I would seek your presence, and lay my heart again before you. Oh! Agnes, can you forgive me?"

In a woman's soul, the waters of resentment are speedily dried up, and I had long before forgotten the darkened past. So, in that fair, sunset hour, with no hesitating trust, I again pledged my faith and love to Robert Trevors.

That night, I wept before the "Mercy Seat," but mine were not tears of sorrow. I was a rejoicing weeper. God had been very merciful to me. Along the rugged path I had been led tenderly, and now I was brought into "green pastures," fair and goodly.

"Oh! Agnes, do you remember my cruel taunt to you about your aunt Ethel's fortune, that morning we parted? Yes, I will speak of it. I have hated myself for those words a thousand time since. And I rejoice that you are no heiress. I am rich, dear Agnes, and we will have gold enough for all our wants," and Robert looked with kindly, smiling eyes in my face.

Robert Trevors came home from his travels well and strong again, and the flush of health

stole back upon his cheek, but Elsy and I watched him very closely. Robert thought we were too careful of him, but we knew that could not be.

And we were married the next Spring, one bright, sunshiny morning, in the village church. Years have gone by since then, but from that day, my wedding day, do I date the dawning of a life of sweet peace and happiness. Firwood is Robert's home and mine now. It has lost its gloom and chillness, and we think it the fairest spot on earth. Elsy and Ray Somers live very near us, at "the Grange." Doctor Blyth and old Margaret have long since "entered upon their rest," but they are remembered yet with tearful affection. Aunt Ethel's picture still hangs over the parlor mantel at Firwood. Sometimes, when Robert looks upon it, he is reminded of my years of trial and suffering, and he speaks regretfully of these. But I always say to him—

"Oh! Robert, Robert, God was gracious in first placing my feet in a ragged path. I learned wise lessons there, and the ending of that path was blessed even 'in green pastures, and by the side of still waters'."

## THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

"I hear thee say, 'The Beautiful; what is it?'  
O, thou art darkly ignorant! Be sure  
Thou no long weary road its form to visit,  
For thou canst make it smile beside thy door.  
Then love the Beautiful!"

Alas! for the heart that asks, "What is the Beautiful?" Such a question shows that it has crept away from the light, and is burrowing, mole-like, under the crust of this world, for that, which if it could find, it would have no eyes to see.

It is most beautiful to be. Yes, to walk on earth, covered with the coarse garments of mortality; for underneath them we are "trailing clouds of glory from God;" and the flesh even here may be almost glorified by the reflected brightness of the spirit. The infant feels the beauty of being. As yet hardly conscious of the body, the soul flutters above and around, as well as within the child—a bird of Paradise not yet accustomed to its earthly cage; it asks no questions of the Beautiful, but alights beside it everywhere, and sings with it a familiar song. And we must always keep the childhood of our hearts, if we would keep up our acquaintance with the Beautiful.

Ask Nature what the Beautiful is, and she will answer with a kiss, Do you not know me? How many times in the day has the Beautiful beckoned to you from the clouds floating over your head, and you did not look up? How often has she whispered to you from the pines in the wood, and the alders by the stream, and you let harsher noises drown her voice? One spire of grass with its one pendant dew-drop waved beside your threshold, and you heeded not that you had

steps. Walk with your soul's eyes open, and you will see her; and she will

"Pitch her tent before you as you move,  
An hourly neighbor."

Ask Sorrow what the Beautiful is, and she will answer with sad, sweet meaning in her eyes. Do you not recognize me in my mourning robes? The Beautiful—the heart's Beautiful, that God lent us for a little while as a hint of heaven, and that we clung to even after He wanted it more than we, how Sorrow keeps it alive to us, and we to it! It is wrong to look only at the black garments of Sorrow, and say that she is gloomy and severe, and that we will not have her for a companion. If we lift her veil and look into her face, she will make us love her, for she is the Beautiful.

Ask Joy what the Beautiful is, and she will laugh at your question, and seize your hand, and dance away with you to some group of the merry-hearted. For the Beautiful never walks selfishly alone, but weeps with the sad and smiles with the joyful. It is Echo, playing among the hills of life, and answering to all the voices of the soul that call her.

Grave men have tried to strip the Beautiful of her gay robes, and to subdue the mirth of her voice; and gay men will not own her when dressed in black, and they stop their ears when she speaks to them seriously. But they are each shortening their own breath, and robbing themselves of their own clothes, when they seek to stifle or disrobe her. All the tones of her voice are sweet, and all the garments she wears are becoming; and she oftener puts on the apron of the seamstress, and the washerwoman's dress, than the ermine and jewels of queens.

God meant that we should walk with the Beautiful in this world, and so be like her.

Now, when we are praised for comeliness, or commended for goodness, we blush, and look foolish, and call it flattery. If we were but what we so earnestly wish to be considered, when one met us, and said "Thou art beautiful," we should reply, "I am; and I thank Him for it who made me so; and thou mayst become the same, by looking upon the Beautiful."

Men make fashions and call them beautiful; but they must make themselves cross-eyed before they can believe their own words. For the Beautiful, though robed in endless variety, is ever the same, and never wears that which is unfitting or unnatural.

Sweet Mystery! old as the creation, yet young as the morning-blown rosebud;—grand as the universe, and lowly as the meekest heart;—light of the Highest Throne and of the humblest hearthstone, we cannot half know thee, here among the shadows that we wrap around ourselves. But we will walk with thee, like little children, taking hold of thy robes, and following thee to the Shining Land, where we shall grow up to know thee better, for the Mystery of Life is the Mystery of the Beautiful.

The poor man who envies not the rich, who pities his companions in poverty, and can spare something for him who is still poorer, is, in the

## THE SONG OF THE DANUBE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

No! no! they shall not have it—  
The proud triumphal flood;  
Although, to gain the glorious prize;  
They'd dye it red with blood.  
They shall not have the Danube—  
Though Czar or Kaiser fight  
With ten times fifty thousand men  
To steal it in our sight.

They shall not have the Danube—  
Nor source, nor course, nor sea;  
They shall not, shall not have it—  
The broad, the strong, the free!

If sunk in sloth, like cowards,  
We let them arm, and take,  
And yield them all they choose to ask,  
For Peace or Mercy's sake;  
What then? will *that* suffice them?  
The Danube's fair and fine,  
But so are Weser, and the Elbe,  
And so is Father Rhine.

They shall not have the Danube—  
Nor source, nor course, nor sea;  
They shall not, shall not have it—  
The broad, the strong, the free!

We'll stop them at the threshold—  
'Tis better *now* than *then*;  
And show them what a strength there lies  
In arms of honest men.  
We'll yield them not an acre  
By Danube's rolling tide;  
And call both Crescent and the Cross  
To aid the rightful side.

No! no! they shall not have it—  
Nor source, nor course, nor sea;  
They shall not have the Danube—  
The broad, the strong, the free!

## SONNETS.

BY THOMAS VAN BEEBER.

## FURNACE HILL.

Of I frequent a certain wooded height  
Known by the neighbors round, as Furnace Hill:  
A solemn spot it is; reclusive and still:  
Gloomy at midday, trod by ghosts at night,  
For ever lonely—though the dear delight  
Of me, and of poor mournful whippoorwill.  
A stream below slow journeying to the mill,  
Meanders through the meads, whilst full in sight,  
Cotocin all his azure peaks displays.  
Time out of mind—at least so legend says—  
'T has been the poor slave's favorite burial-ground,  
And many a forgerman swart, of former days,  
After long toil, a peaceful home has found  
Beneath yon chestnuts tall, that shade the mossy  
mound.

## PROSPECT HILL.

Both when cool matin and cool vesper dews  
Moisten the earth, I pray thee, lady, seek  
Some tall hill-top, whence many a distant peak,  
In dawn or dusk, swells purpling. Such far  
views  
Shall sanctify thy spirit, and infuse  
A rosier life into thy rounded cheek,  
Kindling with ever livelier ray, thy meek  
Young eyes, and tinging them with lovelier

And when, oft seen, at last the magic play  
Of colors shifting o'er the prospect wide,  
Has thrilled through all thy being's inmost core,  
A transformation—ne'er to pass away—  
Caught from the horizon's east and western side,  
Shall brighten thee for ever more and more.

## BUTTERFLY'S EGGS.

A seed! An egg! Who that has mused on these,  
Has not, still musing, held his soul more dear,  
And sworn himself immortal? A small spherel  
A small, round world of untold mysteries!  
An acorn-cup? It holds huge forest-trees.  
A bird's egg? Eagle's wings are folded here,  
And melodies unheard by mortal ear,  
And plumes unruffled by an earthly breeze.  
What worlds of wonder in a painted shell!  
And yet, more wonderful to reason's eye  
Are those *fine, inconspicuous dots*, which tell  
That in their microscopic globules lie  
Fold within fold encycloped, by strange spell,  
Whole orbs of embryo life, types of man's  
destiny.

## HOME PICTURES FRAMED;

OR, LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.

"It grieves me, Mattie, to see you so often weeping," said Captain Lee, as he climbed up into the travelling wagon, and seated himself beside his wife, who had turned away her head to hide the traces of tears from her husband. "If I had thought you would have grieved so, after leaving the home of your girlhood, I could not have subjected you to the trial."

The poor wife smiled, and, placing her hand in her husband's, murmured—

"Say no more, Allen; we will have a happy home beyond the Ohio, even though it be in the wild forest. I was thinking of the graves of our children, and wondering if any kind hand would train the white roses and culture the violets. I wept not that I was leaving the home of my childhood, for, wherever you are, there is my home."

Captain Lee thought his wife never looked lovelier than at that moment, with the light of love radiating every feature.

Allen Lee was one of six families who were journeying from their pleasant homes, in New York, to our own Ohio, then known as a dense forest, inhabited by the Indians and a few hardy emigrants.

It is useless to follow the enterprising travelers in their long and toilsome march. Needless to tell, in this day of peace and hospitality and plenty, of how the honest Dutch rebuffed them from their doors, and their mistaken hearts, for the simple reason—they were Yankees; how, in the evenings, the mothers crept slyly apart from the band of husbands, and huddled together, and wept bitter tears; of the noble-hearted fathers and brothers keeping guard through the long, dark hours, listening to the night-bird, and wolf and panther in the wilderness.

Every night, sweet and soft and strong voices blent together in singing a hymn, after Captain Lee had read a chapter from the Bible, and then

up pray;" and there, with the starry vault above, the forest trees around them, they knelt, that hardy little band, and fervently invoked the blessing of the Father in Heaven.

After weary weeks of travel through the sweetest wild that nature ever smiled upon, after foaming streams, some deep and dark and swift, others wide and winding and pure as crystal, they halted where the oaks were monarchs in size and beauty, and a willow-fringed stream flowed swiftly, sparkling in the sunshine. The land was hill and vale intermingled—a beautiful spot. A rude shelter was hastily formed of boughs and bark, in a wild nook where a spring gushed forth a plentiful supply of good water.

The little band had become so attached to each other that they resolved to select their lands in a body. Uncle Solomon chose a quarter section on the bank of the stream, running westward over the range of hills. Willie Morton, the millwright, chose his down by the great bend of the stream, thinking of a valuable mill property that, in a few years, would be his. Captain Lee's was half a mile from uncle Solomon's, half hill and half valley, with a superior growth of timber.

Judge Coulter chose his, embracing the prettiest site for a village, while vanity whispered he would call it "Coulterville."

Old Pap Bond, with the big family of half-made children, chose two quarters, while mother Bond whispered to her bright daughter Nelly, "You is a choice place to raise flax;" and that made Nelly's girl-heart glad, for she and Tommy Hill were to be wed, and like every prudent lass who looks to comfort and the days to come, she thought of the nice linen sheets, and table-cloths, and towels, and pillow-slips, that she must make with her own little, brown hands, before that time could be.

With a friendly spirit uniting them as brothers, the husbands and sons, with axes on their shoulders, started out, and, at the end of the third day, Pap Bond had a rude yet comfortable log-cabin reared on his own land.

Three days more, and there was another little home to shelter the dear ones of Captain Lee. It was a pretty situation. Great oaks towered above the lowly dwelling, and a bright little brook sang merrily as it wound along.

Very soon they were comfortably settled, although experiencing privations that in their New York homes they would have deemed more than they could endure. Then, too, the savages at Grantown, five miles up the stream from the little settlement, had vowed vengeance on the emigrants, and the fear that they had brought their children, from homes and friends and civilization, to meet, perchance, a horrible death by savage cruelty, was torture to a parent.

In a few months, things wore a pleasant aspect; and little clearings, with the blue smoke rising from the log and brush heaps, made the new cabins seem cheerful and home-like. The rough cribs were soon made to hold the yellow corn, and the garden patches did look gaily, even though they were quite filled with potatoes and beans, and cabbages, for the house-wives

red hollyhock, or gay poppy, or some of the sweet, wild flowers with which the wilderness was beautified.

The sturdy hop vine was made to arch over the space between the house and garden, and the blue and white morning-glories, and scarlet flowering bean, did a great work towards making tasteful, by clambering over the oiled paper windows, and stealing to the roof, where they lay in tangled masses, or crept through the crevices into the loft, where the children slept. Then, the lithe, leafy beeches and maples made the log spring-house seem so much cooler and tidier to be bent down over it and tied together.

It was June, and Nelly Bond and Tommy Hill were to make the first wedding in the wilderness. Just like it is now-a-days, there was buzz and bustle and fixing for the event. Pounded corn wouldn't make bread good enough for a wedding. Oh! no. The nearest mill was in Knox county. Uncle Solomon's horses were oxen, as were Pap Bond's; so Captain Lee's eldest boy, Frank, was to go with their white horse, Granite. Frank was only ten years old; yet he had often been to mill, and knew the road well, but he always dreaded going through the "twelve-mile woods," for there was only one house, and that was the widow Lane's, by the "Forest Fountain."

Good Mattie Lee put a great piece of corn bread and a bit of wild hog meat in the pocket of the captain's big-caped overcoat and fixed it on the back of Granite, for Frank to ride on, with the injunction:—

"Now, Frankie, you must get home by noon, to-morrow; for the wedding is to be in the evening, and Nelly said you might come; and more, too, son; don't you know we are to have such good cake for breakfast on Sunday morning, and that's what you like."

Leaving Frank to go eighteen miles, and sleep on the mill floor, making three or four meals out of the contents of the capacious pocket, we will look into uncle Solomon's cabin.

The rough punchoon floor is nicely sanded, thanks to little Kate's busy hands, and the dishes on the rough shelves are arranged so as to show the blue roses to the best advantage. Aunt Polly is brushing uncle's fine blue coat, and thinking of the time he wore it when she was the bride.

Tommy is rubbing lard on a queer-looking pair of shoes, occasionally pausing and looking down the valley towards neighbor Bond's. He had heard Nelly say they would have to borrow his mother's bake-kettle, or they would have nothing to make tea in—he knows she will come after it, and he thinks he had better go and help her carry it home.

Mother Bond opened her brown eyes very wide when Frank came with the fine yellow meal, and told her he did not know what he would have done, had it not been for the widow Lane, for when opposite her house, old Granite got frightened and threw him off with the meal, and Mrs. Lane, dear, good woman, shouldered the two bushels and put it on again. Frank declared he would always love her next best to his



We girls would blush rosy with our convenient kitchens, parlors, dining and sleeping rooms, compared with Pap Bond's little square cabin, whose own room was kitchen, parlor and hall, combined.

Even though they had but one room, and that one half fire-place, it resembled a wood nymph's leafy bower.

Mother Bond had consented to cook out of doors, under the gnarled maple, and Nelly had filled the spacious fire-place with leafy bushes, and the broad stone hearth with a carpeting of green moss, fresh gathered from the wild rocks down in Sylvan Dell.

Then from among the rank grass that edged the stream, she had untwined the wild creeper vines, and made them to twine among the boughs in the fire-place, and all about the old "Buckeye clock" on the wall, and the prim portrait of her grandmother, and the sober-faced picture of Gen. Washington on horseback.

On the mantle was a great pitcher filled with sweet flags and wild red roses, and the drooping and fragrant pond lily, and the long, leafy stalks of the raspberry, bending over till they glassed themselves in the little mirror that modestly perched itself above a snowy diaper towel, that bore the impress of the smooth, hot iron. A pretty quilt—not of fancy pattern though; not the "Wreath of Roses," or "Flower of Paradise," or "Love in Eden"—nothing to make one sad in thoughts of aching heads, lustreless eyes, worn fingers, and a life passing away in stitches—but a plain blue and white "nine patch" covered the only bed in the tidy room.

They were a motley group—the hardy, sun-burnt men, women and children, congregated together to witness the first wedding in the wilderness. The clergyman was a plump, rosy old man, brimming over with good humor, and loved Nelly almost as well as he loved his only daughter, Annie May.

Tommy, in his father's coat, looked like something pertaining to the garment. The skirts were long, and seem disposed to crowd each other at the extremities, while the high, stiff collar, gave his head the appearance of a tortoise peeping from its shell, or, to speak in poetical parlance, of a rose-bud just bursting. The pants were made of good, stout tow linen, rather tight, and so short as to give tangible proof of his being mortal flesh and blood. Nelly looked as a bride would be expected to appear in 1811. She was a sweet girl, though the free summer winds and golden sunshine had dallied unmolested with her fresh complexion, and made it a little shade darker than nature designed.

Her dress was a checked linen, yellow and white, with a snowy cambric apron, all ironed into pretty diamond checks. Her plump neck and shoulders were covered with a handkerchief, white as was her apron, neatly pinned down at the corners, to look *womanly*, as Lucy Morton remarked when she pinned it precisely between the shoulders.

A full bordered lace cap, with white bows and white rose-buds with leaves, completed her attire.

gaze fell on the sorrowing face of her mother. Nelly was the eldest born, and the first one to leave the home circle. When the ceremony was over, and they had sung that old hymn about Isaac and Rebecca, the lady guests pinned up their best gowns, and laying aside their Sunday caps, assisted mother Bond in preparing tea. Nelly wished to lend a helping hand, but Lucy Morton said they had better take a nice little bridal tour in the canoes, and return by tea time.

The girls all flung off their best shoes and white aprons, and laid by their new cotton dress handkerchiefs, and were soon ready for a pleasant row up the stream.

It was very beautiful, that quiet stream, with the willows and alders draping its wild, green banks. Tall sycamores, with their mighty trunks strangely spotted, reached high above their gaunt and giant arm-boughs, until they quite interlocked above the sparkling water.

Dear Nelly, with her unseemly cap and handkerchief, and apron thrown aside, and her little feet and dimpled arms and plump shoulders bare, looked very pretty, and Ned Coulter and John Oliver whispered to their partners, Fan Lee and Sue Talbot, that Nelly looked more like a bride then, as she sat dipping her light oar among the waves, and thoughtlessly patting her little foot in the canoe, than when dressed as became a bride.

In an hour or two the gay party returned, just as tea was ready for them. The wedding supper consisted of light corn cakes, butter, fresh from a cool spring-house, honey, wild hog meat, potatoes, and fine fish, caught from the stream.

Tommy and Nelly moved into a cabin home of their own, and often, often was honest Tom heard to remark that Nelly was the best wife he ever had.

Except occasional threats from the Indians, nothing transpired to mar the happiness of the little neighborhood, until the next Summer uncle Solomon was taken ill from a fever. From the first night of his illness, he expressed the idea that he would never recover. His tried friends were with him every moment, doing all in their power to alleviate his sufferings.

In delirium his thoughts dwelt on his former home and those who had been his associates in early years.

Captain Lee and Willie Morton scarce left his bed-side, till on the evening of the eighth day of his illness, when they told aunt Polly if he grew worse or died, one of the attendants must fire the musket and give the alarm.

Just as the old clock had bodingly tolled the midnight hour, Captain Lee started from his sleep at the ominous discharge of the musket.

"Poor uncle Solomon! it may be the token that the great curtain which unfolds the mysteries of the future, is drawn aside," mused Captain Lee, as he hastily dressed himself.

Another louder and heavier report, and the cabin door was hurriedly swung on its wooden hinges, and his hasty steps died away in the distance.

Sweetly and softly had the spirit plumed its

was left upon the pallid lips of the husband and father. Aunt Polly, and Kate and the boys were weeping bitterly over the first death of the household, when Captain Lee returned.

When the morning came, with its cheerful sunshine, and blue sky, and summer breezes, two men were seen thoughtfully wending their way through the tangled wild, over hill and vale, with heavy mattocks on their shoulders, seeking a spot the most meet in which to lay their emigrant friend.

"Here," said the eldest, striking his mattock into the rich earth that was purple and white with wild violets, "this is a beautiful and quiet spot, and that singing dove in the low hawthorn yonder, makes me think this is the right place. You know he must be laid where the savage step would be least likely to intrude."

"You are right, Mr. Oliver," said the one addressed, as he bent down and laid the long elderstick measure on the ground, "and now let us remove the thick sod and lay it off to replace after we are done."

The two men, with their hard, rough hands, carefully gathered it aside, and then, preparatory to digging, fastened back the saplings and shrubbery that clustered thickly about the sacred spot.

Willie Morton, the millwright, nailed a rude coffin together—very rough and rude it was, too—and the cold form was laid in it with the slightly tinged gray hair put aside from his white brow, and his blue-veined, bony hands rigidly clasped together.

All the men, women and children, for many miles around, were there—a tearful group. Four of the strongest men carried the coffin on their broad shoulders, from the cabin to the stream, when it was placed in a canoe and taken across to the other bank, until the little procession was brought over. Without knowing the direct way, they passed on slowly, over hills and through ravines and swamps, and patches of wild briars and thickets, until the mound of dark earth was before them. Then the fathers and brothers took the curious little wonderers from off their shoulders, and the weary mothers, to rest their arms, stood their babes upon their feet, and the stalwart men wiped the great drops from their bronzed faces as they gently placed the coffin among the trampled violets and withered leaves. The flat lid, fastened not by hinge or screw, was removed, and the bereft widow sank on her knees and bent her head on the pulseless breast, while a wail, piteous, as though wrung from a heart broken and hopeless, and weary of life, pierced every sympathizing breast present. Oh! how they sorrowed over that lost one by that first yawning grave in the wilderness! It was the first sorrow of the emigrant band. Little Abe Bond, the baby boy, with but one garment on, a coarse, tow shirt, without hat, coat, pants or shoes, and the blood trickling down his legs, scratched by brush and briars, his little heart filled to bursting, cried: "Oh, if it was my pa!" and fell fainting through excess of grief.

The lid was nailed down, sadly and tearfully, the bare earth was replaced, the sod carefully

laid on, and then they knelt around that hallowed grave, and prayed as does the full heart in the dark hour of chastening affliction.

Time, the unsleeping one, with the mighty hand, has drawn aside one heavy fold of the curtain that hid the mysteries of the years to come, when the warm-hearted band were grouped about the first grave in the wilderness; and we look upon the hidden things made plain. The same arch of blue sky, and the same wild hills that framed the pictures here sketched, shine there still, but, oh! how changed! Look with me upon the scenery of fair Sylvan Dell!

Here, around us, is the dense forest now merged into beautiful fields of grain, over which the wind-waves are playing soft and gentle as a whisper of love. There are the cool, breezy woodlands, and away deep in their shades you hear the lazy tinkling of tiny sheep-bells; but this is the country, and it falls very sweetly upon the ear—that pretty tinkle. Yonder, where the stream is sparkling brightest in the sunshine of leafy, laughing June, you see a commodious white cottage nestling upon the exact site of uncle Solomon's cabin, now occupied by good old deacon R., his wife, and two sweet, rosy girls—Cora and Mollie.

Listen and you hear the rumbling of the old mill, with its mossy roof and worn sills, and the foamy water rushing over the old dam.

Willie Morton was right; it was a good mill-seat, but poor Willie was gathered to his father's long years before the musical rumble of the mill sounded among our hills and homes. Instead of Morton's Mill, it is called "Maple Grove Mill," and Philip, the miller, a tall, handsome fellow, with a complexion peachy as a blooming maiden's, in making the whitest superfine flour, makes himself a favorite in the whole neighborhood of Sylvan Dell.

Judge Coulter did lay out a village as he had designed, but by some freak of the blind goddess it was called Perrysville instead of Coulterville. The good old Judge, by another fancy freak, got to be my second grandfather, (after the death of Captain Lee,) and we children have often climbed on his knees and pulled his wise, old ears, and slept on his broad bosom.

'Twas a bright summer day, when a messenger called in at the village school to tell us Nelly Hill was no more, and would be laid beside her husband and friends in the old burying-ground across the stream. Then I told the scholars of poor Nelly being the first bride in the wilderness; of how, when great trees covered the green and school-houses were not known, that Nelly was young like us, and bright and happy, and had endured more hardships than all the young men and women in the village. And then the next day we all wore white dresses and clean aprons, and the little boys wore their Sunday hats and clean jackets, and we walked over silently to the open grave, and saw the cold form of poor Nelly laid among the graves of the emigrant band.

Captain Lee and his wife Mattie—'tis long years since they have been sleeping near uncle

Solomon. Every trace of their old cabin is gone—the singing brook that made light music, and was chorused by the prattle of many little ones, is gone, and its remaining green banks reflect not themselves in the purling waters as in bygone days. Stones and rubbish have filled the old well, where once swung the iron-bound bucket from the long sweep, and the slow, plodding oxen have often drawn the plough over that now fertile spot.

Among a dim old package of letters, some dated seventy years ago, may be seen Captain Lee's commission. He was my grandfather, and the mill boy, Frank, was my own dear pa.

Passing away! Hundreds are sleeping near uncle Solomon, but familiar footsteps always linger longest at that one smooth, low mound, with a dim, mossy slab bent quite over it. Now, instead of its being a secluded place where birds sing and build their nests, one will hear the heavy sledge upon the anvil, the woodman's axe, the sound of the gay violin, the shout of merry ones upon the school house green, voices speaking of trade and business, and speculation. Ah! and the singing of hymns in the old church, and the voice of the watchman upon the tower proclaiming God's free gift to all—salvation.

The shrill whistle of the engine, and the rushing of the cars upon the track have broken, too, upon the silence that once shrouded the grave in the wild. The iron steed, "uncurbed by check or rein," goes panting through the quiet vale in the path prepared for him, which seems like the burrowing of some mighty animal; and old men shake their heads ominously at the intruder, while their minds revert to the years of LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.

ROSILLA.

Ashland Co., O.

## MATTIE LORING.

BY MARY E.

A little girl, of four years of age, was standing on tip-toe by the side of a tall bed, whereon lay a pale woman, upon whose delicate, intellectual countenance the seal of death was legibly impressed. Her small mouth was wasted till the lips were very thin and almost bloodless; not the faintest shade of rose-color stained her white cheek, and dark circlets of purple had gathered beneath the lids which dropped so wearily over her eyes.

"Lift Mattie up to me, Patience," she murmured, faintly, to an old negro woman, who also stood near the bed; and, when her little girl was lifted up to her, with a strong effort the mother clasped her arms around the child, and drew the little face down to her own that she might kiss her.

"Mamma is going to leave you, Mattie," she whispered, sorrowfully, "never to come back again: and you will have only your papa to love."

"Where are you going? Take me with you, mamma," said the child.

"I cannot take you, my darling. Would that I could! But I am going to die, and you will

lie down by me, now, and sleep in my arms, to-night, for it will be the last time, darling."

Mattie Loring laid her head upon her mother's breast, and began to cry. She felt that some great misfortune was coming upon her; but in what way she scarcely understood, for her little heart was full of bewildering feelings. Her mother caressingly and fondly stroked down the soft hair of the child, and then, turning to old Patience, said, earnestly—

"Take care of my child, Patience; be kind to her, and give her everything she wants till her father comes. Oh! remember it, Patience, and be tender with my poor darling."

Little Mattie nestled closer to her mother's bosom; and very soon the mother and child were both asleep. One, alas! never awoke. When little Mattie opened her large, blue eyes, the sun was shining through the bars of the closed shutters. She was lying in her own little crib; and the tall bed was drawn out to the middle of the room, and covered all over with a large, white cloth, beneath the folds of which rose the outline of a still and rigid form. Mattie asked for her mother; and she was carried up to the bed to look upon the white face of the corpse that lay moveless before her, answering not to her passionate praying. No word or look—no breathing; and Mattie sprang away from her dead mother, sobbing with a wild fear and an aching sense of desolation, such as had never chilled her young heart before.

Five long days and five lonesome nights the corpse of Mattie's mother lay in solemn, terrible stillness in that room; but he, for whose sake it was so long kept from the earth, came not, after all, and on the sixth day little Mattie was dressed in a black frock, and put in a carriage, which crept slowly on behind the hearse on which was her mother's coffin. Many a stranger, who went to the grave, pitied the poor little child, who sobbed and cried in such strange desolation; and many bent down to kiss her and whisper soothing words to her before she was again lifted into the carriage. The minister, who had read the burial service, was in the carriage with her, and he took her upon his lap, trying to soothe her passionate grief. It was a little comfort to be with him, but he left her when they reached her home, and then she was all alone; for the Loring were strangers in that place, without friends or even acquaintance. Her father had been abroad for six months, and though letters had been sent to him, telling of his wife's illness, and urging his return, still he did not come. So day after day passed till a week was gone, and still no tidings came of the absent father. Little Mattie cried incessantly all the time, refusing to be comforted; she would scarcely eat anything, and the child was wearing away visibly from the effects of such constant sorrow.

One night, aunt Patience carried her up stairs to put her to bed. She was vexed with her for crying so constantly, and determined to put her to sleep where no one would be disturbed by her; so she undressed Mattie, and laid her in a bed at the top of the house, but the child cried louder

"Hush cryin' dis minnit, Mattie, and go to sleep," said aunt Patience, angrily. "Hush! or de debbel 'll get you, shure as you're a libbin. You'd better b' Mebe, you had. I sees him now, pokin' his ugly black head out o' de chimbley, jes waiting for me to go 'way, so den he can ketch a bad chile like you. Is you gwine to hush, ef I tell him to go 'way?"

"Oh! yes, yes, I'll hush," cried the child in extreme terror, catching hold of the old negro's dress with a nervous dread, as she prayed, "Oh! don't go away, aunt Patience; stay with me, and I will be good, indeed I will."

But Patience would not stay. She tucked the covers around the child, and went away, carrying the lamp with her, and leaving poor Mattie Loring alone with the darkness and her own terror. As the sound of aunt Patience's footsteps died away, and the shimmer of the light upon the wall faded, Mattie buried her head entirely beneath the covers, almost suffocating herself in her nervous apprehension. She dared not cry, though the swelling sobs were heaving her breast and choking her throat. She dared not give them vent, because she feared, at the first sound of a sob, the devil would come and fly away with her. Poor little Mattie! So she lay alone, scarcely able to breathe; but the large, burning tears would gather in her eyes and roll over her cheeks, in spite of every effort to prevent them, as she remembered how nicely and cosily she used to lie in her own little bed, beside her mother's, every night, and how, every morning, her mother's sweet eyes would look down upon her as she awoke, and how she would reach out her hand for Mattie to spring up into her bed and lie in her arms. But now the cold, dreary rain was falling on the heap of fresh mould in the graveyard, that covered her mother from sight; and here was little Mattie, crouching in a bed at the top of the house, all alone in the lonesome night-time.

The child lay shivering and shuddering as a thousand fearful images passed before her mind: her mother lying in her shroud, so white and rigid; the coffin, with its haunting smell of varnish, that could never be banished from her senses; the fluttering crapes, and the funeral hearse, and the yawning grave; and then the terrible sound of the "earth to earth" upon the coffin-lid! Oh! she never would forget it; and the dull rain that was pattering down upon the roof now reminded her of it. It was so lonely, so dreadful, up there! Oh! if Patience was only with her! If she only dared to go down stairs! And then the child's wild terror found utterance in a sharp cry, wrung from her lips by mortal fear; and, leaping from the bed, with a frightened bound, she ran out of the room, along the dark, narrow passage, and down the long stairway, crying aloud, all the distance, for some one to come to her.

"Shine-a-massy! what does all dat chile?" grumbled aunt Patience, as she heard little Mattie's cries. "I wish de debbel 'ad fly away wid her," she muttered, as she went to the door to see what the door was flung open as she

threw herself in the arms of the old negro, sobbing so wildly, begging so pitifully that she might be allowed to stay with her, that the woman's heart was softened to remorse and contrition. There was something in Mattie's face, all white and rigid as it was with her terror, and something in her dilated and flashing eyes, that awed the old nurse. It was such a look of her mother that awoke out!

"Hush, Mattie; hush, chile," said aunt Patience, soothingly. "Dere's nothin' to be afeard of, honey; dere's nothin' shall ketch you while aunty's about. Lay your head on my lap, and go to sleep, honey; dar, den."

Then she put her arms round the child, and folded her close to her bosom; for Patience was not really hard-hearted and evil, only cross sometimes. She did not mean to be cruel when she left Mattie alone in the dark, because she was never afraid herself, and she thought it very foolish for any one to be. She loved little Mattie dearly, but she did not understand how to treat her always.

Aunt Patience was rocking Mattie upon her knee, and singing cradle-songs to her just as she used to do when she was a baby. Suddenly the little girl sprang up and said she heard a carriage, some one had driven up surely. Aunt Patience put back her cap to listen. She heard distinctly the tramp of horses, and then voices outside; and presently a manly step rang along the hall, a hand turned the door-knob, and a gentleman in a travelling hat and cloak strode into the room. Aunt Patience uttered a cry of joyful surprise, for she had recognized her master. He grasped her withered hand and wrung it warmly; then, turning from her, he caught up little Mattie in his arms, and covered the child with his kisses and caresses. Patience attempted to tell him of his wife's death and burial, but he silenced her with a gesture of anguish.

"Tell me nothing: I know it all," he almost groaned. "I knew before I reached here that my poor little girl was motherless."

Then he clasped his obdurate to his breast with passionate emotion, calling her repeatedly "his poor, motherless darling," while large, burning tears, wrung from him by bitterest agony, fell down upon her face. Such a sorrowful welcome to home did the wanderer receive!

All that night Mattie lay folded in her father's arms, nestled closely to his bosom like a dear little bird. He would not retire to his chamber, nor would he suffer her to be taken from him; but sat down stairs in the large arm-chair, before a warm, bright fire, all night—alone with Mattie. His very heart was gushing over with a father's love for that little child. He looked upon her delicate face, now calm and sweet in slumber, so like her dead mother's, and covered it with kisses—kisses in which a tender, pitying love for the child, blended with a strong, struggling grief for the lost mother, so unspeakably beloved. Alone with the sleeping child, he lifted up his heart in earnest, anguished prayer to Him who had taken the mother; for tenderness, to be both father and mother to her; for power, to shelter her from evil example and temptation; for know-

for wisdom, to rear her in the way she should go; and strength, to be guide and protector to her so long as both should live.

How that prayer was answered, Mattie Loring's after-life has shown already, and will yet prove more fully as time advances. How fondly her father cherished her I cannot tell; scarcely a mother's love, that passeth all others, could have nurtured her more tenderly. The father and the daughter were never apart from each other, and whatever was noble and beautiful and holy in his own, was poured into his daughter's heart. He was her father, her mother, her teacher, her all; and all the deep, passionate love of her earnest nature was concentrated upon him.

Her father, as a man, filling an important public station, was compelled to travel in many directions, and little Mattie was never left behind. Wherever he went the child was his companion, and in many a strange scene was Mattie an actor. Many a night she slept sweetly in his arms when they were travelling over the wild, sublime mountains of Switzerland, or through dark and frightful forests of Germany, with the howling of wolves around them, and mayhap the elements raging in fury above them. Many a night upon the sea, Mattie would sit with wakeful eyes upon her father's knee, leaning over the railing of the ship to watch the glory of the moonlight upon the waters, and telling to him all the sweet, wild fancies that were thronging in her imaginative mind.

All these things Mattie's father told me himself; and with one more incident of her life, related to me by him, I must close this brief sketch of the child's history. Once, when travelling at night through the Black Forest, in company with two gentlemen, the carriage was surrounded by a group of banditti. The postillions and the two gentlemen within were robbed with little resistance; but when one of the villains came to Mr. Loring, and tried to drag Mattie from his arms, in order to search his person, he met with a blow from the father which threw him backwards and laid him prostrate on the ground.

"It was certainly the rashest act," said Mr. Loring to me, "for we were entirely in the power of a gang of conscienceless villains; but I could not submit patiently to see the hands of such a wretch placed upon my little one. There was degradation in his touch, and I acted upon my first indignant impulse, and felled the scoundrel with one blow. A moment's pause of astonishment followed the act, and then I was violently seized upon by the whole band *en masse*. Mattie was torn from me, and in three minutes I was lying by the road-side, bound hand and foot, and expecting every moment that my body would furnish a temporary sword-case for a dozen long knives that flashed over me. Heaven bless little Mattie for ever! Save for her presence, *her's*, the innocent child! every soul of our party would that night have been hurried untimely into the world beyond!

"The chief of the band had sworn that he himself would have the satisfaction of putting an end to my life. His knee was upon my chest, his

crisis little Mattie sprang forward and flung her white arms round the neck of the fierce bandit. She clasped his throat so tightly that he could not at once throw her aside; and, without a word, she pressed her delicate lips repeatedly to the hairy mouth, and rough cheeks and brow, and fierce eyelids of the man. Oh, surely such sweet and pure kisses had never been showered upon him before!

"The fierce, outlawed men stood all abashed before an infant. The chief leaped up and strained my little one to his breast till I feared he would crush the life from my fragile flower in his strong embrace. Twenty times he kissed her sweet face, uttering some passionate words in his own strange tongue; and then, laying her tenderly and reverently by my side, he strode away from the spot, calling his band after him, and leaving us all safe and unharmed. God bless little Mattie for ever! How eagerly and fervently every heart echoed that prayer!"

I have often heard the Hon. Mr. Loring repeat this anecdote of his little daughter. He loves to relate it, though Mattie, now a beautiful girl of sixteen, blushes somewhat scornfully at the mention of those kisses and caresses so freely lavished on the lawless bandit.

Mattie Loring is before me at this moment—lying back indolently in the soft swell of a deeply-cushioned chair, her face half shadowed by clustering curls, which, looking brown now, grow strangely irradiated in a stray gleam of sunshine. One little velvet-slipped foot, creeping from the folds of her rich dress, balances itself on the edge of an ottoman; the other, patting lightly, keeps time unconsciously to the measures of a wild German air which Mattie has learned in some of her wanderings.

"What are you writing, Mary?" she asks suddenly, looking up curiously under the shadow of long curling eyelashes.

"No matter what," I say laughingly, and cover the pages with my hand. And she, trying playfully to take them from me, little thinks that they are traced with a sketch of her own young life; but if ever her eyes glance over them, she will surely recognize herself!

#### "THAT'S THE ALLEGORY."

A miser being dead, and fairly interred, came to the banks of the river Styx, desiring to be ferried over along with the other ghosts. Charon demanded his fare, and was surprised to see the miser, rather than pay it, throw himself into the river and swim over to the other side, notwithstanding all the clamor and opposition that could be made to him.

All Tartarus was in an uproar; and each of the judges was meditating some punishment suitable to a crime of such dangerous consequences to the infernal revenues.

"Shall he be chained to the rock along with Prometheus? or tremble below the precipice in company with the Danaids? or assist Sisyphus in rolling his stone?"

"No," said Minos, "none of these; we must invent some severer punishment. Let him be sent

## THE ANGEL OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

## CHAPTER I.

"Bedlam let loose!" exclaimed Mr. Harding, passionately, as he started up from the corner, near the fire, where he had been sitting moodily since supper time. "Silence! or I'll break some of your bones!"

The children, who had been wrangling, suddenly ceased their noisy strife, and shrunk back from their angry father, who, advancing towards them, seemed half inclined to put his rough threat into execution.

"There, now! don't talk and act like a savage!" sharply ejaculated the wife and mother, throwing from her coal-black eyes a scornful glance upon her husband. "If I couldn't speak to children in a better way than that, I'd not speak at all."

We will not put on record the brutal retort of Jacob Harding, as he almost flung himself from the room; throwing over, in his mad haste, little Lotty, the youngest member of his unpromising flock, who happened to be in his way. The loud slamming of the door, and the wild screaming of the child, mingled for the excited mother's ears their sounds discordant.

"He'd better break my bones!" said the oldest boy, Andrew, in looks and attitude the picture of defiance. "I'd just like to see him try it."

"Hush this instant, you little vagabond! How dare you speak so of your father?"

"I don't care! He's not going to break my bones." And the young rebel, not over eight years of age, drew himself up, while his eyes, black as his mother's, flashed with boyish indignation.

"If you say that again, I'll box your ears off!" And Mrs. Harding took two long strides towards the lad, who, knowing something about the weight of her hand, shrunk, muttering away, and contented himself with thinking all manner of rebellious things, and purposing all kinds of disobedience.

For a few minutes, after Lotty ceased crying, there was silence in the room; not a pleasant, but a gloomy, forced silence. Then Lucy, six years old, and Philip, between four and five, who had been frightened from their play by the scene just described, drew together once more and commenced rebuilding a block house, which Andrew had wantonly thrown down. Their work, as it again progressed, this bad boy watched with an evil eye, and, just as it was near completion, wantonly swept again the fabric into ruins. Unable to control their indignation at this second unprovoked violation of their rights, the outraged brother and sister, as if moved by a single impulse, threw themselves upon Andrew, and with fists, nails and teeth sought to do him all the injury in their power. Fierce was the struggle, and long would it have continued, but for the mother's interference. She did not stop to separate them, but, with her open hand, dealt each such rapid and vigorous blows about the head and ears, that they were soon glad to retreat, crying with pain, into opposite parts of the room.

"Now off to bed with you this instant!" ex-

claimed the angry mother, "and if I hear a word between you, I'll come up with a switch and cut you half to pieces."

Andrew, Lucy and Phillip glided from the room, keeping silent through fear; for they understood their mother's present mood well enough to know that it would be dangerous to provoke her farther.

"Come! let me undress you," said Mrs. Harding to Lotty. There was nothing gentle, nothing of motherly love in the tones of her voice. The waters of her spirit were agitated by a storm, and the sky above them was dark.

"I don't want to go to bed," answered the child, fretfully.

"Come here this instant, I say!" cried the mother, with threatening look and tone.

"I don't want to go to bed," repeated Lotty.

"D'ye hear? Come this minute!"

But the child, instead of obeying her mother, shrunk away into the farthest corner of the room.

"If I have come to you, Miss, you'll be sorry; now mind!"

Most children would have been frightened at the dark, threatening eyes that almost flashed with cruelty; but Lotty was self-willed, and strong to endure, though but a child. She inherited a large portion of her mother's peculiar spirit. Instead of yielding to this threat, she crouched down in the corner, and cast back at her mother a look of defiance. Mrs. Harding was in no mood for a long parley. There were times when the mother in her was strong; and then, for the sake of her wayward, self-willed child, she would patiently strive with her, and use all gentler efforts to bend her to obedience. But now the mother had given place to the passionate woman. It was one of her hours of darkness, when all the evil of her perverse nature had sway. A few moments she fixed her eyes upon those of Lotty, throwing into them, as she did so, a fiercer light; but this failing to intimidate the stubborn child, all patience gave way, and she darted towards her with something like a tiger's spring. Seizing the still resisting little one, Mrs. Harding jerked her from the corner into which she had retreated, and as she lifted her into the air, struck her three or four hard blows in quick succession.

Did Lotty lie still now in her arms, or stand passively by her side? Not so! The spirit of rebellion was like a young giant in her heart, and blows only quickened this spirit into more vigorous life. The child screamed and struggled, and even struck her mother in the face. Such resistance to her will only made Mrs. Harding blindly resolute. More smarting and longer continued blows were returned; and to these was added such a mad shaking of the child, as she held her out with both hands in the air, that Lotty, losing her breath, became frightened and ceased her struggles.

"I'll break that stubborn spirit of yours, if I kill you!" said the mother, with cruel triumph in her tones, as she set Lotty down upon the floor heavily. With impatient hands the garments were almost torn from the little one's body, and replaced by her night-gown. Then, without an

evening prayer, a kiss, or a kind good night, she was placed in bed; her only benediction an almost savage threat of consequences, should a single word pass her lips.

All was silent now in the house. The older children had fallen quickly to sleep, and Lotty, subdued by the power of fear, restrained the rebel-cries that were almost bursting her heart for utterance. She, too, soon passed into the world of dreams. Was it a beautiful world to her, poor child? or did haunting images, terrible in shape, follow her there from the real world in which she daily struggled and suffered?

Alone, with not a sound on the air but an occasional sob from Lotty, the tumult of whose feelings even sleep had not entirely subdued, Mrs. Harding's state of mind underwent a gradual transition. There are few in whose spirit subsiding anger does not leave its debris of sad emotions, or painful self-condemnation. It had ever been so in the case of Mrs. Harding, yet, had she not seemed to grow wiser by suffering. With every new cause of excitement, her quick temper fired up and burned its little hour fiercely; and, ever as the fire died out, her spirit felt colder than before, and groped sadly in a deeper darkness. And it was so again. How rebukingly upon this state came, now in a single deep sigh, and now in fluttering sobs, the grief of her self-willed child, prolonged even into slumber. So painful was this sound, at length, that Mrs. Harding went softly and closed the door that opened into the room where Lotty was sleeping. But, through the shut door, came, ever and anon, the sigh or sob, each time smiting her ear sadly, and adding to the gloomy depression from which she was now suffering. Nor was this the only cause of self-upbraiding. She was alone, and why? Sharp, insulting words, striking on the ears of her impatient husband, had driven him, as the same cause had before, times without number, from home, to spend his evenings at the tavern, among scenes and associates of a degrading character. Ah! how often and often had the unhappy wife, as she sat through the lonely evening hours, wept for the absence of him whom her blind passion had driven forth—even from the hearth her presence might have made warm and attractive.

Alas! that suffering taught not this ill-governed woman its lessons of wisdom. That remembered anguish did not act as a stimulus to self-control. Ever as a leaf in the wind was she, when the gust of passion arose. As it had been with her, many, many times, so was it now. She was too unhappy for anything but tears; and so, letting the work she had taken up fall into her lap, she drew her hands over her face, and sat idle, weeping and miserable. A knock on the door disturbed her wretched mood. It was night, and their house stood at some distance from the nearest neighbor. Mrs. Harding was no timid woman; yet, this summons startled her—not because it was bold and imperative.—On the contrary, it was low and hesitating.

"Who's there?"

—She had risen up quickly, and now stood in a hearkening attitude.

No voice replied, but the same singular knock was repeated.

"Who's there, I say?"

Sharp though her tones were, a slight tremor betrayed a secret fear.

No answer.

"Come in."

A hand was on the door knob. It seemed like the hand of a child, and failed in the apparent effort to gain admittance. Mrs. Harding distinctly heard the rustle of a woman's garments. She tried to repeat the words "Come in"—but a strange fear prevented utterance. Almost as fixed as a statue, she stood gazing at the door, which, after a little while, swung quietly open. Her eyes caught a momentary glimpse of a white garment, and then she looked vainly into the deep darkness. There was no form visible.

"Who's there?" she cried, after a brief pause. But silence was the only answer.

As she still gazed through the open door, her eyes, penetrating further into the gloomy veil of night, saw dimly an object on the ground. Advancing across the room a few steps, she was able to perceive distinctly, that this object was a large basket, covered with a cloth.

"Who's there? What's wanted?"

Again she sought an answer; but no response came. Boldly now she stepped into the door, and bending her body out, peered farther into the darkness, but there was no movement nor sound that indicated the presence of friend or stranger. Close by the door step stood the basket. She stretched forth a hand and made an effort to raise it from the ground; but to do this required the exercise of considerable strength.

"This is strange! What can it mean?" said she to herself, again searching with her eyes into the surrounding darkness.

"Jacob! Jacob!"

A thought that her husband might have brought the basket, flitting across her mind, prompted her to call his name.

But no answer came back upon the quiet air, that bore her voice afar off, until it died in the distance. Why does she start so? A low smothered cry, like that of an infant, has come suddenly upon her ear. From whence, she is in no doubt, for already she has lifted the basket and is bearing it into the house.

How wildly excited was the countenance of Mrs. Harding, as she stooped down, and with unsteady hand, removed the white napkin that covered the basket. The sight revealed would have touched a harder heart than hers. A babe, only a few weeks old, lifted to hers a pair of the softest blue eyes that ever reflected the light; and as it did so, fluttered its little hands, and showed all the instinctive eagerness of an infant to be clasped to a mother's bosom.

Now, with all the hardness and passionate self-will of the woman, up into whose face this helpless, innocent stranger looked, there was a warm chamber in her heart, over the door of which was written "mother;" and the hand of an angel opened this door to admit the babe so cruelly abandoned. Her first impulse was obeyed—that prompted her to lift the child quickly from the



basket and fold it in her arms. A sweet, confiding smile played softly around its lips; and its large, beautiful eyes, rested in hers with an expression so full of loving confidence, that she felt her whole bosom warming with love, and yearning towards it with inexpressible tenderness. The kiss that could not be withheld from the rosy lips that parted to receive the salutation, was the kiss of another.

Ere there was time for reflection or observation, the babe had won its way into the heart of Mrs. Harding. The door still remained open as she had left it in the excitement incident to bearing in the basket. Mrs. Harding, now aware of this, arose, still holding the child in her arms, and crossed the room to shut the door. Was it really so; or did her imagination create the picture? Be this as it may; just in the dusky extreme of the circle of light made by the rays pouring out from her lamp, she saw the form of a woman. The face was distinct, and its expression never to be forgotten. It was a young face; very sad, very full, and very beautiful. The hands were clasped tightly together, and the figure seemed bending forward eagerly. For a moment or two the vision was distinct. Then it faded slowly, and the eyes of Mrs. Harding saw nothing but darkness.

Closing the door, with a strange feeling about her heart, she went back to where the basket stood upon the floor, and seating herself beside it, the babe on her lap, commenced an examination into its contents, with the hope of gaining some light on the mysterious circumstance. But nothing here gave her the least clue to the parentage of the child; or made clear the reasons for committing it to her tender mercies. In the basket were four or five full changes of clothes, most of them made of good, but not very fine material, except the white flannel skirts, which were soft as down, and of the choicest quality. These were not as new as the other articles. No letter was to be found in the basket; nor did it contain any money.

While Mrs. Harding was thus seeking for all possible light in regard to the babe, it had fallen asleep in her arms, unconscious that any great change had taken place in its fortunes or friends, and as happy in its slumber, as when it nestled on its mother's bosom—if, indeed, it had ever known that blessed privilege. Perceiving this, and affected with a new tenderness as she gazed down upon its face, one of uncommon sweetness, even for a babe, she sat for many minutes with her eyes upon its countenance. Her gaze seemed held there as if by a kind of fascination. What a yearning love grew up in her heart—gaining strength every moment. She wondered at her own feelings.

Rising now, and holding the child with exceeding care, she passed into the next room—her own chamber, where Lotty was sleeping—and gently laid the sweet young stranger in her bed. Here she lingered for some time, leaning over and looking upon the child. Once or twice she left the bed, and went as far as the door, purposing to leave the chamber. But a strange attraction drew her to the babe again and again, and each time it seemed that its face had acquired a newer beauty.

At last, Mrs. Harding compelled herself to leave the apartment. And as she did so, she closed the door softly. Sitting down by the basket, she commenced a new examination of its contents. This was as fruitless of intelligence as the first. Not a mark, nor sign was there to tell from whence the infant came.

Half an hour elapsed, and still Mrs. Harding sat musing over the basket, her mind incapable of finding, for the present, interest in anything but what appertained to the babe.

Thus she was sitting, when the heavy tread of her husband startled her into painful consciousness of coming trouble. Jacob had never been very fond of children—not even of his own, towards whom he had shown but little tenderness. That he would manifest only ill-nature, perhaps give way to violent passions as soon as he learned that a strange infant had been left at his door, she had too good reason to fear.

He came in roughly, as was his wont—shutting the door heavily behind him.

"Hush!"

Mrs. Harding raised her hand involuntarily, to enjoin silence. But her rude husband strode noisily across the floor, heedless of her warning.

"What's that?" he said, as his eyes rested on the strange looking basket.

"You would hardly guess," answered Mrs. Harding, speaking with a forced pleasantness of tone, very unusual with her, when addressing her husband.

"I shall hardly try," said he gruffly.

"A strange thing has happened to-night."

The voice of Mrs. Harding was not as steady as she wished it to be.

"How, strange? What has happened? Who's been here?"

"That basket was left at our door to-night."

"By whom?"

"I cannot tell."

"With somebody's cast off brat in it, I suppose," said Harding with a flush of anger in his face, for now he saw the baby clothing which his wife had taken from the basket and laid on the table. "Is it so?"

The flush had deepened to a fiery glow, and his eyes burned with indignation.

"The basket contained a young babe," said Mrs. Harding calmly, and with a mother's tenderness in her voice, "the sweetest, loveliest babe your eyes ever rested upon."

"Pshaw!" And Harding averted his face, on which was a look of supreme contempt—"I'd like to know," he added menacingly, "who has dared do this thing?"

"That we are not likely soon to know," said Mrs. Harding. "The basket contained only infant clothing."

An almost savage imprecation leaped from the tongue of Jacob Harding. For a little while he stormed about the room like a madman. Under almost any other circumstances, his conduct would have kindled up in the mind of his wife as fierce a flame as that which burned in his own. But a woman's true instincts subdued her passionate nature, usually so quick to gather all its forces for combat. Silently she waited for the fire to

burn out in her husband's mind for want of fresh fuel, that she well knew how to supply.

"It is such a sweet baby," said Mrs. Harding, in as calm a voice as she could assume, after her husband's fierce indignation had in a measure consumed itself.

"Humph! sweet!" How the selfish, cruel animal growled! What a look of disgust was on his countenance—scarcely human in its expression.

Harding had come home from the tavern, ripe for a quarrel; and he was doing all in his power—impotent of effect so far—to raise a storm. He had not been drinking much; only enough to deaden all of true manhood that he possessed and to quicken into active force the evil of his nature. He now perceived the change in his wife and at once divined the cause. The foundling had won its way into her heart, and she was already purposing to adopt it as her own. The thought enraged him anew.

"Where is the brat?" he exclaimed, starting up with a fresh burst of anger. "I'll throw it out of doors!"

"Better replace it in the basket, poor thing!" answered Mrs. Harding. "It has done us no harm."

"Very well. Put the duds back into the basket and the child with them. They shan't stay in my house to-night!"

Conscious that, if she gained over her husband at all, it must be through apparent yielding, rather than resistance, to his will, Mrs. Harding commenced slowly replacing the baby clothes, as if about to do his bidding. A little wondering at this passive acquiescence on the part of his wife, Harding stood looking on while she laid in garment after garment.

"It is dark out, Jacob, and will be cold before morning. And then the dogs, or some other animal, might hurt the poor helpless thing."

"I don't care. It shan't stay in my house to-night. I'll teach people better than to leave their brats at my door—I will!"

The man's stubborn spirit was roused by the remonstrance of his wife.

A deep sigh heaved the breast of Mrs. Harding as she bent once more over the basket, and, to gain time, made some new arrangement of the baby clothes.

"Don't be all night about it!" growled the savage.

Mrs. Harding, without a word in reply—a circumstance that excited the especial wonder of her husband—took up the basket and passed into her chamber, as if to do his bidding. Acquiescence like this he had been far from anticipating. Yet was he, in the blindness of evil passion, bent on thrusting the babe from his house. The very thought of it was an offence to him.

"Jacob!" It was the voice of his wife, calling to him from the adjoining room, where she had been for several minutes.

"What do you want?" he answered, gruffly.

"Come here a moment," Mrs. Harding spoke, in a mild, subdued voice.

"You come here. You're as able to walk as I am," he retorted.

"Just a minute. I want to show you something."

Harding arose and went into the room from which his wife had called to him. In the middle of the floor stood the basket, and lying in the basket, with its beautiful face uncovered, was the sleeping infant.

"There it is, Jacob," said Mrs. Harding, in a low, steady voice. "Cast it forth, if you have the heart to do so—I have not."

How suddenly were the man's steps arrested! The moment his eyes fell upon the placid face of the infant, so innocent, so peaceful, so heavenly in expression, he felt himself within the circle of some strange power that stilled the waves of passion in his heart.

"Cast it forth, Jacob, if you can," repeated his wife. "My hands would be powerless were I to make the effort."

A little while Harding struggled with himself and the new influences that so suddenly pervaded the atmosphere around him; then, with an effort, he turned himself away, and went back into the room from whence his wife had called him.

Tenderly—very tenderly—did Mrs. Harding lift the sweet babe, still sleeping, from the basket and replace it in the bed, the moment her husband retired, vanquished by weapons his fierce manhood despised, yet against which he had no shield of defence. For some time, she bent over the baby, gazing upon its face; and it was only with an effort that she could tear herself away.

"You'd better keep it all night," said Harding, as his wife entered the room where he was sitting. His voice, though untouched by gentler feelings, was not so harsh and cruel as before. "Some harm might come to it, and then we'd be blamed. To-morrow, I'll have it sent to the poor-house, if no owner can be found."

Mrs. Harding sighed, but said nothing in reply. She was afraid to express what was in her mind, for, by years of sad experience, she knew that for her to express a wish, or to approve a measure, was to ensure her husband's opposition; and, in truth, it must be told, that she had proved no inapt scholar in the same bad school where he had learned his lesson of ill-nature and bootless contention.

"I only wish I could find out who has dared to do this miserable deed," resumed Harding, his anger growing warm again. "A wild beast never deserts her young. The wretch should be gibbeted alive."

As he said this, a cry arose from the chamber. "There it is! A nice time you'll have with it, to-night."

Mrs. Harding went quickly in to the babe, that was now awake. She lifted it gently in her arms, and, as she drew it to her breast, it commenced nestling there, seeking for the fountain of its life—alas! so suddenly and so cruelly cut off. How deeply was the heart of its new friend stirred by this movement! What a yearning pity pervaded her bosom.

"Dear, dear child!" she murmured, as she bent down her face and placed that of the infant's closely against it. Holding it thus, she

went out into the room where her husband still remained.

"Won't you get me a little milk in a cup, and some sugar and warm water, Jacob? The poor child is hungry."

Harding, with considerable reluctance, went off, grumbling, to do as his wife desired. The milk and warm water were brought, and, as he set them on the table, he could not restrain the utterance of an ill-natured remark. To this no answer was returned.

Much to the relief and pleasure of Mrs. Harding, the babe drank freely from the spoon which was placed to its lips. Evidently, it had been prepared for this great change in its life by those who contemplated abandoning it to strangers. Somehow, Harding's eyes remained rivetted on the face of the child, as it took the food prepared by his wife; and, strangely enough, the longer he gazed upon it the gentler became his feelings. The human in him began to rise above the bestial.

"No punishment is bad enough for the wretch who could desert a child like that," said he, his ready indignation taking a new direction. "It was fiend-like."

"You may well say that, Jacob," returned his wife, as she drew the babe's head back upon her bosom, and looked down tenderly upon its face. "Isn't it beautiful?"

"I never saw anything very beautiful in babies," said the man, a little impatiently. He was worried with himself because of the involuntary interest in the little stranger that was awakening in his mind.

"Oh! how can you say so?"

Something of the sweetness of bygone years was in the voice of Mrs. Harding, and something of the maiden beauty in her face that had won the heart of her husband in the long-ago time. At least, so it seemed to Jacob Harding.

"It is true, Mary," he answered, even smiling briefly, as he spoke.

"There is beauty here—beauty that even your eyes can see. Dear little angel! It has come to us like a ray of sunshine, Jacob. You don't know what strange feelings I have had ever since I looked into this sweet countenance. More like a heaven-born than an earthly child the babe seems to me; and now, as it lies so close against my bosom, I feel such a pleasant thrill going deep, deep, even to the centre of my heart, that I wonder as to the cause."

"You are foolish, Mary," said Harding, kindly.

"Maybe I am," she replied; "but I can't help it. Now it is fast asleep again! Did you ever see such perfect lashes for a babe? they lie in a dark line upon its cheeks like the long lashes of a woman. Let me place it in bed again."

Mrs. Harding arose and turned to go into the bed-room. As she did so, her foot caught in the carpet, and she would have fallen forward had not her husband, whose eyes were on her, or, rather, on the babe, sprung instantly forward and caught her.

"Don't let it fall!" he cried, eagerly, stretching his arms around and beyond her, so as to

betrayed, both to his wife and himself, the strong hold that weak, helpless, unconscious infant had already gained upon his rugged heart. How this betrayal caused the warm blood to leap joyfully through the veins of Mrs. Harding! When she returned from the bed-room, and addressed her husband, he answered in milder tones than he had spoken to her in many days—weeks and months we might almost have ventured to affirm.

"There's something uncommon about the child, that's certain," he said, as they talked together; "and I shall not feel just right about sending it off to the poor-house. But it can't stay here, for we've enough of our own; and it's as much as I can do to fill *their* mouths."

To this, Mrs. Harding answered nothing. So far, the babe had been its own all-sufficient advocate, and she felt that words from her might prejudice rather than advance its cause.

As husband and wife laid their heads upon their pillows that night, each felt a calmness of spirit hitherto unknown. Selfish passions were at rest, and higher and purer emotions—so long held down by evil—stirred with a new life, and opened the windows of their hearts for the influx of celestial influences.

#### CHAPTER II.

As Mrs. Harding lay wakeful and musing on her pillow, that night, she wondered at her state of feeling. Could the mere presence of a babe effect so great a change? Four times had she been a mother; and four times she had felt, as a helpless babe, just born into the world, was laid against her heart, an indescribable joy. Too soon had this passed away—too soon had her briefly alumbering passions awakened to fresh activity—too soon had the trials and temptations of her position changed the heavenly tenderness that pervaded her spirit into harshness or indifference. She remembered all this, and wondered how she could ever have indulged in anger towards the little ones for whose gift her heart had felt such deep thankfulness.

How distinctly present to the eyes of her mind were Andrew, and Lucy, and Philip, and Lotty! Not with faces marred, as was, alas! too often the case, by selfish and cruel passions; but, with each young countenance beautified by loving affections. With what a new impulse did her heart go out towards them! All the mother in her was stirred to its profoundest depths. While she thought and felt thus towards her own children, involuntarily she raised her head, and bending over, partly reclining, with her eyes fixed upon the calm face of the sweet, young stranger.

"Baby—dear baby!" She could not keep back the low utterance; and, as she spoke, she lifted the sleeper in her arms, and, hugging it to her bosom, commenced rocking her body, and murmuring a tender lullaby.

"Don't be foolish, Mary!" Jacob Harding spoke more roughly than he felt, but in tones less reproving than he had meant to use. "You'll waken the child, and then we shall have a time of it."

"She is so sweet," said Mrs. Harding, as she

kissed the babe, and then replaced it in the warm nest from which it had just been withdrawn. She did not know that her husband was awake. He had been lying so very still that she believed him sleeping. But busy thought, excited by a new current of feeling, had driven slumber also from his eyelids.

"One would think you'd never seen a baby before!"

There was no ill-nature in the voice of Jacob Harding, notwithstanding he tried to speak unkindly. The fact was, he had been so long in the habit of speaking harshly to his wife, that, to address her with anything like tenderness, seemed an unmanly weakness! And so he put on a rough exterior to hide the softness within. He could not entirely hide it, however. Mrs. Harding perceived all the change he, too, was experiencing, and it but increased her wonder and delight. She did not venture a reply, lest something in her words should quicken the perverse temper of her husband.

Never in her life, before, did Mrs. Harding fall asleep in such a state of mind, or with thoughts so full of all tenderness and loving kindness. And never before came to her a dream so strange and beautiful. Last in her thoughts, as all waking perceptions died, were the singular incidents of the evening; and, as fancy began to mingle her airy forms with the things of actual life, the strange vision—real or ideal—that fixed the eyes of Mrs. Harding, as she gazed through the open door into the surrounding darkness, was most prominent. Across this warp, Fancy threw her shuttle, and strange figures were soon made visible in the dreamy fabric she wove.

Again Mrs. Harding was alone in the family sitting-room. No babe was in her lap; but, in the open door stood a beautiful woman, and she knew her to be the same whose white, sad, yearning face had been revealed to her a moment on the back ground of shadows. Tender and serious, but not sad, was her face now, as she beckoned with her hand. Mrs. Harding arose and followed the lovely apparition. As she stepped beyond the threshold, she became aware that the earth lay in sunlight, and that the scenery around was new and more beautiful than anything she had seen. Here were soft, green meadows, dotted with snow-white lambs; there, leafy avenues, along which the eye ranged to an almost interminable distance, and yonder towered up, even to the spotless heavens, mountains as blue as the sky itself.

"The land of innocence and celestial love," said the stranger, as they gained an eminence and looked down upon the scene spread out in beauty before them. "The angels of childhood dwell here. Whenever a babe is born upon the earth, two angels from this world are appointed to its guardianship, and they remain near the child through all the days of its tender infancy; and near the mother, also, filling her heart with love for her helpless offspring. It is their presence that so often changes the selfish and cruel woman into the tenderest of mothers. They flow into her mind through love for her babe, and fill it so full of what is gentle and good that evil

passion has no room for activity. But, gradually, as the minds of infants are opened, through the senses, to a knowledge of the world into which they have been born; and, as the will, gaining strength, is moved by inherent evil, the angels gradually recede from both the child and the mother. Not because they wish to abandon their charge, but because their gentle influence is no longer perceived. With some they remain longer than with others; for some children are born with fewer perverse inclinations, and some mothers love their babes with a divine rather than an earthly love."

As the fair stranger ceased speaking, Mrs. Harding perceived that they were standing in one of the porticos of a building, the architecture of which, in its grandeur, exceeded anything ever reached by the boldest imagination. The walls were of translucent gems, and everywhere the ornaments, that seemed living forms, gleamed with gold and sparkled with precious stones of wonderful brilliancy. Into this magnificent palace they entered, and the stranger led the way to a large east room, where a small company of beautiful virgins stood near a window, from which they were gazing earnestly.

"Let us approach them," said the stranger, and they moved over to where the virgins were assembled by the window.

"Pride and human fear have hardened her heart," thus spoke one of the virgins. "And she is about to desert the babe. See!"

All bent near and gazed from the window. To the eyes of Mrs. Harding, everything looked dark and sad. It was sometime before she was able to distinguish objects; but, when her vision was clear, she recognized all the prominent features of the scene. Dimly revealed from out of the murky shadows, was the neighborhood where she dwelt, and she seemed to be looking down upon it, as from an eminence. It was night; for all was in half-obscurity, and the stars were shining from the sky. Here and there stood a house—she knew them all—and there was her humble abode, the only one from the window of which light streamed forth upon the gloomy darkness. As she continued to look, an object moving along one of the roads, became visible. Gazing more intently, she saw a woman; and in her hand she carried a basket. A thrill passed along every nerve, as she recognized the face that had looked so wildly upon her from the fading circle of light, and she turned quickly towards the stranger who had led her thither—but she was now alone with the virgins.

"Not there," said one of the company.

The woman had paused before a house, the inmates of which Mrs. Harding knew to be best esteemed in all the neighborhood for goodness of heart and kindness of action. In this home there was ease and comfort; and the babe, if left there, would find love and tenderness.

"Why not there?" she asked aloud.

"Even a babe has its mission of good to the world," answered one. "A household angel will this babe be, wherever it is received; for to the best of Heaven's angels has been committed its guardianship. If the mother, hearkening to evil

counsel, casts it from her, the blessing of its presence must be for those who need the blessing. No, not there."

And the woman, who had paused before the dwelling of peace, took up the bundle, and passed on slowly, wearily, and in tears.

"Not there," said one of the virgins, as she stopped before another dwelling.

The woman seemed to hear the words, for she raised the basket again, and kept on her way. As she did so, her eyes received the light, streaming forth from the Hardings' window, and she turned her step thitherward.

"The angels of childhood are about to leave that dwelling," said one of the virgins; "for innocence has almost died in the hearts of the children. A dark shadow is resting over them, for the powers of evil have prevailed over the good. Let the babe go there."

"There?—Not there!" answered one of the virgins. "The innocent, helpless lamb, must not be left in a den of wild beasts."

"It will not go alone," was replied. "Angels have gathered their protecting arms around it; and its own sphere of innocence will be a wall of defence."

A low cry reached the ears of Mrs. Harding; the cry of a babe. Instantly the vision faded, and she became aware that a small, soft hand, was nestling in her bosom. There was a love, more than human, in her heart, as she gathered the half-waking infant in her arms, and felt that she had been, and still was, in the company of angels.

How vivid remained the impression of her dream—not to her a mere phantasm, but a real vision.

"For this great blessing, Father, I am thankful," said she, as she lifted upwards her heart to Heaven.

Strange fact! Not, perhaps, since the days of innocent childhood until now, had she felt that God was near to her, and near as the Giver of good; and that she should address God, in a thankful spirit! She wondered, even while she gave involuntary thanks.

When Mrs. Harding slept again, it was to dream of the babe, and to have a consciousness of deep peace such as she had never experienced in her waking moments. New purposes and better states of mind had been formed during both the waking and sleeping hours that passed since the little stranger first greeted her with its winning smiles. The morning found her calm, thoughtful, yet sad. What a trial was before her! Ah! how clearly she saw her difficult position! How sunk her heart, as one hard, harsh fact after another, of that position, looked her sternly in the face. She had as much to fear from within as from without—from her ungovernable passions, as from the tempers of her husband and children.

Dimly the morning broke, the cold light creeping slowly into the chamber where she lay. Her husband and Lotty still slept; but the babe was awake, and its large blue eyes were looking up into hers. How sweetly it smiled! How trustful and loving the whole expression of its young

"Blessed baby!" she said tenderly.

And it responded to her greeting with a curving lip, and the low cooing sound of a dove; as she talked to it, forgetful of everything in the pleasure of the moment. Harding awoke suddenly, and starting up in bed, muttered some incoherent words, and threw his eyes hastily around the room. His voice chilled the heart of his wife; for she dreaded his waking mood. Scarcely thinking of what she did, Mrs. Harding drew the bed clothes over the child, and so placed her body as to shield it from his observation.

"I've been dreaming, I believe," said Harding, as he laid himself back on the pillow.

"Dreaming of what?"

Mrs. Harding spoke very gently. In half wonder, her husband turned his head to look into her face—the tone was so unusual.

"I never saw anything so real."

"Was it a pleasant dream?"

Harding looked over at his wife again. It was the old voice, that, in times gone by, had sounded to him so musically.

"Yes, Mary," he answered mildly; "it was a pleasant, though a singular dream. I thought some one left a baby at our door—"

He paused abruptly, looked serious for a moment or two, and then said—

"But, that was no dream, Mary."

He now raised himself up, and as he did so, Mrs. Harding drew down the bed clothes, and showed him the smiling infant.

"It was no dream, Jacob," she said, kindly.

For some time, Harding gazed upon the little face, and the longer he gazed, the softer grew his heart. He said no more of the dream; yet, as well to him as to his wife, had come a vision—though not in all things alike. He had seen the little abandoned one, in sleep, and under circumstances that impressed his mind powerfully.

It was now broad daylight, and Lotty, as was usual with her, awoke in a bad humor. She commenced crying even before her eyes were fairly open.

"What do you want, Lotty?" asked Mrs. Harding.

But Lotty cried on, not seeming to have heard her mother's voice.

"Lotty! Lotty!"

The crying did not cease for an instant.

"See what I've got here, Lotty?"

"You ain't got anything!"

By such words the child had been so often deceived, that no confidence remained even in her mother. And so she kept crying on.

"Will you hush, now?"

The father's patience was gone, and he spoke in a quick, angry voice. How the little stranger babe started! What a frightened look was in its face! Harding saw the effect of his harsh tones; and, for the sake of the babe, regretted the sudden passion to which he had given way.

"But I have got something here, Lotty," said Mrs. Harding. "It is the dearest little baby you ever saw in your life."

Instantly the voice was silent, and springing from the bed in which she lay, Lotty stood beside her mother. Harding watched her face and saw

"It is wonderful!" he said to himself, as he arose and commenced dressing—"wonderful. It seems even now, as if I must be dreaming. 'A Heaven-sent child.' These were the very words that sounded in my ears as I awoke; and I verily believe the babe is from Heaven."

"Baby! baby! Dear, sweet baby! Oh, mother! Where did it come from?"

There was such a gush of delight in the voice of Lotty, who was usually cross in the morning, as she stood on a chair, and bent over the infant, that Mr. Harding's wonder increased. A spell about the babe subdued all who came near. To him it was a new life-phenomenon, the mystery of which filled him with surprise, not unmingled with a heart-pervading sense of pleasure.

Mrs. Harding now arose, leaving Lotty and the infant equally delighted with each other, and commenced hurriedly dressing herself. It was her business to prepare the morning meal; for the earnings of her husband were not sufficient to allow her help in the family. With many earnest injunctions to Lotty not to hurt the babe, she left the chamber for the kitchen, in order to make up the fire and get breakfast. Somehow or other, the fire kindled with unwonted quickness; and every touch and movement of her hand seemed to accomplish her purpose more readily than usual. By the time the milkman was at the door, she had the table set, and the kettle was almost ready to boil. The babe's breakfast was her next thought. It was scarcely the work of a moment to dilute some new milk with warm water, to add a little sugar, and a few crumbs of bread, and to bear it into the chamber where she had left the little stranger.

As she came in noiselessly, she saw her husband stooping over the infant, whose two white, chubby hands were fluttering about his rough face; and heard the cooing, dove-like voice that had sounded once before to her so sweetly.

As soon as Harding perceived that his wife was present, he left the bedside, half ashamed of his weakness in thus toying with a mere babe.

"The child must be hungry," he said, with as much indifference as he could affect.

"I've brought her something to eat," answered Mrs. Harding. "And won't you, Jacob, while I feed her, call the children, and bring me in an armful or two of wood? Breakfast will be all ready in a little while."

There was no resisting the manner of Mrs. Harding. If she had always spoken to her husband as now, he would always have been to her a kind husband. Her power over him for good might have been complete, had she been wise, gentle and forbearing. But, she had exercised no self-control, and almost from the beginning of their married life, had excited the evil in him, rather than the good. How much she had lost, and how much she had suffered in consequence, can hardly be imagined. Her life, for the last six or seven years, might almost be called a living martyrdom.

Harding did not answer, but went out from the chamber promptly, to do as his wife had requested. Ordinarily, in calling the children, he spoke, to use

their heads off." He corrected this bad habit from the present instance, for, instead of ordering them roughly and angrily to get right up, or he would after them "with a stick"—he ascended to the room where they lay, and spoke kindly, yet firmly to each one, subduing their waking impatience by the quiet pressure of his own voice and manner.

"Andrew," he said in a tone that, exciting no opposition in the boy's mind, left the consciousness that he must obey—"Dress yourself before you come down, and do it quickly."

"Yes sir," was answered cheerfully, and Andrew sprang from his bed.

"Philip! Lucy!" The two younger children raised up. "Go down to your mother. She wants to dress you."

The voice and manner of their father was so unusual, that the little ones felt both surprise and pleasure. They obeyed, instantly; and Mr. Harding had the strange satisfaction of witnessing an act of ready and cheerful obedience in his children.

A great surprise awaited Lucy and Philip, and they were just in the state of mind for its full enjoyment.

A stranger, who had looked in upon Harding's family, at the early meal on the previous day, and who looked in again upon them as they assembled around the breakfast table, on this morning, could hardly have believed that his eyes rested on the same individuals. In her usual place was Mrs. Harding, the stranger babe on her arm, and looking so beautiful and happy, that all eyes and hearts were drawn towards it. Little Lotty, from the moment its bright eyes looked into hers, had not once left its side, and now, as she sat close to her mother, she could not eat for pleasure.

"Has it any name, mother?" asked Andrew, from whom had not proceeded a single ill-natured word or act, since he came down and saw the baby.

Mrs. Harding did not reply, but looked at her husband. A name had been floating in her thoughts; but she hesitated about giving it utterance.

"Dora," said Mr. Harding. "Let us call her Dora."

Now that was not the name about which Mrs. Harding had been thinking; nor was it a name that pleased her ear. It was on her tongue to say, "O no!"—but she kept silent. Her eyes were bent down upon the little one's face, and there she read her duty. For its sake, she refrained from objecting, because she feared that any want of accord with her husband, would produce a state of opposition. And so she said nothing.

"Shall it be Dora?" Harding spoke in a pleasant voice:

"Yes, if you like the name." And Mrs. Harding looked up and smiled, as she answered.

"Have you thought of one, Mary?"

"A name has been in my mind, ever since I awoke this morning. But, if Dora sounds pleasant to your ears, let her be called Dora."

"What name did you think of? Perhaps I

"Grace." Mrs. Harding spoke the word softly and tenderly.

"The very name!" said her husband. "It is much better than Dora. Let her be called Grace."

"Grace! Grace!" All the children echoed the name; and the baby, as if conscious of a new importance, tossed its little hands, and smiled.

So touched was Mrs. Harding by this unexpected acquiescence of her husband, that tears came into her eyes. For the first time in months, it might be years, Harding had deferred to her wishes—but not in consequence of resolute persistence on her part. Had she contended for the name that pleased her best, he would never have seen in it a beauty and fitness, above the one he preferred himself; and she would, in the end, have been compelled to yield, or have the babe thrust out from the home into which its presence had already brought so many rays of sunshine.

And so the babe was named Grace.

"What will you do, Mary?" said Harding to his wife, as, after setting longer than usual at the table, he arose to leave the house. As he spoke, he looked toward the child that still lay in her arms. Mrs. Harding understood, and answered quickly,—

"Oh, I shall get on very well. Breakfast wasn't late, a minute, this morning; and I'm sure everything has gone on pleasantly. No hurry nor confusion. The children never behaved better in their lives."

And the mother glanced at them approvingly.

"But you can't attend to an infant, and do all your work into the bargain?"

"You see if everything isn't in order, and dinner smoking on the table when you come home," answered Mrs. Harding, cheerfully, and with smiles.

Harding lingered. There was a fascination about little Grace, from the circle of which it seemed as if he could not break.

"What are we to do with this child, Mary?" said he, his manner becoming serious. "We have more children now than we can well take care of."

"Has it brought us trouble or pleasure, so far?" asked Mrs. Harding, looking up earnestly into her husband's face. He did not answer.

"Would you like to see it taken to the Poor House?"

"No,—no. It shall not go there!" Harding spoke quickly and strongly.

"It is a Heaven-sent child, Jacob," said Mrs. Harding, in a low, but impressive voice. "I know it from the dream that came to me last night. Let us accept the boon, thankfully. He who sent it to us, will see that it prove not a burden, but a blessing."

Harding answered not a word, but drew nearer to his wife, and, bending down, laid his finger upon the babe's soft cheek. He would have stooped lower and kissed the cheek, but felt ashamed to betray what seemed to him a weakness.

When that hard, harsh, passionate man went forth into the world of strife and labor, he carried with him thoughts the beautiful image of a babe, in whose arms he had been used to cradle in

rough contact, saw a change, but divined not the cause. He was less coarse in speech, and rude in action,—less contentious,—less overbearing. The consequence was, that men who had always treated him roughly, because he was himself rough, instantly changed their manner, so that fewer things than usual occurred to chafe his spirit. Not during all that morning was the image of the babe once wholly obliterated, though many times obscured.

"What does it all mean?" said Harding to himself, as he reflected on the change. "Am I the same man that I was yesterday? What is there in a little helpless babe to cast a spell like this?"

But he questioned in vain. He could not understand the mystery. With lighter steps, and a lighter heart than usual, he took his way home at dinner time, looking for sunshine there. And he did not look in vain, for it lay broader and brighter over his threshold, than it had lain for many years.

*To be continued.*

## LEIGH HUNT AT TWENTY-FIVE.

*See Engraving.*

The claim of Leigh Hunt to be enrolled and cherished among the elect, the poets of the world, may rest, had he written nothing else, upon those brief lines, which a high authority has declared, "will live a thousand years," and if a thousand years, then for ever; and which we quote, assured that, enriched with such a gem, the present article, slight as it may be, will possess a positive value.

"About Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
And saw within the moonlight in his room,  
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,  
An angel writing in a book of gold;  
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold;  
And to the presence in the room he said,  
'What writes thou?' The vision raised its head,  
And with a look made of all sweet accord,  
Answered, 'The names of those who love the  
Lord.'

'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'  
Replied the angel. Abou spake more low,  
But cheerily still, and said, 'I pray thee, then,  
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'  
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night  
It came again, with a great wakening light,  
And showed the names whom love of God had  
blessed,  
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

The sentiment of this pure poem is an ancient and world-wide truth. The two great commandments are mingled into one; and then was language ever more musical? How delicious to the ear, the discord in the fourth line? How mysterious and undefinable the angelic presence! How complete its vanishing! How grand its re-appearance! How the returning light floods and awakens the soul, and leaves it bathed in an exceeding peace! The poet, to whom such a vision has been accorded, may well afford to look upon life, with all its struggles and sorrows, with a



loving and benignant spirit. So long as we have known them, we have felt that the writer of these lines, amidst all the miserable jangle of politics with which his name has been associated, still dwelt apart; and, however, in the necessary scramble for bread, he may have come in collision with the world, he was fed all the while upon angels' food.

Leigh Hunt was born at Southgate, England, October 19, 1784, and is now in his seventieth year; an old man, with a head as white as snow. He belongs in part to this side of the water. His mother was an American, a Shewell, of Philadelphia. His father, a West Indian, being in Pennsylvania at the time of the war with the mother country, took sides with the Crown so warmly, that he was obliged to fly to England. Hunt has been an active, industrious literary man. He showed talent at an early age, and early began to write. In 1805, he started a paper, the "News," in conjunction with a brother. His contributions to the "News" consisted chiefly of dramatic and literary criticisms, which, being written with an independence and spirit then too rare in writers for the press, were greatly admired. In 1808 he established the "Examiner" newspaper, in conjunction with his brother John. He was still more literary than political in his tastes and lucubrations, but unfortunately ventured an observation in 1810, in the "Examiner," which drew upon him the attentions of the attorney-general. Informations were now filed against Mr. Hunt and his brother, and also against Mr. Perry, of the "Morning Chronicle," who had reprinted the obnoxious remarks. The case of the "Morning Chronicle" was tried first; Mr. Perry defended himself with spirit, justifying the passage, and was acquitted, upon which the information against the "Examiner" was withdrawn. Another opportunity soon presented itself to the officers of the crown. Some remarks, by no means of a personal character, directed against the practice of military flogging, became the subject of a second prosecution, and the trial came on before Lord Ellenborough, on the 22d of February, 1811. Mr. Brougham, then a rising advocate in the English courts, was engaged for the defence; and having cited the opinions of Abercromby and other illustrious generals in condemnation of the use of the lash, declared that the real question with the jury was, whether on the most important subjects an Englishman had the privilege of expressing himself according to his feelings and opinions—a question which the jury answered in the affirmative by a verdict of not guilty. But this was not to be the last of Hunt's appearances in the law courts. The "Morning Post" having in the practice of its usual fulsome adulation, called the prince-regent an "Adonis," Leigh Hunt added—"of fifty." The prince's vanity triumphed over his discretion, and upon so slight a ground was a prosecution instituted. The jury upon this occasion found a verdict of guilty against Leigh Hunt and his brother John; and each was sentenced to pay a fine of £500 (which, with costs, made the total penalty £2000) and to suffer two years in Her Majesty's Bench jail. Offers not to press both

attacks should appear, but they were with constancy rejected. Upon their liberation, the Hunts continued to write as before, and maintained the "Examiner" at the head of the weekly metropolitan press, until in course of time he surrendered it to a management. On leaving prison he published his "Story of Rimini," and also set up a small weekly literary paper in the manner of the periodical essayists of Queen Anne's reign, which, like his "Companion," was well received, but not to a sufficient extent to insure its permanence. In 1810, he also commenced a quarterly magazine, called "The Reflector," but it was not more successful than the "Liberal," which he subsequently published in connection with Shelley and Byron. Mr. Hunt's chief fame has been won as an essayist; his performances in this character are to be found in a collection called the "Round Table," written in connection with Hazlitt, as well as in his "Indicator and Companion," and in "Critical Essays on the Performers at the London Theatres." In 1822, Mr. Hunt went to Italy to reside with Lord Byron, but the association was not productive of happiness; and the disappointment of the untitled poet was afterward freely expressed in a work called "Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries." Among the works of Leigh Hunt, not mentioned above, are to be included "Classic Tales," "Feast of the Poets," "The Descent of Liberty, a Mask," "Foliage," "A Translation of Tasso's Arminta," "The Literary Pocket Book," "The Legend of Florence," a drama, and "Palfrey," a poem. Besides these original works must be mentioned "A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla," "Imagination and Fancy," &c. &c.

#### EXTRACT FROM

### "THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE."

*See Engraving.*

O, mortal man! who livest here by toil,  
Do not complain of this thy hard estate;  
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,  
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date;  
And, certes, there is for it reason great;  
For, though sometimes it makes thee weep and  
    wall,

And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,  
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,  
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,  
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,  
A most enchanting wizard did abide,  
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.  
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground:  
And there a season atween June and May,  
Half pranked with Spring, with Summer half im-  
    brown'd,

A fitless climate made, where, sooth to say,  
No living wight could work, ne cared even for  
    play.

Was nought around but images of rest:  
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;  
And flowery beds that slumberous influence  
    kest,  
From poppies breathed, and beds of pleasant  
    green,

Meantime unnumber'd glittering streamlets  
play'd,  
And hurled everywhere their waters sheen;  
That, as they bicker'd through the sunny glade,  
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur  
made.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,  
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,  
And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,  
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:  
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,  
Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,  
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;  
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;  
Yet all these sounds ybient inclined all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,  
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood;  
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to  
move,  
As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood:  
And up the hills, on either side, a wood  
Of blackening pines, aye, waving to and fro,  
Sat forth a sleepy horror through the blood;  
And where this valley windied out, below,  
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely  
heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,  
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;  
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,  
For ever flushing round a Summer-sky,  
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly  
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,  
And the calm pleasures, always hover'd nigh;  
But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or unrest,  
Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

The landskip such; inspiring perfect ease,  
Where Indolence (for so the wizard might)  
Close-hid his castle mid embowering trees,  
That half shut out the beams of Phoebus bright,  
And made a kind of checker'd day and night;  
Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,  
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight  
Was placid; and to his lute, of cruel fate,  
And labor harsh, complain'd, lamenting man's es-  
tate.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,  
From all the roads of earth that pass there by:  
For, as they chanced to breathe on neighboring  
hill,  
The freshness of this valley smote their eye,  
And drew them ever and anon more nigh;  
Till clustering round the enchanter false they  
hang,  
Ymolten with his syren melody;  
While o'er the enfeebling lute his hand he flung,  
And to the trembling chords these tempting verses  
sung:

"Behold! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold!  
See all but man with unearn'd pleasure gay:  
See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,  
Broke from her wintery tomb in prime of May!  
What youthful bride can equal her array?  
Who can with her for easy pleasure vie!  
From mead to mead with gentle wales to stray,  
From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,  
Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

"Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,  
The swarming songsters of the careless grove,  
Ten thousand throats! that from the flowering

Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,  
Such grateful kindly raptures them emove:  
They neither plough, nor sow: ne, fit for fall,  
E'er to the barn the nodding sheaves they drove;  
Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,  
Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the  
vale."—*Thomson*..

## BALBEC.

[From *Travels in Egypt and Palestine*, by Dr. J. Thomas, we extract the following very interesting account of the Ruins of Balbec.]

Journeying still eastward, Mount Lebanon proper at length rises to view, and, arrayed as it is, in a dazzling robe of never-melting snow, seems completely to eclipse the two other mountains in glory. The top of Lebanon, according to the testimony of a recent traveller of great respectability, is near ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. Although considerably lower than Mount Hermon, yet being farther north, and kept so cool, so to speak, by the surrounding mountains, it retains, in summer, a much larger portion of its snow than its loftier rival, which is, comparatively speaking, isolated.\* These mountains are not crowned like the Alps, with sharp and precipitous rocky summits, but exhibit for the most part, oblong elevations or ridges, with a tolerably regular and rounded outline. The sides, though often steep, appear rarely, if ever, to present actual precipices.

Continuing our course along an almost level road that runs somewhat obliquely across the plain, we arrived at Balbec about four o'clock in the afternoon. The ruins are visible for three or four miles before you reach them, but surrounded as they are by natural objects on the most gigantic scale, they do not impress you with their real size and grandeur, until you arrive very near the spot. Having pitched our tent close beside a copious and most delightful stream of water, which flows between the principal ruins and the village in the immediate vicinity, and taken a little rest and refreshment, we proceeded to reconnoitre the place.

Without attempting to give a full and minute description of Balbec, since any merely verbal representation would utterly fail to convey an adequate idea of those singular and splendid ruins, I will try to present such a brief outline—with a more particular notice, however, of the principal parts—as, I hope, will, with the aid of the subjoined sketch, enable the reader to form a general, though imperfect notion of the character and extent of the remains, and of the relative position of the different parts.

The space or area inclosed by the old city walls, *a*, *a*, &c., is near three thousand feet in its extreme length from north to south, and about two thousand five hundred in its greatest breadth from east to west. On the west side of the space just described, are situated the principal ruins, occupying, as is supposed, the site of two ancient temples. The parallelogram, *b*, at the extreme

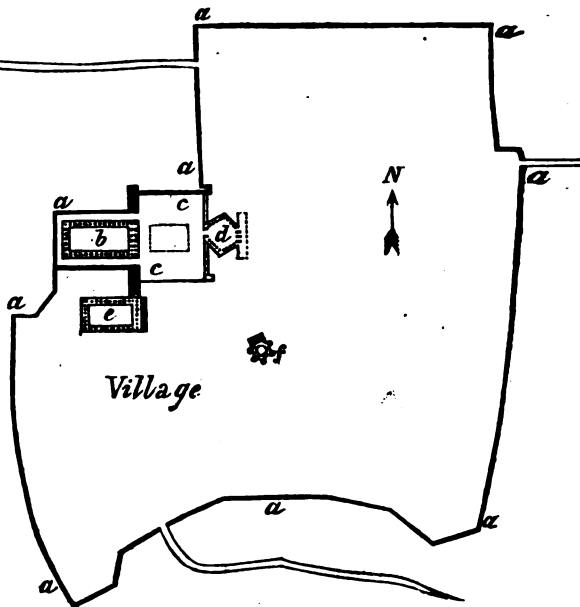
\* Although Mount Hermon properly belongs to the chain of Anti-Lebanon, it rises so much higher than any other

west, marks the position of the greater temple, the entrance to which, was from the east through the hexagonal court, or forum, *d* and the vast quadrangular court *c, c*. The whole structure, including the two courts, occupied a space above nine hundred feet long, and near four hundred and fifty feet wide. The temple itself was about two hundred and ninety feet long and one hundred and sixty wide. It was surrounded by fifty-four magnificent Corinthian columns, having nineteen on the side and ten in front, of which six only, with capitals and entablatures of surpassing beauty, are still standing. They are seven feet and ten inches in diameter, and with the pedestals about seventy-two feet in height; the entablature is about twelve feet high, making in all an elevation of near eighty-four feet. The shafts of the columns are composed of three pieces, fitted and united so perfectly that a knife-blade cannot be inserted between them. The whole of the great temple, with its two courts, having been raised upon a platform of masonry, from fifteen to twenty feet above the ground in the vicinity, this portion of the ruins are seen to great advantage, especially when viewed from the west. By the unanimous admission of all travellers who have visited Balbec, those six columns are among the finest, if they be not the very finest of all the architectural remains that antiquity has bequeathed to us.

Nearly south from the site of the greater building just described, there is another temple (*e*) of smaller dimensions, but much better preserved. It is two hundred and twenty-five feet long, and one hundred and eighteen wide, and rather more than one hundred feet high from the base of the columns to the top of the pediment. It was surrounded with forty-two columns, having fifteen on the side, and eight in front. Of these, nineteen are still standing. They are about six feet and a half in diameter, and fifty feet in height. The doorway to this temple is about twenty-five feet high, and twenty feet wide, and is richly orna-

mented with carved work of the most superb description. The roof of the building has all fallen in. As we were gazing with wonder and awe on the remains of this magnificent edifice, which

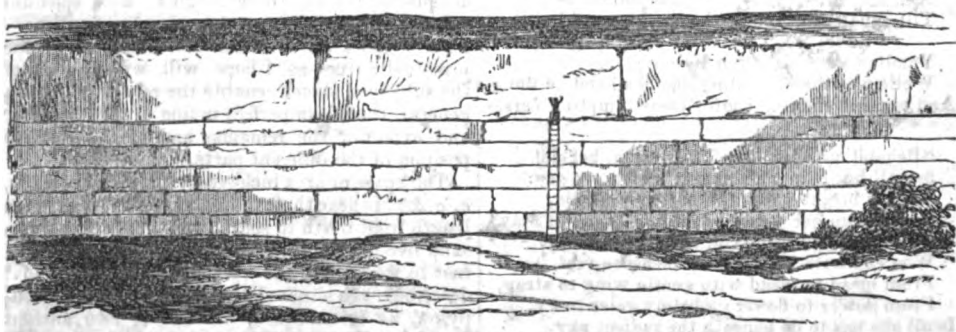
Fig. 1.



impressed one the more deeply from the loneliness of the place, and the solemn stillness that prevailed everywhere around, we heard a sudden rustling of wings, and looking up, discovered that some birds of prey—a species of kite, I think—had made their nest in the highest and most inaccessible part of the ruin.

To the south-east of the lesser temple, there is a small but superb edifice (*f*) of a circular form. It is of the Corinthian order, and decorated with twelve columns. The whole structure is singular, if not unique in its design. As nothing short of an elaborate drawing would suffice to give any adequate idea of its peculiar style and exquisite beauty, I must refer my readers to other works

Fig. 2.



GREAT STONES IN THE BASEMENT OF THE LARGER TEMPLE AT BALBEC.

for a more perfect notice of this building.† I shall only observe that its object is unknown. Some regard it as a temple, others conjecture that it may have been a tomb.

Among the most wonderful objects of this ex-

near the site of the greater temple. Here are three stones about fourteen feet broad and the same in depth, the smallest of which is sixty-two feet, the next sixty-four, and the largest sixty-eight feet long. They lie in a row, having been built into the wall about twenty feet above the base, extending longitudinally above one hundred and ninety feet. When I first beheld the gigantic masses, I had no just conception of their vastness, and it was only when our guide climbed up on a part of the wall near them, that by a comparison with his stature, I was enabled to form some idea of their actual dimensions.

In the quadrangular court of the greater temple, we saw a number of broken and prostrate columns of Egyptian granite, three and half feet in diameter, and beautifully polished. The best preserved of these appear to have been removed from their original place, having been used by the Saracens for the construction of a mosque in the vicinity. It is probable that the pillars of granite formed a part of the original edifice or edifices of Balbec, the building of which vague tradition ascribes to Solomon;—some however, suppose that it may have been erected by one of the earlier Phœnician kings. There appear also to have been a number of pillars of porphyry, as fragments of columns of this material are found in different places.

The village of Balbec, as it is commonly called, consists of a collection of miserable-looking dwellings, situated principally to the south and south-west of the circular building (f.).

The reader is not to imagine that what I have mentioned, constitutes all or nearly all worth seeing at Balbec; for not to speak of the immense number of fallen columns and fragments which are everywhere strewn in the vicinity of the two temples, there are many other interesting remains both within and without the city walls, which the limits of this brief description do not permit me to notice. I must not, however, omit to speak of one remarkable stone which has been hewn almost to its perfect shape, though it is still lying in the quarry, about a quarter of a mile from the principal ruins. It is *eighteen feet square* at one end, and *near fifteen* at the other, and is *sixty-six feet in length*. From its shape, one might suppose that it was designed to form the lower part of an immense obelisk.

The interest which one feels in surveying the ruins of Balbec, is enhanced in no small degree by the mystery that hangs over the whole place. At what time and by whom the different buildings were erected, is a matter of the most vague and uncertain conjecture; since history, which has often much to say about comparatively trivial subjects, is nearly or quite silent respecting this. An impression prevails, that a Roman temple or temples were erected here in the second century, on a basement of a much older date. The variety in the style of architecture, perceptible in the different parts, would seem to indicate that they might probably have been built at different epochs.

Unlike most other ruins that I have seen, those of Balbec have, especially on a first view, some-  
thing confused and inextricable that bewilders

the spectator, and renders it exceedingly difficult for him to form such an idea of them as shall be at all satisfactory to his understanding. There is, indeed, no point of view, from which he can take in at once the grandeur and effect of the whole. If, therefore, simplicity and unity are necessary to constitute a fine ruin, as they are said to be to constitute a fine poem or work of art, these of Balbec are perhaps inferior to many other ruins. Yet with all their complexity and inexplicability, their effect upon the mind of the beholder is sufficiently simple and intelligible. The vast proportions of the different parts, the prodigious and almost incomprehensible power implied in the construction of such a work, above all, the magnificent profusion with which the gigantic fragments of fallen columns, capitals, architraves, are everywhere poured or piled around you, fill the mind with admiration and amazement, and, perhaps, inspire it with a more intense delight than even the perfect structure itself would do, were it standing before you in its primeval beauty and splendor.

That night there was a fine moon, which, however, did not rise till several hours after sunset. Feeling little inclination to sleep, and desirous to see how Balbec would look by moonlight, I arose about one o'clock and took a stroll among the ruins. The beauty and impressive solemnity of the scene which I now contemplated, are not to be described, "or ever forgotten." The death-like stillness which reigned everywhere around, was broken only by the lonely cry of the jackal, heard at intervals among the more distant ruins; while full before me towered Mount Lebanon, in serene but dreary majesty, its vast mantle of snow shining like silver in the clear moonlight. After spending more than an hour in surveying the different objects of the place, I returned reluctantly to the tent. On my way, I stirred up a jackal not more than six feet from me. He ran out from among the rank weeds that were growing near the ruins, but instantly made his escape by springing over a low wall. Had he waited a few seconds longer, I might probably have redeemed the credit which I lost in the previous jackal hunt on the road to Acre.

CAMPBELL'S TEMPERAMENT.—Campbell was of a delicate organization. Haydon, the painter, in his autobiographical notes, styles him "bilious and shivering." His habits required seclusion, even for the perusal of a book. Trifles distracted him. He was exceedingly sensitive, and reserved in the expression of his opinions. Of his own poetry he spoke but seldom, and only when he could not well avoid it. He was a simple-hearted man, of blameless intentions, and with a tender regard for the feelings of all with whom he was called to associate. One who had known him for thirty years, and for more than one-third of that period had been in the habit of almost daily association with him, bears the strongest testimony to the beauty and purity of his character. "I believe a more guileless man," says Mr. Cyrus Redding, "one less capable of imagining evil towards another, never breathed."

## INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

## THE BELL-RINGER.

An inhabitant of the mad-house at Zurich, who was rather afflicted by imbecility than by madness, was allowed his liberty, which he never misused. His happiness was confined solely to ringing the bells of the parish church. But when he grew old, whether he was really less capable of filling this august function, or whether the jealousies and intrigues that reign in republics penetrate even their hospitals, the poor creature was deprived of his employment. This stroke plunged him into the utmost despair, but without making any complaints he sought the master of the great works, and said to him, with that sublime tranquility which is inspired by a determined resolution: "I come, sir, to ask a favor of you. I used to ring the bells, it was the only thing in the world in which I could make myself useful, and they will not let me do it any longer. Do me the pleasure, then, of cutting off my head; I cannot do it myself, or I would spare you the trouble." At the same time he placed himself in an attitude to receive the favor he solicited. The magistrate to whom this scene was related was extremely touched by it, and determined to recompense the desire of being useful, even in the lowest of the citizens. The man was re-established in his former honors, some assistance only was rendered him in case it should be wanted, and he died ringing the bells. — *Bizarre.*

## SUPERSTITION OF SAILORS.

Some months since a worthy Connecticut clergyman having been abroad, took passage home in the brig—, of New York.

The voyage was an exceedingly rough one—it was nothing but storm after storm—and the sailors knowing that there was a clergyman on board, declared that he, the old parson, was the cause of them all.

One night during a hurricane, as the good man lay in his berth, he overheard the chief mate say to the captain:

"The men work well, but they swear the tempest is raised because that—old parson, is on board."

"Well," replied the captain with a tremendous oath, "I begin to believe it myself. I wish the old fellow was at the bottom of the sea."

Whereat the heart of the old man began to sink within him. He knew not what to do—he rolled on this side, then on that. At last a sudden idea struck him and he arose from his berth, and said:

"I will even do as Jonah did—I will go on deck and tell those misguided men that they may throw me into the sea, if by so doing they believe that their lives and their owner's property can be saved." But, he added with a sigh, "I fear me, that there can be no whales hereabouts."

The good parson dressed himself and made his way as best he could to the deck. The wind howled, the rain fell in torrents, the sea ran mountains high, and a wave breaking upon the deck, the spray flew over the parson, and well

The old man stood a moment in suspense. After a moment, he turned and carefully crept down the back stairway, saying to himself, "I believe I had better take a pleasant night for it!"

## "GOOD MORNING."

Everybody says "good morning" in New York till—*after dinner*. The higher the circle a man moves in, the later he dines, and the longer he says "good morning."

The salutation is a sort of sliding scale of people's precise position; the lower it runs, the higher he stands. The man who says "good evening" to you at exactly one minute past twelve, City Hall time, is down to 0—zero. Depend upon it, he works for a living; he *foots* it down town, mornings, and carries his dinner in a small tin pail with a young tin pail inverted upon the top of it. The sun reports himself not more regularly at the meridian, than that man's appetite.

There's another that bids you "good morning," and all the bells, little and big, have tolled, struck, and rung two o'clock. He's "well to do" and well fed—and dines at half-past—steps gently into the omnibus—fare six cents—and is set down somewhere, to walk gently a few steps, and in a chair with arms and cushions, meditatively ministers to the "inner man."

There comes one at six full past, who says "good morning" still. He's up to 212 deg. on the scale—the very boiling point of respectability.

And there, on the curb-stone side of the walk, steals a poor wretch, who for the matter of dining is not on the scale at all. He *never* dines; he could say "good morning" all day long, were there any such thing in his Almanac, or any "inquiry" for beggars' wishes. The thermometer doesn't go up into his circle; the tube isn't long enough; water vaporizes before it gets there, as at seven P. M., he stands at one of the Park Gates, hat in hand for a copper, and murmurs as you scowl at him, an humble, deprecatory "GOOD MORNING."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

## GOING BAIL.

Lawyers frequently subject persons who offer themselves for bail to unnecessary badgering.—A case of this kind occurred in Superior Court Chambers, New York, not long ago. Old Mr. Jacob Abrams, a man worth a quarter of a million of money, offered himself bail for a Jew fur-dealer, who had been arrested under the Stillwell act. The amount of bail required was \$4500.

Counsel: "What does your property consist of, Mr. Abrams?"

Abrams: "Sir, I'm willing to swear that I am worth more than \$4500, over and above all.—I think his honor, the Judge, will tell you that that is sufficient, without going into particulars."

Counsel: "No sir, it is not sufficient. We have a right to know what this property is."

Abrams: "Very well, sir, I've got *your own bond and mortgage on the house you live in*, for eight thousand dollars, and I consider it worth full the amount of the bail."

[Much laughter, in which the Counsel joined.]

questions, Mr. Abrams. [To the Judge.] We are satisfied with the bail, your honor."

This is a true incident. Mr. Abrams had just taken the bond and mortgage from an insurance company who wanted the cash for it.

#### TEMPERANCE.

A dog story, illustrative of the power and success of the Maine law, was told by Mr. Lee, that greatly amused the audience on a recent occasion in Syracuse:—"I was passing," said he, "along one of the streets of New York, and saw some firemen amusing themselves by throwing water from a large hose that was attached to the street hydrant. At one time they threw it high in the air; then they sprinkled the streets for a great distance around; anon they put it directly along the street pavement in a straight line. Just as I passed them," said the speaker, "a large dog was seen approaching the stream. The firemen tested his spunk by playing in his face. With the energy of one determined to resist a foe at all hazards, the brave fellow sprang upon the stream, barked, gnashed with his teeth, bit it, but all in vain. After a desperate struggle, long continued, the poor fellow gave up, and, amid the jeers and laughter of the crowd, slunk away, with ears and tail drooped, looking very much chagrined and discomfited. It was a clear defeat. He was a whipped dog. Whipped by a stream of cold water!"

#### ARISTOCRACY BELOW STAIRS.

Do you see that character trundling a cart before him, tricked out with sleigh-bells, tea-bells and cow-bells, like a king's jester? Have you ever taken an inventory of "the goods and chattels" in that cart? What treasures of old shoes, what variety of rags, what abundance of waste paper!

The owner of all and sundry is an *aristocrat*, and who would dream it? No common rag-gatherer is he with his cart, his bells and his tattered coat. He is a speculator, "an operator" in his way, that Wall street need not be ashamed of.

See, he has no "hook." You never catch him raking like a duck in the gutters, nor turning over matted heaps of indescribable trash, nor rummaging old barrels—not he; but on he goes upon his diurnal rounds, in the proud consciousness that a score or two of people look up to him and "do him reverence." The men, women and children, with the hooks, the bags and the baskets, dispose of their findings to this capitalist, and how he likes, sometimes, to bring down the prices. He met one of the commonality on the corner, just now. He brought his cart to an anchor with a most appalling jingle. There was air of meekness on the one side, and conscious superiority on the other. "We pay but a cent now," said he, decidedly, putting an end to the conversation. "We!" like an editor or an emperor, for all the world! We? Of course. Are there not three of them—himself, his cart, and his dignity? "Only a cent!" Is it possible! How the intelligence will be disseminated among the small fry—that fall in—rags!

for he must have *something* for his basket of filth. Our man with the cart knew he would come to it at last. He determined, this morning, while discussing his Bologna, that he would lower away on the "fancies," and why *shouldn't* he? That's the way they do above him, and pray why shouldn't he follow suit? The sale is effected, and the bells of our aristocrat are again in commotion.

High life! Why, it is everywhere; in cellar and garret, as well as on first floors. Sometimes the cart is a coach, the rags bills of exchange, and the cent a *per cent.*; but what of that? It's all in the family.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

#### WASHINGTON AND HIS ARMY.

"Mrs. Scofield, wife of a lawyer, in Morristown, and grand-daughter of a Mrs. Ford, whose name has been handed down to us fragrant with piety, informs me that her grand-mother used to tell her about attending the meeting in the orchard. On one occasion, when the old lady was present, Washington was there sitting in his camp-chair, brought in for the occasion. During the service, a woman came into the congregation with a child in her arms; Washington arose from his chair, and gave it to the woman with the child.

"Soon after I came to Morristown, in 1837, I think, I visited my native place, and met there an old man bowed down with age, leaning tremblingly upon the top of his staff. His name was Cook. In my early childhood, he had been a physician in my father's family. As the old man met me, he said, 'You are located in Morristown, are you?' 'Yes, sir.' 'I was there, too,' said the doctor; 'once I was under Washington in the army of the Revolution; it was hard times then—hard times. There was a time when all our rations were but a single gill of wheat a day. Washington used to come round and look into our tents, and he looked so kind, and he said so tenderly, 'Men, can you bear it?' 'Yes, General, yes, we can,' was the reply; 'if you wish us to act, give us the word, and we are ready.'"

#### BAD TEMPER.

Lavater, the famous physiognomist, though an enthusiast, was a kind man, and his wife one of the most amiable of women. One day his servant asked him after dinner, if she should sweep his room. Being in rather an irritable mood, he assented pettishly, telling her not to touch his books or papers. When the servant had been gone some time, he said to his wife:

"I am afraid she will cause some confusion up stairs."

In a few moments, his wife, with the best intention, stole out of the room, and told the servant to be careful. Lavater met his wife at the bottom of the stairs, on her return, and exclaimed, as though secretly vexed about something:

"Is not my room swept yet?"

Without waiting an instant, he ran up stairs, and as he entered the room the girl overturned an inkstand which was standing on the shelf. She was much terrified. Lavater called out hastily,

"What a stupid beast you are! Have I not repeatedly told you to be careful?"

What followed we will let Lavater tell himself. "My wife slowly and timidly followed me up stairs. Instead of being ashamed, my anger broke out anew. I took no notice of her; running to the table lamenting and moaning as if the most important writings had been spoiled, though in reality the ink had touched nothing but a blank sheet and some blotting paper. The servant watched an opportunity to steal away. My wife approached me with timid gentleness. 'My dear husband,' said she. I stared at her with vexation in my looks. She embraced me. I wanted to get out of the way. Her face rested for a moment on my cheek. At length, with unspeakable tenderness, she said, 'You will hurt your health, my dear.' I now began to be ashamed. I was silent, and at last began to weep. What a miserable slave to my temper I am! I dare not lift up my eyes. I cannot rid myself of that sinful passion. My wife replied, 'Consider, my dear, how many days and weeks pass away without your being overcome by anger.' I knelt down beside her, and thanked God sincerely for that hour, and for my wife."

#### A HINDOO CAVILLER SILENCED.

As Mr. Thomas was one day addressing a crowd of Hindoos, on the banks of the Ganges, he was accosted by a brahmin as follows—

"Sir, don't you say that the devil tempts men to sin?"

"Yes," answered the missionary.

"Then," said the brahmin, "certainly, the fault is the devil's; the devil, therefore, and not man, ought to suffer the punishment."

Just then observing a boat descending the river, Mr. Thomas directed his attention to it, and said—

"Brahmin, do you see yonder boat?"

"Yes."

"Suppose I were to send some of my friends to destroy every person on board, and bring me all that is valuable in the boat, who ought to suffer punishment? I, for instructing them, or they for doing the wicked act?"

"Why," answer the brahmin, "you ought all to be put to death together."

"Ay," replied Mr. Thomas, "if you and the devil sin together, you and the devil will be punished together."

#### MOLIERE'S PHYSICIANS.

Though an habitual valetudinarian, Moliere relied almost upon the temperance of his diet for the re-establishment of his health.

"What use do you make of our physician?" said the King to him one day.

"We chat together, sire," said the poet. "He gives me his prescriptions; I never follow them; and so I get well."

#### FORCE OF HABIT.

It has been told of the late Mr. Peter Moore, and was actually true of Secretary Scraggs, who began life as a footman, that in the days of his opulence, he once handed some ladies into their carriage, and then, from the mere force of habit, sat in the back seat.

## VARIETIES.

An imposing sight—The sight of your bill—at nine-tenths at least, of our "first-rate" hotels.

The Comic Almanac says, "it takes three springs to make one leap year."

Never be afraid of catching cold from a shower of curls.

An organ in Williamsburg was not played the other Sunday, on account of having a new stop—which was put on by the Sheriff.

Mistrust the man who finds everything good, the man who finds everything evil, and still more, the man who is indifferent to everything.

The government tolerates all religions; but it's not in Christianity (as so far understood,) for one religion to tolerate another.

A youth with a turn for figures, had five eggs to boil, and being told to give them three minutes each, boiled them a quarter of an hour altogether.

To enjoy life, you should be a little miserable occasionally. Trouble, like cayenne, is not very agreeable in itself, but it gives great zest to other things.

A writer discoursing upon "practical wisdom," uses this figure: "In journeying with it we go towards the sun, and the shadow of our burden falls behinds us."

Diogenes is of opinion that the best way of having your pocket picked when you are going into a crowd, is to pick it yourself before leaving home.

Of all happy households, that is the happiest where falsehood is never thought of. All peace is broken up when once it appears that there is a liar in a house.

Were it not for the tears that fill our eyes, what an ocean would flood our hearts! Were it not for the clouds that cover our landscape, how insistent would be our sunshine!—*Simms*.

Music rather unfits a man for wrestling with the world. It softens the heart, and robs him of suspicion. Show us a flageolet-player, and we will show you a man who is "cheated in his change" every time he goes to market.

A distinguished divine was walking with a friend past a new church, in which another distinguished divine is the shepherd. Said the friend to D. D., looking up at the spire, which was very tall and not yet completed, "How much higher is that going to be?" "Not much," said the D. D., with a sly laugh, "they don't own very far in that direction!"

"When a stranger treats me with want of respect," said a poor philosopher, "I comfort myself with the reflection that it is not myself that he slights, but my old and shabby coat and shabby hat, which, to say the truth, have no particular claim to adoration. So if my hat and coat choose to fret about it, let them; but it is nothing to me."



"First love" is not always the strongest. The heart is like the head; the former must have something to love—the latter must have a hat. It is rarely that the first try on "is a fit."

A gentleman finding his servant intoxicated, said: "What! drunk again, Sam? I scolded you for being drunk last night, and here you are drunk again." "No, massa," replied Sam; "same drunk! same drunk, massa!"

We should like to know how many spokes there are in a wheel of fortune?

Of what kind of timber is the post of honor?

What kind of knife is used in cutting capers?

What would the telegraph line be good for on a fishing excursion?

"What's the matter, there, Cora? don't your shoes fit?" "No, papa—they don't fit me at all," said she. And then she enumerated all the faults of the shoes in set terms, and reached the climax thus: "Why they don't even squeak when I walk out!"

A young woman actually applied, one day, lately, at the Bath station, to have 6s. sent to her sister, in London, by the electric telegraph, and it was with difficulty she could be made to believe that this potent agent was unequal to the task of carrying specie.

An elderly lady writes to a friend: "A widower with ten children has proposed and I have accepted. This is about the number I should have been entitled to, if I had been married at the proper time; instead of being cheated into a non-entity!" Sensible to the end.

One of the best double puns we have ever heard, says the Yankee Blade, was perpetrated by a clergyman. He had just united in marriage a couple whose Christian names were respectively Benjamin and Ann. "How did they appear during the ceremony?" inquired a friend. "They appeared both *annic-mated* and *bennie-filled*," was the ready reply.

Madame La Comtesse De D—, one of the wittiest women in Paris, had a daughter, who by fasting, and over-strict exercise of the duties of religion, seriously injured her health. "My dear child," said her mother, "you have always been an *angel* of goodness! Why endeavor to become a *semit*? Do you want to sink in the world?"

Not long since, a certain noble peer in Yorkshire, who is fond of boasting of his Norman descent, thus addressed one of his tenants, who, he thought, was not speaking to him with proper respect: "Do you not know that my ancestors came over with William the Conqueror?" "And, mayhap," retorted the sturdy Saxon, nothing daunted, "they found mice here when they came." The noble lord felt that he had the worst of it.

The grand secret of educational success was perhaps never better exemplified than in the following anecdote: The heir of an old Scottish family had been taught geography upon the wise and kindly, yet primitive principle of chalk and a

him to the Peninsula. Returning, after fields were won, to his ancient home, he met his old teacher, and said to him: "I fear I have forgotten most of the Latin and Greek you taught me; but I never crossed a river in Spain without thinking of your *black board*!" Thus triumphantly verifying the saying of an intelligent Quakeress, that the two grand secrets of education were "chalk and kindness!"

Mediocrity is, after all, the best thing in life. The tasteless, common places are the standards—bread and water, and good dull, steady people. I'd as soon lodge over a powder magazine as live with a genius. There's M—, whose poems are like sparkling champagne at the first reading, and like a second day's claret at the next. I'd rather drink water than nectar for a continuance. Leaves are neither crimson nor gold color, but plain sober green.

Ignorance pays such a tax that we can't imagine how anybody can afford to be a blockhead. McCracken works for a dollar a day, while Spring, his neighbor, commands 20 shillings—a wide difference, and all caused by Spring's knowing how to read, write, and cipher. From these figures it will be seen that McCracken's want of knowledge costs him four hundred dollars a year, which shows that ignorance costs him more than his wife and children, house rent inclusive.

Mr. Hillard, who has just published a book entitled "Six Months in Italy," observes, that an English man-of-war seems to be always within one day's sail of everywhere. "Let political agitation break out in any port on the globe, if there be even a roll of English broad cloth or a pound of English tea to be endangered thereby, within forty-eight hours an English steamer or frigate is pretty sure to drop anchor in the harbor, with an air which seems to say, 'Here I am; does anybody want anything of me?'"

The ideal face of any one to whom we are strongly and tenderly attached—that face which is enshrined in our hearts, and which comes to us in dreams long after it has mouldered in the grave—that face is not the exact mechanical countenance of the beloved person, nor the countenance that we ever beheld, but its abstract, its idealization, or rather its realization; the spirit of the countenance, its essence, and its life. And the finer the character, and the more various its intellectual powers, the more must this true *eidolon* differ from the most faithful likeness that a painter or a sculptor can produce.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LESSING.

I asked my fair, one happy day,  
What I should call her in my lay;  
By what sweet name, from Rome or Greece,  
Iphigenia, Clelia, Chloris,  
Laura, Lesbia, Delia, Doris,  
Dorimene, or Lucrece.

"Ah!" replied my gentle fair,  
"Beloved, what are names but air?  
Take thou whate'er suits the line—  
Clelia, Iphigenia, Chloris,  
Laura, Lesbia, Delia, Doris;

## EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

Our Editorial Department is almost crowded out this month. The accumulation of articles which we wished to offer the reader, was so great, that we preferred letting our own notes on passing events give place to matters of more varied interest. The present number is one of unusual variety.

Some time since, Mr. Latham, a banker of Washington city, offered a prize of \$500 for the best national ode, or poem. Several hundred poems (!) were accordingly written and transmitted for examination by as many American bards, each hoping for money and immortality. Alas for their hopes! The committee of literary gentlemen to whom were submitted these patriotic poems, have rejected the whole mass as utterly unworthy of the prize. And so the poet of the age has not yet appeared. The jingle of five hundred dollars has failed to awaken him from slumber. He will not plume his wings, nor lift his voice in song at the bidding of a mere Banker. Well, let him sleep on! Even if he were to sing now, the people would not comprehend him. The ages of poetic appreciation are in the past and future. Many harps will now be hung on the willows; and they had better be left there for Æolian fingers.

Mr. William Chambers, one of the partners of that famous Edinburgh publishing house whose industry and enterprise has flooded Great Britain with works of a cheap and popular character, has just completed a tour of some three months' duration among us. Before departing for England, he addressed, through the columns of the Tribune, a farewell to the American people, in which he acknowledges most gratefully the attentions he has met with, and eulogizes in the warmest manner the order, energy, perseverance, independence and self-respect of our people generally. He declares it will be his duty to speak, on his return home, "of the advantages to be derived by an emigration of the laboring classes to this country—fleeing, as they will do, from a perishing and unimprovable condition to a state of comfort and boundless well-doing."

The whole letter is characteristic of the man—plain, practical and straightforward. It is alike honorable to him and to us; and, from his great influence with the better class of yeomen abroad,

ticularly from Scotland. There can be no question of the benefits to be derived from, and experienced by, that class of the industrial population, for whose intellectual advancement Mr. Chambers has labored so long, so worthily and so successfully. Scottish emigrants are among the very best that come to our shores. They conform readily to our laws, they are examples of active industry and economy, and being moral in their habits, and scrupulously upright in their dealings, make most excellent citizens.

How few of those who start in life with an earnest purpose, are successful in the business they undertake. While there is a Providence, intimate with every one, leading him along by a way that he knows not; still, the result of effort, in almost any direction, is left in a great measure dependant upon the natural foresight, intelligence, and industry of the individual. It is all very well to assign Providential reasons for success or failure, for we know, that for man's good He setteth up whom He will, and whom He will He casteth down; but no one should lose sight of the fact, that success is a result that depends on adequate natural causes. The indolent—the spendthrift, the reckless, and the negligent, cannot hope for success; while, to the industrious, frugal, attentive, and earnest worker in almost any pursuit, competence is almost sure to come.

A lady, writing from Dresden, September 22d, gives a few interesting particulars about Jenny Lind. Her letter is published in the Charleston Courier. She says:—"Jenny Lind, whom I believe I have already mentioned as living opposite to us, has a little son—she nurses him herself. On the doctor remonstrating with her, and by way of persuasion, assuring her that her voice would suffer—nay, that she ran the risk of losing it if she persisted in fulfilling this maternal duty, she said: '*Peu m'importe; je remplirai les devoirs d'une mère à mon enfant*'"—[That's of no consequence; I will fulfil the duties of a mother to my child]—really a sublime sacrifice on her part. She lives perfectly secluded—she sees no one—her husband she has converted, or to use her own words, 'he is baptized by the grace of God.' She says that the idea of her having been upon the stage will be a cause of remorse for life, for which she can never forgive herself. The good

more than an enthusiast. She made so noble use of her powers while a public singer that I am sure she should view it in a different light. I am told she has not much of a fortune, as she would prefer living in England, but on account of the expense has chosen Dresden as a place of residence."

We see that one of the competitors for Mr. Latham's five hundred dollar prize has demurred to the decision that rejected all the poems as worthless. A Mr. Chesney, of New York, declares that the poem offered by him is pronounced, by competent judges, to be superior to "Hail, Columbia;" and that it will supercede that poem. When published, he says, "I shall send copies to Kossuth, Mazzini, Lamartine, &c., for the piece is not only national, but it is designed to have its effect in Europe and elsewhere. I have named it the 'Ode to Liberty,' and the sentiment and air will sustain the title."

Time was, when "modesty" and "merit" were regarded as synonyms. But young America ignores this collocation of words. Modesty has long enough hid her light under a bushel, and starved in garrets, vainly waiting for some genius-hunter to discover her whereabouts, and blow for her Fame's thrilling trumpet. This waiting, and starving, won't do in the present age and generation. Merit, if it wishes to be acknowledged, must stand forth in the highways, and proclaim its own immortal worth. It must take a lesson from the Barnums of the day, or be content with obscurity and neglect.

☞ The King of Sweden has signified his intention to restrict the manufacture of intoxicating drinks in his kingdom. In a recent speech at Stockholm in opening the Session of the Estates, he said:—"From all parts of the kingdom petitions have been presented to me soliciting that a limit may be put to the present extravagant fabrications of strong drink, and to the immoderate abuse which is the consequence of the facility of obtaining it. A proposition embracing this important subject will be presented to the Diet, and I am convinced that it will, with eagerness, meet my paternal wishes."

☞ Mrs. Bloomer and The Lily have emigrated to Mount Vernon, Ohio. In the last number of her journal she says:—"Our husband having purchased an interest in The Western Home Visitor, published at Mt. Vernon, Ohio, and determined upon removing to that place forthwith, we, as a true and faithful wife, are bound

to say, in the language of Ruth—"Where thou goest I will go;" and, so, before another number of The Lily reaches its subscribers we shall, if all is well, have settled in our Western home."

For all our want of sympathy with Mrs. Bloomer in some of her reformatory movements, we have always had an impression of her as a true and affectionate wife.

☞ A proposition has been started, in New York, to alter the mode now adopted by physicians in making their charges. It is that they abandon the credit system entirely, and require payment for each visit at the time it is made. This system would, we think, be found peculiarly advantageous both to physicians and patients. A lower rate of charges could be made, as no losses would have to be provided for; and the result would be that the physician would get a larger income, and paying patients get off with lighter expenditure for medical attendance than is now the case.

☞ It is supposed that Mr. De Quincey's health will not allow him to continue the edition of his writings, so long ago advertised in England. It is quite probable two or three volumes will be the extent of his labors, and that the Boston collection of his works will be the only complete one ever made. Two entirely new volumes are now in preparation by Messrs. Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

☞ A cotemporary remarks:—"The use of strong drink costs this Nation, annually, a sum sufficient to build a double track railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific—a fact which illustrates the economical aspects of the traffic."

#### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

We give, this month, a steel engraving of one of Collins' rural pictures, the details of which are charmingly true to nature. The weary wayfarer and the timid children bearing refreshment to the old man, are drawn in pleasing contrast while all the minor portions, even the suspicious dog in his but half-satisfied examination of the stranger, are in admirable keeping with the subject.

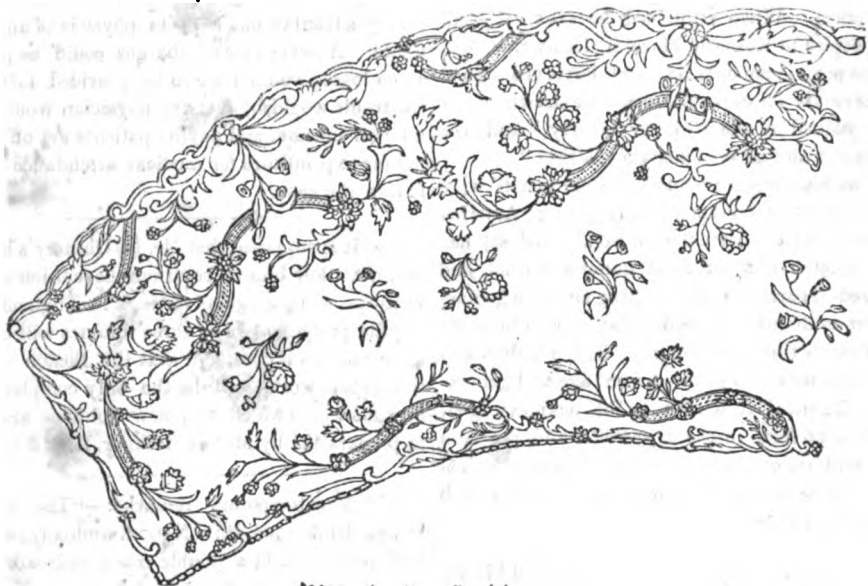
FRUIT GATHERING, our second engraving, presents a pleasant and spirited scene, and takes the heart away from the dreary winter.

LUCY ASHTON, from Scott's novel, "The Bride of Lammermoor," is one of the attractive illustrations to Lippincott, Gram & Co.'s Abbotsford edition of the Waverley Novels—the best edition now published in this country.

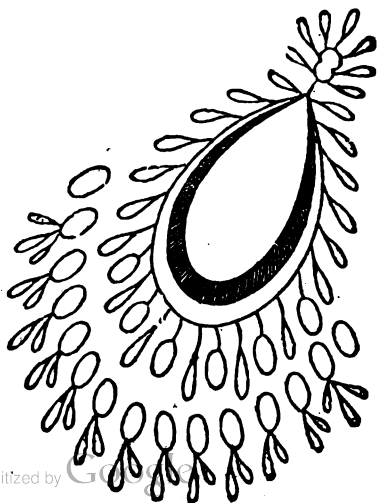
THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE is described on another page. We also give a brief article on Leigh Hunt, whose fine portrait, taken in early manhood, embellishes this number. THE BOYHOOD OF OUR GREAT MEN is accompanied with cuts of WEBSTER IN THE SAW-MILL, FRANKLIN AS A TALLOW CHANDLER, and FRANKLIN AS A PRINTER. The illustrations of HOME MEDICAL PRACTICE are amusing enough, and will provoke a smile on many a countenance.



**Chemisettes.**



**Worked Collar.**





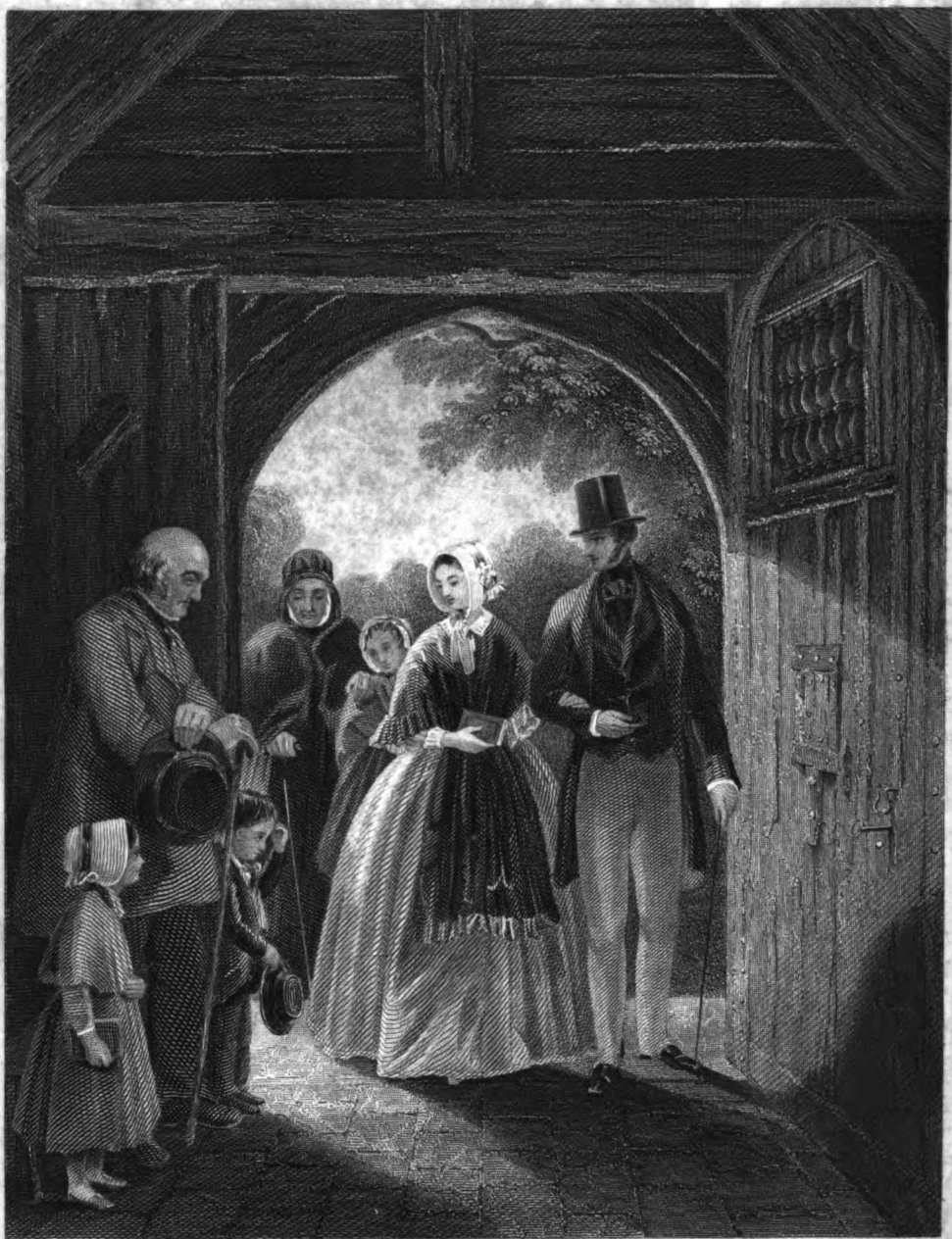
THE DEAD DOVE.

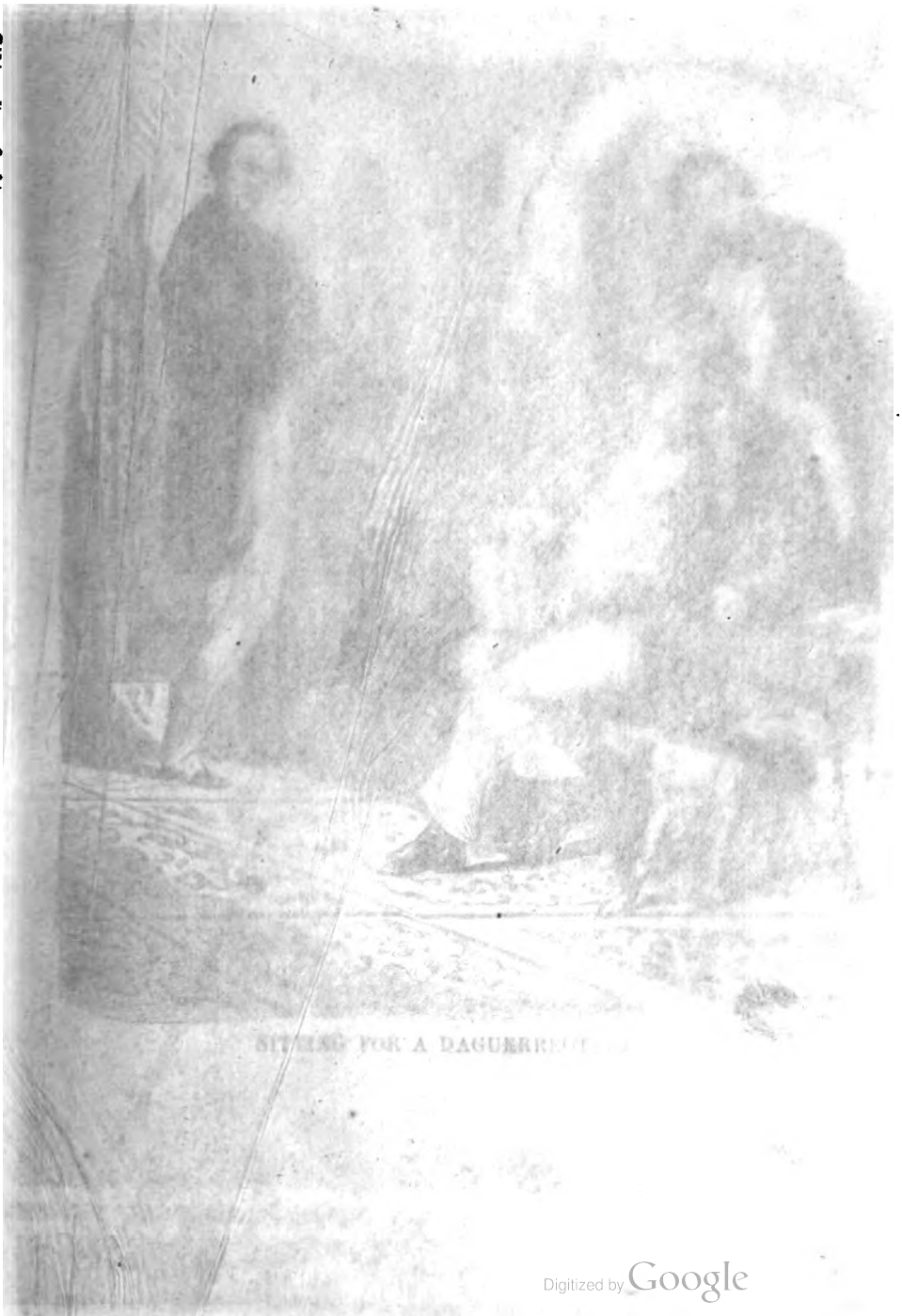


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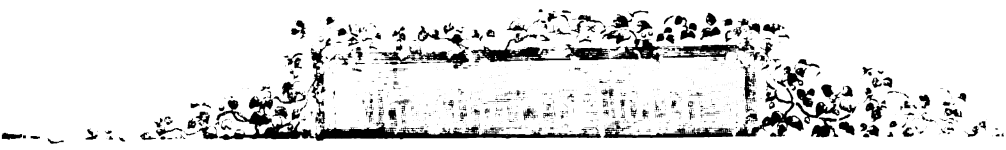


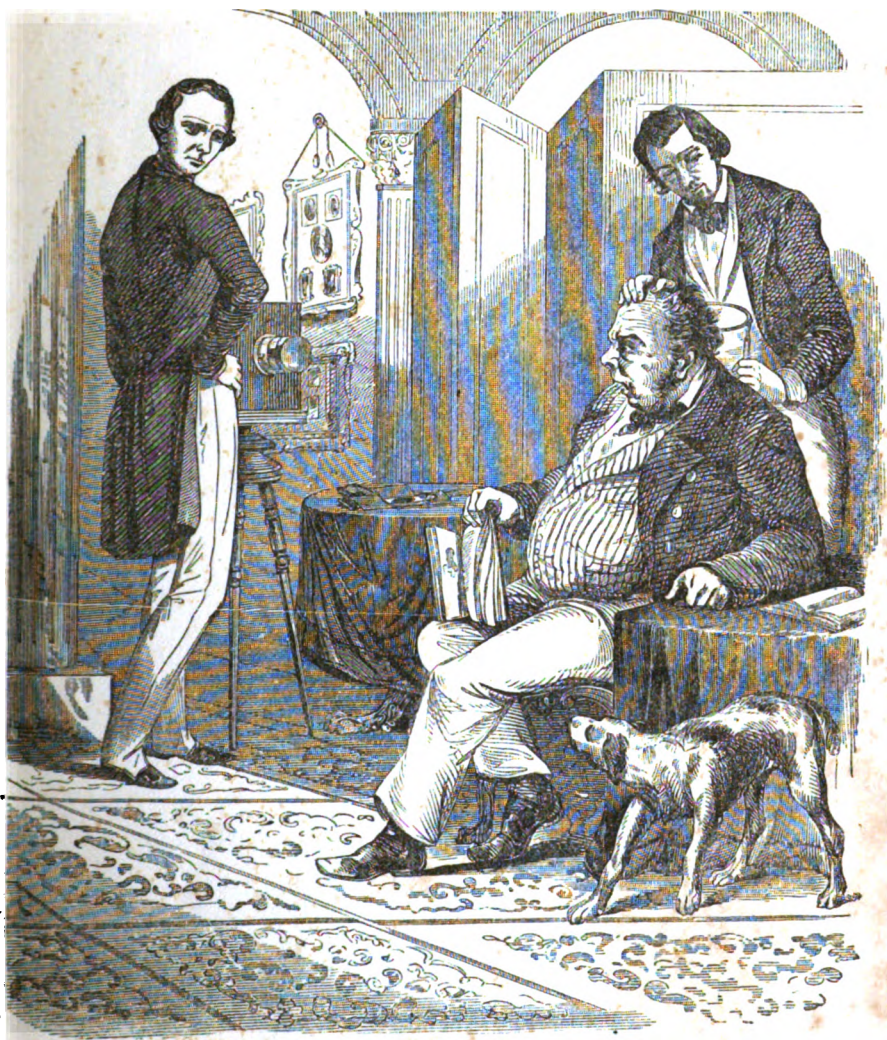
The Church Porch.





SITTING FOR A DAGUERRETYPE





**SITTING FOR A DAGUERRETYPE.**







THE OLD MAN AT THE COTTAGE DOOR.—See page 175.



SATURDAY IN WINTER.—See page 170.



# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA: MARCH, 1854.



MR. PARKER'S GARDEN.

## BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

[We devote a few pages of our Home Magazine this month, especially to our younger readers, of whom there are, we know, a goodly number. Not long since, the editor prepared a series of twelve volumes, for the extensive bookselling house of Lippincott, Grambo & Co., under the general title of "Arthur's New Juvenile Library." The publishers went to a large expense in getting up the books, with fine original engravings, and we were much gratified at seeing them issued in beautiful style. From these volumes, we now make various selections, and also, by courtesy of the publishers, present our young friends with several of the neatly executed engravings, of which, in the twelve books that compose the Library, there are over sixty.]

### A GARDEN OVERRUN WITH WEEDS.

"Father, I don't like to go to school," said Harry Williams, one morning. "I wish you would let me always stay at home. Charles Parker's father don't make him go to school."

Mr. Williams took his little boy by the hand, and said kindly to him, "Come, my son, I want to show you something in the garden."

Harry walked into the garden with his father, who led him along until they came to a bed in which peas were growing, the vines supported by thin branches that had been placed in the ground. Not a weed was to be seen about their roots, nor even disfiguring the walk around the bed in which they had been planted.

"See how beautifully these peas are growing, my son," said Mr. Williams. "How clean and healthy the vines look! We shall have an abundant crop. Now let me show you the vines in Mr. Parker's garden. We can look at them through a great hole in his fence."

Mr. Williams then led Harry through the garden gate and across the road, to look at Mr. Parker's pea-vines through a hole in the fence. The bed in which they were growing was near to the road; so they had no difficulty in seeing it. After looking into the garden for a few moments, Mr. Williams said—

"Well, my son, what do you think of Mr. Parker's pea-vines?"

"Oh, father!" replied the little boy, "I never saw such poor-looking peas in my life! There are no sticks for them to run upon, and the weeds are nearly as high as the peas themselves. There won't be half a crop!"

"Why are they so much worse than ours, Harry?"

"Because they have been left to grow as they pleased. I suppose Mr. Parker just planted them, and never took any care of them afterward. He has neither taken out the weeds, nor helped them to grow right."

"Yes, that is just the truth, my son. A garden will soon be overrun with weeds and briars, if it is not cultivated with the greatest care. And just so it is with the human garden. This precious garden must be trained and watered, and kept free from weeds, or it will run to waste. Children's minds are like garden-beds; and they must be as carefully tended, and even more carefully, than the choicest plants. If you, my son, were never to go to school, nor have good seeds of knowledge planted in your mind, it would, when you become a man, resemble the weed-covered, neglected bed we have just been looking at, instead of the beautiful one in my garden. Would you think me right to neglect my garden as Mr. Parker neglects his?"

"Oh, no, father: your garden is a good garden, but Mr. Parker's is all overrun with weeds and briars. It won't yield half as much as yours will."

"Or, my son, do you think I would be right, if I neglected my son as Mr. Parker neglects his son, allowing him to run wild, and his mind uncultivated, to become overgrown with weeds?"

Little Harry made no reply; but he understood pretty clearly what his father meant.

"I send you to school," Mr. Williams continued, "in order that the garden of your mind may have good seeds sown in it, and that these seeds may spring up and grow, and produce plentifully. Now which would you prefer, to stay at home from school, and so let the garden of your mind be overrun with weeds, or go to school, and have this garden cultivated?"

"I would rather go to school," said Harry. "But, father, is Charles Parker's mind overrun with weeds?"

"I am afraid that it is. If not, it certainly will be, if his father does not send him to school. For a little boy not to be sent to school, is a great misfortune, and I hope you will think the privilege of going to school a very great one indeed."

Harry Williams listened to all his father said, and, what was better, thought about it, too. He never again asked to stay home from school.



### TO A CHILD WITH A DOVE.

Dear child! May dove-like innocence  
Fold its light wings to rest—  
As now the bird thou lovest well,  
Upon thy gentle breast,  
Fold its light wings, and in thy heart

Oh, beautiful is innocence!  
In all its forms we see  
A grace that charms, a loveliness,  
A heavenly purity,—  
Come, gentle Eden-wanderer!



## THE CHILDREN AND THE ROBIN.

The snow had been falling steadily since morning, and the earth was covered to the depth of several inches. Late in the afternoon, as little Mary Wilson and her brothers, Thomas and Edward, were sitting near the grate in the parlor, they heard a fluttering noise against the windows. On looking around, they saw a bird, with his wings outspread and his breast pressed against one of the panes of glass, at which he was now beginning to peck with his slender bill.

"Oh! a robin, a robin redbreast!" exclaimed Mary, clapping her hands together. And all the children started up and ran toward the window.

"There! he is gone!" said Mary, in a disappointed voice, as she stopped suddenly.

"Let us open the windows, and then all go and sit quietly down upon the sofa," said Thomas.

So the children opened the windows, and went and sat down upon the sofa, as Thomas had suggested. In a little while the robin came back and lit upon the window-sill. The children did not stir nor make a noise; and soon he hopped down upon the floor, and went and hid himself in a corner of the room, behind a large chair.

"Go and shut the window, brother," whispered Mary to Edward; and Edward went softly to the window and shut it down, after which he returned to the sofa, and with Mary and Thomas, remained very quiet. It was not long before the warmth of the room made robin feel better: so he came out from his hiding-place, and stood for about a minute, turning his head from one side

to the other, and then he turned his head back into the room with his little dark expressive eyes. Satisfied at last, he took three running hops, which brought him into the middle of the room, where he made another pause, and took another survey. Mary said in a gentle voice:

"Robin! robin!"

The bird was frightened, and fluttered back to its hiding-place. But as the children remained very still, it soon came out once more, and hopped into the middle of the room. Mary again said:

"Robin! robin!"

The bird started, and stood turning its head from one side to the other, as before. But it did not run back into the corner this time. Presently it began picking up some crumbs of cake which the nurse had let the baby scatter on the floor. I cannot tell you how much the children were pleased at this. They could hardly help clapping their hands and shouting for joy. But they restrained themselves, for fear of frightening little robin redbreast, and called him in low voices, saying:

"Robin! robin! Dear little robin redbreast!"

The bird seemed to understand that they spoke kindly to him, for he hopped toward them a little way, and then stopped and turned his head as before, from side to side. It was not a great while before he would permit himself to be taken up in their hands, and let them smooth his soft feathers.

"I'll ask papa to buy us a cage as soon as he comes home," said Edward.

"To put poor robin in?" asked Mary, looking

"Yes, indeed! We'll keep him in a pretty cage, and he shall sing for us."

"Oh, no!" returned Mary. "We won't shut poor little robin redbreast up in a cage."

"Why not?" asked Edward. "What will we do with him?"

"We'll let him fly out of the window whenever he wants to go. It would be cruel to shut him up in a little cage."

"But papa will get us a big cage."

"The biggest cage you could get would be a small place alongside of the fields and woods. Oh, no! don't think of putting robin redbreast into a cage. We will feed him, and then open the window and let him go away again. The ground is all covered with snow, and he cannot find anything to eat in the fields. He will come back to us every day while the snow is on the ground; and we will feed him every day. He has come to us and trusted in us. Don't let us deceive him."

"If you let him go, we will never see him again," said Thomas, who felt much more in favor of Edward's proposition.

"Oh, yes! I am sure we will. But even if he should never come back, he has done us no wrong. He doesn't belong to us. We have no right to rob him of his freedom, and shut him up in a cage."

"He'll be a great deal better in a cage than out in the cold winter. He will freeze to death before Spring," urged Thomas.

"No, he won't. When he's cold and hungry, he will come and tap at the window as he did to-day; and we will let him in, and feed him and warm him. Oh, I am sure it will make us a thousand times happier to do this than it will to shut him up in a wire prison."

For a long time the children talked over the fate of the robin that had trusted himself in their hands. Mary's better counsels prevailed. After he had eaten as much as he wanted, and had rested for half an hour in Mary's lap, the window was opened, and away he flew.

"Good bye, robin redbreast," said Thomas. "I hardly think we shall ever see you again."

"Oh! yes, we will. I know he will come back again," spoke up Mary, quickly. "We shall see him to-morrow."

Thomas was very doubtful about it, and said he was very sorry they had not kept the bird until their father came home, and then asked for a cage to put it in. "We'll not have another chance, soon, to get so nice a bird."

When papa came home, and the children told him about the robin, he said that he was very glad they had done as Mary suggested, and let the bird go at liberty—that it would have been cruel to shut him in a cage, when he had been all his life a free bird in the woods and fields.

On the next morning, all the clouds had disappeared from the sky, and the sun was again out brightly. But it was very cold, and the snow lay deep upon the ground.

"Robin hasn't come yet," said Edward, about ten o'clock. He still felt as if he would like to

"Robin isn't going to come," returned Thomas.

"Wait a while," said Mary, in her soft and gentle way. "Wait a while. I don't give up robin yet. See!" she added in a quick, exulting voice; "there he is, now! I knew he would come."

And as she spoke, robin lighted down upon the window-sill, and with his red breast touching the glass, pecked for admission.

We need not say how quickly the window was thrown open, with glad and welcome exclamations. The bird did not seem in the least afraid, but stepped upon Mary's hand, and was lying, in an instant after, pressed gently to her bosom. Thomas ran into the dining-room for some crumbs, while Edward stood looking admiringly at the little creature that lay so full of confidence on his sister's breast.

"Shut dear, good robin up in a cage!" said Mary, touching her lips to the bird. "No, no, indeed! They shall not put him into a cage."

Thomas brought some crumbs, and held them in his hand to the bird. Robin was hungry, and picked away at them eagerly, while the children looked on with delight. After he had eaten as much as he wanted, they gave him some water, into which he dipped his delicate bill. Then he hopped about the room, and seemed to feel quite at home. In about an hour, they opened the window for him, but robin found his quarters so comfortable, that he had no wish to leave them. He perched himself upon the back of a chair, and looked at the window, but made no attempt to fly out; so they let him stay as long as he pleased, which was for several hours. Then he pecked at the window, and when Mary opened it, he flew off as swiftly as his wings could carry him.

Every day, as long as the snow remained upon the ground, the bird came and tapped on the window with his bill, for admission. There was always some one ready to let him in and give him the crumbs of bread he sought. Sometimes he would come while the family were eating their dinner or breakfast, and then he was sure to get upon the table beside Mary's plate, and pick up the crumbs of bread she gave him.

When the earth became bare again, robin did not visit his friends so often; at last, as the Spring opened, he ceased coming altogether.

One sunny day, late in April, Mary had thrown open the window, and was sitting near it, listening to the birds that were singing joyfully among the trees, when all at once, a pair of robins came fluttering down and lit upon the window-sill. One of them she recognized in a moment. It was her old friend. From the window-sill he flew to her hand, and then turned, and as plain as a bird could do it, invited his companion to follow him. But she was more timid, and seemed to be uneasy. Robin stayed but a few moments with Mary, and then flew back to his mate upon the window-sill. Here they did not linger long, but soon spread their wings, and Mary saw them no more.

When Mary told this pleasant incident, Thomas and Edward were surprised and delight-



"He brought his mate to see us! Oh! I wish I had been at home," said Thomas.

"Robin is much happier than if he were shut up in a cage," remarked Mary. "And I am sure, we acted a more generous and honorable part with him than we would have done if we had abused the confidence he placed in us, and made him a prisoner for life."

"It would have been cruel, I acknowledge," said Thomas; "and I am now very glad it was not done."

"And so am I," responded Edward.

"Certainly, it would have been cruel, my children," said the father, who had been listening to

them. "We should never seek for pleasure at the cost of pain, either to our fellow creatures, or to any animal. There are higher and better sources of pleasure than these, in which happiness to others is the consequence. I am sure you have all experienced a threefold delight in witnessing the remarkable expression of gratitude in that bird, beyond what you could possibly have known if you had robbed him of his liberty, and made him a prisoner in a narrow cage."

And in these humane sentiments we are very sure that all of our young readers will most heartily concur.



## GOOD AND EVIL ANIMALS.

There are in the world a great many animals, and all of them correspond to good or evil qualities in men. The good animals are innocent and useful; but the evil animals are cruel and hurtful. Sheep, and cows, and doves, are good animals; but wolves, and bears, and hawks, are evil animals. Every one loves the gentle lambs, that sport in the green fields, but no one likes the cruel wolves that tear these dear lambs in pieces.

In the picture you will see a flock of sheep, with some children and their mother gazing at them. How gentle, and innocent, and mild they look! They are safe in the fold where no wicked beasts can harm them. Sometimes a sheep or a lamb will stray from the fold, and then the good shepherd will go off into the woods and mountains to seek the lost one; and when he has found him, he will, if it be a poor little lamb, take him in his arms and carry him back again; or, if a sheep, lead kindly to the fold from which he

Do you know, dear children, who is your good Shepherd? He is the Lord, and He is ever watching over you, and seeking to protect you from the wolves.

You think there are no wolves to harm you! All evil tempers and bad passions, my children, are wolves; and these, if you let them come into your hearts, will greatly harm, and, perhaps, in the end, destroy you. You stray from this good Shepherd when you indulge in wicked tempers, or do wicked things; and you are then in great danger from the wolves. Keep within the sheep-fold, dear little ones, and your good Shepherd will ever be near to save you from all harm.

When you love each other, and seek to make each other happy; when you are obedient to your parents and teachers; then are you within the heavenly sheepfold; then are you safe from the wolves.



### THE SABBATH-SCHOOL.

"I wish I didn't have to go to Sunday-school," said Harry Sandford to his mother, as she was pinning on his clean collar, and brushing his hair nicely, one bright Sabbath afternoon.

"Would you rather stay at home?" asked his mother.

"Oh yes. A great deal rather."

"Would you play all the time?"

"I would play some, and read some, and do a good many things. I think it is enough to go to school all the week."

"But to-day is Sunday. It is the Lord's day. What does that commandment say which speaks of the Sabbath?"

"It says, 'Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it, thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, thy ox, nor thy ass, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made the heavens and the earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested on the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day and hallowed it.'"

"What do you think this means, my son?"

"It means that we mustn't work on Sunday, doesn't it?"

"It means, that on the Lord's holy day we should rest from all worldly employments, and raise our thoughts to heavenly things. The Lord gives us six days in which to labor and do all our natural work, and then the Sabbath comes; the Sabbath, in which our hands are no longer required to labor, nor our thoughts to be engaged

lift up our minds and think about the Lord, and meet together to worship Him and return Him our thanks for the many blessings that we receive from Him. Now, you, my son, have many hours, each day of the week, for playing, and reading your pretty books. Should you not, then, on the Sabbath, not only be willing but glad to go to Sunday-school, where, with other little children, you can read and hear about the Lord and Heaven, and learn to love one another? I know that this will be much better for you?"

"But the commandment doesn't say that little boys must go to Sunday-school," said Harry. "I am sure I can rest from labor as well by staying at home."

"Do you believe you will think as much about the Lord and be as thankful to Him for all His blessings?"

"Yes, ma'am. I can read in the Bible the same as I do at school."

"And chant and sing hymns of praise to the Lord?"

Little Harry's eyes dropped to the floor.

"And see your kind teacher's face, and hear all the excellent things she says to the children, and love her as well?" continued the mother.

"I can't do all that, I know," returned the boy.

"I know you cannot, my son. Now think. Do you not know, that when you are in company with many persons, you soon get interested in what they are all doing and saying; but that while you are by yourself, you cannot remain long interested in any thing, nor will your interest be as strong as it would be if others shared

"I never like to read to myself as well as I do aloud for you to hear," said the boy.

"Nor to play by yourself as well as you do with other children?"

"Oh no, ma'am."

"Nor would you be able to keep the commandment, 'Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy,' as well alone, as if you were associated with other little boys and girls, met together for the same purpose. Do you *now* think that you would?"

"I am afraid not, mother."

"I am sure that you would not, Henry. And it is for this reason that your father and mother wish you to go to the Sabbath-school. It is for this reason that your teachers meet with you every Sabbath. They know that they can do you good when you are all together, and they can see you and talk to you face to face."

"I don't want to stay at home now," said little Harry, putting his arms around his mother's

neck and kissing her. "I will go to the Sabbath-school, for I know it will be better for me."

"And not only better for you, my son," said the mother. "It will be better for the other little boys and girls. Think of that!"

"Why, how can that be, mother?"

"If the company of others helps you to think of the Lord and His goodness, your company will help them to do the same. You all help each other. For the sake of other little boys and girls, then, it is your duty to go to school. Your presence adds one to the company, and makes it stronger. If you stay away, and another and another stay away, the few who are left will not find the school so pleasant, nor be able, while there, to take so much delight in reading the word, and singing in praise of the Lord's goodness. For the sake of others, then, as well as yourself, my dear boy, you must go regularly to the Sabbath-school. It is one of your first duties in life, and an easy one. Do not let the wish to neglect it find any place in your mind."



THE LOST CHILDREN.

"Tell us the story about the lost children, dear mother," said George, laying down his playthings, and coming to his mother's side.

"Oh! yes, do, mother, please," added the little boy's sister, a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl, just ten years old.

"I told you the story, yesterday," replied the mother.

"I know you did," answered George; "but we want to hear it again. Tell it us, dear mother, and we will be such good children!"

"There was once a little boy and girl," began

who got lost in a thick, dark wood, in which were fierce wild beasts. They were brother and sister, and their names were Edward and Ellen. They were playing near their father's house, one day, when Edward said, 'Come, sister, let us go across the field, into the woods, yonder, and gather some pretty flowers for mamma.'

"Ellen was pleased at the thought of getting for her dear mamma a beautiful bunch of flowers, and so she said, 'Oh! yes, brother, let us go.'

"So this little boy and girl went across the field, and into the woods, where they wandered



flowers. When their hands were full, Ellen said, "Now, brother, let us go home."

"They took hold of each other's hands and started, as they thought, toward their home; but I am sorry to say they went away from, instead of toward their home, and soon found that they were lost in a thick, dark wood. Poor Ellen began to cry. Edward put his arm around her, and said—

"Don't cry, sister; we will find our way home."

"Oh! no, Edward," she said, "we are lost in the woods, and it will soon be dark. Oh! we shall be eaten up by the wolves."

"The wolves will not eat us up," replied the brave-hearted little boy, confidently; "so don't cry, sister."

"Oh! yes, I am sure they will."

"Don't be afraid. I know they won't hurt us. Wolves are wicked animals, but if we pray to God to take care of us, He will not let the wolves hurt us."

"Oh! let us pray, then," said Ellen. And, all alone in the gloomy forest, this dear little boy and his sister knelt down and prayed that God would keep the wicked wolves from hurting them.

"After they had prayed, Ellen's tears dried up, and she took hold of Edward's arm, and clung close to his side. Just then a deep growl sounded through the forest, and presently they saw a long gray wolf coming fiercely toward them.

"The children dropped upon their knees, and Edward said, aloud—

"Our Father in Heaven, keep the wolves from hurting us."

"They had no sooner prayed that prayer than the wolf stopped right still for a minute or two, and then ran off another way.

"They were very much frightened, and trembled all over. Ellen said—

"God has made the wicked wolf go away—He will not let him hurt us. Oh! I wish He would show us the way home. It is getting so dark."

"Let us ask Him to show us the way home," said Edward.

"Again the lost children knelt down and prayed. They were still on their knees when they heard, afar off, the sound of their father's voice calling them. Oh! how their little hearts jumped for joy. They sprang up, and ran as fast as they could in the direction from which the sound came. In a little while, they were in their father's arms, crying for joy."

"I am so glad!" exclaimed George and his sister, at once: "God wouldn't let the wicked wolf eat them up."

"No, my children. He kept them from all harm. And if you will be good, and pray to him, He will protect you in every danger."

"Don't you know any more stories about lost children, dear mother?" asked George.

"Shall I tell you about the Children of Men, who were once lost in the Wilderness of Sin?"

"Oh! yes, do, mother. But who were the Children of Men?"

"All the people in the world are called the

"And were all the people in the world once lost, dear mother?"

"Yes, all mankind were once lost, and about to be destroyed by hungry wolves—but the Lord saved them, and brought them out of the wilderness."

"Won't you tell us all about it, mother?"

"Yes, if you will listen very attentively. I do not mean that all children of men were lost in just such a wood as Edward and Ellen were lost in; nor, that they were in danger of being eaten up by such wolves as threatened to eat up this dear little boy and girl."

"What kind of wolves were they?" asked the children.

"They were just such things in their hearts as corresponded to wolves and every evil and hurtful beast—wicked passions. But let me tell you all about it. The Lord made men innocent and good. All things around them were as beautiful as the fairest garden you have ever seen. In their hearts dwelt only those good feelings to which the lambs and doves and all good animals correspond. They were very happy, and angels were their companions.

"But, after a while, the Children of Men began to forget the good Lord who made them, and gave them every blessing they enjoyed. At the same time that they forgot God, they forgot to love one another. The innocent lambs began to die in their bosoms, and evil beasts of prey to take their place. They hated, instead of loving one another. Then war, dreadful war, first appeared on the earth. Men not only hated, but sought to kill each other. Wicked spirits possessed them, soul and body. They were as if lost in a great wilderness, and about to be destroyed by the wild beasts that were in their hearts.

"It was then that the Lord came and saved them. He drove out the evil spirits and cruel beasts, and led the lost Children of Men out of this dark and fearful wilderness. It was Jesus Christ, of whom you read in the New Testament, the Lord of Heaven and Earth, who did this. When you are older, and can understand better, I will tell you more about the lost Children of Men, and the good Lord who saved them."

## SATURDAY IN WINTER.

*See Engraving.*

Our tasks are all done, come away! come away!

For a right merry time—for a Saturday play.

See! the bright sun is shining right bravely on high!

Make haste, or he'll soon be half over the sky.

Come! first with our sleds down the glassy hillside,

And then on our skates o'er the river we glide.

Now, Harry! sit firm on your sled—here we go!

Swift—swift as an arrow let fly from the bow!

Hurrah! downward rushing, how gayly we speed,

Like an Arab away on his fleet-going steed.

Hurrah! bravely done! down the icy hillside,

And now for the river! How smooth and how bright,  
Like a mirror it sleeps in the flashing sunlight.  
Be sure, brother Harry, to strap your skates well,  
Last time, you remember, how heavy you fell.  
Now, away! swift away! why, Harry! not down?  
Are you hurt? You must take better care of your crown.

Up, up, my good brother! now steady! start fair!  
Away we go! swift through the keen, frosty air.  
Down again! Bless me, Harry! your skates can't be right,—

Just wait till I see—no—but now they are tight!  
Here we go again! merry as school-boys can be,  
From books, pens, and pencils, and black-board set free.

Tired, at last, of our sport, home to dinner we run,

And find that two hours ago dinner was done.  
But our meat and potatoes we relish quite well,  
Though cold, and the reason we scarcely need tell:

Five hours spent in scudding and skating, I ween,  
Would give to such lads as we, appetites keen.

At last, the dim twilight succeeds to the day!  
Our week's work is ended, and ended our play.  
'Tis Saturday night, and we know, with the morn,  
Another dear Sabbath of rest will be born.  
O'er-wearied, we sink into slumber profound,  
Assured that God's angels are watching around.

## THE OLD MAN AT THE COTTAGE DOOR.

*See Engraving.*

Come, faint old man! and sit awhile  
Beside our cottage-door;  
A cup of water from the spring,  
A loaf to bless the poor,  
We give with cheerful hearts, for God  
Hath given us of His store.

Too feeble thou for daily toil,  
Too weak to earn thy bread—  
For the weight of many, many years  
Lies heavy on thy head—  
A wanderer, Want thy weary feet  
Hath to our cottage led.

Come, rest awhile. 'Twill not be long  
Ere thy faint head shall know  
A deeper, calmer, better rest,  
Than cometh here below;  
When God, who loveth every one,  
Shall call thee hence to go.

Heaven bless thee in thy wanderings!  
Wherever they may be,  
And make the ears of every one  
Attentive to thy plea:  
A double blessing will be theirs,  
Who kindly turn to thee.

Man is like a snow-ball. Leave him in idleness against the sunny fence of prosperity, and all the good that's in him melts like fresh butter in hot days; but kick him around, and he gathers his strength every revolution until he grows to an avalanche. To make a figure in the world, you must keep moving.

## SITTING FOR A DAGUERRETYPE.

*See Engraving.*

Some months ago, a well-conditioned farmer, from the interior of the State, arrived in Philadelphia, and, after selling his produce and making sundry purchases, recollected that he had promised, on leaving home, that he would bring back his daguerreotype. It was all a piece of nonsense, he had argued; but his argument was of no avail, for wife and daughters said that he must do as they wished, and so he had yielded an easy compliance. On inquiry, he was told that Root was the man for him; so, one bright morning, he took his way down Chestnut street to the gallery of the far-famed daguerreotypist. Mr. Root was at home, of course, and ready to accommodate the farmer, who, after looking at sundry portraits, asking prices and making his own remarks on all he saw, was invited to walk up into the operating-room.

"Where?" asked the farmer, looking curious.

"Into the operating-room," replied Mr. Root, as he moved towards the door.

The farmer was not yet sure that he had heard correctly, but he did not like to ask again, so he followed on; but it sounded in his ears very much as if Mr. Root had said "operating"-room, and the only idea he had of "operations" was the cutting off of legs and arms. However, up stairs he went, with his dog close behind him, and was soon introduced into a room in the third story.

"Now, sir," said Mr. Root—smiling, as the farmer thought, a little strangely—"we will see what we can do for you. Take a seat in that chair."

The farmer sat down, feeling a little uneasy, for he did not much like the appearance of things. Besides Mr. Root, there was another man in the room, and he felt that, if any unfair play were attempted, they would prove too much for him. This idea, as it clearly presented itself, seemed so ridiculous that he tried to thrust it away, but he could not. There was a mysterious ticking in the room, for which he could not account. It was like the sound of a clock, and yet not like it. He glanced around, but could not perceive the source from whence it came. At one moment, it seemed to be under the floor near his feet, then in the ceiling, and next in a far corner of the room.

As he took his place in the chair that had been pointed out, Mr. Root drew a singular-looking apparatus into the middle of the floor, and directed towards him the muzzle of what seemed a small brass cannon. At the same time, the other man placed his hand upon his head and drew it back into an iron clamp, the cold touch of which made the blood in his veins curdle to his very heart.

The farmer was a man who both took and read the newspapers, and through these he had become acquainted with many cases of "mysterious disappearance." Men with a few hundred dollars in their pockets, such was then his own

case—had been inveigled among robbers and murderers, and he might now be in one of their dens of iniquity. This fear once excited, every movement of the two men, who were acting in concert, but confirmed his suspicions. Their mysterious signs, their evident preparation to act together at a particular moment, all helped to excite still further his alarm. It was more than human nature—at least, the farmer's human nature—could stand; for, springing suddenly from the chair, he caught up his hat, and, escaping from the room, dashed down stairs as if a legion of evil spirits were after him, to the no small amusement of the two "operators," who, though they lost a customer, had a good joke to laugh over for a month.

## GLEANINGS FOR THE YOUNG.

### WALKS WITH MAMMA.

#### A SHOWER OF RAIN.

It was little Lucy's birth-day, and her brothers reminded Mrs. Hamilton that she had long promised them to have their tea in the Giant's cave on this occasion. It was little more than a deep hollow in a chalk pit at some distance, probably excavated by the men who worked the pit, that it might afford them occasional shelter from the weather; but the nursery tale as to its origin, and the beauty of the neglected copse by which it was surrounded, gave it a peculiar charm in the eyes of the little ones. They set off in high glee, provisions for their gipsy-tea slung in two baskets across Daisy's back, and little Lucy mounted between, with a wreath of wild flowers around her bonnet, to show that she was the Queen of the day.

"I am rather afraid of the weather, my children," said Mrs. Hamilton, "and expect we shall make a closer acquaintance with yonder dark cloud than will be pleasant."

E. We shall be safe in the cave, you know, mamma, if it rains, but we must make haste and get there before it begins, or we shall not be able to gather dry sticks for our fire.

The wood had scarcely been collected, and burnt up briskly in the cave, when a few heavy drops warned the little party that a smart shower was at hand, and they were glad to retreat to their new home, as Freddy called it.

"It will soon be over, my child," said Mrs. H., as she saw Ernest gazing sorrowfully into the darkened sky, "and we shall find our walk home afterwards far more fresh and pleasant."

"I wonder where the clouds will be gone to, mamma," said Freddy, "when the sky is blue again?"

E. Why, it is the clouds which are now coming down upon the ground in rain, Freddy.

F. But are the clouds made of rain then, mamma?—that sounds very strange

Mrs. H. Not exactly of rain in the state in which you see it falling, because water is too heavy to float high in the air, as the clouds do; but they are really made of water in the state of steam or vapor. When cold, or anything else turns the vapor into drops, it falls to the ground.

and we have a shower. Heat turns water into steam, and cold turns steam back again into water; you can easily remember this. Look at your kettle now, boys, boiling on the fire; what is that rushing so fast out of the spout?

"Steam, mamma."

Mrs. H. And what do you think has turned some of the water in the kettle into steam?

E. I suppose it was the hot fire underneath?

Mrs. H. True, Ernest. Now take one of the tea-cups out of the basket, and hold it over the steam for a few minutes, and then tell me what you see inside it.

F. Small drops of water are running down the sides of the cup, mamma. I suppose the cold cup has turned the steam back into water.

Mrs. H. It is not only over a fire that water evaporates, or is turned into vapor, my children. Warm air also causes it to evaporate more slowly. Have you ever wondered where the water goes to in grandpapa's fish-pond? You know it is paved at the bottom, so that the water cannot run through into the ground, and yet in dry weather it disappears so fast, that as you told me yesterday, it is now almost empty.

E. I never thought of this reason for it, dear mamma. I suppose the warm air turns it into steam, and then the steam rises up and makes clouds.

Mrs. H. Just so, Ernest; and this is the case with lakes and rivers, and the sea itself. A great deal of their water rises up in vapor into the sky, and when this is condensed, as it is called, into drops, it falls back to the earth in dew or rain. Thus the plants and the trees which grow a long way from the water-side, are supplied and refreshed. We were talking about the food of the plants the other day. You see now one of the ways in which God provides for them, for we cannot examine anything without finding out His tender, watchful care over all that He has made, which may make us love Him more than we did before. The dew comes from the vapor floating in the air, which the coolness of the night has turned into drops, so that it falls down upon the little thirsty flowers; and when we go out before breakfast, we see them sparkling in the sunlight these beautiful mornings, as if every blade and leaf had decked itself with diamonds to honor the rising sun.

E. Thank you, dear mamma, I shall like to remember this the next time I see the pretty dew before breakfast.

Mrs. H. There are many other wonderful things about steam for you to learn, Ernest. How was it that the long train of carriages were moved forward by which we travelled the other day?

F. By a steam-engine, you said, mamma. I suppose that means it was steam that pushed us on, but I don't see how it could do that—how could it, dear mamma?

Mrs. H. The kettle must help us again, Freddy; what is the lid doing now? Look at it.

F. Jumping up and down. Why, how funny it looks! I never saw it do that before, just as if it was playing.

Mrs. H. It is the steam within that lifts it up.

my child. Steam is *expansive*; that means, it presses against the sides of anything which contains it, by trying to escape. Now suppose we tied a piece of cotton to the top of the lid, what would happen when the steam forces its way out of the kettle?

E. It would give the cotton a little pull, mamma.

Mrs. H. In this way the steam in the steam-engine, forcing up what is called a piston, pulls a little wheel. This wheel is made with hooks or teeth at the edge, so that every pull catching one of the hooks, turns the wheel round farther and farther. The hooked wheel is connected with the large wheels of the engine, so that when one moves round, the other will do so also, and the whole rolls forward at once, pulling the train after it. I think you know that anything which rolls a wheel round, will move it forward?

E. Do you mean that if I turn the wheels of my cart with my two hands, mamma, it would go on just the same as if I was dragging it?

Mrs. H. Yes, dear; you can easily try this when we reach home. But I think baby is in a hurry for her tea, Ernest, and we must not keep the little queen waiting on her birth-day.

Even before the children had finished their merry gipsy tea, the clouds had broken away, and a rainbow was gleaming in the partial sunshine just opposite to the entrance of the cave.

"Only see, mamma," says Freddy, "it is going to be quite fine. Now I am glad the rain came, because it has made such beautiful colors in the sky."

Mrs. H. You do not forget what the rainbow tells us, Freddy, I hope.

P. No, dear mamma, I shall always remember, I think, when I see it. It tells us that God promised that it should not always rain.

E. Nurse thinks it will be too wet for our walk home.

Mrs. H. Not if we wait a few minutes, dear. The ground is so dry that it will soon soak up all the rain. Where will all these drops have gone to, Ernest?

E. Will they not raise up the thread-like tubes of the plants, mamma, as you explained to us before?

Mrs. H. Some of them will, and I am glad you remembered this; but a great deal of the rain runs or filters through the loose soil, until it reaches clay or rock, or some kind of earth which it cannot penetrate. Then it collects into a pool, or runs along as a little stream underground. I can easily explain this to you. Gather a handful of the wood ashes from your fire, and fill one of the plates with them. That will do. Now tell me what becomes of this water when I pour it upon the ashes?

The boys both answered, "It is gone, mamma; it is all soaked up."

Mrs. H. I will dig a little hole in my heap of ashes with a spoon, children; now look and tell me what you see at the bottom of it?

F. Oh, there is the water, mamma; it had run down to the bottom of the plate.

Mrs. H. It is just so with the rain, Freddy. Our soil like the wood-ashes is porous: that is,

it allows the rain to soak through it. Therefore it disappears almost as soon as it falls upon the surface, and runs down until it meets with a kind of soil, that like the china plate, is *not* porous, and there it remains in a pool, or perhaps runs along this harder earth until it meets with an opening, where it flows out as a little stream. But there are not many such openings in level ground; so tell me what I did, Freddy, when I wanted to get at the water in the plate.

F. You made a hole through the ashes.

Mrs. H. Which are porous. And what would you do, Ernest, if you were a long way from any stream, and wanted to get water out of the ground?

E. I must make a hole through the porous earth until I came to one which was not porous, and there I should find some water. Why is this not the same as making a well, mamma?

Mrs. H. To be sure it is, Ernest; have you only just found this out? And as it would not be easy to get down by a ladder, and fetch up pails of water from the bottom of a well, which is sometimes seventy or one hundred feet deep, pumps are built over our wells, which spare us the trouble. But it is later than I expected, children. Call Daisy, while nurse and I pack the things into the basket, that we may set off immediately for home.—*Penny Magazine*.

## ERNESTINE.

BY MEETA.

'Twas just upon the threshold

Of girlhood's sunny floor,  
She stepped across to meet me

Half through the open door,  
With sunlight on her forehead,

And spring-time in her eyes,  
Catching their softened lustre,

From azure-tinted skies,—  
Upon her braided tresses,

Half aureate, half brown,—  
She wore of bursting blossoms

A regal, rosy crown.

Yet once again I saw her,

When womanhood's full sway,  
Had stolen lesser graces

Of girlhood-reign away;  
One hand outstretched in greeting,

The other, half in pride,  
Lingered among the ringlets

Of childhood at her side,—  
Still beautiful and loving,

The same sweet self of yore,  
As when she stepped, a maiden,

Half-through the open door.

Ten years ago, we parted—

We friends of youthful days:—

'Twas in the golden Autumn,  
Half wrapt in silver haze.—

Ten years ago she gathered  
Her robes upon her breast,

And in the leafless forest  
She laid her down to rest.

Yet still, methinks, I see her,  
As when she stepped, before,

In youthful pride and beauty,  
Half through the open door.

## THE POEM.

I am dreaming o'er a poem  
Of affection's strength sublime;  
Loved, because that once I read it  
In the dear, dear olden time.  
While you sat and praised my reading  
Of the poet's touching rhyme.

And how often, very gently,  
Did you check my cadence, when  
I read the sweetest verses  
Over to you once again!  
I have read that blessed poem  
Many, many times since then!  
Then you softly closed the volume,  
When I paused at the last line,  
While your eyes said sweeter poems,—  
Poems that were more divine;  
And all Hybla sweets were clustered  
On the lips that dropped to mine.

This is over now, all over,—  
And 'tis better thus to be;  
Yet I often sit and wonder  
Who is reading soft to thee,  
And if any voice is sweeter  
To thy heart than mine would be!

## ALTO.

"I don't wish to sing second treble," says one of our singers. "I don't wish to sing second treble," say many other young ladies. "Why not?" "Because," says one, "'tis too difficult." "Because," says another, "Mr. A., or Miss B., says it will *spoil my voice*." "Because," says a third, "I don't think my voice is adapted to that part."

Now let us, for a moment, consider these objections. "'Tis too difficult," do you say? A stronger argument you certainly could not employ in favor of practising it. Would you be a good singer? and not a mere cipher in the choir or music-circle—then you must be determined to overcome difficulties; and the greater the difficulty, the more resolute should you be in your determination to overcome it. If this, then, is your objection, we advise you to work *with a will*, and the difficulties will vanish in proportion as you put forth effort. But Mr. or Miss Somebody says, "It will *spoil your voice*." Show us that Mr., or Miss, and we will show you one who knows nothing of what he (or she) is talking about. You have certainly been taking counsel of one who is altogether unqualified to give it—one, who is utterly ignorant of the philosophy of the voice, and of the way to improve it; therefore turn a deaf ear to such counsel. If one who digs deep, and lays a solid foundation for the house he is about erecting, will thereby endanger the superstructure, then will a young lady endanger or "*spoil*" her voice by studying and practising Alto. Voices may, it is true, be injured and spoiled by practising in the *wrong way* any part; but there certainly is no more danger in the practise of second treble than in that of any other part. Our best soprano singers commenced by singing alto: and by continued

and judicious practice, gradually *built up* their voices until they were able to sing either part well; but most who have thus commenced and persevered, have acquired a compass of voice of at least two octaves; and, in many instances, much more; besides, what is still better, a uniform, even, pure tone. Young lady, would you be a good singer? go and do likewise. Practice the scale daily, high and low: sing with care, and be more anxious for a *pure tone* than for power, and you will soon reap a rich reward, by the improvement you will make.

The third objection is the only *real* one of the three. It may be that your voice is not adapted to second treble. If you think it is not, ask your teacher, or leader, to examine it, and then be governed by his advice; but never again make use of such a ridiculous expression as the second, or advance such a sentiment as the first—in presence, at least, of any intelligent musician—as reasons why you would not practice second treble.  
—*New York Musical Review.*

## YOUNG AGAIN.

An old man sits in a high-back'd chair  
Before an open door,  
While the sun of a Summer afternoon  
Falls hot across the floor,  
And the drowsy click of an ancient clock  
Has noted the hour of four.

A breeze blows in and a breeze blows out,  
From the scented Summer air,  
And it flutters now on his wrinkled brow,  
And now it lifts his hair;  
And the leaden lid of his eye drops down,  
And he sleeps in his high-back'd chair.

The old man sleeps, and the old man dreams,  
His head drops on his breast,  
His hands relax their feeble hold,  
And fall to his lap in rest.  
The old man sleeps, and in sleep he dreams,  
And in dreams again is blest.

The years unroll their fearful scroll,  
He is a child again,  
A mother's tones are in his ear,  
And drift across his brain!  
He chases gaudy butterflies  
Far down the rolling plain.

He plucks the wild-rose in the woods,  
And gathers eglantine,  
And holds the golden buttercups  
Beneath his sister's chin;  
And angles in the meadow brook  
With a bent and naked pin.

He loiters down the grassy lane,  
And by the brimming pool,  
And a sigh escapes his parted lips  
As he hears the bell for school—  
And he wishes it never were nine o'clock,  
And the morning never were full.

A mother's hand is press'd on his head,  
Her kiss is on his brow—  
A Summer breeze blows in at the door  
With a toss of a leafy bough;  
And the boy is a white-haired man again,  
And his eyes are tear-fill'd now.



LEADING THE BLIND RAT.

## ANIMAL INSTINCT.

[Lindsay & Blakiston have published a handsome edition, with many fine illustrations, of Mrs. Lee's "Anecdotes and Habits of the Instinct of Animals." There is no more interesting volume on the subject than this. As a reading book for the young, it is especially attractive. We make a single extract.]

Some persons profess to think that the Rodents called Rats, are beautiful animals; and I presume that, prejudice apart, the sleek skin, the sharp head, the long, slender tail, and the keen look of their bright black eyes, ought to be attractions; but those who have been annoyed with these animals as I have been, can scarcely regard them with anything but dislike. Overspreading the whole world as they do, it is no wonder, where they are not vigorously checked, and where food is abundant, their numbers should amount to something frightful. On a visit to Sierra Leone, I was all day at the Government House, and I going to an upper room to make my toilette, I heard a pattering of little feet close to me, and turning my head I saw between the floor and the shrunken door of the next apartment, a whole army of rats on a peregrination, and giving such an idea of number, that, uninitiated as I then was (it being on my first journey to Africa,) I was perfectly appalled, and most thankful that I returned that night to sleep in my safer cabin on board ship. This, however, was but the beginning: and, in the next vessel which I entered, they were so numerous, that the next time she returned to port, she was sunk for a time, as the only means of getting rid of them. Between these creatures and the cock-roaches, I thought my poor child and myself must be devoured.

There is a facility given to the human mind to accommodate itself to all circumstances, for which perhaps we are not sufficiently thankful; and it never was more strongly manifested than in my own case, for both fear and apprehension vanished with habit, and I became fearless of those animated creatures which at first seemed to be the bane of my existence. When living in Cape Coast Castle, I used to see the rats come in troops past my door, walking over my black boys as they lay there, and who only turned themselves over to present the other sides of their faces and bodies, when the rats returned—and thought it a good joke. The fiercest encounter which I ever had with them was during one of those terrific storms which are more furious between the tropics than elsewhere. I was then, however, under the Equator, in a native hut, and heard an exceeding

rustling and movement all around me. To my terror, I perceived that these proceeded from a number of rats running up and down the sides of the room in which I was to pass the night, and who shortly began to run over me; they being disturbed by the torrents of rain which were then falling. The only weapon I could find was a shoe, and curling myself into a large arm-chair, taken out of a French vessel, and covered with blue satin damask, I sat prepared for my enemies, whom I dreaded much more than the lightning, which was flashing across the iron bars laid upon the floor. I felt that the silk of my place of refuge was some sort of protection against this; but my own arm could alone save me from my four-footed foes. Presently my husband came in, and saluted me with a shout of laughter, which, however, abated when he saw my antagonists. The storm lulled for a while, and the rats retreated: we then crept within the curtains of bamboo cloth, which encircled a rude imitation of a four-post bedstead, but I kept possession of my shoe. Weary with watching, I closed my eyes, but was awakened by a tremendous flash of lightning, immediately followed by awful thunder, and a tumultuous rush of rats. Some of them scrambled up the outside of the curtains: but arms in hand I sat up, and directed by the noise, I hurled the invaders to the ground, till at length resistance, and the passing away of the storm, allowed me to sleep in peace.

These were the brown rats which infest every part of the world, but very much increased in size by their residence in a hot climate.

Besides these brown rats, a bush rat, as it is called, infests the forest, and is about as large as a young pig. When I first saw this, and felt myself surrounded, as it were, by familiar animals, increased to such magnitude, by multitudes previously unknown to me, and others of which I had only heard, and yet none of us were devoured, I could not but feel with tenfold depth the Creator's command, that man should have the dominion over them all. His own strength alone could never enable him to walk among them unharmed.

The principal characters which distinguish the rat remain in all countries, but there are several species. The black rat is that which first inhabited this island; but it has been nearly driven out by the brown, which is, without any foundation, termed the Norway rat. It came from India, Persia, etc., and it is said to have appeared in Europe after a great earthquake in 1727. All are so eminently carnivorous, that they do not make the least ceremony in devouring each other in times of scarcity; so that on one occasion, already spoken of, when I and my companions stood a chance of being starved ourselves, we felt sure that the violent screams and struggles we heard going on among the rats behind the planks, arose from the meals which the strong were making upon their more feeble brethren.

Rats are nocturnal in their habits, and like to live in subterranean, or mysterious abodes. They are found in islands lying in the midst of the ocean, till the moment of their discovery to us, supposed not to have been visited by man, and yet the question still remains unsettled, whether

the differences which exist in rats were caused by locality, or whether they were so from the beginning. There is now no known spot free from the Norway rat, and the greater the number, of course, the more impudent they become. In Ceylon, I am told, where they are innumerable, they perch on the top of a chair, or screen, and sit there till something is thrown at them, at which they slowly retreat. A noise is heard in the verandah close by you, and you see a party of rats, disputing with a dog for the possession of some object. A traveller in Ceylon saw his dogs set upon a rat, and making them relinquish it, he took it up by the tail, the dogs leaping after it the whole time; he carried it into his dining-room, to examine it there by the light of the lamp, during the whole of which period it remained as if it were dead; limbs hanging and not a muscle moving. After five minutes he threw it among the dogs, who were still in a state of great excitement; and to the astonishment of all present, it suddenly jumped upon its legs, and ran away so fast that it baffled all its pursuers.

One evening, when at Bathurst, St. Mary's, I was sitting at work in an upper room, and in the midst of the stillness, heard something breathing close to me. There was no other person in the chamber except my child, who was asleep in bed. Although startled, I did not move, but casting my eyes round, I saw a huge rat, sitting upon the table at my elbow, watching every movement of my fingers. I could scarcely help laughing at his cool impudence, and suppose I had been too much absorbed by thought or employment, to notice his approach. I gradually laid down my work, and slipping quietly out of the room, as if I had not perceived him, called the servants. It was supposed that there were nests of rats in the chimney; for that Government House had been wisely provided with the possibility of having fires in the rooms during the rainy season; and the hunt began. I jumped on to the bed, not only to be out of the way, but to keep the rats from the place where my child was. Two of the men, furnished with sticks, routed the enemy from their hiding-places, and four others squatted at the corners of the room, holding a cloth spread between their hands. They said it was most likely the rats would run round the walls, and they should therefore catch them in the open cloth. The event proved them to be right; the frightened animals rushed to them, were immediately enclosed, and their necks were wrung in a moment. After the hunt was ended, they were thrown over the verandah into the garden, to the number of at least fifty. In the morning, however, they were all gone, but the foot-marks of the Genet cats told how they had been removed. Some squeaks the next day in the chimney betrayed the presence of some very young ones, and a fire of damp grass being lighted, their destruction was completed by suffocation. This was perhaps cruel, but it was necessary in self-defence; and I shuddered to think of how I and my daughter might, in our sleep, have been attacked by these animals. It is not to be wondered at when surrounded by myriads of obnoxious animals, how any tender feelings towards that sort of creature become



blunted. At the moment of which I speak, valuable books, dried plants, papers containing the data of scientific observations, concerning the survey of the river Gambia, to a considerable distance, were destroyed during the illness of the observer by rats and insects.

One afternoon, the commandant at Bathurst was quietly reading, when he heard a violent squeaking and hissing in the room below him, which was even with the ground, and contained stores. He took the key, and followed by his servants armed with sticks, went to ascertain the cause. On opening the door they beheld a rat and a venomous serpent engaged in mortal combat. Nothing could be more beautiful than the action of both animals; the rat had retreated for a moment, and stood with flashing eyes; the head of the serpent was reared to receive a fresh attack; again and again they closed and separated, but the reptile, although much bitten, gained the victory; the rat fell, foamed at the mouth, swelled to a great size, and died in a very few minutes. The serpent glided away, but was afterwards discovered in her nest with several young ones, in a crack of the store-room wall, close to a staircase, which we were in the habit of descending daily, and where, in fact, I had often seen the serpents' heads peeping out, and had waited till they were withdrawn.

Of the brown rat, Mr. Jesse tells the following story:—"The Rev. Mr. Ferryman, walking out in some meadows one evening, observed a great number of rats in the act of migrating from one place to another, which, it is known, they are in the habit of doing occasionally. He stood perfectly still, and the whole assemblage passed close to him. His astonishment, however, was great, when he saw an old blind rat, which held a piece of stick at one end in its mouth, while another rat had hold of the other end of it, and thus conducted his blind companion."

The amount of destructive force possessed by rats, cannot be better exemplified than in the report given to the French Government, relating to the removal of the horse slaughter-houses, situated at Montfaucon, to a greater distance from Paris; one great objection being the disastrous consequences which might accrue to the inhabitants of the neighborhood, if the voracious creatures were suddenly deprived of their usual sustenance. It is well known, that the mischief which they occasion is not confined to what they eat; but they undermine houses, burrow through dams, destroy drains, and commit incalculable havoc, in every place and in everything.

The report states, that the carcasses of horses killed one day, and amounting to thirty-five, would be found the next morning with the bones picked clean. A person of the name of Dusaussois, belonging to the establishment, made this experiment. A part of his yard was enclosed by solid walls, at the foot of which several holes were made for the entrance and exit of the rats. Into this enclosure he put the bodies of three horses, and in the middle of the night he stopped up all the holes as quietly as he could; he then summoned several of his workmen, and each,

and carefully closed the door. They then commenced a general massacre; in doing which, it was not necessary to take aim, for wherever the blow fell, it was sure to knock over a rat, none being allowed to escape by climbing over the walls. This experiment was repeated at intervals of a few days, and at the end of a month, 16 050 rats had been destroyed. In one night they killed 2,650; and yet this cannot give an entirely adequate idea of their number, for the yard in question did not cover more than a twentieth part of the space allotted to killing horses. The rats in this place have made burrows for themselves, like catacombs; and so great is their number, that they have not found room close by the slaughter-houses. They have gone farther; and the paths to and from their dwellings may be traced across the neighboring fields.

## THE COST OF A BAD HABIT.

What a common thing it is for people to have some bad habit or other, which is worse than useless, but which they find it very difficult to break themselves of.

A story is told of a man in one of the New England States, who had such a habit, and who one day rendered himself very ridiculous by it. The habit this gentleman had, was one of frequently handling his spectacles. He was a member of the Legislature of his State, and when he rose to speak, he would first place his spectacles on his nose, suffer them to remain there a minute or two, throw them upward on his forehead, and finally fold them up and lay them before him on his desk.

One day a very important question came up in the legislature, and the fidgety gentleman commenced a speech in opposition to the proposed measure. A friend to the project, who was somewhat of a wag, determined that he would spoil the effect of what the honorable gentleman had to say. So before the speaker entered the house, after a recess, he provided himself with a dozen pair of spectacles. The member commenced his speech with his usual ability. But a few moments elapsed before he was at work with his spectacles and finally got them upon his forehead. At this juncture, our wag, who stood ready, laid another pair on the desk before the speaker. These were taken, and gradually gained a place on his forehead by the side of the others. A third, fourth and fifth were disposed of in the same manner. A smile settled upon the countenances of the honorable members, which gradually lighted up in a grin, and at last, when the speaker had warmed up into one of his most patriotic and elegant sentences, he deposited a sixth pair with the others, and there was a loud and long peal of laughter from all parts of the room. Presidents, clerks, members, all joined in the chorus. The speaker looked around in astonishment at this curious interruption; but raising his hand, he grasped his spectacles, and the whole force of the joke rushed upon his mind. He dashed the glasses upon the floor, took his hat and left the hall. The bill was passed by a triumphant majority, probably in consequence of the gentleman's silly and useless

## CLERICAL JOKES.

Henry Ward Beecher is somewhat of a wag in his way. We have recently been much amused in reading a speech of his at the late Festival of the New England Society in New York. His remarks were elicited by a toast, "The Clergy of New England." In the opening of his speech he says:—"I find myself in an unusual place, and under such circumstances that I find it difficult to speak. I am somewhat like the deacon, who, when asked to lead in prayer at a Conference meeting, declined to do so. He was expostulated with by his venerable pastor, who assured him that he had the ability, and he ought to exercise it: to which the deacon very meekly replied, that he knew he could pray, but that he always hated it. I feel not unlike that deacon myself on this occasion."

Again—speaking of "the blessings that follow ministerial fidelity," he says:—"There were thirteen children in my father's family, and eight of them being boys, only seven of the number turned out ministers. There were two more, the father and a brother-in-law, connected with the order; and to make up the number to more than a dozen, I married into a family having only four more. Being thus a Hebrew among Hebrews, I suppose it was thought by the gentlemen that I could say something of the clergy."

Speaking of the influence of ministers in the olden time, he remarks:—"But the events which transpired then we will never see again. Ministers will never again be upon terms of intimacy with the magistrates as they were then. Magistrates never consult ministers now-a-days, and I have given up all along the idea of ever being called upon by a governor to help him draw up a public document, though I did draw up a proclamation for Thanksgiving once for a governor of Indiana, and that is the only instance in my life when I was thus employed."

Here is another touch of his humor:—"How much the people valued ministers, in their new country—in Massachusetts and Connecticut—you can imagine, when it is known that they could not get along without two ministers to each church. In the first six churches of Connecticut, there were ten preachers. Each church, if possible, had a teacher and a preacher. The teacher was a professor of Theology, and his business was to indoctrinate. The other was the revival minister, as we understand the term. The doctor put the powder down, and the other man touched it off. In those grand old times, besides the Sabbath sermons and weekly lectures, the business of the minister was to go from house to house, and lecture the inmates. Now, however, that business is entirely transferred to women."

He gives us here a specimen of the old-fashioned minister out of the pulpit:—"However, let it not be supposed because clergymen were earnest and devout religious ministers, that they were men devoid of humor. The man is not half a man who has not a streak of that in him. I recollect even lately that the old sort of ministers of Connecticut could crack a joke and smoke

that when they used to meet at my father's house, pipes and tobacco were set out, and other creature comforts in proportion, which were never seen there at other times. In those times it is to be supposed that Providence winked at those things, for, certainly, they did not know any better. I recollect, too, the explosions of human thunder, called laughter, which could be heard in the room filled with smoke, and where it was supposed the ministers were; and if any of you had been listening, as I was, you would have said that every mother's son of them was a Dutchman."

The clergy then were not averse to a horse race when the occasion called for it:—"I recollect once that Doctor Backus, of Bethlehem, on returning from my father's house to his home, was attempted to be passed by a man. The doctor had no idea of being beaten, and, if he was, he meant that the man should do it well. The man finally saw that it was impossible to overtake him, and hallooed, at the top of his voice, 'Dr. Backus, you run as if the devil was after you.' The doctor, looking over his shoulder at the man, said, in reply, 'I believe he is.'"

Speaking of the cold meeting-houses, he gives us a good anecdote:—"I do not say that I should relish those old ideas of church-going, and sitting for two mortal hours of a Winter's morning without a fire in the room—for a stove in a church, in those days, was understood to be a desecration, even if such a thing as a stove was then conceived of. When it was first proposed to introduce stoves in the church of my native place, Litchfield, in Connecticut, there was a violent opposition made to it. A man said to one good old deacon—Trowbridge, I call him: 'Deacon Trowbridge, why do you object to a stove?' 'Cause it's desecration,' said the deacon. 'Well,' said the man, 'but does not aunt Polly (that was the deacon's wife) bring a foot-stove with her?' 'Well, I never thought of that,' said the deacon. The question was settled. It was agreed that if it was right to have a foot-stove, it was right to have one all over."

## THE BRIGHT LITTLE GIRL.

SONG TO AN IRISH TUNE.

Her blue eyes they beam and they twinkle;  
Her lips have made smiling more fair;  
On cheek and on brow there's no wrinkle,  
But thousands of curls in her hair.

She's little—you don't wish her taller;  
Just half through the teens is her age:  
And lady, or baby, to call her,  
Were something to puzzle a sage.

Her face, with the fine glow that's in it,  
As fresh as an apple-tree bloom:  
And O! when she comes, in a minute,  
Like sunbeams, she brightens the room.

As taking in mind as in feature,  
How many will sigh for her sake!  
I wonder, the sweet little creature,

THE INVALID'S MORNING WATCH  
IN WINTER.

BY THOS. E. VAN BEBBER.

Lo! shadowy forms gigantic,  
As the flames ascend or fall,  
Dance many a long-legged antic  
O'er ceiling and o'er wall.

Far distant ghosts seem sailing,  
Faint death-bells strike the ear;  
'Tis but the damp logs wailing  
On erring fancy's ear.

Like coals half quenched in ashes  
The panes loom leaden-grey,  
And slow the pencilled sashes  
Their chequer-work display.

On narrower inspection  
A tree's faint-shadowed trunk,  
Looms through the window's section,  
Almost to dimness sunk.

Thus slowly, slowly rocking  
In my old ancestral chair,  
Thought after thought comes flocking  
Till twilight paints the air.

And when young Dawn comes launching  
Her crimson boats of cloud,  
Yon tree, before unbranching,  
And draped in sable shroud,

Towers high in glory sainted  
By halos bright of rays;  
Trunk, bough, and twig all painted  
On a ground of golden haze.

So when the sky above us  
Gleams bright'ning in its track,  
The Angels seem to love us  
And drive ill demons back.

## "ONE SET APART."

BY JEANNIE DEANS.

Little Josey had been alone a long, long while. He had broken his china dogs, pulled the fringe off from the table cover, admired the variegated birds worked on the footstool, until he turned it over;—had crawled to the patch of sunlight resting on the roses on the carpet, and clutched at the golden rings, and played with his transparent fingers. Still no one came. He fretted, then looked with a sudden quiet and vague expression into the fire, magnetically drawn by the bright coals shining through the high fender, into an admiration of its beauties. Then, as the loneliness of his situation again recalled itself to his mind, he cried again softly, and with large tears running down his plump rosy cheeks.

Josey was cold, hungry and frightened—he had never been alone before; and the first formed word his little tongue had ever uttered, passed moaningly his pouting lips—"mamma," "mamma."

Poor little Josey! He did not know that she, who would have caught him in her arms and covered him with kisses at this first token of intellect, could no longer hear him; that she rested on her stately couch, pale as the snow-drops they

upon her meek bosom, and a deep solemn sleep settling upon her sweet young face.

He did not know, little lone orphan, how her hand had been clasped in prayer, and that when her soul went on that long journey, it carried with it a prayer for him to the throne of grace; that the thought of him was the only cloud upon her heart as she hastened to join the beloved one who had gone before.

No. Josey knew not this. He cried still piteously, until strangers came with kind words and sad faces, and carried him down stairs. As he passed her door, he instinctively murmured the new word, "mamma," "mamma," until they hushed him. Then bewildered, frightened and weary, he cried, and hiding his head among the pillows of the familiar cradle, sobbed himself to sleep.

Smiles dimpled his flushed face in that sleep. An angel mother held him in her arms, soothed his trembling lips, and whispered words of love into his ear. Still he did not know that he was an orphan. Alas! poor child, he learned it soon enough.

The fine house was sold and all its elegancies. Expenses were paid, and the small sum remaining put in trust for the boy into the hands of a man of integrity. Josey lived in his family. There were other boys and girls, but they were all "to the manor born." Josey was an intruder.

He was always a shy, quiet boy, and grew still more so amid this childish throng. He sought out dark corners, and glided into them unperceived. He talked to himself, when alone, and shared no joys or sorrows. He was unlike other children; *they had mothers*. He would watch the mother as she impulsively caught to her heart some little prattler, and turn away sadly. No one kissed him. No one looked with pride upon his copy-book. No one tied his tippet about his neck with care. No one stole on tip toe at night to his bedside to see if he were comfortably and happily sleeping. No one saved cakes and candy for him in the bureau drawers, or stuffed his dinner basket with a favorite morsel.

No. He was "one set apart." He must take what comes and be thankful.

Poor little Josey! Even the teachers knew he had no mother, and neglected him, or remembered him in long tasks, so hopelessly hard, that none but a mother could have made easy. And when his head or heart ached, there was no breast to bear all his troubles; no hand to cool the fever of his brow with its gentle, caressing touch. Poor Josey!

A change had gradually passed over Josey. He had grown thin and pale; his eyes were large and unnaturally bright; his form fragile and shadowy. Friends whispered when he passed, and boys made room for him by the winter fire. Little girls shared their dinners with him. Everybody was so kind, that he could never do enough for them.

One day, as he sat by the fire sad and dispirited, the tears would roll down his cheeks.

"Why does Josey cry?" said a little child to

"The poor boy has no mother," returned the parent.

"Yes," cried the child, with eager voice and manner; "yes, Josey *has* a mamma; she is an angel in Heaven."

The lady took the child in her arms and kissed her, while these words sank deep into Josey's heart.

"I *have* a mother," he whispered perpetually to himself. "I will find her."

The sun rose proudly up one bright Christmas morning, and shone in upon Josey's bed, tinging his brown hair with gold, and calling him sluggard, lighting up temptingly the dark corner where hung the full stocking.

Doors opened and closed. Merry laughter rang through the hall. A gay throng came dancing in.

"Josey, Josey, I wish you a merry Christmas."

They crowd around his bed. He sleeps so deeply and lies so still. His face is white—although the thin lips wear a smile. They shudder and cry loudly—

"Josey is dead!"

Yes, Josey has found his mother, and the angels in Heaven are singing, "A happy Christmas to you, Josey."

### MRS. BOOZE.

Mrs. Booze was an old lady who smelled of peppermint, and used to come once a week to see us. I think she had been a school-mistress in earlier life. She wore a large cap with a puffy border, with false black hair under it, and immense, round, tortoise-shell spectacles, from behind which glowed two fierce black eyes.

Oh, what a horror I had of that old lady! She used to take me up on her brown silk lap; hold me firmly there with hands which look like the claws of the griffins in my father's big books of heraldry, and, in that position, make me recite my catechism. I remember that I used to think she was some relation to Justification, which was always my hard point.

When I had accomplished my task she used to give me three peppermint drops, which I would take and throw away behind the parlor organ. Alas! one day she saw me and called me back.

"Come here, little boy."

And when I approached, trembling, her claws lifted me up upon her knees, and she spoke in the most unmodulated and stony voice I have ever heard, somewhat as follows:—

"Are you a good little boy? No! Good little boys never throw away peppermints. Don't you know that God does not love little boys who throw away the necessities of life? Little boys who throw away peppermints never go to heaven! Get down, little boy."

Then she took away her claws, and left me without any support upon her brown silk knees. Those knees were very high, and my round little legs were very short, and seemed to me to be at least a quarter of a mile from the floor, so I sate there in terror, looking at a bunch of flowers in the carpet, and wishing they would grow up to me as Jack the Giant-killer's bean-stalk grew in

Nurse Nanny's story. Then I felt myself slipping towards the point, and slowly, and full of terror, I slid on until after one vain grasp at the slippery silk, off I went crack upon her feet.

I thought from her look she was going to murder me, and began to wonder where she would hide my body, and whether my mother would ever find it, and whether Mrs. Booze would be hanged for it.

She thought better of it, however, and departed, leaving me to pace the room thoughtfully, and to try to make my short legs reach from one bunch of woven flowers to the other, without touching the plain ground of the carpet.—*From Bloodstone.*

### CHILDREN IN 1853.

I went with a friend, the other day, to look at some "rooms to let." She liked the rooms, and the man who owned them liked she should have them; but when she mentioned she had children—he stepped six paces off—set his teeth together—pulled his waistcoat down with a jerk, and said—"Never—take—children,—ma'am!"

Now, I'd like to know if that man was *born* grown up?

I'd like to know if children are to have their necks wrung like so many chickens, if they happen to "*peep*?"

I'd like to know if they haven't just as much right in the world as grown folks?

I'd like to know if boarding-house keepers, (after children have been in a close school-room for five or six hours, feeding on verbs and pronouns,) are to put them off with a "second table," leaving them to stand round in the entries on one leg, smelling the dinner, while grown people (who have lunched at oyster shops and confectioner's saloons) sit two or three hours longer than is necessary at dessert, cracking their nuts and their jokes?

I'd like to know if, when they have a quarter given them to spend, they must *always* receive a bad shilling out of it at the stores in "change?"

I'd like to know if people in omnibuses are at liberty to take them by the coat collar, lift them out of a nice seat, take it themselves, and then perch them on their sharp knee-bones, to jolt over the pavements?

I have a great mind to pick up all the children, and form a colony on some bright island, where these people, who were made up in a hurry, without hearts, couldn't find us; or if they did, we'd just say to them when they tried to come ashore—*Never take grown up folks here, sir!* or, we'd treat them to a "second dinner,"—bill of fare, cold potatoes, bad cooking butter, bread full of sale-ratus, bones without any meat on them, watery soups, and curdled milk—(that is to say, after we had picked our nuts long enough to suit us at dessert!) How do you suppose they'd like to change places with "children" that way?

Now here's Aunt Fanny's creed, and you may read it to your mother if you like.

I believe in great round apples and *big* slices of good plain gingerbread for children.

I believe in making their clothes loose enough

to enable them to eat it all, and jump round in when they get through.

I believe in not giving away their little property, such as dolls, kites, balls, hoops, and the like, without their leave.

I believe in not promising them a ride, and then forgetting all about it.

I believe in not teasing them for amusement, and then punishing them for being "troublesome."

I believe in not allowing Bridget and Betty to box their ears because the pot boils over, or because their beaux didn't come the evening before.

I believe in sending them to school where there are backs to the benches, and where the school-ma'am has had at least "one offer."

I believe no house can be properly furnished without at least a dozen children in it.

I believe little children to be all that is left us of Paradise; and that any housekeeper harboring a person who "don't like them," had better count up her silver, without loss of time.—*Little Ferns, for Fanny's Little Friends.*

## THE SOUL'S WARNING.

BY HONORA FLANK.

Comrades, all along my pathway  
Gleams a cold, unsteady light,  
And within me something whispers,  
"Get thee ready for the night;  
Go and set thy house in order;  
Gather in thy harvest store:  
In that moonless night which cometh  
No man worketh any more."

On the leaves there is a glimmer,  
And a shadow in the air;  
In the winds, and on the waters,  
Sounds a voice that says—"Prepare!"  
O'er my soul a change is stealing  
Through the chambers of my heart—  
Is it death that walks beside me?  
Am I summoned to depart?

Breathless, oft, in dreams, I've listened  
For my spirit's muffled tread;  
Still its painful watches keeping  
Nightly round the buried dead.  
Then I've heard that spirit asking,  
Burdened with its weight of woe,  
Why this waiting? Why this weeping?  
Blessed Father, may I go!

Prisoned spirit, upward gazing  
Where thy former flight has been,  
Like a bird whose wings are tangled  
In the meshes of the Fen—  
Troubled spirit—bark! a mandate  
Speaks thy mission at an end.  
'Tis the voice of thy Creator—  
Plume thy pinions to ascend.

True, the tomb is dark and hopeless;  
But the gates of Heaven are bright;  
And these shadows, creeping slowly,  
Will not always bound my sight.  
Those that I have loved so fondly—  
Yet my soul shall walk with them,  
When we tread the shining portals  
Of the New Jerusalem

## CAROLINE CHISHOLM.

The story of the early life of Caroline Chisholm, her adventures, her trials, her triumphs over ignorance, prejudice, and tyranny, during the seven years she passed in Australia, we have already related. Before the close of this year, she will have again quitted England, after a career of seven mere years, passed not less usefully to her country and gloriously to her own reputation for wisdom, foresight, energy, and philanthropy, than those she spent in colonizing Australia. So is about to depart, to renew under strange yet favorable auspices her old labors, in colonizing and cultivating the earth, and in civilizing and humanizing the people. On her first sojourn, she had to aid and protect the poorest laborers, exposed to all the oppression that falls to the lot of the helpless ignorant; now, she will have to guide and even govern the wealthiest laboring men the world has ever seen. A movement has been made, and met with enthusiasm by all conditions and ranks of society, for presenting Caroline Chisholm with a testimonial of national gratitude.

The time is appropriate for relating in what manner and by what means she has acquired in this country a reputation and an influence even exceeding that she earned in Australia. Plain words will suffice for this purpose. In 1846, Caroline Chisholm, with her husband, Captain Chisholm, and family of children, landed in England from Australia. She came the unpaid agent and representative of many hundred humble colonists, some who hoped through her means to obtain justice from the home government, others to discover long lost relatives. One of her last and most important labors had been to collect from word of mouth "statements of the condition of settlers in New South Wales." These statements were valuable in two points of view: in the first place, they afforded evidence—not now, but at that time much needed—of the advantageous prospects afforded by the colony for hard-working families; in the next place, as each person gave the particulars of the parish, county, and country, from which he or she came, and the names of the relations left behind, it followed naturally that many entreated Mrs Chisholm to find out parents, brothers, sisters, children, and either to convey to them the means of proceeding to Australia, or to induce them to take advantage of government facilities for proceeding to New South Wales.

In addition to these communications from the authors of the voluntary statements, two other important commissions were placed in Mrs. Chisholm's hands. During the time that emigration was carried on by private contractors, who received a certain sum, or bounty, per head, for each of a certain quality delivered alive in Sydney harbor, parents, who could not reduce their families to the number and age required by the bounty standard, were induced by the contractors to leave young children behind them to the care of work-houses. These deserted infants amounted to some hundreds. Those reclaimed filled two ships. These were also convicts who, under a

public regulation, had been promised that, in case they conducted themselves with propriety in the colony for a certain period, they should, on obtaining their liberty—according to colonial phrase, ticket-of-leave—have their wives and families sent to them at the cost of the government. The promise was performed as regarded a few, but in those days the great sheep-owners, not having been chastened by the gold-digging dearth of labor, considered women and children rather a nuisance on their sheep-stations; so, in consequence of their representation, the promises made to reformed prisoners were not performed, and there remained due on this account a considerable number of families.

Charged with these heavy commissions, to contest with the Colonial Office and the Home Office—in addition to the task of corresponding with some five thousand souls of the humblest class of society, spread over the breadth of England, Scotland and Ireland—Caroline Chisholm commenced her work in 1846, without rank, without influence, without an income barely equal to English notions of a decent competence. She had all her way to make. Australia was so little known and so little esteemed seven years ago, that the reputation she had gained there availed her little.

She began by arranging, in regular order, dated and docketed, the documents on which she based her claims for free passages for the wives and children, who were in this instance her clients, suing *in forma pauperis*. It is one of the characteristics of Caroline Chisholm, that she never makes a claim or a charge—whether it be against a government department or a commercial system—which she is not prepared to establish with the strongest judicial proof. Met, in the case of the deserted children, by the Park Street Emigration Commissioners, first with delay, and then with evasion—for a whole Winter, when the snow lay ankle-deep in streets, and walking was no pleasant task for one who had spent ten years in India and Australia—backwards and forwards, again and again, day after day, she passed with her neatly-tied evidence between her lodgings in King street, Covent Garden, and Downing street, Park street, and Whitehall. Unwearied, undaunted, with written as well as personal applications, she urged the cause of the poor creatures who, trusting in her, were never likely to be able to thank her. At length, worn out by so much pertinacity, the emigration commissioners condescended to discuss one or two cases. They began, as is the custom with officials in such cases, by doubting the facts: but when, as each doubt was hinted, a bundle of papers was produced, untied, and such particulars as the following were detailed:—"John Brown, and Mary, his wife, sailed from Liverpool, May—th, 1836. Ship's name, ——. Emigration agent, ——" &c. The third time was enough: the production of further evidence was waived. "That will do, Mrs. Chisholm: we are quite satisfied," said the bland commissioners, and the order was made that transferred two ship-loads of children from work-houses to their parents.

Like difficulties and like success attended her exertions in the cause of convicts' wives. It was on behalf this class that she one day refused an invitation to spend a quiet Sunday in the country, saying—"Many prisoners' wives are in service, and that is the only day they can come to see me."

Of a different character, yet wonderfully wearying to any one less steadily determined to fulfil a self-imposed duty, was the task of hunting out the relatives of the bond and free settlers in New South Wales, whom she had met in her bush-journeys. From Ireland alone came five thousand letters—and such letters, such writing, such spelling, as required art almost equal to that of a Champollion or a Rawlinson to decipher! while the postage of unpaid letters received, not to mention the cost of replies, amounted to no mean sum. From morning until evening the pen-hands of the Chisholms seemed never to cease moving, except when relieved in order to shake hands with their numerous unknown friends. Callers came, asked their questions, and departed; the door was always on the swing; no one was asked to give name or address.

By degrees, it became known, among the working classes, that honest, useful information might be had from "one Mrs. Chisholm." It was the beginning of the terrible years of famine and commercial distress. The Chisholm pen, no longer confined to private correspondence, was translated into print. Homely penny tracts, or pamphlets, told in plain words of "meat three times a day; and true stories of paupers becoming owners of land and live stock, by the profits of their own work, in distant Australia, were thus circulated. Up to this period—between 1847 and 1848—Mrs. Chisholm had contemplated a scheme of emigration, or rather colonization, for the relief of home distresses on a large scale, under the auspices of government. Great schemes of colonization were in favor in those days. Societies were formed under the most aristocratic and highest financial auspices, for doing wonderful things at the antipodes. All these have since died out, more or less ignominiously: some killed by jobbing; some by extravagance; others by their impractical folly. None asked the assistance or advice of so humble a person as Mrs. Chisholm. But Caroline Chisholm soon appreciated the character of the people of this country, and saw, that the only useful colonization must be at once domestic, popular, and self-supporting.

She began with a Chartist carpenter, who, with irregular work and irregular habits, which kept him always in debt, had a mother he wanted to "clutch out of the workhouse." When his hopes of revolution and political millennium fortunately failed on the great 10th of April, he flew in despair for peaceful counsels to Caroline Chisholm. She persuaded him to begin by dropping beer and tobacco, and saving a shilling a week. The shilling, as steady habits grew and work improved, soon increased to five shillings. Within a few months, assisted by a loan from Captain Chisholm and some friends of his own, the Chartist

carpenter emigrated with his wife; in less than twelve months, he sent for his mother. This was the beginning of the Family Colonization Loan Society.

In 1850, having prepared the full details of the working of the society, and obtained the names of a number of decent working-people of both sexes, who had paid for a considerable period weekly and monthly instalments toward a passage to Australia, she laid her scheme before her fellow-townsmen, the member for Northampton, the Right Hon. Verner Smith; the Earl of Shaftesbury, at that time Lord Ashley; the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert; the Countess of Pembroke, and a few other friends. By their aid, a sufficient sum was raised to try the experiment of loans instead of gifts to emigrants. The society started where many societies finish. A committee was formed to take up the work which had been privately carried on up to working point by the Chisholms, and the whole machinery was set in motion before a single paid officer had been employed. Captain Chisholm acted as honorary secretary, and his office was no sinecure; Mr. Wyndham Harding, whose time was already fully occupied in the duties of secretary to a great railway, under which his health has since entirely failed, undertook the troublesome office of treasurer; Mr. Samuel Sidney, author of several popular works on Australia, volunteered to take from Mrs. Chisholm part of the labor of explaining the objects of the society at public and weekly meetings.

For a considerable period, the proceedings of the society occupied very little public attention. Newspapers and orators of parliamentary standing were monopolized by the Canterbury Colonization Scheme, for erecting an empire at the antipodes. Mrs. Chisholm's ideas were less magnificent, although destined to leave more permanent traces. The Family Colonization Loan Society was devised to promote, as its name implies, colonization by families instead of by units. The government and public companies had been previously only anxious that laboring emigrants should be able-bodied and of equal numbers in sexes—domestic and social ties were forgotten in the desire to obtain as much labor-power as possible in return for the passage money. Grand-fathers, grand-mothers, and infants, were counted as so much ship space and money lost; nay, some ship owners called for men only, as they would have asked for slaves. Mrs. Chisholm said: "Always arrange, if possible, for the emigration of a whole family; carry complete families, if you cannot carry complete institutions, to the other side of the world." The grand-fathers and grand-mothers may be as useful to the colony by the influence they will exercise over their grand-children and children, as if they were model-government emigrants, agricultural laborers under thirty years of age, able to dig and plough, and not able to write or read. Then government officers and colonial employers objected to infants; but care for the comforts of mothers and young infants formed an especial part of all Mrs. Chisholm's plans. "More space, better food on ship-board, cost money, I know; but then," she added, "I save mothers and infants born on the sea."

Next she set her face against gratuitous emigration—against the pauper-making machine of government free passages. Candidates for assistance from the Family Colonization Loan Society were expected to show that they could help themselves, by saving steadily toward their passage money, by realizing all they could from their property, by borrowing from relations and friends, and only in the last extremity coming to the society for a loan, to be repaid in the colony by instalments fixed in reference to the current rates of wages.

In order to create the *esprit de corps* necessary for success, and to diffuse sound information in an unexpensive manner, Mrs. Chisholm established her group meetings. These were a kind of colonizing "at homes," without refreshment, which took place at her own small house in Islington. The whole expense was confined to the candles, and an old woman who opened the door.

On these evenings, to which each person was invited who came privately for advice in the course of the week, the room devoted to the purpose was crowded with persons of very different conditions in life. Horny-handed mechanics, with their wives and one or two children, often an infant in arms, governesses and frugal servant girls, dock laborers and unsuccessful surgeons and lawyers, young lads just from school, and not fond of office work, gray-headed hodsmen, anxious to provide for large families. In one corner of the room was an exact representation, in size and fitting, of a berth in one of the model ships. A desk, on which were arranged various articles, or new contrivances, likely to be of use on a voyage. At the desk Mrs. Chisholm took her seat, often supported by some of the subscribers to her society. Sometimes a patent safety cab, dashing up at full speed, brought Mr. Sidney Herbert, or Lord Shaftesbury. Sometimes the dowdy neighborhood was astonished by the blazing lamps and gorgeous footmen of Mr. Verner Smith's carriage, on his way to the opera. At times, ladies even of the highest aristocracy came to assist at these colonizing re-unions. But no matter who came, the simple order of the day was the same; the practical was never forgotten.

Mrs. Chisholm generally began with a short address on a subject of practical importance to hearers. She generally tried to answer the more pressing questions that had been put to her in the course of the week. On one occasion, she began her discourse straight off with: "The best shoes for wearing on board ship have moderately stout soles and no heels." There were no fine phrases; it was plain advice, addressed to plain earnest people. When, as not unfrequently happened, persons who had emigrated as laborers, and returned when successful to take back poor relations, were present, they were invited to give the result of their experience. Letters were read from emigrants to their friends in England, often containing, in simple language, matters of great interest. Occasionally, friends to the plan of the society said a few words of advice, encouragement or explanation; but all fine language and high-flown premises were considered out of place. Then the intending emigrants were invited to put



any questions; and these questions brought out very useful information: the whole tone was conversational. These group-meetings had not only the effect of saving the repetition of the same information to many different parties, but of making those about to sail in the same ship acquainted with each other. Mutual confidence and mutual assistance were thus cultivated. To these group-meetings, assembled without parade or expense in advertisements or placards, the spread of sound information, and the creation of a more healthy public opinion on the subject of emigration, may be traced.

At the same time that these group-meetings were being held, Mrs. Chisholm did not relax her labors in correspondence and private interviews with inquiries among intending emigrants. Very soon the books of the society contained more than enough paying subscribers to fill a ship. After the discovery of the gold regions had rendered it unnecessary to stimulate emigration, the society gave up chartering ships.

In the enterprise of chartering ships, Mrs. Chisholm found herself embarked in a new sphere of duties. The government, in its supervision of ship-owners, had acted on the principle, that so long as ordinary precaution was taken for the preservation of the health of third-class passengers in food and air, enough was done. Modesty and comfort beyond necessities were not regarded, and health was sought to be preserved in inadequate space, only by limiting the families of young children. Under this system, or want of system, the sacrifice of infant life was frightful, the deterioration of female morals, awful.

These matters, which to the uninitiated would seem of course, exposed Mrs. Chisholm to the vehement and violent opposition of shipowners, who had been in the habit of making handsome profits by the packing system, which she made it her business to expose by word and by deed. One great shipowner, of the highest mercantile respectability, declared, with strong adjectives, that he considered himself robbed of a certain ten per cent. of air and room which the charter-party he had signed, without close examination, gave to the family-colonization emigrants. Because, in favor of the health and comfort and morals of the emigrating classes, she touched the pockets of a most thriving class—the woman who devoted her time, her health, and all of comfort or luxury that her narrow means would afford, to the relief of her suffering countrymen, was calumniated as a corrupt jobber, and accused by those who ought to have known better, of making profits by emigration, when she was living more barely than any mechanic's wife.

Mrs. Chisholm determined to set the example of ships, in which men and women would not have to dress and undress before each other; in which married couples should not sleep in open shelves or bunks in sight of each other; in which ventilation should be secured by a fixed apparatus, instead of a canvas pipe; in which the closets should be sufficient in number, retired in situation, and so firmly constructed, as not to be liable to destruction from a rough sea. She insisted on having light in all the berths, even if it

were needful to cut the deck for the purpose: an ample supply of water by pumps the emigrants could work; conveniences for washing clothes on the voyage; a more ample and regular supply of food of a better quality. In fact she, for the first time, drew out a charter-party in the interest of the emigrant.

Mrs. Chisholm knew that, without setting an example, it would be declared by practical men that the reforms in shipping were impracticable. Therefore, she sent ship after ship, improving on the arrangement of each—on the occasion of the departure of each, holding great public meetings, at which the true principles of self-supporting emigration were explained, and the public were initiated in the details needful for making emigrant ships safe, decent, and economical. She knew, too, that any system, to be permanent, must be self-supporting. Therefore, when the family-colonization plan of fitting out ships had become well known, and had been adopted by private shipowners, she ceased to send out vessels at the risk of the society. So, too, when the discovery of the gold-fields entirely altered the position of the laborer, then she deemed it unnecessary to stimulate the emigration here by loans, but confined her efforts to remove destitute women to a land where they were much needed, and to promote the reunion of families. To assist in such reunions, she laid such facts before the bank of Messrs. Coutts & Co., as led that eminent firm, rather in a philanthropic than commercial spirit, to undertake the receipt, by their colonial agents, of small remittances. The example of so great a firm soon led other banks to follow the same course. Before Mrs. Chisholm took the matter in hand, the charge for the remittance of £10 was the same as for £100; indeed, small remittances were treated with so much contempt, that the kind feelings of successful emigrants towards relatives in England were often frustrated or crushed in the bud by an insolent banker's clerk.

Thus it will be seen that the seven years which Mrs. Chisholm has passed in England, during which she has advanced by the power of active wise philanthropy from obscurity to a position of influence which no other woman in this age has enjoyed, have been years of hard continuous work—years during which she has slowly matured principles of action, and then laboriously worked out the details. In her task, her patience, her industry, her self-devotion, her courage, have always been found equal to the occasion. At the latest and the earliest hours, her house has been besieged by humble inquirers, and she has been most kind and encouraging to the feeblest. Sometimes, indeed, it was complained, that "she did not know how to treat a gentleman." But no working-man ever had reason to accuse her of being proud or impatient.

When it was necessary for the success of the Family Colonization Loan Society, that some one should proceed to Australia to receive the instalments of loans advanced to emigrants, the society at that time having no funds wherewith to pay an agent, Captain Chisholm, one of the most devoted husbands and fathers, volunteered with

the consent of Mrs. Chisholm, to proceed at his own expense to perform the ungrateful task.

When the time had arrived for exposing the abominable cruelties practised on emigrants in Liverpool ships, Caroline Chisholm, at a sacrifice of personal feelings it is difficult to appreciate, undertook and performed the task effectively, and yet with nothing offensive or aggressive, in two speeches, which were reprinted by the proprietors of the *Liverpool Mercury*. Though warned that she stood in danger of personal violence from touts and crimps, she proved that a system of robbery and oppression was practised in that great port, in defiance of law, and disgraceful to a civilized, not to say a Christian state.

Mrs. Chisholm has been compared to O'Connell, to whom she bears a decided personal resemblance in the massive character of the upper part of her head, her forehead and firm chin; but her small finely-cut nose and sweet feminine truthful mouth, are the opposite of that eloquent and enthusiastic agitator.

The eloquence of Caroline Chisholm is the eloquence of earnestness, seriously expressed in flowing Saxon English, without ornament or metaphor. Her illustrations of argument are all from real life, whether humorous or pathetic. Her strength lies in her practical common sense, and undeviating truthfulness. She never allows herself to be carried away by the temptation of saying something fine or something witty, although she has powers of pathos, and of humor, and sarcasm in a high degree. It is these qualities—enthusiastic yet practical, earnest yet always truthful, far-sighted and sanguine, yet patient and laborious—that have united all parties and sects in her favor, and enabled her to live down calumny.

She is about to leave us now. She is to proceed to the midst of the wild life of the gold-digings of Australia; and, as the apostle of social virtues, and the ambassador of wives and children abandoned if not forgotten, to call together the rude gold-gatherers, and in those soft, clear, feminine, yet thrilling tones to which thousands have listened here in rapt attention—by turns moved to laughter and to tears—recall them to a sense of their duties as men, as patriots, as fathers, as husbands, as Christians.

The work before her is heavy, but she is equal to the work. All who wish well to their country and our triple dependencies at the antipodes, will, in full confidence, wish her God-speed.—*Chambers' Journal*.

A traveller found a buffalo robe belonging to a hotel-keeper, who, on receiving it, thanked the finder, remarking that a "Thank you" was worth twenty-five cents, and "Thank you kindly" was worth thirty-seven-and-a-half cents. Soon after, the traveller called for a dinner, ate it, and asked the landlord what was to pay. "Twenty-five cents," was the reply. "I thank you kindly," said the traveller, and moved off. "Here, my good fellow, stop and take the change," remarked the landlord, throwing down a ninepence; "your dinner was only 25 cents."

## INTUITION.

BY ELIZABETH JESSUP EAMES.

### I.

Mysterious thing! the property of Beings  
With whom instinct is instant, prompt and strong;—  
Eye of the soul! the inner mysteries seeing  
UnsoUGHT—unask'd—resistless borne along,—  
And, like a flash of vivid lightning striking  
Conviction home, attracting or disliking.  
A marvellous gift—such as God made man find it—  
Illuminate at once by innate reason  
Yet still unreason'd on! Genius enshrines it  
Instinctivity! It hath no time or season.  
It is inspired without its will or power,  
And blossoms in the soul a spiritual flower,  
It follows where the Prophet's foot has trod,  
And comes at once from Nature and from God!

### II.

Eye of the soul! its living power and presence,  
Transparent orb, around the mental moving  
In the pure light of Truth's etherial essence,  
With chemic test distinguishing, and proving  
Wisdom's high worth from Folly's effervescence!  
Thou beam of God! when inwardly directed  
Reveals the outer world of human nature,  
Marking the changes secretly effected  
Of social life in each essential feature,  
Obedient to prophetic inspiration—  
Clear from the mists of prejudice and passion!  
Each mystic change is free from inward error,  
Doubt, darkness, falsehood, skepticism—terror!

## WOODS IN WINTER.

BY FANNY FALES.

Toward the wintry sky,  
Woods desolate stretch out their empty arms,  
Like the lone heart, when life has lost its charms;  
And green hopes fall and die.  
In the wild storm they stand,  
Uncrowned like Lear, trembling, with a moan;  
(Their gorgeous beauty with the Autumn flown;)  
Unlike the reft king—grand.

But lo! there is a change.—  
The soft white flakes descending like a balm,  
Have robed the woods with ermine—they are calm;  
How beautiful—how strange.  
'Gainst the horizon clear,  
Their branches look like sails a fleet unfurls,  
Until, dissolved like Cleopatra's pearls,  
The quaffed flakes disappear.

And when the white frost steals,  
Along the night, with velvet-sandaled feet,  
Throwing o'er every bough a net complete,—  
What glory morn reveals!  
The Day-god with his wand,  
Touches each shining twig, 'till suddenly,  
A jewelled rain, descending merrily,  
'Mindeth of fairy-land.

The bright-winged birds are flown,  
The leaves all scattered, and the squirrel eyes  
With mournful glance his once green paradise;—  
Yet, say not they are lone,  
The wintry woods; though bare,  
And by the rushing winds all wildly tost,  
Snow-robed—or luminous with showering frost,  
God seemeth ever there.

## BEARING REPROOF.

"That word 'sage' should have been written very distinctly," said Louis Pendleton, as he pointed to a letter which his wife had just finished, and which she intended for publication. "Our Eastern friends have no idea of the quantities of wild sage which grow on these Western prairies, and the compositor will be very apt to mistake a 'sage plain' for something else."

Upon hearing this, Mrs. Pendleton, who was seated at her melodeon, for her morning practice, arose, threw open a mahogany writing-desk with a jerk, and snatching the letter from her husband's hand, laid it upon the purple velvet, and wrote in large letters the word "sage." In a moment she was seated again, and her fingers flew over the keys of her instrument, but no music spake to the hearts in that room.

Pendleton was grieved that his wife could never receive a reproof with kindly feeling, and she was a woman of too much native good sense not to feel greatly ashamed of her recent conduct. The music grew fainter and fainter, and at last entirely ceased, while the tear-drops fell thick and fast from her eyes.

That incident had awakened old memories, and she seemed to be unmindful of the scalding drops that fell upon her hands, as her mind wandered back to the days of her girlhood—her school-going days—when an elder brother had kindly watched over her improvement, and striven to make every lesson tell upon the future for good. One circumstance that occurred at that time, was brought fresh to her recollection, and she felt had she then listened to the voice of correction, when it was given in so much kindness, it would have saved herself and husband much sorrow. One day, during her writing lessons, her brother, ever ambitious that she should excel, and knowing her aversion to being corrected or even told that she was not perfect, had in a most winning way told her of an improvement she could make in the formation of one letter, but although possessed of a loving heart and in many respects a strong mind, her weak point was assailed, and she manifested impatience. Her brother kindly and lovingly chided her for this weakness, and she made a resolution to overcome the fault. From that day to this, she had erred, sorrowed over her errors, and resolved anew, only to be overcome when again tried.

Now that brother was gone to a higher sphere, and to her was committed the care of his little orphaned daughter, Elise, whose clustering curls of golden hair so much resembled those of her aunt that she was always pronounced by strangers to be her daughter, when they were seen together; though there was a purer style of beauty in her clear, blue eye, her prominent forehead, and exquisitely moulded mouth and chin, than her aunt could ever boast.

How to mould the mind of this fair child aright had become the study of Mrs. Pendleton, and she had often been heard to say that had Elise been her own daughter she could not have been more like herself in many respects—espe-

cially were her faults like her own. It was only the day before that she had chided Elise for not receiving reproof without always finding some excuse for herself. Why did she not listen, she asked, and try to reform instead of covering her fault from her own perception with some thin veil of an excuse? Now, she looked at her own heart, and saw that the child's fault was only a faint reflection of her own. The loving voice of her brother, too, seemed to echo down life's pathway, and warn her to be patient and loving with his darling, that had been so suddenly left without father or mother.

The sweet though sad expression of his eye too, when he used to tell her how she would make her husband's heart ache, if she ever had one, beamed upon her again, and the tears fell faster still, as she heard Louis, who had seated himself at the desk, sigh deeply. I will go, thought she, and tell him that I am ashamed and grieved at my conduct, and that I will try to reform. She arose, and walking softly behind him, rested her hand on the back of his chair, and waited for him to look up, but he wrote on, apparently regardless of the softened expression of her voice as she asked some unimportant question to gain his attention.

"Ah!" thought she, "I have so often erred and then with tears told Louis I was sorry, that he has no confidence in my efforts at amendment, and I cannot blame him, for I have by my own waywardness abused his confidence. I will say nothing to him, but show him by my actions that I am truly penitent!"

With this resolution she returned to her instrument, to practise the very art that was soon to be the test of her newly-made resolve.

A few weeks after this occurred, she with her husband were in company where was quite an amateur of music, and after hearing her play he made some suggestions with regard to her improvement. She thanked him for his kindness, feeling that the suggestions were made with a kind desire for her advancement in the musical art; but although she did not feel vexed, as usual, at the expression of the idea that she was not thoroughly accomplished, yet she saw in her innermost heart a want of love, at being corrected. She was a woman of too much efficiency to leave a work half finished; and had been West too long, not to have learned to despise an expression of a feeling that does not come from the heart, and now that she had begun to be conqueror, she longed to see the work perfected,—to feel that not one vestige of the old was left. Seeking strength from on high to assist in carrying out the resolve, it was made that this should not be a mere outward reformation, but that the heart should go with thanks, when given for the correction of errors.

I saw her sometime after this struggling for the victory over this little fox, that had spoiled so many of her choicest vines. We were riding over the Western prairies, and she was expressing some sentiment with intonations and gestures, which her husband thought too forcible for the occasion, when he told her we all knew the same, and she need not labor so hard to convince us.

could see she was about to reply in extenuation of her error, but she was silent a few moments, and then with subdued tones said she knew it was a fault of her speaking thus,—then I could see the love-light glance from both pair of eyes. Louis laughed, delighted with his yielding wife, and she seemed looking at him, as to one who was her true friend—whom she loved not for telling her she was an angel, but trying to help her to become one.

[The tone and manner of a reproof, or word of correction, have often as much to do with the wounds occasioned, as the extreme sensitiveness, or self-love, of the subject. It is often the case, that the reprover speaks rather from a state of annoyance, than from a pure desire for the good of another; and that his way of speaking has in it something that either wounds, or is offensive. The office of him who reproves is a most delicate one, and unless he speaks lovingly, he will be almost certain to offend. In no case is the office a more difficult one than in that of husband and wife. Husbands are usually very sensitive about the way in which their wives talk and act, in the observation of others; and very apt to speak with exceeding plainness, if the latter do or say things that may subject them to light or censorious remarks. Too often it happens that the wife persists in acting herself out—sometimes from indifference to others' opinions, and sometimes from a state of perverseness, occasioned by the husband's rough mode of pointing out her faults. Wisdom, forbearance, and loving kindness, are all needed, and on both sides, when faults or errors are revealed. The reprover should be very gentle and very kind, and the one reproved, willing to hear and to heed.—Ed.]

### A PENCILLED PASSAGE, WITH ADDITIONS AND ALTERATIONS.

The rich, the prosperous, the wealthy, have their mission. It is a high and delightful one where they duly appreciate its privileges and responsibilities. Their influence, when rightly directed, can hardly be overrated, for they have it in their power to promote every vital interest of society. Industry, education, religion, philanthropy, are commissioned by them to execute their blessed errands. It is their privilege, because in their power to send a healthy circulation through the entire body of the world. They can print large and cheap editions of the best books, (as did Henderson & Brimmer, with "Combe's Constitution of Man," and "The School and the Schoolmaster.") and thus send out truth and wisdom upon the wings of the wind, and open the way to universal emancipation from ignorance and the sorest evils that afflict the earth. We speak not of those alone who have enormous wealth. We speak of every man in every community, whose industry is productive enough, or his property ample enough, to do anything more than meet the reasonable demands of himself and his family. It is not for the community to judge of what he is able, or ought to do for the assistance of others,

cide for himself, according to his conscience and judgment, enlightened by the great light which has come into the world. But it is his mission and his blessed privilege to minister, according to the measure of his ability, to the physical, mental and moral wants and sufferings which are continually in need of relief. What nobler privilege can any man have than to elevate the ignorant to self-help and self-respect—to help them to turn to account every faculty they possess? It is mournful to think how many are living useless, if not mischievous and miserable lives, for the want of a little brotherly sympathy, and of access to some facilities and opportunities for education. This is blessing as great to the poor as providing for their bodily wants. And most assuredly there can be no higher claim upon the approbation of mankind, or the favor of God, than that which belongs to the disinterested benevolence which has remembered the poor, enlightened their ignorance, encouraged their industry, comforted them in their sorrows, and, by a hearty interest in their welfare, given them confidence in themselves, a kindlier feeling to their race, and new motives and new opportunities for usefulness. What a privilege to be and to do all this! It brings most blessed satisfaction to the benefactor's own soul, and he is revered and beloved of the world around. Young and old rise up to do him reverence. When the eye sees him it blesses him. When he leaves the world his good deeds embalm his memory, and incite others to follow his example; while in Heaven he enters upon the activities and joys of his beneficent Lord.

The privileges of the prosperous are not confined to mere gifts and almsgivings, but may occupy the large field of fraternal sympathy and Christian benevolence. The former is not an unimportant privilege, but there are modes of benevolence to be employed, in which is yet a higher one. And, in many cases, it is clear that providing for the lowest and most pressing wants of the poor, is an indispensable pre-requisite to rendering them any higher service. A hungry man, or one perishing with cold, is in no condition at the moment to avail himself of any provisions for his intellectual, moral or religious improvement. Provide for his immediate necessities, and then you may do him some higher good. There is much to be done always in this lowest sphere of benevolent labor. For besides the cases of utter destitution, there is an untold amount of suffering where, as is often the case, the utmost exertions procure but a scanty and precarious subsistence. There are numberless evils arising from insufficient incomes which are hard to bear. Sickness and bereavements are to such persons more grievous than to others. To relieve all this in the best way, that is by helping the sufferers to help themselves, or by giving them new and better paid employment, is a precious privilege of ease and abundance, even when the objects helped are suffering in some measure from their own thoughtlessness, thriftlessness or vice; but how much more a privilege, when the objects of our sympathy and help are virtuous poor, who

patience, meekness and trust in God, and who exhibit a strength of mind, a touching and uncomplaining serenity, and an unflinching faith which well nigh passeth understanding! A sunshine and peace have dwelt in the hearts and homes of some poor, which is often missed in the abodes of plenty, and in the palaces of the rich. Is it not a delightful privilege to help such of our brethren?

Gratitude to God combines with a sense of privilege in demanding of the prosperous that they should remember the poor. We regard that child as utterly worthless and wicked who has no sense of filial obligation, but simply lives out his own selfishness, who is indifferent to the love which watched over his cradle, nursed him in sickness, and supplied not only necessary wants but every comfort and gratification, and repays it all with a thankless and shameless life.

Rightly does the finger of scorn point out such a one as given over to a reprobate mind, as a heartless, hopeless, graceless being. But the common ingratitude of men to God is as bad or worse than this. For how many have arrived at twenty, at thirty, at threescore years, who have all this time been thus watched over, thus protected, thus provided for, in mind, body and estate, by the free and large bounty of their Heavenly Father, who have devoted, and are still devoting, their health, their strength of body, the powers of their mind, the affections of their heart, to low and selfish ends, what that Father disapproves?—who think of nothing but about eating, drinking, and being merry, about adding dollar to dollar and house to house, about filling their barns with plenty, and surrounding themselves with the manifold comforts, conveniences and luxuries of life. This is their life. Who will say that this is the life which God intended any of His children to live? Society may point no finger of scorn. It may regard such men at good citizens, and flatter and caress them, bus their folly and hard-hearted indifference to their fellows are recorded in Heaven's book of remembrance, and they must one day, at the bar of a just and benevolence-loving Judge, make what poor apology they can. It will do little good to plead the cares of the world, or having done good to those who did good to them in return, or that they have been no Sabbath-breakers or neglecters of rites and ordinances, for the searching questions will be, Hast thou dealt thy bread to the hungry, and brought the poor that were cast out to thy house? Hast thou relieved the hungry, the thirsty, the stranger, and those in want of sufficient clothing and shelter? Hast thou visited the sick and the prisoner, and ministered unto them? Or has thou hardened thy heart against thy suffering brethren?

It is not only a neglect of a blessed privilege, but an incurring of heavy guilt, for those who enjoy not only comfort, but superfluity, to be utterly regardless of those within a short distance from their well-furnished rooms; their well-stored cellars, and their cheerful fires, are silently pleading to Heaven and earth to have compassion

sit in cheerless dwellings, poorly fed, poorly clothed, and poorly warmed.

There was a Benefactor once on earth who, while He loved to bless all classes, felt most intensely for the neglected and sorrowing children of poverty. Deeds of mercy He wrought, and words of mercy He uttered, in their behalf. These deeds and these words require of us the most tender, constant, generous and considerate regard to the comfort and happiness of the poorest of the poor. The soul of His gospel is benevolence. It offers no hopes of Heaven to those who neglect justice, mercy, compassion, beneficence. What words so fearful as those He addressed to the selfishness which turned away from those who were an hungered, athirst, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto them!

## BRITISH AUTHORS' EARNINGS.

Mr. Carey, in his pamphlet on copyright, gives some interesting statistics in regard to the profits that certain English authors have received for their works. The picture is by no means a flattering one:—"Mrs. Inchbald, so well known as the author of the 'Simple Story,' and other novels, as well as in her capacity of editor, dragged on, as we are told, to the age of sixty, a miserable existence, living always in mean lodgings and suffering frequently from want of the common comforts of life. Lady Morgan, well known as Miss Owenison, a brilliant and accomplished woman, is now dependent altogether upon the public charity, administered in the form of a pension of less than five hundred dollars a year. Mrs. Hemans, the universally admired poetess, lived and died in poverty. Laman Blanchard lost his senses and committed suicide in consequence of being compelled by his extreme poverty, to the effort of writing an article for a periodical while his wife lay a corpse in the house. Miss Mitford, so well known to all of us, found herself, after a life of close economy, so greatly reduced as to have been under the necessity of applying to her American readers for means to extricate her little property from the rude hands of the sheriff. Like Lady Morgan, she is now a public pensioner. Leigh Hunt is likewise dependent on the public charity. Tom Hood, so well known by his 'Song of a Shirt'—the delight of his readers, and a mine of wealth to his publishers; a man without vices, and of untiring industry—lived always from day to day on the produce of his labor. On his death-bed, when his lungs were so worn with consumption that he could breathe only through a silver tube, he was obliged to be propped up with pillows, and, with shaking hand and dizzy head, force himself to the task of amusing his readers, that he might thereby obtain bread for his unhappy wife and children. With all his reputation, Moore found it difficult to support his family, and all the comfort of his declining years was due to the charity of his friend, Lord Lansdowne. In one of his letters from Germany, Campbell expresses himself transported with joy at hearing that a double edition of his poems had just been



pounds, says he, 'saves me from jail.' Haynes Bayley died in extreme poverty. \* \* \* Popular as was Captain Marryatt, the first editions of his books were, as he himself informed me, for some time only 1,500, and had not then risen above 2,000. Of Mr. Bulwer's novels, so universally popular, the first edition never exceeded 2,500; and so it has been, and is, with others. With all Mr. Thackeray's popularity, the sale of his books has, I believe, rarely gone beyond 6,000, for the supply of above thirty millions of people."

## FORESIGHT AND PROVIDENCE OF ANIMALS.

Translated from the French.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

The common hamster, or German marmot, (*Mus cricetus*), is larger than the rat, of a reddish gray, black at the sides and beneath, with three white spots on each side; its four feet are white, as well as a spot under its throat and breast. It lays up provisions for itself and family, and places them in granaries very ingeniously made.

The establishment of the hamsters are of different construction according to the sex and the age, and also follow the inequalities of the ground. The domicil of the male has an oblique gallery, at the outlet of which there is a heap of earth. At a distance from this oblique issue, there is a single hole which descends perpendicularly to the chambers or cellars of the dwelling, and there is no heap of earth near this hole, which leads us to presume that the oblique outlet is dug by commencing without, and that the perpendicular one is made from within, and from bottom to top.

The dwelling of the female has also an oblique outlet, and at the same time two, three and even eight perpendicular ones, to give free entrance and exit to her little ones. The male and female have each their separate dwelling; the female digs hers deeper than that of the male.

Besides some perpendicular holes, from one to two feet apart, the hamsters of both sexes dig, according to their age and in proportion to their multiplication, one, two, three and four cellars, in the form of vaults beneath as well as above, and more or less spacious, according to the quantity of their provisions.

The perpendicular hole is the ordinary passage of the hamster for entrance and exit. It is through the oblique outlet that he removes the earth; it appears, also, that this gallery, which has a more gentle slope in one of the cellars and more rapid in another, serves for the circulation of air in this subterranean dwelling. The depth of the cellars is very different; a young hamster in the first year makes it only a foot deep; an old hamster digs it often to four or five feet. The entire domicil, including all the communications and chambers, is sometimes from eight to ten feet in diameter.

These animals provision their storehouses with dry and clean seeds, ears of wheat, peas, beans in pods, which they afterwards shell in their

dwelling, and carry the pods and cobs without by the oblique gallery. To transport their provisions they use their cheek-pouches, in which each can carry at once more than a gill of seeds.

The hamster usually lays in its provisions at the end of August; when its storehouses are full, it covers them, and carefully conceals the outlets with earth, so that its dwelling is not easily discovered; it is recognized only by the heap of earth near the outlet of the oblique gallery; the perpendicular holes must afterwards be sought for, and the dwelling uncovered there. The most common method of taking these animals is to disinter them, though this labor is difficult in consequence of the depth and extent of their burrows. Nevertheless, a man accustomed to this species of chase, may make it very profitable; he usually finds in the right season, that is to say in Autumn, two bushels of good grain in each dwelling, and the skin of these animals is valuable as fur.

The field-mouse, (*Mus sylvaticus*), is smaller than the rat and larger than the mouse. Its eyes are large and prominent, its fur is white beneath, of a reddish brown above. It is found only in the woods and fields, where it is sometimes so numerous that it becomes a scourge to farmers. It lives in a subterraneous habitation, which it does not take the trouble to dig for itself, but knows very well how to appropriate to its own convenience. It ordinarily takes a hole which it finds ready made beneath a bush or a stump, enlarges it at the bottom at a foot below the ground, and divides it into two apartments, the one to serve as a storehouse, and the other to lodge his young family, which is very numerous, for the female has eight or ten little ones at once. During the Autumn, all his occupation is to fill his storehouse with provisions, which consist of acorns, nuts, and other similar fruits; but this collection, sometimes prodigious, is made with little discernment; if his indolence prevents him from laying in a large stock, he may suffer for food during the unfavorable season; for he never consults his necessities, but rather the size of his hole.

The result is that the field-mouse is sometimes out of provisions before the return of Spring. In this case, he becomes a hunter, attacks the little birds which he can surprise during their sleep, devours their brains and afterwards their bodies. He visits the snares spread by the hunters, to seize the blackbirds and thrushes which may be caught in them. If these resources fail, he eats the individuals of his own species which are smaller and weaker than himself. But for this habit of devouring each other, the field-mouse increases so rapidly that it would soon infest our forests and devastate our fields.

THE CHINESE WALL.—In a lecture on China, which he delivered at Bolton, England, Dr. Bowring said it had been calculated that if all the bricks, stones and masonry of Great Britain were gathered together, they would not be able to furnish materials enough for the Wall of China; and that all the buildings in London put together, would not make the turrets and towers which adorn it.

## REPUTED PUPILS OF LISZT AND MENDELSSOHN.

A recent number of Dwight's Journal has an excellent communication, showing up the humbug of those artists who, coming to us from Germany, delight to announce themselves as "pupils of Mendelssohn, Liszt, Thalberg," &c., when they have no real claim to such title. In most cases these pretenders have been merely members of classes which have received a few lessons from these distinguished men. "Neither Mendelssohn nor Liszt," says Dwight's correspondent, "ever gave private lessons on the Piano, as professors generally do." This remark is, perhaps, literally true, and yet may be misunderstood. Liszt does not, perhaps, give lessons "as other professors do;" but it is a mistake to suppose that he in no cases gives private Piano lessons. He does not give such lessons merely from pecuniary reasons, however; and it is extremely difficult to obtain such instruction from him, as he only gives it where he takes a fancy (from perception of extraordinary talents, or other reasons) to the person desiring it. At least we know of a young American who, during much of the past year, has enjoyed the advantage of some hours' private instruction per week from Liszt, and who is still with him.

In the course of further very just remarks in the article in Dwight's Journal, to which we have alluded, we find the following:

"As the good is always more scarce than the bad, Germany numbers also many more bad than good musicians; and, unfortunately, she likes to send the worst ones to America, and keep the best herself!"

This we heartily endorse. American art and artists have suffered much from the men here alluded to. They are that class of foreigners who, coming among us because they had not the ability or knowledge to sustain themselves at home, delight in sneering at everything musical which is American. American composers, or teachers, or singers, they are in the habit of abusing on all possible occasions. These are they who are fond of deriding the "Yankee Psalm-singers," and "Down-east Singing-masters," as they term American musicians.

It is unfortunate that we in America have great musical reverence for a mustache and a foreign accent. Having been accustomed (very justly) to regard Germany as that country which has made the highest musical progress, and given to the world the greatest masters of this science, we have made the foolish mistake of thinking every German must be a good musician!

A brighter day is dawning, however. We are beginning to discover, that the mere fact that a man is a German, does not necessarily make him a musician. American teachers, who add to a sufficient musical knowledge, that common sense which enables them to impart it to others, are beginning to be appreciated, and to rank in the estimation of the people more nearly as they should, while, as a consequence, those foreigners

tensions and impudence, are beginning to be properly appreciated also.

Now, let us not be misunderstood, (misrepresented we expect to be,) as taking ground against German music and musicians. Germany has given us the great masters, who stand far above all others. Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, are names in reverence of which we yield to none. Their works are those which we would counsel all to study and look up to as the great models of musical excellence. We have also many German musicians among us, gentlemen of real ability and knowledge, who are exerting a most beneficial influence, and accomplishing a great work, and whom we delight to honor. It is these others who are mere pretenders, and by whom we have been so much imposed upon, that we take exceptions to; and it is these who are loudest in their sneers and abuse of American music.—*New York Musical Review.*

## THE ANTHEM.

BY ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER.

One day, on a voyage of pleasure,  
I entered a comet's car,  
And followed the sun to the westward,  
In his journey, fiery, and far!  
And I saw where the barges of Heaven  
Were moored in the silence deep,  
And the azure sea was pouring  
Down o'er the Heavenly steep.—  
Their canvas of clouds they were reefing,  
And over their broad decks shone  
The rays of Eternal glory,  
Falling slant from the great white throne.  
But a chant arose, when the comet  
Was gallantly bearing down,  
And it rang from the barges at anchor  
To the towers of the Heavenly town.—  
'Twas a band of Heavenly minstrels,  
And they chanted a Heavenly song,  
For never such anthems of glory  
Bore earthly breezes along!  
The stars of the morning sang treble,  
And the water spouts muttered their bass,  
And the Asteroids joined in the chorus,  
Each one from his far-off place.  
And the thunder came in, twixt the verses,  
With its grand adagio tone,  
And higher and higher the chorus  
Swelled up to the great white throne;  
And I took to my heart the lesson,  
As we glided silently past,  
Where the Infinite navies of Heaven  
A shade on the azure sea cast,  
That our spirits must all do homage,  
Be our places near or far,  
And praise must come up from the earth-worm,  
As well as the morning star!—

ELMWOOD COTTAGE, Pomfret, Conn.

It is an old saying, that "charity begins at home;" but this is no reason that it should not go abroad. A man should live with the world as a citizen of the world; he may have a preference for the particular quarter, or square, or even alley, in which he lives, but he should have a



FRAGMENTS FROM LETTERS TO  
A FRIEND.

## INDEPENDENCE.

\*\*\* You love to be independent, you say. I admire that love of independence which you obviously intend. I admire and approve that love of independence which leads to the wish and determination to trouble others as little as possible. Unamiable and mean in my eyes always are those who have no reluctance to ask aid and assistance from others, which they could get along very tolerably without. I would not ask of others any help which I could do in any way without, while it might be more inconvenience to them to grant it, than convenience to me to receive it. Such kind of independence I admire. But there is something else sometimes meant by those who say they like to be independent. Some intend by such language that they like to have nothing to do with those especially whom they consider a little inferior in rank. They would like to isolate themselves from all such members of society. They wish to have no intercourse, no communication whatever with such. This feeling is sometimes, and to some extent, justifiable on the grounds of good taste and a proper economy of time and means; but then, again, it is often carried the length of going contrary to the purposes of a wise Providence. This is the case, plainly, with those who practically forget that the world is so constituted, by a Disposer of Infinite Wisdom and Benevolence, that all are mutually dependent upon each other. None can supply their own wants; they are dependent on the services of others. And it is so arranged, in the plans of Providence, not only as to individuals, but also as to nations. No one nation can fully supply all its wants. The regions of the North on which the sun shines obliquely, have wants and wishes which only the sunnier South can supply, and *vice versa*. One country is dependent on another. Its supply of necessities and comforts is not complete without barter and commercial intercourse with sister countries. All this is ordered as it is for wise and good purposes, and men are blind or wicked when they harden themselves in their narrow selfishness so as neither to see nor acknowledge the Providential arrangement. The purposes served by this construction of society we may not fully comprehend; but not the less should we be confident that they are characterized by wisdom and goodness. We can see, now, that individuals and nations may be thus mutually benefitted, not only as respects their physical wants and welfare, but intellectually and morally. The civilization, arts, refinement and knowledge of the more advanced nations have thus a way opened whereby they may spread over all the earth, till they become the common property of the whole inhabitants of the globe. We can see too how a feeling of fraternity, of brotherly affection, is likely to be cultivated by means of this mutual dependence between individuals and nations. And these are but a part, probably, of the beneficial results contemplated

would be well, therefore, to see that our love of independence is never suffered to degenerate into any practical antagonism to the wise and beneficent arrangement.

## ESTIMATE OF THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

\*\*\* Your friend, Mr. M—, is not the first or only one who has failed to secure due appreciation of his excellent and beautiful traits of character while yet living. For ages this strange thing has been every now and then happening in the world—for ages, characters of superior excellence have been unappreciated, till death has opened men's eyes to their worth. I have often been perplexed in trying to account for strange difference in the world's estimate of a man's character according as he is living or dead. Are men unwilling to admit the existence of any excellence superior to their own? Does it rebuke and make them uncomfortable, and for this reason do they try to shut it out of sight? Do they feel dwarfed and eclipsed by its presence, and for this reason do they strive, perhaps unconsciously, to deny its existence, or hide it out of sight by putting it in the background, and bringing forward some imperfection or failing into the foreground? Such questions have occurred to me in endeavoring to solve this problem of human perversity. I can scarcely say that any theory I have yet thought of, fully and satisfactorily accounts for the phenomenon. But, however, to be accounted for, it is a fact of frequent occurrence that no man's worthy qualities are fairly appreciated by his near neighbors. No man is so great in the eyes of his domestics and nearest neighbors, when yet living, as he is in the opinion of those at a distance, or as he will be esteemed by the former when removed by death. Even the best and most saintly men seem to those who live near them to have spots and blots which greatly detract from their brightness. Is it envy that fixes the eye of the near beholder on these so exclusively, that hardly any of the brightness is seen or acknowledged? If not envy, I think it must be something akin to it—something, at least, having a very remote relationship to candor or that principle which prompts us to judge of others as we would wish them to judge of us in exchange of circumstances. It is not this, whatever it may be, which leads observers to see and magnify a living neighbor's weaknesses, and makes them insensible to his virtues. It is not candor, but envy, jealousy or something else, which leads men to attach some shade of suspicion to the very best actions. It is not candor which obstinately refuses its homage, which is ever ready to find fault. The prophets, pioneer men, and reformers of every age, have been most imperfectly appreciated, yea, have not unfrequently been stoned, persecuted or put to death. How long it is to be so, who can tell? While men continue thus to judge, we can think but poorly of them. But as we dislike to think unfavorably of any one, or of men generally, we are glad that there is something to relieve our low estimate. We are glad that it is a fact almost as general as that upon which we have been remarking, that however men may permit themselves to

be unjust to the living, they are generally disposed to be just and candid in their judgment towards the dead. Then they generally think more of the virtues and excellences of the deceased, and less of their foibles, faults or imperfections. Those who seemed insensible to goodness when it lived and moved before them and nigh to them, will frequently be found ready to appreciate and admire and extol it when it is removed from their sight and neighborhood. This is as honorable in the character of the mass of mankind as the other is dishonorable.

\* \* \* \* Among the many striking and pithy sentences, quaint and wise, which Carlyle has written, there is not one which so resolutely adheres to my memory, or so often touches the feelings of my heart afresh; as that which I now transcribe for your consideration and admiration. "Oh, it is great," says he, "and there is no other greatness, to make some nook of God's creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God; to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier. It is a work for a God." Carlyle's heart and mind have received, we see from the above, the great lesson taught by all the works and ways of the Supreme. He makes the Heavens bend in beauty, and the earth to yield abundance for man and beast. No lesson seems to be more frequently or impressively taught by the Great Teacher than that of brotherly sympathy, affection, and beneficence. May we all receive this lesson into our hearts. May some of us echo this lesson occasionally in words of power, like those of Carlyle. Such a felicity of utterance on this subject, I should envy or desire more than any other I can imagine. \* \*

## MAIDEN MEDITATIONS.—No. VI.

BY CULMA CROLY.

"Most women have no characters at all"

"Ray, what can Chloe want? She wants a heart."

Everything changes, and nothing with greater facility than the opinions of men. In the centuries when feudalism reigned, life moved to a slow, complicated march. A quickstep is the only strain that will suit our hurrying times; and opinion and taste, like obliging musicians, willing adapt their tunes to the pace of the ages.

A century and a half ago, Pope might address such an epistle as the "Characters of Women" to a lady, but how would it sound in our day? True to universal nature, in some points, it may be; but, for the most part, probably, true only of such women as Pope knew. Then, the beau ideal of womanly perfection was a pretty toy, a soft-headed and sweet-dispositioned pliability; at least, such is the impression one must get from the standard literature of those and previous times.

She must appear to live on air; and, if endowed with an unfortunate relish for animal food, she must act the part of

'Violante, in the pantry  
Gnawing at a mutton-bone;'

because a good appetite would indicate robust health, which was considered a thing quite incompatible with feminine delicacy. If she were in the possession of learning, she must carefully conceal the fact in society, to avoid the stigma of a "blue," so odiously masculine. It must be counted a breach of etiquette, quite an insult to the sex, for a man to undertake an argument with a woman, as that would imply mental exertion; and what fair and fragile ladye might bear the "insupportable fatigue of thought?" In short, it was pointed out as the only proper goal of woman's ambition to be characterless; and when she had done her best to reach that goal, she was hailed at for having no character.

At present, the balance seems to have fallen on the opposite side. The question is not now, "What is woman?" but, "What is she not?" "Where has she not been? and what has she not done?" Ida Pfeiffer has travelled alone through the remotest haunts of heathendom. Harriet Hunt carries the diploma of an M. D. Lucy Stone delivers lectures; and even countesses write books. The universal complaint is, that women have too much character. But why complain of the necessary result of natural causes? It is true, in all philosophy, that action is inevitably followed by an equal reaction. If let alone, the balance will quietly adjust itself. At least, it seems so to me, a looker-on, who would never presume to "speak out in meeting," because I have a large gift of bashfulness and a small gift of tongue, and because I humbly prefer to make the most of my present privileges before I ask the world for more. Ask the world? said I. The world has nothing for me. Home is the safe that holds my wages, and love the key that unlocks it. Tough hands are these of mine, but they were made to toil for love, not fame.

After all, it does sometimes seem as if there were truth in the sweeping accusation, "Most women have no character at all." Almost every damsel has her season of appearing as the mere development of a genus, the only specific qualities of which vary from sentimental to silly. With some, this lasts a life-time; with others, it is only a passing breeze of girlhood's Spring; and if they are the fortunate possessors of a little diffidence and a deal of good sense, it rather deepens the beauty of their development than otherwise. But the many, who condense all the varied and earnest impulses of early womanhood, into the one evident purpose of entrapping somebody, not much matter who, "for better or worse," in that respect, certainly bring themselves down to the lowest level of the common-place.

Fashion and education, moreover, seem to conspire to extinguish any spark of individuality a female may have. Musical or unmusical, she must spend so many hours a day practising upon a given instrument. Blonde or brunette, she must wear mazarine blue this season, "ashes of roses" the next, and tan-color the next; and, perhaps, hang a dark, copper-colored veil over her bonnet, through which her features assume an entirely aboriginal hue.

But it is better to be accused of wanting cha-

racter than of wanting heart. A woman without tenderness and warmth of feeling is a libel upon womanhood; and the more gifted she is, the greater and more striking the incongruity. Wanting heart, there is no high character. Talents and requirements are what varieties of color are to the dahlia, the splendid, scentless flower. Dearer blossoms, because sweeter, are the rose, the mignonette, and the lily of the valley.

Thank God for intellect; but thank Him yet more that all true ambitions, all really elevating desires, take root deeper than in the head; that "out of the heart are the issues of life."

## THE GUIDING STARS.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY MARY HOWARD.

It was a cold, dark midnight, when old Hermann with his son was going over the heath. They had travelled on foot all day, and were now returning to their native village. Gray night-clouds were piled up, one above another, in the sky, so that not a single ray of friendly light illumined the lonely path. Hermann, acquainted with the path, walked gladly in advance of his son, but suddenly it seemed to him that he had lost his way. His foot hesitated in the half-worn pathway; and when they came to a stream, the course of which he knew not and to a wood which he had never seen before, then he felt certain that they had wandered further and still further from home. Anxious and with fearful heart-throbbings, Emilius clung to his father's hand, for he feared they would be obliged to pass the night on the heath; but the father spake to him with encouraging words: "Let us only keep going onward till we come to an hospitable cottage when some one may give us shelter and lodging till morning draws near."

Then they hastened forward; but they came to no hospitable cottage, and continually the way grew wilder, and the walking more uncertain. Then a sharp, piercing wind suddenly rushed into the gray masses of clouds, and the clouds quickly dispersed, so that the starry heavens with all their light beamed down upon the wanderers.

"God be praised!" said Hermann, "now we can find our way without doubt."

"And why, father?" said the boy.

"Seest thou not Sirius shining yonder? It stands at this season of the year directly over our village. We must turn to the right, then we will yet reach home before to-morrow."

Then Emilius was astonished and said, "It is a thing I should never have thought of, that we could find our way by the sky!"

And the father replied, "The wanderer cannot do without the stars in the dark night; they are guides to him in his way, and they lead him, when he has wandered, back to the right path. I will teach thee, sometime, the number and the way of the heavenly lights, that thou mayst go alone in thy path, when I am no longer thy guide. And soon I will teach thee of other stars than these; thou canst not see them with the outward eye, but with the spiritual eye thou shalt

see them, and they shall guide thee to thy heavenly home."

Thus they conversed with each other on the way, and before the midnight hour was past, they stood knocking at the door of the home-cottage.

## SPHERES.

O, the bright clear winter morning,  
Calls me forth with many a voice!  
Happy robins, loudly singing,  
Bid me in their joy rejoice.  
Little children in the sunshine  
Playing, shouting in their glee,  
Have somewhat of tender chiding  
In their laughter sweet to me.

And I truly need reproaching—  
Why am I not with them there?  
Why not out with thankful spirit  
Breathing fresh and healthy air?  
Ah! a loved one sits beside me,  
On his brow a cloud of gloom;  
Something fearful, something chilling  
Seems to fill the silent room.

If I speak, my words arouse him  
To an answer cold in tone,  
Or it has such sad complaining,  
Such impatient, loveless moan.  
So, I can but sit here, sewing,  
And I can but earnest pray,  
That the spirit dark which holds him  
Soon may lose its sullen sway.

Pray, that mood of mine may never  
Such a sphere of sadness bring,  
That my best beloved be bidden  
Not to speak, nor laugh, nor sing.  
Never! never, evil spirit,  
Haunt me when the sky is bright,  
Make me not a cloud to darken  
All his view of Heaven's light!

O, we have a fearful power,  
In the meaning of the face,  
In the touch, the tone, the manner,  
In the ill or happy grace.  
Bearing in our hearts fierce passions,  
Ministers of woe and death,  
Though from mortal vision hidden,  
Mortals feel their fever breath!

O, we have a glorious power!  
And our presence may be felt  
Warm and genial as the beamings  
Which the icebergs softly melt.  
It may give the cheery morning  
Double joy to all around,  
And the cheerful call of robins  
Take from it a sweeter sound. **QUERIE.**

## TO-MORROW.

Don't tell me of to-morrow;  
Give me the man who'll say  
That when a good deed's to be done,  
Let's do the deed to-day!  
We may command the present,  
If we act and never wait;  
But repentance is the phantom  
Of the past, that comes too late!

## THE ANGEL OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

*(Continued from page 149.)*

## CHAPTER III.

There was quite a stir in the neighborhood when the news got abroad that an infant had been found at the door of the Hardings. The gossips had a "world to say" on the subject; and all agreed, that a more unfortunate selection of a home for the little one could not have been made.

"It don't matter much as far as that goes," said Mrs. Margaret Willits, the storekeeper's wife, as she chatted over the tea-table with Mrs. Jarvis and Miss Gimp; "for the truth is—all among ourselves, remember—Harding can't support his own children, let alone other peoples'. Somebody will have to take the child off of their hands, or else they'll send it to the Poor House."

"But he does support his own children," rejoined Miss Gimp.

This was ingeniously remarked, in order to draw Mrs. Willits out.

"I'm not so sure of that," said the storekeeper's wife, mysteriously.

"Who does support them?"

Mrs. Jarvis put the question direct.

"I guess we do our part—this among ourselves."

"Oh, I understand," said Miss Gimp, a light breaking over her countenance. "He doesn't pay up at your store?"

"You've hit it right—but, it's all among ourselves, remember."

"Oh, of course," returned Miss Gimp. "And—"

"Of course," said Mrs. Jarvis. "We wouldn't speak of it on any consideration."

"Don't, if you please; for they're bad kind of people, and I wouldn't get their ill will on any account. Mrs. Harding has an awful tongue in her head. And what is worse, I verily believe she would seek to do me some harm, if she knew I'd said a word against her."

"Don't be afraid," said both of the ladies at once.

"And so Harding owes your husband?" Miss Gimp spoke insinuatingly.

"Oh, yes. He's been getting things off and on now, for a year. Every little while he comes and pays something on account; but manages to let his bill keep getting larger and larger. Mr. Willits says it must stop soon. He was going to refuse them trust last week; but thought he would wait a while longer. He knows that the moment he stops them off, Harding will be terribly angry, and that he will not only lose the custom of the family, but all the money that is owed to him into the bargain."

"Rather a hard case," remarked Miss Gimp.

"Isn't it? And so, as I was saying, it doesn't matter much for the child, that it was left at their door. They'll never dream of keeping it."

"When was the infant abandoned?" asked Mrs. Jarvis.

"Three nights ago," replied the storekeeper's

"Indeed? I never heard a syllable of it until to-day. And the child is still with them?"

"For all I know to the contrary," said Mrs. Willits.

"They've been very quiet about the matter, that's certain," remarked Miss Gimp, who was dress-maker and assistant gossip for the neighborhood. "Three nights ago—and not a breath of it to reach my ears until last evening! It looks mysterious. Why should they be so very still about it?—they, of all people in the world! I shouldn't wonder, now that I think of it, if they knew more about the matter than they care to tell. There's something wrong, depend on't. I'm as sure of it as that I am sitting here."

"Wrong in what way?" asked Mrs. Jarvis, manifesting a new interest in the subject.

Miss Gimp affected a mysterious manner, as if she knew more of what was going on in the neighborhood than she felt at liberty to tell.

"Have you any suspicion as to where the child came from?" enquired Mrs. Willits.

"I have my own thoughts," said Miss Gimp, with a gravity that so well became her. "But, thoughts cannot always be spoken."

"We are all friends, you know, Miss Gimp," Mrs. Jarvis put on her most insinuating manner. "Old friends, who can trust one another."

"I'd trust you with anything I knew certain," replied Miss Gimp. "But it's all guess work here. Wait a few days. I'm bound to sift this matter to the bottom. At present, I'll just give it as my opinion, that the Hardings know a great deal more about the child than they care to tell."

"You may be right there, Miss Gimp," said Mrs. Willits—"else, why have they kept so still about it?"

"Exactly! Why have they kept so still about it?"

"Did you hear," enquired Mrs. Jarvis, "whether there was a letter in the basket, with the child?"

Mrs. Willits shook her head.

"Of course, there must have been," said Miss Gimp. "There always is, in affairs of this kind. Take my word for it, the parentage of that child is no secret to the Hardings. And"—her imagination was taking a freer range—"I shouldn't at all wonder if the basket contained something more than a baby."

"What?"

The two ladies bent closer towards Miss Gimp.

"Money?"

"Money?"

"Yes; a handsome sum of money; and a letter, besides, promising a regular payment of more every month, or quarter, as long as they keep the child. Depend upon it, this is the case; I'm as sure of it as if I had seen into the basket myself."

"You've guessed it as certain as fate," said Mrs. Willits, with animation. "No one would have trusted a little helpless infant in their hands, without some strong hold, like this, upon their selfishness. Well, all I can say is, that, in the first place, they didn't deserve any such good for-

them as guardians of the child, have made a cruel experiment."

In this the other ladies fully agreed: Miss Gimp remarking—"It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. Your husband, Mrs. Willits, may now stand some chance of getting his money."

"Sure enough! I didn't think of that. It takes you, Miss Gimp, to see all the bearings of a subject."

Miss Gimp was flattered by this compliment, and drew her head up in a way peculiar to herself when pleased.

"Has any one seen the child?" enquired Mrs. Jarvis.

"I have not," answered Mrs. Willits: "nor have I met with any one who has called on Mrs. Harding since it was left at her house. There's neither pleasure nor comfort in visiting her; and so people stay away. I haven't been in her house for three months. The fact is, the last time I called on her, she was in an awful humor about something or other, and as snappish as a turtle. I'm sure she boxed the ears of every child she has, three times over, while I was there; and, if the truth must be told, they richly deserved all they got—for a more ill-mannered, quarrelsome brood I never saw. Andrew, their oldest boy, is a perfect little desperado. The way he knocked the other children about was dreadful. I was in fear every moment of seeing some of their limbs broken or eyes put out."

"Just as it was when I called there last," said Miss Gimp. "I went to fit a dress for Mrs. Harding. The house seemed like a perfect Bedlam. The children quarrelled all the while: and their mother stormed at them incessantly. I was too glad to get away."

"Do you expect to go there again, very soon?" asked Mrs. Jarvis.

"I ought to have gone there a week ago, to take home the cape of her last new dress. She wants it, I know. There isn't more than half an hour's work on, and I'll do that this very evening."

"Then you'll see her in the morning," said the storekeeper's wife.

"Yes."

"Just drop in on your way back, Miss Gimp, that's a good soul. It's such a strange affair, I really feel curious about it. Take a good look at the baby, and see if you can trace a likeness to anybody. And then, be sure to find out if any money came with it, or is promised! I want to know about that, of all things."

"Never fear for me," said Miss Gimp, looking unusually bright. "I'll gather up every crumb of information."

"And you'll call in, as you go by?"

"Oh, certainly."

"Do, if you please," said Mrs. Jarvis: "for, as I have an errand out in the morning, I'll manage to be here—at what time?"

"Say ten o'clock," replied Miss Gimp.

Little else was talked of by the ladies during the hour they remained together after tea.

On the next morning, at ten o'clock, Mrs. Willits and Mrs. Jarvis sat together, awaiting the arrival of Miss Gimp, who had looked in upon the

the Hardings, to say that she would call on her return and make a report. Sooner than they expected the dress-maker, she came in. Her face did not look very animated.

"Good morning, Miss Gimp! Good morning!" said the ladies.

"Good morning."

Miss Gimp tried to look important and well satisfied with herself; but the effort was wholly unsuccessful.

"Well, Miss Gimp; did you see the baby?"

"I did."

There was an ominous gravity in the gossip's tones.

"Is it a nice looking baby?" enquired Mrs. Willits.

"A very nice looking baby, indeed. In fact, it's the dearest, sweetest little thing I ever saw!"

"Why, Miss Gimp! You don't say so!"

"It's the truth, every word I tell you."

"Well, really! It's a nice baby, then?"

"You may believe it. And then, it's so good? Mrs. Harding says it hasn't cried an hour since it came into the house."

"You don't tell me!"

"I can well believe her, for, while I was there, it did nothing but smile and coo, and try its best to talk to every one who came near the cradle where it lay."

This information was not half so satisfactory to the two ladies, as the report of its being cross and disagreeable would have been.

"Well; so much for the baby," said Mrs. Jarvis. "And, now, Miss Gimp, tell us all you learned about it? Where do you think it came from?"

"Hav'n't the least idea in the world," replied Miss Gimp.

"Really?"

"Really!"

"Could you trace a likeness?"

Miss Gimp shook her head.

"Doesn't it look like somebody you have seen?"

"No one that I can remember; and yet the face is strangely familiar. It seems as if I had met it only yesterday; but, for my life, cannot tell where."

"What does Mrs. Harding say?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Or, next to nothing. She's very quiet and very reserved. Something has come over her and the whole family."

"Indeed!" Both the ladies spoke at once.

"In what respect?" asked Mr. Willits.

"I didn't hear a cross word while I was in the house, either from mother or children. The last time I was there, Lotty, the youngest, did nothing but fret, and snarl and cry. But this morning, she sat on the floor, beside the cradle, looking fondly on the baby, or playing with it in the gentlest manner. The fact is, that baby seems to have brought a charm into the house. I could hardly believe I was with the same people."

"You don't tell us so?"

"It's the truth, just what I say."

inquired Mrs. Willits, whose interest in that aspect of the case was particularly strong.

"Not that I could find out," answered Miss Gimp. "I felt my way, and hinted, and did every thing except put the question direct; but Mary Harding either could not, or would not understand me. She was always a little close-mouthed, you know."

"Why didn't you ask her right up and down? I would have done so," said Mrs. Willits.

"It was on my tongue's end more than once; but every time I was about to speak, she seemed to know what was in my mind, and made some remark that threw me off."

"How provoking!"

"It was provoking," said Miss Gimp, looking particularly annoyed.

"What does she intend doing with the little stranger?" asked Mrs. Jarvis.

"Keep it," replied Miss Gimp.

"She's got a house full of her own now—more than her husband is able to support," said Mrs. Willits. "I don't understand the woman."

"I think I do," returned Miss Gimp, assuming a knowing look. She was good at surmising. "As to there being any disinterested feeling toward the babe, that is not admitted for an instant."

"Of course not."

Miss Gimp resumed:—"You may rely upon it, then, as I suggested in the beginning, that she knows all about where the child came from, and is well paid for taking care of it."

"But, how do you account for the singular change in her temper; and, above all, for the change in the temper of her children?"

"I've thought of all that," answered the dress-maker, "and own that I am puzzled. It has occurred to me, that her young savages may have been tamed, as they tame wild beasts, by hunger and stripes. If she has a motive strong enough to make her resolute, Mrs. Harding is not the woman to hesitate about the adoption of any means, for the accomplishment of her purposes. It has, no doubt, been made her interest to keep this child, and to keep it right. If this is really so, she will make all bend to her will in the matter."

And so, after all, the dress-maker had failed to learn anything about the babe, that was satisfactory either to herself or her friends, Mrs. Willits and Mrs. Jarvis. As might be supposed, the report of Miss Gimp excited still more the curiosity of the two ladies, who had urged the visit to Mrs. Harding. They were really troubled, because of their inability to penetrate the mystery that surrounded the affair. Over one bit of information, reserved to the last by Miss Gimp, they became excited; but it left them still in the dark.

"Harry Wilkins saw the person who left the basket at Harding's door," said the dress-maker.

"What!"

"I was talking with Harry Wilkins last evening, and he says, that on the night the child was left at Harding's, he went to Beechwood. On the way, he met a woman carrying a basket. She

about her. It struck him that she was in trouble, for she seemed very irresolute—walking on for a time hurriedly; then stopping as if in doubt; and, once or twice turning back towards Beechwood. His curiosity was excited, and he watched her for some time. On his return, he met her again, but without the basket. He passed very close to her—close enough to get a glimpse of her face, which he says looked like the face of one in deep distress."

"And she came from Beechwood?" said Mrs. Jarvis, breathing deeply.

"She came from that direction, Harry says."

"The child's mother, no doubt, What a wretch she must be! From Beechwood? That's something to know. I've got a cousin living in Beechwood; and I'll go over and see her this very blessed week. I shouldn't wonder if she could trace the whole affair."

Saying this, Mrs. Jarvis arose, and made a movement to go, at which Miss Gimp remarked that she must run home also, as she had promised a dress on that very day, and the scissors were not into it yet. Nearly five minutes elapsed before all their parting words were said—then they separated, with mutual promises to sift the matter more closely, and to communicate, one to another, anything new that might happen to be learned.

#### CHAPTER IV.

A week passed, and, notwithstanding Mrs. Willits, in league with Miss Gimp and Mrs. Jarvis, had been all eye and all ear, so to speak, yet had they not been able to learn anything satisfactory to themselves, about the stranger babe. Each of the ladies had, during the time, made a call upon Mrs. Harding; and each came away, more strongly confirmed in her first conclusion, that she knew a great deal more about the child than she had cared to tell. As for the babe itself, there could be but one opinion. Miss Gimp said it was "lovely,"—and when she spoke of an infant so decidedly, you might be sure there was something about it more than common.

Meantime, singular changes were progressing in the home where the little orfcast had found an asylum; changes that as much surprised the inmates, as those who looked on from a distance. Grace had won all hearts from the beginning.—Even selfish, rude, ill-natured Andrew, who had been the pest of the family, stood subdued and gentle in her presence. Before she came, his greatest delight was in annoying and oppressing the other children; now his chief pleasure consisted in holding the babe, carrying her about, so playing with her as she lay in the cradle. So attentive was he, that Mrs. Harding scarcely perceived any new demand upon her time, in consequence of so important an addition to her family. Left more to themselves, by the diversion of Andrew's attention, the other children—whose almost incessant strife owed its origin mainly to their older brother's interference—rarely gave way to a wrangling spirit. When it did occur, a word from their mother subdued their angry feelings.

pause in her work, as she thought, intently, on this new order of things, and wondered how it was, that a single word could calm the stormy passions of her children, when only a little while before, nothing but a more violent storm on her part could allay the tempest on theirs. How greatly she was herself changed, did not come, with clearness, into her apprehension,—changed, we mean, in her external aspects—for, internally, no real change had yet taken place: there was only the beginning of a change. Nor was she aware how different were her words and manner of speaking, when addressing her children, to what they were a little while before.

One thing the children did not fail to notice. It was this;—the marked difference in their mother when Grace was awake and in the sitting room, and when she was asleep in the adjoining chamber. She was always gentler and more forbearing towards them when the babe was present, than when absent. Nor, did Mrs. Harding fail to remark, that the children were more gentle and obedient when Grace was in the room with them, and when she was sleeping.

Quite as remarkable was the change in Mr. Harding. He never came in, now, with a heavy, horse-like tread, nor banged the door behind him as had been his custom. Nor did he reprove the children, when in fault, with his former angry violence. Always, he went first to look at the babe, as if that were uppermost in his thoughts. And what seemed to please him particularly, was the fact, that little Grace began to flutter her tiny hands the moment he appeared, and never seemed better satisfied than when in his arms. Not once, since she came to them, like a gift from Heaven, as she was, had he left home in the evening, to spend his time at the tavern. In his favor it may be said, that his associations at the tavern had never presented a very strong attraction; and he had only gone there, because every thing in the home-sphere, owing to the incongruities of temper between him and his wife, was disagreeable and repulsive.

We have omitted thus far to mention that Jacob Harding was a carpenter by trade. His shop stood at no great distance from the store of Willits, the grocer, and not far from the tavern kept by a worthless fellow, named Stark, who was doing more harm in the neighborhood in a single month than he had ever done good in his life. The absence of Harding from the bar-room of Stark, for so many consecutive evenings, did not fail to excite the tavern-keeper's attention, who, not liking to lose so good a customer, made it his business to call in at the shop of Harding, and, in a familiar, hale-fellow, well-met sort of a way, enquire if he had been sick. This was about a week after the appearance of little Grace in the carpenter's family. Harding answered in the negative, and with a slight coldness of manner.

"What's the matter, then?" said Stark. "Anything wrong at home?"

"Nothing."

"We wanted you, particularly, last night. Tom Ellis, from Beechwood, and Jack Flem-

had a jolly time of it, I can tell you; and, if they asked for you once, they did a dozen times. You don't know what you lost. They're coming over again this evening. You must be sure and meet them, for I promised that you would be on hand."

"You were a little too fast in that," said Harding, as he tightened the blade in his jack-plane, and then sighted the edge to see if it was at the true cutting distance.

"Why so?" asked Stark.

"Because I shall not be there."

"And why not, pray?"

"Because I'm better off, and better contented, at home," was replied.

"Tied to your wife's apron string."

This was said pleasantly, yet with just enough of sarcasm to touch the quick feelings of Harding, without giving offence.

"I never was tied to a woman's apron string in my life, and never expect to be. Mary Harding knows me far too well to attempt anything of that kind."

The tavern-keeper shrugged his shoulders, and arched his coarse eyebrows in a way that said—"I can believe as much of that as I please."

The quick temper of Harding took fire, and he was about making a sharp retort; but, singularly enough, the image of little Grace came suddenly before the eyes of his mind, and something in her innocent face subdued and tranquilized him.

"Look here, Harding," Stark spoke in a coarse, rough way. "What's this I hear about somebody's brat being left at your door? Is it so?—or only Gimp-gossip?"

"A young babe was left at my door," Harding answered, coldly, and, at the same time, commenced driving his plane over a rough board that lay on his work-bench.

"You don't tell me so! Well, what have you done with it?"

"Kept it."

"Kept it! Your joking! I thought you had a house full of your own—more than you could get bread for without making a slave of yourself."

Harding felt annoyed, as well at the tavern-keeper's words as his manner, and an angry retort was on his tongue. But he controlled himself, and merely answered, with assumed indifference—

"We haven't found it in the way, so far."

"Whose is it?" enquired Stark, still in his rude manner.

"Don't know," replied Harding.

"Why don't you send it the poor-house? I'd do it in less than no time."

"When we are tired of keeping it, perhaps we will do so."

Stark began now to see that his way of speaking to the carpenter was not altogether relished; and, as it was by no means his interest to offend one of his customers, he changed, somewhat, his manner of addressing him. But he failed, altogether, in his effort to restore the old state of feeling that had existed between them.

From the shop of Harding, Stark went to the store of Mr. Willits, where he bought a barrel of



only man in the neighborhood whose pocket-book was sufficiently well filled to warrant the purchase of groceries in such liberal quantities.

"Make out the bill and receipt it," said he, in a self-satisfied voice.

"I like that," was the pleasant response of the store-keeper. "I wish all my customers were as ready to put the cash down."

"Pay as you go—that is my motto," returned Stark. "You'll not find my name on anybody's books."

"It's the safest kind of a motto, and one that I shall have to suggest to two or three people about here, even I offend them," said Willits. "Harding, for instance, between you and me."

"Jacob Harding! Why, is he running behind-hand?"

The store-keeper, before answering, threw open his ledger, and, after glancing rapidly along a column of figures, on one of the pages, said—

"Yes; to the tune of a hundred dollars in six months."

"Whew! And he's the man that takes in stray babies? He can afford to be generous—at your expense."

"Not any longer. Thank you for that hint. I'll act upon it at once."

And so he did; for, at that moment, Andrew Harding entered the store, with a wooden pail in his hand, and said that his mother had sent him for six pounds of flour and two pounds of sugar.

"Have you brought the money?" asked Willits.

"No, sir. Mother says, charge it."

"Tell your mother that I can't charge anything more."

The boy looked bewildered. He did not clearly understand the store-keeper.

"Tell your mother that she must send the money. I can't trust any more."

Andrew retired slowly, his mind in considerable perplexity, and bore the message to his mother.

"That's right," said Stark, approvingly. "It's the only safe way to do business. I rather think Harding will be as mad as a March hare. You may look out for a squall, before night."

"Let it come; I'm not at all concerned," replied Willits.

"I hope," said Stark, growing serious, "that nothing I have said has caused you to take this stand with Harding. We've always been on good terms; and I wouldn't say anything to injure him for the world."

"Oh, no. My mind was pretty well made up before you came in. That baby business decided me. Mrs. Willits and I were talking it over, last night, and we both came to the conclusion that, if he couldn't make both ends meet before, there was no hope for him now. We did think, at first, that a money-inducement caused him to keep the child; but Mrs. Harding assured my wife, yesterday, that not a farthing came with it, nor was promised at any future time. If they are fools enough to take up a burden like this, they mustn't expect me to bear it for them."

"This refusal on your part may do them

eyes to their true position. I rather think the child will find its way into the poor-house, before it is a week older."

"I don't care where it goes, or what becomes of it," answered the store-keeper, "so I get my money."

Soon after Stark left the shop of Jacob Harding, the latter put on his coat and hat, and went over to the house of a farmer, named Lee, about a quarter of a mile distant. This Lee, a rather thrifless sort of a man, who spent far too large a portion of his time and money at Stark's tavern, owed the carpenter a hundred and fifty dollars for new roofing his house, and doing sundry repairs to his dilapidated old barn. The account had been standing for some months. On the payment of this money, Harding had intended settling his bill at the grocer's. The manner of Willits, on the day before, when he had called to get half a pound of tea and some corn meal, annoyed him considerably. He saw that the store-keeper was getting uneasy at the size of his account, which, but for the failure to procure a settlement with Lee, would have long since been paid off. He had brooded over this until a sort of desperate feeling took possession of him; and, in this state of mind, he went over to see the farmer.

"Can't do anything for you," said Lee, in the coolest way imaginable, on Harding's asking for a settlement. "Hav'n't ten dollars in cash to bless myself with, let alone a hundred and fifty."

Harding felt exceedingly fretted at this way of treating him, and said, quite sharply—

"Pray, Mr. Lee, when do you intend settling my account?"

"Some of these days," replied the farmer, indifferently.

"That way of doing business don't suit me. I want something definite. I paid the cash down for the shingles that cover your roof; and now I want my money."

"Don't get excited, Harding. It won't do any good," said Lee. "The man doesn't live about here that can drive this horse. So you needn't try."

This was more than the carpenter could bear. Bitterly did he retort upon the farmer, and left him, finally, with threats of an immediate resort to law for the recovery of his bill.

When Harding and his wife met at dinner time, each perceived in the other's countenance a troubled aspect. Harding's heavy brows were drawn down; and about his wife's mouth was the old look of fretfulness that had so often repelled him. For the first time, he passed the cradle without even looking at Grace, whose round, white arms had commenced flying the moment she heard the sound of his footsteps across the threshold; and, going into the yard, he took up the axe, and commenced splitting up a stick of cord wood. This done, he came back into the house, again passing the cradle, and sitting down, in moody silence, at the dinner table, on which their meal had already been served. While cutting up the meat, and helping it around, the low, sweet, cooing murmur of the baby's

little way from him, and so turned that Grace could see him. And there she lay, fluttering her arms, and cooing, and trying all means in her power to attract his attention. Yet, resolutely, he kept his eyes turned away from the imploring little one. But weaker, each moment, became his resolution; for her voice came to his ears like the music of David's harp to Saul, driving out the evil spirit. At last, he could resist the babe's pleadings no longer. Almost stealthily, he turned his eyes upon her. One look was enough. The tenderness of a mother filled his heart. So sudden was the revulsion of his feelings that, for a few moments, he was bewildered. But of one thing he was soon clearly conscious, and that was of having Grace in his arms and hugging her almost passionately to his heart.

## CHAPTER V.

The suddenness with which Harding arose from the table and caught up the child, which he had not seemed to notice since he came in, and the eager way in which he held it to his heart, naturally excited the surprise of his wife, who looked at him wonderingly. His indifference towards Grace, had not been unobserved by Mrs. Harding. She saw that he was in one of his unhappy moods; that a dark cloud was on his spirit; and that only a word was needed to awaken a fierce storm. And, more than all this: the message brought from the storekeeper by Andrew had so deeply angered her, that her mind was still panting under the excitement, and still fretting itself with indignant thoughts; so that she, too, was ready for strife. It had been as much as she could do, to keep back from her lips words of sharp reproof, for the cruel indifference manifested by her husband towards the pleading babe;—most probably, a few minutes longer of forced neglect on his part, would have brought down upon him a storm of words that would have marred every thing for little Grace, and made her presence, in the household, ever after, a cause of angry contention. Happily, the quick tempered wife controlled her struggling impulses long enough for better influences to prevail. As she looked at the singular exhibition of feeling in her husband, she was touched by softer emotions. The incident gave her a deeper insight into his character, while it quickened her own thoughts into self-reproaches for the misjudgment, which had well nigh fanned a few embers into fiercely burning flames of discord.

As for Harding, now that the repressed tenderness of his heart had free course, he found himself carried away as by a flood. The babe in his arms felt more precious to him than life itself; and it seemed as if he could never be done hugging it to his heart. When, at length, he re-seated himself at the dinner table, with Grace on his knee, and looked over to his wife, the cloud had passed from her countenance.

"What possessed you," she said, smiling, and in a pleasant voice, "to neglect the sweet child so? She was almost dying to have you notice her."

Grace close against him, and, bending over, talked to her in fond, childish language.

A calm followed this little exciting episode, in which both Mr. and Mrs. Harding looked and felt sober, but not ill-natured. After dinner, as Harding was preparing to leave the house, he took some silver change from his pocket, and handing it to his wife, said—

"Our bill at the store is getting rather large. Don't send for any thing without the money. Here are two dollars and a half for any little thing you may want."

The change in his wife's countenance as he said this arrested Harding's attention.

"What's the matter?" he asked abruptly.

"Nothing much," she replied, her face flushing as she spoke. "Only I'm glad you're left me some money, for we're out of flour, and—and—"

"And what?" She paused, stammering, and Harding saw that something was wrong.

"Nothing, only Willits sent word this morning, that he wouldn't let us have any thing more, unless we paid the money down!"

"He did!" A fierce light burned instantly in the eye of Jacob Harding, and his lips were drawn back against his teeth.

"Yes," said his wife, forcing herself to speak in a mild and soothing way; "but no matter, Jacob. Let us try to get on without asking for credit any where. I'll do my best to economize in everything. It chafes me to be under obligations to any body, and especially to the Willits. I don't like any of the family."

"That's talking out right, Mary!" said Harding, the threatening scowl on his heavy brow suddenly breaking away; and, as he spoke, he thrust his hand a second time into his trouser's pocket, and drew out a handful of small change, which he counted over.

"Here are three dollars more," he added. "It's all the money I have just now, and may be all I will receive this week. Make it go as far as you can."

"You may be sure I will do that, Jacob," replied his wife, kindly and earnestly.

"Wouldn't trust us any more!" Harding's mind returned to this hard, unpleasant, mortifying fact. "Very well—so let it be. He's had a good deal of my money in his time;—I hardly think he will get as much in the future. Don't you buy anything there that you can do without."

The next time I go over to Beechwood, I will lay in a good stock of things, if I happen to have the money. I saw Lee to-day, and tried to get him to settle that bill of his; but he put me off again, and is more indifferent about it than ever. I got out of all patience, and threatened to put the sheriff on him. It will have to come to this sooner or later; and the quicker it is done, the quicker I shall get my money."

"Couldn't you trade off the account to Willits, and thus save a world of trouble?" suggested the wife.

Mr. Harding caught at this suggestion, and after turning it over in his mind for a few moments, said—

"I don't know, Mary, but that might be done. Now that I come to think of it, I remember

hearing somebody say that Willits was about buying that house and acre lot where Jones lives. You know it belongs to Mr. Lee. There's no doubt in the world but that he could settle my account in the transaction. I'll see him about it this very afternoon.

"Do, Jacob," answered his wife, encouragingly. "It will be such a relief to have this all off our minds."

In spite of his indignation against Willits, Harding went direct to his store. The latter, on seeing him enter, made up his mind for a sharp passage of words with the fiery tempered carpenter. Still, he managed to receive him with a forced smile.

"How much have you against me on your books?" enquired Harding, speaking firmly, and with a sober countenance, yet repressing, as far as possible, all appearance of anger.

The store-keeper, affecting a pleasant manner, turned over his ledger, and glancing at the account, which was already footed up, replied—

"One hundred and fourteen dollars."

"So much as that!" Harding showed surprise.

"I will make you out a bill of items, day and date, and you can examine the account. I presume you will find every charge correct."

"I expected to have paid this long ago," said the carpenter, "but have been disappointed in getting a large bill. To-day I tried my best to collect, but, I'm afraid there's no chance for me, unless I go to law, and I don't want to do that."

"Whose account is it?" enquired Willits.

"The one I have against Lee for roofing his house, and repairing his barn."

"Is it possible he hasn't paid that yet?"

"Not a cent of it."

The store-keeper looked serious for a few moments; then shaking his head, he remarked—

"That's not right in Lee."

"No, it is not right," said Harding, warmly. "If he had paid me, I would not now be in debt a single dollar."

"Have you any objection to transferring your account to me?" Willits hesitated a little, as if fearful the proposition would not be received with favor. "I have some business transactions with Lee, in which, most probably, I could manage to include your bill."

"The very thing I thought of proposing to you," said Harding. "I understand you are about buying the property now occupied by Jones; and it has occurred to me that you might save my account in the purchase, thus obliging me and getting a settlement of your own bill at the same time."

"It can all be done, no doubt," replied the store-keeper. "Lee has offered the house and grounds at a fair price, and is anxious for me to buy—so anxious, that a proposition to take your claim against him in part payment will be no impediment to the bargain. The best way for you to proceed will be to get his note in settlement. He'll give that, readily enough, in order to gain time, and get rid of the annoyance of being dunned. This note you can endorse to me, and

Perfectly satisfactory to both parties was the proposed arrangement, and the two men separated in much better humor with themselves and each other than when they met. During the afternoon, Harding called again on Mr. Lee, who readily acceded to his request, and gave him his note, at six months, in settlement of the account.

"Pleasant news, Mary," said the carpenter, as he came home at sundown. "My name is off of Willits' books."

"Off of his books! How, Jacob?" Mrs. Harding did not see his meaning clearly.

"I've settled his account."

"Have you? Oh! I'm so glad."

"And better still, Mary; he owes me thirty-six dollars, which I have agreed to take out of his store, as we want things in his line."

"It is pleasant news, indeed, Jacob. But how did all this come to pass?"

"Just in the way you suggested. Willits has taken my bill against Lee, and credited us with the difference between that and the account on his books."

"Oh! I am so glad. It has taken such a load off of me," said Mrs. Harding. "I don't believe Mr. Lee would ever have paid the bill without your suing him; and I dread lawsuits above everything. They always bring trouble to both sides."

Already, Grace was in the great, strong arms of the carpenter; and Lotty, between whom and her father a new and gentler relation had existed ever since the stranger-babe came to them, was leaning on his knee and playing with the happy little one.

At this moment, a form darkened the door. It was the form of a woman, just past life's middle age. Her countenance was strongly marked—the lines as indicative of patient endurance as great suffering. She was tall in person, with the carriage of one who had moved in polished circles.

"Can you tell me," said she, as she advanced one foot inside of the door, "how far it is to Beechwood?"

"Nearly two miles, ma'am," replied Mrs. Harding, who had turned, on perceiving the presence of a stranger.

"So far away," said the woman, in apparent concern. "I can't possibly reach there before dark."

"You certainly cannot," replied Mrs. Harding. She then added, "Won't you come in and rest yourself?"

"Thank you," returned the stranger, stepping across the threshold, and advancing a few paces into the room.

"What a dear, sweet babe!" she said, as, on taking a chair, she fixed her eyes, with a tender, admiring gaze, upon the babe that still remained in Harding's arms. She could not have offered a remark better calculated to make a favorable impression on the minds of the carpenter and his wife."

"What is her name?" she asked, after a moment's pause.

"We call her Grace," replied Mrs. Harding, all her countenance lit up with pleasure.

ing to herself, in an abstracted way. "A beautiful name," she added; "none more beautiful." And then she bent forward, and gazed at the child with such an earnest, tender expression, that Mrs. Harding, who was observing her intently, felt a, troubled consciousness that she knew something of the child, and did not, now, look upon it for the first time in her life.

There was about the stranger a bearing that inspired involuntary respect. Her calm, intelligent eyes looked into those of the carpenter and his wife in a way that caused them to feel a singular deference; and when she referred again to the long distance she had still to go, and spoke, in a troubled voice, of the gathering darkness, Harding said, looking at his wife—

"If the lady will accept what poor accommodations our house will afford, she need not go to Beechwood, to-night. What say you, Mary?"

"She is welcome to the best we have to give," was the answer of Mrs. Harding.

"I did not expect this," said the woman, evidently touched by the proffered hospitality: "nor do I know whether it will be altogether right for me to trespass on your kindness. If there is a respectable tavern in the neighborhood—"

Harding shook his head, as he answered—

"There is no tavern about here but Stark's; and I couldn't advise you to go there. If you will remain in our poor home, believe yourself entirely welcome."

"Let me take your bonnet and shawl," said Mrs. Harding, encouragingly; and she reached out her hands to receive them.

The woman hesitated only a moment, and then removing her bonnet and shawl, gave them to her hostess, who took them into the adjoining chamber. As Mrs. Harding returned to the apartment she had just left, she was struck with the singular beauty of the woman's countenance—bearing though it did the marks of time—as well as by the depth and brilliancy of her eyes, that were fixed, almost as if by fascination, on the infant which still lay against the bosom of her husband.

All parties were now, for a time, in a state of embarrassment. Harding felt a little uncomfortable in the presence of the woman, whose eyes, whenever they rested upon him, seemed as if trying to read his very thoughts; and the stranger, conscious of the effect her entrance had produced, did not feel altogether at ease.

"Let me have that dear babe," said the woman, reaching out her hands towards Grace.

The little one shrunk closer against the breast of Harding, while a shade, almost of fear, darkened her face.

"Won't you come?"

The woman spoke in soft and winning tones, and still extended her hands; but the babe could not be lured from its place.

At this moment, Andrew came in, rudely, dashing his hat upon the floor, and pushing his sister Lucy aside so roughly as almost to throw her down. Lucy gave an angry scream at this violence, and called her brother some vile name. The woman turned, half startled, at this sudden

on Andrew, who, now first conscious of the presence of a stranger, became quiet, and shrunk away into the farther part of the room, the eyes of the woman still following him.

"Is that the place for your hat, sir?"

Anger, as well as mortification, caused Harding to speak roughly to the boy. The woman seemed quite as much startled by the voice of the father, as she had been by the rudeness of the son. The look she threw upon him was timid—almost fearful—and her eyes passed rapidly from his dark, threatening face, to the calm, sweet, confiding countenance of the infant, who seemed not in the least disturbed by the sudden gust of passion which had come sweeping over the little household.

Andrew looked sulky and stubborn for a few moments only; then he returned to the place where his hat lay upon the floor, and taking it up, hung it upon a nail. In the next minute he stood beside the baby, who, the instant she saw him, raised up from her reclining position, reached out her little hands to him, and almost springing into his arms, gave voice to her pleasure and affection in sounds as well understood as if the utterance had been in words. Andrew bore her in a sort of triumph about the room; while the stern features of his father gradually relaxed, as his eyes followed the happy babe, until no trace remained therein of the anger which disfigured it a little while before. Lucy, too, forgot her indignation against Andrew, and moving close beside her brother, clapped her hand at Grace, and talked to her with a voice so full of tenderness, that the stranger looked at her in wonder, hardly crediting the fact that she was the same little girl, who, scarcely a moment before, had startled her with a shrill cry of anger.

Silent, yet attentively observant of all that passed, did the visitor now remain, until supper was ready, and she was invited to join the family in their evening meal.

"Do you reside in Beechwood?" enquired Harding, addressing the stranger, soon after they had gathered around the table.

"No, sir," was her simple answer, somewhat coolly made, as though she wished to repel enquiry.

"You have friends there?" said Harding, who as he observed the stranger more narrowly, felt his curiosity in regard to her increasing. Particularly did her manner of looking at the child excited his attention. To him it seemed as if she made an effort to conceal the interest really felt by her in the little one.

"Yes, I have friends there," she replied; and then said, almost in the same breath, "How old is your little Grace?"

Harding looked at his wife, and she looked at him. Both seemed taken by surprise at the question; and both were slightly confused.

"How old is it, Mary?" asked Harding.

"About nine weeks," replied Mrs. Harding, her face receiving a shade of color as she spoke.

The stranger looked at her intently. Mrs. Harding's eyes fell under the steady gaze.

"A bright child for nine weeks old," remarked the woman.

Then she seemed to lose herself in thought, and, once or twice, sighed deeply. After the supper table was cleared away, and the children were all in bed, her manner underwent a change. She was now entirely at her ease, and conversed in so attractive a way with the carpenter and his wife, that both found themselves strangely drawn towards her, and ready to answer freely in regard to their personal affairs, about which she enquired with an interest they felt to be genuine. About people in the neighborhood she also asked questions, and when reference was made to Stark, the tavern-keeper, she spoke strongly of the danger of visiting such houses as he kept.

"It gratified me more than I can express," she said, looking at Harding, "to find you at home, during the evening, with your family. There is everything to hope, for a sober, industrious man. Your struggle with the world may be hard for a time, but keep a brave heart. With temperance, industry and frugality at home, you are sure to rise above your present position. It is our first meeting, and it may be our last—but, if we ever do meet again, I shall expect to find that Jacob Harding has taken a long stride in the way of prosperity."

There was more in her manner than in her words, that impressed the mind of the carpenter. But no matter in which lay the influence. Harding felt new purposes growing up in his heart; and he even said to himself—"If ever we do meet again, it shall be as you predict."

At an early hour, Mr. and Mrs. Harding retired, after having shown their guest to the little spare room kept for visitors.

"I must have one look at that dear babe of yours," she said, as she was about leaving them for the night.

Mrs. Harding led her into her own chamber, where Grace was sleeping, and drew down the bed-clothes from the face of the infant. The woman bent low over it, and, for a time that seemed long to Mrs. Harding, stood gazing upon the calm face before her, so full of heavenly innocence. There were tears on her lashes, when, with a deep, quivering sigh, she lifted herself from the babe. Placing a hand on the shoulder of Mrs. Harding, and raising a finger slowly upward, she said in a tone so solemn, that it thrilled to the heart of her auditor:—

"God has committed to your care one of the precious ones whose angels are ever before His face. Oh, never forget your high responsibility. Love, cherish, keep the dear one."

The woman's voice faltered. She made an attempt to say more: but, as if conscious that she was betraying too much feeling, turned away quickly and retired to the little chamber that had been assigned to her.

On the next morning, breakfast was all ready, ere the stranger joined the family.

"Had you not better call her?" said Harding to his wife.

Mrs. Harding stepped to the door of the guest-chamber and tapped lightly. She tapped a second time, for there was neither movement nor reply; yet all remained silent. A louder summons

Wondering at this, Mrs. Harding lifted the latch and pushed open the door.

"There is no one here, Jacob!" she said, in a startled voice.

"No one, Mary!"

"Even the bed is not tumbled! What can it mean?"

The carpenter now stood beside his wife, and both entered the room together. There was no evidence whatever, that any one had passed the night there. On the little dressing-table was a narrow slip of white paper, which Mrs. Harding caught up. On it was written, simply, these words:—

"Grace Harding. Ten weeks old to-day. June 4th, 18—."

"It is very strange!" said the carpenter, with a look of doubt and wonder on his countenance.

"Very strange!" echoed his wife, in a troubled voice.

"Who can she be?"

"One," answered Mrs. Harding, "who knows all about our little Grace. I felt that it was so last night."

And weak, pale and trembling, she sunk into a chair.

#### CHAPTER VI.

The sudden appearance of the woman, her singular conduct, and mysterious departure, were new facts in the strange series of events, that were almost bewildering the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Harding. Something in this woman's manner had strongly impressed them both, and now, when they thought of her, it was with a certain sense of constraint, as if she were present, and closely observing their actions. That she bore some kind of relationship to the babe was no longer a question in their thoughts; and it was equally clear, that her visit was by no means accidental or purposeless.

A pressure upon the feelings was a natural consequence; not so much a troubled pressure, as a certain thoughtful sobriety, favorable to self-control, and productive of wiser counsels in the minds of both the carpenter and his quick-tempered wife. Each had need of a preparation like this, for the day was to prove one of more than ordinary trial.

From some cause, Andrew, their oldest boy, naturally of an exceedingly perverse temper, was ill-natured and quarrelsome beyond his wont, on this particular morning. Since rising, he had not ceased to interfere with Lucy and Philip, and this created a strife among the three, which the mother vainly sought to subdue. Not until the father, with a stern threat, and a smart blow, commanded the overbearing lad to cease from his annoyance of his brother and sister, was the discord abated. And then the evil in the boy's heart remained strong as ever. Only the fear of instant punishment kept down the spirit of rebellion.

Soon after his father left for the shop, his mother said to him—

"Andrew, go over to the store, and get me two pounds of sugar and two pounds of rice. And

"Where's the money?" Andrew spoke very rudely.

"Never mind the money," said Mrs. Harding. "Go and do as I tell you."

"Taint no use. Mr. Willits said, yesterday, that you needn't send for trust any more."

"Go, this minute, you little—"

The angry mother caught the profane epithet just leaping from her tongue, and kept it back from utterance.

"Taint no use, I tell you," persisted Andrew. "He said—"

"Off with you, this instant!"

And Mrs. Harding, unable to restrain her indignation, made two or three rapid strides towards the boy, who, seeing, from her face, that he was in danger, darted from the house, and went away towards the store. After being gone long enough to have done the errand twice, he came loitering back, without the articles for which he had been sent.

"Where's the sugar and rice?" asked his mother, looking at him sternly, as he came in.

"I told you so," was his irritating reply.

"Told me what?" said Mrs. Harding.

"Why, that you needn't send there for trust any more."

"Have you been to Mr. Willits?" asked his mother, growing suddenly calm, and speaking very firmly.

"Yes, ma'am, I have," was the unhesitating answer.

"And you saw Mr. Willits?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And asked him for the sugar and rice?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What did he say?"

"He wanted to know where my money was, and, when I said I had none, he told me to go home and tell you that he didn't charge things any more."

All this was spoken by Andrew with a steady voice and eye, and in a manner that but ill concealed a spirit of triumph.

For a little while, a tempest of indignant anger raged in the breast of Mrs. Harding.

"He'll be sorry for that, or I am not a living woman!" she muttered to herself, as soon as a little self-possession was obtained, and thought run partially clear once more. "Here's the money," she added, aloud, speaking to Andrew, as she drew from her pocket some change; "go back, as swift as your legs will carry you, and yet two pounds of rice and two pounds of sugar."

The boy took the money, and went loitering indifferently away; but, ere he had gone ten paces, a switch was laid smartly over his shoulders by his mother, who could no longer control her anger against him. The effect was all she wished to produce. He sprang from her like a frightened young deer, and ran the whole distance to the store. In returning, he resumed the old pace, and managed to get back at least half an hour after school-time.

"It's a late mother, can't I stay home, to-day?" was his response to a hurried order to go immediately for school. "Mr. Long

"I don't care if he does. It will serve you right. No; you can't stay home."

The lad threw himself down on the door-step, and began to cry.

Poor Mrs. Harding! Notwithstanding the influence of recent events, the causes of irritation were too many and too strong for her. Almost since daylight, had this perverse boy been making assaults upon her patience. Several times she had lost the self-control she was struggling to maintain, and given way to bursts of passion, and as often had she striven to force back into quietude the disturbed impulses that darkened her spirit. Now, her pent-up anger blazed forth into a fierce flame. Seizing a stout switch, she sprang towards Andrew, and commenced lashing him with all her strength. Her countenance was that of a Fury. For a short time, Andrew, who had great powers of endurance, bore the smarting strokes, thinking to tire his mother out; but in this he was mistaken. She was possessed of cruel spirits; and, in the blind passion with which they inspired her, would have struck on, even to the endangering of his life. At last, with a yell of pain, that sounded more like the cry of some animal than a human being, Andrew started up from the door-step, and ran off beyond the reach of his mother's arm.

"Now, away to school with you, or I'll give you as much more!" cried Mrs. Harding, as she advanced resolutely towards the place where Andrew paused on getting out of her way.

Finding that contention with his mother, under present circumstances, was rather too serious a business, Andrew yielded to forces he was not able to resist, and started off to school, conquered, but not subdued in spirit. The fire of his mother's anger had hardened instead of softening him. Rebellion grew rank in his young breast as he moved on his way; and no sooner was he out of sight, than he sat down on the road-side to deliberate on the question of going to school or playing the truant.

It was some time after Mrs. Harding returned into the house, before she was sufficiently calm to reflect at all. The storm, though brief, had raged fiercely, and sad were the wrecks it left behind—wrecks of peace and good resolutions. Never in her life had she suffered such intense mental pain as now—never experienced a state of mind so sad and self-condemnatory. New and better states had been forming, and they had brought her within the sphere of higher and holier influences. It was violence to these that occasioned such anguish of spirit. Good, having gained a place in her heart, might be overshadowed but not cast out. When the storm raged, it could retire and hide itself far down in the calmer depths of her spirit, to come into perception again when the tempest abated. And thus it was now. The good was hidden, not extinguished, and its low voice was heard as soon as the wild shrieking of the storm was silent. It was not strong enough to contend with evil when evil had full sway; but, like the sunshine and the gentle dews, it possessed a restoring and purifying power, and like them, in the peaceful

days and quiet nights, it went on with its heavenly work of restoration and re-creation.

What a deep calm reigned in the household, as Mrs. Harding came back among her younger children, who received her with frightened looks, and went shrinking away into distant corners—a calmness which, by its contrast, only made more apparent the wild, half-insane excitement from which every nerve of her spirit was still palpitating. The revulsion in Mrs. Harding's mind was great. The first rebuking image that arose in her thoughts was that of the stranger, whose coming and departure were almost like the changes in a dream. So vivid was this impression, that she almost expected to see the woman enter, and fix upon her those deep, sad eyes, whose expression she could never forget.

An unwonted sound came now upon her ears. It arose from the cradle. The eyes of Mrs. Harding sought instantly the child. Sweet one! There was a look of fear on her baby face—grievously her lip was curved—a low murmur of pain was audible.

Tenderly—very tenderly—was the infant lifted from its cradle-bed; and lovingly was it pressed to the bosom of Mrs. Harding. Soothing words in soothing tones were poured into its ears from lips that touched them softly.

As Mrs. Harding sat with the babe held close against her heart, all the exciting incidents of the previous half hour passed before her mind in rapid review. The conduct of Andrew had been very bad, and he needed correction, but she could not justify her own actions in the case, nor quiet the voice of self-reproach. She saw that the evil in her only excited the evil in him—that angry words hardened him into stubborn resistance. She felt sad, too, as she thought of the cruel stripes he had given him—stripes laid on with the full strength of her strong arm. In angry resentment, not sorrowing love, had she grasped the rod, and its strokes excited only a spirit of rebellion. Oh! how unhappy she felt—unhappy even to weeping. Her indignation against the store keeper was but a feeble flame now. She felt too deeply humiliated in consequence of her own misdeeds to cherish anger against others.

In this state of mind the morning passed. At twelve o'clock, Andrew came in from school, gliding through the door silently, and with an evident desire to avoid notice. Mrs. Harding said nothing. She was glad to see him subdued in spirit, and felt more of pity towards the boy than anger. Her husband soon followed, as it was dinner-time. His brow was clouded. Something had gone wrong with him during the forenoon. Silently and moodily he sat at the table, eating hurriedly, and taking no notice of any one. In a shorter time than usual, he finished the meal, and, rising, was about leaving the house, when Mrs. Harding said—

"Didn't you tell me to send to the store for anything I might want?"

"Certainly I did. Why?"

"Because, Willits refused to let me have some sugar and rice, this morning, without the money."

"Oh! no. He couldn't have done that. There are thirty-six dollars to my account on his books, as I told you."

"Well, he did, then. And I had to send the money before I could get what I wanted."

Harding waited to hear no more. "I'll soon settle that," he exclaimed, as he went hurriedly from the house. A rapid walk of a few minutes brought him to the store of Willits, into which he strode with a heavy, resolute tread.

"What do you mean," was his angry interrogation, "by sending such messages to my wife?" And, as he spoke, he confronted the store-keeper with a threatening scowl.

The latter was startled, as well he might be, for Harding was in a fierce mood of mind, and stood before him with his hand clenched, and meditated violence in his look and manner.

"Say! What do you mean?" repeated Harding.

"I sent no insulting message to your wife," said the store-keeper.

"It's false! You did!" exclaimed Harding.

"And I say that I did not," retorted Willits, whose reddening face showed his rising anger.

"Why didn't you send her the sugar and rice this morning?" said Harding.

"I did send it," replied the store keeper.

"Not until she furnished the money."

"I beg your pardon, neighbor Harding. Andrew came for two pounds of sugar and two pounds of rice, which I have charged in your account."

"Didn't you refuse to let him have them without the money?"

"No, sir, I did not. Haven't you a balance on my books in your favor? Here are the articles charged."

And Willits opened his day-book and pointed to the recent entry.

"I don't understand this," said Harding, looking bewildered.

"There's some mistake. Who told you that I refused to send these articles without the money?"

"I must see further into this. Can't comprehend it."

And as the carpenter said this, he turned away abruptly, and went back home.

"Mary," said he, "didn't you tell me that Willits refused to let you have rice and sugar to-day without the money?"

"Yes, I did; and I had to send the money before I could get them."

"He denies it, and has the sugar and rice both charged to me."

"What!"

"He says that he didn't refuse to let you have the articles without the money."

"Andrew!"

Mrs. Harding called to her oldest boy, in a quick, peremptory voice, turning around as she spoke. But there was no answer.

"Andrew!" she called again.

"He's gone to school, mother," said Lucy.

"It isn't school time yet."

"But he's gone. I saw him put on his hat and go out through the back gate a little while after father went away."



Mr. and Mrs. Harding looked at each other for a few moments in a kind of blank amazement. To both came a dim foreshadowing of the truth.

"Did Andrew bring you that message?" said Harding, in a stern voice.

"He did. And then I gave him the money to get the things I wanted."

"And he went back with it to the store?"

"Yes."

"That will do."

How the heavy brow of the carpenter contracted! There was something savage in his face.

"He'll remember this while he has breath in his body," he said fiercely, as he left the house.

On his way to his shop, he called in again at the store of Willits', and, by a few questions, satisfied all lingering doubts as to the guilt of Andrew.

As soon as two o'clock came, he went to the school-house and asked for his son.

"He hasn't been here to-day," was the teacher's reply to his question.

"Are you certain of that, Mr. Long?"

Harding was not prepared for this.

"Altogether certain," answered the school-master. "Was Andrew here this morning?" He now addressed the scholars.

"No, sir"—"no, sir"—"no, sir"—ran all around the room.

"Have any of the boys seen him?" enquired Mr. Long.

"I saw him," spoke up one of the scholars, "as I came to school just now."

"Where?"

"Sitting on the fence over by Miller's woods."

"Did you speak to him?" enquired the school-master.

"Yes, sir. I asked him what he was doing; and he said, 'Nothing.' Then I asked him if he wasn't going to school, and he said 'Maybe so—after awhile.' As I walked along, I saw him going over into Miller's woods."

"That will do," said the school-master. And then he directed two of the older boys to go over to Miller's woods, and if they saw Andrew, to bring him to school.

Harding went back to his shop in a state of profound agitation. A new cause of anger against the boy was added—viz: the disgrace to himself of standing before the assembled village children as the father of a boy who had meanly played the truant.

During the afternoon, everything seemed to go wrong with the carpenter. A man for whom he had done some work, disappointed him in regard to the payment, while another, for whom work had been promised at a certain time, rated him soundly for not being up to the letter of his contract. Moreover, Stark, the tavern-keeper, called in and abused him for having said, as reported to him, that he was doing more harm to the neighborhood than a gang of thieves. Maddened by this assault, coming as it did, upon his unbalanced state of mind, Harding threw a mallet at his head, which, happily glancing by, went smashing through a window. The frightened tavern-keeper beat a hasty retreat.

At seven o'clock, the teacher called in to say,

that the boys sent for Andrew, had found him, but that he refused to return with them to school. This was the last crushing pound laid on the carpenter's panting self-control. The savage imprecation that fell from his lips, startled the teacher, who turned off from him instantly, and went on his way, oppressed by a feeling of troubled concern.

#### CHAPTER VII.

When Jacob Harding came home from his shop a little after sundown, he was blind with passion. The more he had thought of Andrew's conduct, the stronger had grown his indignation against him; and he was now prepared to mete out to him a degree of punishment cruel in the extreme. Grief for the evil he had done, was not so prominent a feeling with Harding, as anger at the boy for having dared to venture upon the commission of such flagrant outrages. "Liar! thief! truant!" Such were the bitter words that came every few moments, through the excited father's shut teeth, as he strode homeward—"That a boy of mine should be guilty of such things!" he repeated over and over again. "A boy of mine to disgrace me in this way."

And he would stretch forth his arms, with his large hands gripped so tightly, that the nails almost penetrated the callous skin, clutching, in imagination, the guilty child.

"Where's Andrew?" he asked, almost fiercely, as he entered the house.

Mrs. Harding lifted to his her troubled face, and answered in a sad voice—there was no trace of anger about her—

"I haven't seen him since dinner time?"

"Not home yet!"

"No."

Harding passed through the house into the yard, where he cut from a tree a stout, tough rod—far too stout and strong for his vigorous arm to wield in the chastisement of a tender child—and returning with it, laid it in full sight of the younger children, on a table.

"A liar, a thief and a truant!" he exclaimed in a voice of angry excitement. "It will be the sorriest day of his life! I just want to get my hands on him!"

Mrs. Harding answered nothing. She too had felt strong anger towards the boy; but as the day wore on, and imagination pictured him writhing in the cruel hands of his passionate father, anger changed to yearning pity. Not that she felt like excusing him, or even palliating his crime and disobedience; but in her heart revived the mother's tenderness, and this made her perceive, clearly, that in a blind indignation against the boy, his father would destroy the salutary effects of punishment, through an excessive administration.

Slowly crept on the dusky twilight, and thicker and thicker fell the evening shadows, closing in nearer and nearer to the carpenter's dwelling, so that the disturbed inmates, constantly on the watch for Andrew, found their circle of vision growing momentarily narrower.

And now, sharp flashes of lightning began to stream forth from a heavy bank of cloud that lay

piled up in the West; and the freshening winds rustled the leaves in the old elms that stood around the humble cottage.

"There's a gust rising!" said Mrs. Harding, in a troubled voice, going to the door and gazing anxiously around. "Where is that unhappy boy?"

"Skulking in some of the neighbors' houses," gruffly replied the husband. "But he might as well come home first as last. He can't escape me."

Mrs. Harding sighed, and was about retiring from the door, when a heavy peal of distant thunder jarred on the air.

"Oh! I wish he was home!" she said; "we're going to have a terrible storm."

The thick bank of clouds had now covered so large a space in the West, that all the sun's retreating beams were hidden, and darkness was closing around her heavy curtains.

"The storm will bring him home," was all the reply made by the father.

"I wish, Jacob," said Mrs. Harding, after waiting for nearly half an hour longer, during which time the heavy convulsive thunder sounded nearer and nearer—"that you would step over to Mrs. Aaron's, and see if Andrew is not there. He goes with John Aaron a good deal, and it maybe that he is loitering with him now, afraid to come home."

Harding made no answer, but took up his hat and went out. The dwelling of Mrs. Aaron was distant nearly an eighth of a mile, and thither the carpenter directed his steps, walking rapidly. It had become very dark before he reached there—the darkness invaded, every few moments, by brilliant streams of light from the cloudy West.

"Have you seen anything of my Andrew?" enquired Harding, on reaching the neighbor's house.

"I have not," replied Mrs. Aaron, as she stood with the door held partly open.

"Is your John at home?" was next asked.

"My John? Oh, yes indeed! He's never away after dark."

John came to the side of his mother.

"Have you seen my Andrew to-day?" Harding spoke to the boy.

"No, sir, I have not. He wasn't at school either in the morning or afternoon."

"Are you certain about not having seen him to-day?"

"Oh, yes, sir. He hasn't been any where around here."

"Where can he be?" said Mrs. Aaron, now manifesting a woman's concern.

"Dear knows!" answered the carpenter, with some impatience of manner. "I only wish I had my hands on him."

"How long has he been away?" asked Mrs. Aaron.

"Ever since dinner time," was replied.

"Maybe he is over at Mr. Lawson's," spoke up John. "Neither Henry nor Peter Lawson were at school this afternoon. I shouldn't wonder if they'd all gone a fishing in Baxter's mill dam."

"I'm obliged to you!" was almost roughly said by Harding, as he turned off abruptly, and strode away in the direction of Lawson's farm-house,

which was at least a quarter of a mile from his own dwelling.

The darkness was now so deep, that he could see only a few steps before him, save when the broad-sheeted lightning threw its mantle of flame over the earth for an instant, and then left the night blacker than before. The flashes came in quick succession, and by their aid he walked on as steadily as if day had been abroad. At Lawson's he gained some intelligence of his truant boy. Andrew had been with Henry and Peter fishing, as was suggested by young Aaron, and had staid there to supper. But it was more than half an hour since he started for home.

"You'll find him safe and sound when you get back," said Mr. Lawson, "so you needn't give yourself any more uneasiness about him. I didn't notice that he was staying so late, or I would have sent him away earlier. I told the boys to go with him a part of the way, but he said he wasn't at all afraid, and went off by himself."

It did not take Harding long to retrace his steps homeward. Not in the least was his anger against the child abated, nor had he changed in the smallest degree; his cruel purpose regarding him. He had often punished him severely—but the severity now meditated, was something far beyond any prior infliction.

He was only a short distance from his dwelling, when a lightning gleam, that made the air light as noonday, showed him the form of Andrew crouching down against a large tree that stood a little off from the road. He saw it but for an instant; for, in the next moment, the blackness of darkness was around him.

"Andrew!" he called sternly.

Ere his voice died on the air, another flash quivered along the ground; but, where the lad's form had just been seen, no object was visible. Mr. Harding stood still, and awaited, in silence, the next recurring flash. It came, but Andrew was not in view.

"Andrew!" he cried again. "Andrew! Why don't you answer me?"

The echo of his own voice was all the reply that came. He now advanced to the tree, felt about it in the darkness, and searched all around with his eyes, as flash after flash lit up the scene. But the form of Andrew was not again descried. He called, threatened, and called, again and again. He searched around for a considerable distance; but to no purpose. Concluding that the boy had gone home, he kept on his way, and soon arrived at his dwelling.

"Is he here yet?" was his sharp interrogation, as he stepped over the threshold.

"Hav'n't you found him?" asked Mrs. Harding, with a blanching face.

"He was over at Lawson's until dark, and then started for home. I'm very sure I saw him up at the turn in the road, sitting by the foot of an old beech tree. A flash of lightning made it as clear as day; but, when the next flash came, he was not there. I called, and called, but he wouldn't answer me. He'll come creeping in here before long. The rain will soon be pouring in torrents, and he'll never stand that."

"Oh, Jacob!" said the mother, in a tone of

distress, "I'm afraid something has happened to him."

"Never fear. He's too bad for any thing to happen to him," was the harsh response.

"Don't talk so, Jacob. It's a fearful night. There! Oh, what a sharp flash! Go out and call to him. Maybe he is close by and afraid to come in. Tell him not to be afraid; that you won't punish him. Do, Jacob!"

"I will punish him, though! And I'll not lie about it," firmly answered Harding. "The moment I get my hands on him, I'll flog him within an inch of his life, the desperate little vagabond! A pretty race he has run me, after all his ill doing: as if that wasn't enough."

"What a crash!" exclaimed poor Mrs. Harding, her face blanching still whiter. "Hark! is that wind or rain?"

"Both," replied her husband, coolly. "He'll not be away long, now."

But the unyielding father erred in this prediction. The storm came down with fearful violence, howling among the tall elms, crashing its thunder through the air, and pouring out a deluge of rain; yet the boy ventured not to the door of his father's house, where a more dreaded evil awaited him. He could bear the elemental wrath, wild and fierce though it was, as something less to be feared, than the cruel anger of his justly incensed father.

Nine, ten, eleven o'clock came; still the fearful tempest roared without—still the harsh thunder boomed along the sky, or came sharply rattling down, and still nothing was seen or heard of Andrew. Almost sick with anxiety and alarm, Mrs. Harding, who had moved about the rooms incessantly—now listening at door or window, now gazing into the darkness, and now calling the name of the boy—at length sunk down into a kind of hopeless state. That something terrible had happened to Andrew, she felt certain; for she was sure he would not remain out in storm and darkness, if he could make his way home. If softened at all towards his erring son, Harding did not manifest the change. He had walked the floor restlessly, for a greater part of the evening, every now and then opening the door to look out, and calling sternly, the name of Andrew, who was, he persisted in affirming, skulking some where near at hand. It was all in vain that the lad's mother strove to turn aside the harsh anger of his father.

"I'll not let him go to swift destruction, Mary," he would answer, with knitted brows. "I'll not be a foolish father, and spare the rod. Come when he will, he has got to feel the weight of this arm. It is all well enough for you to pity him; but I have a stern duty to perform, and mean to execute it fully."

"Try and not feel so angry against him, Jacob," pleaded the mother, laying her hand on his arm. "We know not where he is, nor how dreadfully he may be suffering. What if he should be dead? The lightning has struck very near, several times."

"I would rather see him dead now, than swinging on the gallows twenty years hence,"

tearful wife. "If he is dead, he will be safe from the evil to come,—but, if alive, it shall be my business to check the course of evil."

It was between eleven and twelve o'clock, when Mrs. Harding went from the family sitting room into the adjoining chamber, leaving her husband pacing the floor, and nursing his anger against the absent boy. The height of the storm had passed. At more distant intervals, the feeble flashes came, and the far off thunder had a muffled roll. The winds were fast dying away, and no longer swept through the air, in howling gust, or bore the fast descending rain in fitful torrents against the windows. Every moment the rushing sound without grew less, and by the time Mrs. Harding returned from the chamber—scarce three minutes had elapsed since she left her husband—a deep stillness had succeeded the tempest's wail. She came in with so changed a countenance, that her husband could not help exclaiming—

"Why, Mary! What is it?"

"Jacob!" There was a depth of emotion in the voice of Mrs. Harding, as she grasped with both hands her husband's arm, and lifted to his face her moistened eyes, that surprised and subdued him. "Jacob," she repeated, gently drawing him towards the chamber door, "I want to show you something."

Harding followed, passively:

"Look there, Jacob!" And she pointed to the low bed on which Grace was laid every night beside Lotty, and where she usually slept soundly until Mrs. Harding retired.

Harding started at what he saw, with a quick ejaculation; but his wife clung to his arm, saying, in a half whisper,

"Hush, Jacob!—don't wake them now—don't!"

The pause was fatal to his stern purpose. The face of Andrew was before him, pale and shrunken with suffering; and close beside, almost touching it, on the same pillow, was the calm, sweet, heavenly face of the babe. The boy had crept in through the window, in the height of the storm, and, after putting off his wet clothes, laid himself down beside little Grace, evidently with the hope that her dove-like innocence would soften the fierce indignation of his father against him, and there had fallen asleep. His hair was wet; and tear-stains marked his cheeks.

"Poor boy!" almost sobbed Mrs. Harding. She was overcome with tenderness. As she breathed the words, a deep sigh parted the lips of the sleeping child; and, at the same moment, Grace, moving in her sleep, drew her little arm across his neck, and laid her warm, bright cheek to his.

It would have required a harder, sterner heart than Jacob Harding's—hard and stern as that was—to withstand the softening influence of a scene like this, coming as it did after long hours of intense excitement, and in the solemn hush succeeding a fearful tempest. A little while he stood as if spell bound, and then turning suddenly away, left the chamber. When his wife followed him into the next room, she found him sitting in a chair, with his head bowed upon his bosom. She came up to where he sat, and

leaning against him, laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Jacob," she said softly. It was the old, old voice that now entered his ears; the voice that had sounded sweetest of all in the days when young love filled his mind with dreams of an Elysian future. He neither moved nor spoke; but his heart was melting.

"Jacob—husband—dear husband!" How many years had passed—desolate dreary years to both their suffering spirits—since Mrs. Harding had spoken to her husband so tenderly, and in words like these.

"Say on, Mary!" And as the words passed his lips, he leaned towards her. How naturally glided her arm from his shoulder to his neck, as her heart leaped with a delicious impulse. The old, old voice once so full of music, was ringing in her ears again. It was the voice of her young lover: that in which he had wooed and won her in the days of innocent, confiding girlhood.

"Say on, Mary," he repeated. How gently, almost humbly, he spoke. There was not a trace of bitterness or passion in his tones.

"Think of what the poor boy has suffered to-night, Jacob. A tender child, only eight years old, exposed to such a fearful storm! Think of him as suffering and repentant, Jacob—not as stubbornly bent on continuing in wrong. He looks so pale, and frightened, even in his sleep, that the sight of him makes my heart ache."

"And think, too, Mary," answered Harding, "of his great offence. Will it be right to let him go unpunished?"

"Why should he be punished?" asked Mrs. Harding.

"For his own good. He must be taught that evil deeds bring inevitable pain."

"And have they not brought pain to-night?" said Mrs. Harding. "Think, Jacob, whether, for any wrong, you would have doomed him to the anguish and fear he must have suffered to-night? I am sure you would not."

"Oh, Mary, I dare not let him escape my severe displeasure," replied Harding, his voice taking a troubled tone. "For him to go on in this way, is certain ruin."

"It is for us to save him from evil, if in our power, Jacob. But how shall we save him? Severity, I fear, will not do it. He has been scolded, and driven and whipped, until I sometimes think he is hardened. A number of times I have noticed, of late, that when I speak mildly to him, he obeys more readily than when I am out of patience. If I order him to do any thing in an angry, or imperative voice, he moves off sulkily, and, unless I follow him up, is certain to disobey me. But, if I say, 'Andrew, go and do so and so, that's a good boy,' he springs away and does the errand in the shortest time, and with evident pleasure."

"I wish to do right, Mary," said Harding, in an irresolute voice.

"No one knows that better than I do, Jacob," answered Mrs. Harding. "But what is right? Ah! that is the question. How ignorant and wrong we are! We have tried hard and harsh

they do not seem to grow better. Let us try some gentler methods."

"But what are we to do with Andrew? Let the past go unpunished?"

"Unpunished, at least by the rod, Jacob. He expects that; and is, in some degree, prepared for it. If we deal more gently by him, and let him understand that we are grieved rather than angry at his conduct—that our punishment, whatever it may be, is given in love, not indignation—he may repent far more deeply of his evil deeds than if stubborn anger be aroused through painful chastisement. Hush!"

Mrs. Harding raised herself up and listened, as a voice came from the room they had left a little while before. It was Andrew's voice. "Oh, father!" they heard him say distinctly, and in a tone of fear.

Both arose quickly and went into the chamber where he was lying.

"Don't cut me so hard, father!—Don't.—Oh, don't!" His tones were full of agony.

"I'm so wet and frightened!" he murmured, a little while afterwards. "Won't the lightning strike me? O dear! O dear! If father wouldn't cut me so hard!"

The heart-full mother could not keep the tears from raining over her face; and even Jacob Harding felt a woman's weakness stealing through his breast. He was about moving away from the bed where his children slept, when Andrew started up, wide awake almost as soon as his eyes were opened.

"Oh, father!" he exclaimed, the moment his bewildered mind was able to comprehend his true position—"Don't whip me—please don't! I've been very bad; but, if you won't whip me, I'll try and not be bad any more."

And he stretched forth his hands imploringly, while his colorless face had such a look of fear and sorrow, that the heart untouched by its expression must have been of adamant.

"You have been very wicked, Andrew," said his mother, in a low, serious, grieving voice, "and I do not see how your father can help punishing you."

"Oh, mother! mother!" cried the child, bursting into tears, and bending over towards her—she had stooped down by the bedside—"I know I have been wicked, and I'm so sorry. I don't know why I did it. It seemed as if I couldn't help it. O mother!—how dreadful it was out in the woods, with the thunder and lightning all around me! I was so frightened! But I was afraid to come in. I saw the candle in the window, and heard you and father call me; but I didn't dare to answer. Once, when the lightning made all as bright as day, I thought I saw Grace just a little way before me, on the ground. I ran right up to the spot, but she wasn't there! Then I thought I'd get into the window, and lie down on the bed, just here, along aside of her. Maybe, I said to myself, father, who loves little Grace so much, won't whip me for her sake, if I promise not to be bad any more."

"And do you promise, Andrew?" Mrs. Hard-

"I'd promise, if I thought father would believe me," sobbed the poor child,—

"Promise in earnest?"

"O yes, mother."

"Then ask him to forgive you, my son!"

There was a deep silence for some moments.

"Father!" Timid—hesitating, almost fearful was the voice that broke on the hushed air of the chamber.

Harding neither moved from the spot where he stood, with averted face, nor answered.

"Father! Oh, Father!"

The stern man was too much softened, to resist the pleading anguish of that broken voice.

"Well, my son?" He did not mean to speak so gently; but his heart flowed into his tones.

"I've been very wicked, father." His utterance was choked, and he could say no more.

"Speak to him, Jacob," said Mrs. Harding, bending towards her husband.

"Lie down, my son, and go to sleep. You have been very wicked, and I intended to punish you severely. But, if you will be a good boy, as you promise, I may forgive you."

Harding tried to speak calmly, and even a little sternly; but his voice was scarcely steady, and betrayed the powerful struggle that was going on within. As Andrew fell back, sobbing on the pillow, from which, a little while before, he had started up in fear, his father left the chamber, deeply agitated. He wished to be alone in order to recover his manly self-possession. His face was calm and elevated, when he rejoined his wife. In both their hearts, what a wild tempest had raged, symboling the fierce storm that darkened the face of nature! But the azure depths of their spirits were clear again—clear as the starry heavens that arched above their lowly dwelling.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Long, the village school-master, after leaving the carpenter, took his way homeward, oppressed by a troubled feeling. He was a man of humane impulses, and these were excited by the cruel threats and savage looks of Harding. Andrew's offence was heinous, deserving more than ordinary marks of displeasure; and he had, himself, been thinking over various modes of punishment, in order, if possible, to select that which would be most efficacious, when the young truant presented himself in the morning. Miss Gimp, the dress-maker, was at his house when he returned home. She was doing some work for Mrs. Long, and dropped in with it a little before supper time. Very naturally, she was invited to remain until after tea. Indeed, Miss Gimp was generally a welcome guest, for she was chatty, and knew the weak side of every woman in the neighborhood. She was, moreover, in possession of all the current gossip—good-natured and ill-natured—floating about, far and near, and had a way peculiar to herself, and racy withal, of telling everything she knew; and a little more, sometimes.

"You look sober, Edward," said the school-master's wife, as her eyes rested on her husband's face, soon after he came in. "Don't you feel well?"

replied Mr. Long. And then he looked more serious.

How quickly was the head of Miss Gimp elevated! What a sparkling interest was in her two bright eyes!

"Trouble you, Edward? What is it?"

A shade of anxiety flitted across the pleasant face of Mrs. Long.

"Nothing that particularly concerns myself," replied the school-master.

"Anything wrong in the school?"

"There's something wrong about one of the scholars. Andrew Harding has been playing truant."

"The ne'er do well!" exclaimed Miss Gimp; not so much in sorrow or anger, as from a species of unconscious satisfaction at hearing a piece of bad news.

"I'm afraid that boy will come to an evil end," remarked Mrs. Long.

"He'll come to the gallows, without doubt," said Miss Gimp. "I never saw his match. Not for a mountain of gold would I live in the house with him. I pity his poor mother; but then, she has herself to blame. I never saw a woman have so little management with children. She lets them do as they please, and make as much noise and disorder as they like, until she gets so worried she can't stand it any longer; and then she screams at them, and boxes their ears right and left, in a way to make one's blood cold. That's no way to bring up children."

"Indeed it is not," was the quiet response of the school-master's wife.

"Why, d'ye know," ran on Miss Gimp, "that on one occasion of my being there to fit a dress for Mrs. Harding, Andrew—a little imp of Satan he is—forgive me for saying so—Andrew threw a large case knife at his sister Lucy. It came as nigh cutting her ear off as could be; just touching it with the edge as it glanced by. If you had seen the passion of his mother! It was awful! She grew almost black in the face; and I thought she would never get done beating the boy. It made me sick at heart! Oh! She is a woman of an awful temper. I wouldn't have her tongue on me for the world. And so, Andrew has been playing the truant, ha?"

How the voice of Miss Gimp changed, as she recollected herself.

"I am grieved to say that he has," answered the school-master, gravely.

"Does his father know it?" asked Mrs. Long.

"Yes; and, I am sorry to say, is in a most dreadful passion about it. I called at his shop as I came home just now, and the way he looked and spoke made me really shudder."

"He's a cruel-tempered man," said Miss Gimp. "I know all about him. His father was little better than a savage, and used to beat his children about as if they were dogs."

"I pity Andrew, from my heart," said Mr. Long. "He has acted very badly; but he is only a tender child, needing correction for his fault, but not able to bear the cruelty in store for him. I feel unhappy about it."

"How would it do," suggested Mrs. Long, "for

father, and thus break the heavy weight of his displeasure?"

"Just what I was thinking about," said Mr. Long.

"I wouldn't do any such thing," spoke up Miss Gimp, quickly. "Take my advice, and don't go near him. He's a very strange man. As sure as you do, he'll insult you; and, what is worse, beat Andrew twice as badly, from a fresh excitement of angry feelings."

"There may be something in that," remarked the school-master's wife.

"There is something in it," said Miss Gimp. "People like them can't bear interference from others; and always repel intrusion by broad insult. Let them alone, Mr. Long, to do with their own as they please. More harm than good will arise from any attempt you may make to screen the young rebel. It's all very kind—very humane in you, Mr. Long—and does great credit to your heart. But, you can't help them any."

"There may be truth in your suggestion," answered the school-master, in some doubt and irresolution—he was flattered, in spite of himself, by Miss Gimp's compliment—"and yet, it does not seem right to leave a helpless child in the hands of a man insane from anger, and not make an effort to save him from excessive cruelty."

Tea was soon after on the table. Mr. Long, still undecided in his mind, sat thoughtful and nearly silent during the meal, while Miss Gimp rattled on, much to the edification of Mrs. Long, who, in her agreeable tittle-tattle, quite forgot poor Andrew Harding. A sudden roll of distant thunder interrupted the voluble play of the gossip's tongue.

"What's that?" she exclaimed—"not a gust coming up?"

Mr. Long went to the door, and threw a glance around the horizon.

"There are some heavy clouds in the West," said he.

"And it threatens rain," added Miss Gimp, who now stood by his side. "Get me my bonnet, if you please, Mrs. Long," said she, turning to the school-master's wife. "It's growing dark fast, and I must run home."

"Don't be in a hurry. It isn't late. I'm sure it won't storm to-night," said Mrs. Long, affecting a great deal of reluctance at parting with Miss Gimp, who, in her turn, had just enough self-esteem to believe that the school-master's wife felt really bad about her "going away so early."

Often, during the fearful storm that raged that night, did Mr. Long think of Andrew Harding, and wonder how it was with him. He could not forget the cruel face and words of the boy's father; they haunted his imagination and his thoughts.

On the next morning, he went early, as was his custom, to the school-house. He was sitting at his desk, engaged in study, when the sound of footsteps caused him to look up. It was too soon to expect any of the scholars, and he was, therefore, prepared to see a stranger. He almost started, as he saw the carpenter leading his son and within a few steps of the door.

"Mr. Long, I have brought Andrew to school this morning."

Harding had paused with one foot across the threshold. He spoke in a steady voice, rather below his ordinary tone. "I preferred coming early, before the other scholars arrived, as I wished to say a word about the lad."

"Won't you step in?" said the school-master, quite taken by surprise at the manner of his visitor, in which was nothing of the fierce indignation apparent at their last interview.

"No, I thank you. You can go in, Andrew."

The boy entered, quietly, and went with a stealthy step to his usual seat.

"I called to say, Mr. Long," resumed the carpenter, "that Andrew promises, if you will forgive him, never again to be guilty of such bad conduct. I think his punishment has, already, been severe enough, and of a character not likely soon to be forgotten. He has been very wicked; but, I think, repents sincerely."

"I am not angry with him," said the school-master, "but grieved that any scholar of mine should commit that most disgraceful of all offences, playing the truant. If you think he has been sufficiently punished, and sincerely repents, the matter can rest where it is. But I will not promise, for the future, should he offend again. The example would be too pernicious."

"I think you can trust him," answered the carpenter, as he moved back a few steps from the door. "Good morning," he added, after standing silent, for a moment or two, and went away.

Mr. Long felt rather strangely, on finding himself alone with the boy, after this brief interview with Harding. In both the father and son, a striking change was apparent. As to the basis of the change, he was altogether ignorant. The natural conclusion to which his mind came, almost without reflection, was, that the carpenter had punished his child with a measure of severity from which his own better consciousness now revolted, and that as some reparation for his cruelty, he now sought to screen him from further consequences. That both were greatly subdued, was apparent at a glance.

"Andrew," said the school-master. He spoke kindly, but seriously.

The child looked up timidly.

"Come here, Andrew."

The boy left his seat, and came towards the school-master, with a slow movement, his eyes fixed earnestly and enquiringly upon his face.

There were unmistakable marks of suffering and fear in that young countenance, and, as Mr. Long noted them, pity for the lad, and a new interest in regard to him, was awakened in his mind.

"Poor boy!" It was his involuntary mental ejaculation. Scarcely thinking of what he was doing, he took Andrew by the hand, and said, kindly,

"I am sorry you were so naughty, yesterday. How came you to do so?"

The child's lips quivered a moment, and his eyes fell to the ground. A little while he stood silent.

"How came you to do so, Andrew?" The

"I don't know, Mr. Long," was answered,—"and now the boy's clear eyes—the school-master was struck with the softness of their expression—were raised to his. "It seemed as if I couldn't help it. I didn't think much, at first, what I was doing; but when I got a going, it was like running down hill. I couldn't stop myself."

"You are sorry about it, are you not, Andrew?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Long. I can't tell you how sorry I am. I wish I hadn't done it."

"You will never do so again?"

"Not if I can help it, Mr. Long."

"You can help it, Andrew," said the school-master, in a serious voice. "Every one can help doing wrong."

"I don't know." The child spoke half to himself, and in a tone so sad, that the school-master was touched by it—"It seems as if I couldn't keep it, sometimes."

"Do you ever say your prayers, on going to bed, at night?" asked the school-master, after a few moments of thoughtful silence.

"I used to say them a good while ago; but I never do now," was answered.

"You must begin again, Andrew, if you desire to be a good boy. Begin this very night. Do not get into bed, until you have knelt down, and said—'Our Father who art in Heaven.' Do Lotty and Philip say their prayers at night?"

"No, sir. Mother doesn't teach any of us to say our prayers."

"Do you ever read in the Bible?"

"Mother won't let me have the Bible."

"Why not?"

"She says I dirty the leaves and pictures."

"Have you no Testament?"

"No, sir."

"If I give you one, will you read in it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, Andrew, I will bring you a Testament this afternoon, and it shall be yours if you will learn a verse in it every day."

The lad's face brightened with real pleasure.

"Not all evil,—no, not all evil!" were the school-master's earnestly, inward spoken words. "The innocence of childhood has been trampled on, and overlaid; but there is good ground still, ready for the hand of culture."

"Andrew," said he, after a slight pause, "you must be on your guard when the other boys come to school. It is known that you have played truant, and some of them will be sure to say unkind things to you about it. Try and not get angry—try hard, and I'm sure you can help it. Don't seem to mind what they say, and they'll soon let you alone."

The form of a boy darkened the door at this moment, and the conference of Andrew and the school-master was at an end.

#### CHAPTER IX.

It was evening. Lotty and Grace were sleeping side by side, and Philip, a restless, rather fretful child, of four years, had some time since been taken off to bed. Mrs. Harding, having cleared away the supper things, now busily plied

table, his head resting on his hand, and his mind busy with a new train of thoughts that occupied it almost per force. Side by side, on two low chairs, sat Andrew and his sister Lucy, younger by two years. Andrew held open in his hands the Testament, given him according to promise, by Mr. Long, and he was reading from it in a low voice, while Lucy leaned towards him, listening intently. The mother's ears were open, as well as Lucy's, and took in every word; and it was not long before Harding began to listen also. Andrew was reading of the birth of Christ in the city of Bethlehem, and of the wise men who came from the East, guided by the star that heralded His wonderful advent. It was many, many years, since the words of this strange history had been in his thoughts; and now they came to him with a newly awakening interest. Andrew read on—of the angel who appeared to Joseph in a dream, warning him of the evil designs of Herod—of the cruel slaughter of the innocents—of John the Baptist preaching repentance in the wilderness of Judea,—and of the baptism of the Saviour in Jordan.

All unconscious that his father and mother were listening, the boy continued to read. What a power was in the Divine Word, coming to their ears, as it did, borne on the voice of a child! There was a wonderful fascination about every fact and every holy sentiment. They saw, in imagination, Jesus led up, of the Spirit, into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil; and when the rebuked tempter left Him, they felt a sense of pleasure at the triumph of good over evil, that passed with a low thrill to the profoundest depths of their being. In the call of Simon and Andrew, and James and John the sons of Zebedee, they almost seemed to hear the Lord speaking to them, and calling them to a new life. They saw Him going about through Galilee, teaching in the synagogues, and preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people. And when He went up into a mountain, and taught from thence the multitude, the Divine words He uttered came to them with a spirit and power that lifted their souls into higher regions, and gave them perceptions of truths such as had never come to them before.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

Many times, in earlier days—days in which some rosy gleams from the morning of childhood mingled with the colder light of selfish maturity—had they heard these beautiful sentences, but never had the words so penetrated their souls; never had they felt such a sad, almost hopeless yearning to rise into the holy states of the merciful, the pure in heart, and the peacemaker.

Still Andrew read on, unconscious that other ears than Lucy's were hearkening to his utterance intently.

"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your



A low sigh from the mother's heart trembled, scarce audibly, on the air.

"Again, ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths: But I say unto you, Swear not at all: neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is His footstool; neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great king. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black; but let your communication be, yea, yea; nay, nay: for, whatsoever is more than these, cometh of evil."

"Cometh of evil—cometh of evil." How the words sounded in the ears of Jacob Harding, over and over again, as if spoken directly to him.

"But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you: that ye may be the children of your Father which is in Heaven; for He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. For, if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? do not even the publicans so? Be ye, therefore, perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect."

Tired with reading aloud, Andrew now closed his Testament, and said, in a kind way, to his sister—

"Come, Lucy; let's go to bed."

Lucy made no objection, and the two children, who had learned to wait on themselves, took a candle, and went off to their chamber, up stairs, without a cross or angry word—something so unusual, that both father and mother noted it with surprise.

Plying her needle, sat Mrs. Harding, and near her, his hand shading his face from the light, was her husband, almost motionless. In the minds of both lingered passages just read from the Word of Life, while a deep calmness pervaded their spirits. Not so much rebuked were they by the truths, condemnatory of the past, which seemed spoken anew, as inspired by a dawning hope of something better in the future. A dim foreshadowing of better and happier states came to both, and with it an awakening tenderness each for the other, and a deeper, purer, more unselfish love for their children.

A little while they heard Andrew and Lucy moving about in the chamber above; then all was still. Presently, there stole down a low murmur. The mother's hand rested in her lap, and she raised her head to listen.

"What is that?" she said, rising and going to the foot of the stairway.

"Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts—"

This much she heard distinctly, in the voice of Andrew.

The murmuring sound was continued for a little while, and then all was silent.

"What was it?" asked Harding as his wife

A moment or two, Mrs. Harding gazed into her husband's face, as if to read his state of mind, and then answered—

"It was Andrew, saying his prayers."

The hand that had been withdrawn from between the light and his face was quickly restored to its position by Harding, who turned himself a little farther away from observation, and did not speak for nearly half an hour. That time was spent in an almost involuntary review of the past, and in partially-formed purposes to live a better life in the future; if not for his own sake, at least for the sake of his children.

Very gently did sleep draw her dusky curtains around the weary heads of Mr. and Mrs. Harding, that night. Morning found their spirits calm, hopeful, and yearning for the better life, of whose beatitudes came to them some partial glimpses as they listened to the words of the Saviour, teaching the multitudes that gathered to hear, as He sat upon the mountain in Galilee.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## MORE PEDESTRIANIZING.

BY THOS. E. VAN BERBER.

On leaving a large city to commence another journey, the traveller is seldom as observant of what passes around him during his exit as he was during his entrance. Whilst entering, his eyes were wide open, his attention aroused and lively, and all his fine senses eagerly absorbent; in the act of departing, he is like a horse with a blind bridle, and looks more onwards and forwards than on either side of him.

In spite, however, of this psychological fact, on the bright September morning that we started from Strasburg for another ramble on foot, the sun illumined all objects so brilliantly, and brought out all lights and shadows with such wonderful magic, that the eye became less prospective and much more circumspective than is usual on such occasions.

Pausing for a moment in the Fish Market to examine the curious costumes and countenances of the buyers and sellers, we found that the fish, instead of being heaped in inanimate piles as is usually the case, were kept alive in large tubs and vessels filled with fresh water. It was like looking at an aviary as compared with a collection of stuffed birds in a museum. Life was there—life with all its play and gloss—life sporting in the sunshine. For once the finny people were before me in all their untold beauty. There they were without a lurking-place. No deep, dark river bottom was there; no caverned bank; no overhanging antique root. The eel delighted me with his sinuous gleam; the carp displayed his burnished coat of mail; the massive sturgeon, for want of room to glide at will, lay tremulously still; while the trout, no longer able to flash in and out, quivered below me with his mottled back, or glancing his dark-brown sides in the sun, showed me each yellowish spot, each spot having a brighter one of glistening scarlet in its centre.

The spectacle was a charming one. And then

cording to the shape of the body and the number and location of the different fins: to see them now sculling, now rowing, now poisoning themselves, now sinking to the bottom by some internal mechanism, and now mounting as curiously to the surface; to cut off in imagination some particular fin or pair of fins, and to conceive the effect; to fancy the spine deprived of its flexibility, or the fins of their vibratory motion;—in short, to muse over all the mysterious laws of propulsion—to analyze, to combine these laws—to brood over them, to apply them to steamboats and locomotives—all this not only pleases the eye, but may possibly improve and stimulate invention.

But why delay longer around the fish-tubs and standing water-tanks, when a fifteen minutes' walk will bring me within sight of the Rhine?

At this place we found the river traversed by a bridge of boats, which, from the name of the little town on the opposite side, is called the bridge of Kehl.

When we reached the midmost part of this, we paused, not for the purpose of contemplating the spectacle, but—shall I confess it?—for the purpose of calculating how many guildens are contained in a certain number of francs which we had changed on the French side of the river.

Now, not being familiar with the comparative value of these coins, the task was a puzzling one. So there we stood, figuring and frowning, and though the river came down with an arrowy rapidity, which looked as if it would sweep everything before it—though we could feel the flexible bridgeway shake and sway beneath the weight of our tread, and could see the billows foaming and fretting around the side of the boats as if chafed at the temporary interruption—yet so completely were we absorbed in that sordid computation, that I verily believe all the cords and posts might have snapped and given way, and we have been carried down the stream without so much as perceiving it. And yet this is not the only instance in which *money*, with all the cares and perplexities it involves, has blinded *me* (and perhaps you too, reader, *sometimes*) to the beauties and sublimities of nature.

Ere long we found ourselves threading by-paths and treading the fields and meadows of a strange country. What a delightful sensation does this impart to the traveller! In visions of the night I have sometimes found myself in this way transported, as if by magic, into a new land—far away into some sea-encircled isle—and always with such an impression of strangeness and vividness, that no real travel, with all its manifold enjoyments, can compare with this dream-wandering.

So closely are the villages clustered together in this part of Baden, that standing on a slight elevation, we could often see as many as six or eight of them in different parts of the landscape, with paths across the fields from one to the other. At such times, too, their clocks might be heard striking responsive from all points of the compass, thus conveying the pleasing idea of a degree of populousness unknown in our youthful country.

done and hushed, the same number of strokes would be repeated faintly and afar from a quarter where neither housetop or spire was visible. To this was added the charm of solitude, for the ear often took note of this audible measurement of time in spots where no human being was to be seen. It was like listening to an echo of the music of the spheres. What are our horologues, our sun-dials, our clocks, our cannons detonating by the aid of a sun-glass at the meridian hour, but so many exponents of the motion of the earth in its orbit and round its own axis, and of the motions of other Heavenly bodies in relation to the earth? These keep time for us; these divide existence into several portions; small and great, these regulate the hands of our watches and the striking hammers of our clocks.

So we journeyed on, for mile after mile, over open fields and along winding footpaths, from village to village, with no other guide than the Black Forest before us and the spire of the Strasburg cathedral behind, the one serving instead of a pillar of cloud and the other in place of a column of fire. And, in sooth, they formed two of the finest finger-boards that ever regulated the advance of a wanderer, the one fashioned by the hand of man, the other by the power of God, and both overclustered with pleasant associations.

And more and more, as I advanced, did everything come before me with the newness and enchantment of Dreamland. The houses were like the pictures I had seen of Swiss houses, in my boyhood, and for that reason gave me more pleasure than if they had been veritable Swiss cottages themselves. It was a foretaste of what was to be enjoyed at some future time, and a realization of what had been brooded over in woodcuts and engravings; therefore was it that those down-hanging eaves and overjutting balconies were so pleasing to look upon. For this same cause even the *goitres* of the peasantry presented nothing repulsive but rather awakened early recollections of picture-books often gazed upon in the dawn of life.

Everything seemed so *new* and yet so *old*. The men, having on their legs long boots of soft leather, which reached more than halfway up the thigh, stamped past us with their huge German feet; having, moreover, a queer kind of doublet, or loose outer shirt, bright red with stripes and crossbars of black, and possessing I know not what of outlandish picturesqueness. The women wore the oddest head-gear that ever rose above a human head. They had, besides, very short petticoats, which showed the shape of their legs above the calf, and two enormous cues, longer than any horsetail, nicely braided, and tied at the ends with black ribbons. These often reached down to their heels, and sometimes even trailed upon the ground.

Thus we wandered on, between the great River and the dark-wooded Mountain, across a land which consists of a number of fine broad valleys opening into the principal one, or valley of the Rhine. Wheat, flax, hemp and tobacco all thrive in Baden. It abounds in the spinners

we saw evidences of thrift, tidiness, and untiring German industry.

Once, after following for some distance the devious windings of one of those numerous tributaries which come tumbling down the from Black Forest, and go roaring and brawling towards the Rhine, as mountain torrents are wont to do, we observed, coiling down the channel, what at first appeared to be a vast serpent of never-ending length, moving with wonderful speed. It proved to be an immense snake-like raft, or rather a collection of single pieces of timber, bound one behind the other, with long withes, very flexible, and easily accommodating itself to the windings of the stream. It was a sort of log-floating carried on on a grand scale. And thus the fellings of the Black Forest are transported to the river, where, at certain places or points on the same, they are collected and compacted into those vast floating islands of timber, with streets and huts and hundreds of laborers, which, on former days, used to be seen on the Rhine, and, for aught I know to the contrary, may still be seen there. The sight was welcome; it was new, and it brought with it a foretaste of the mountains.

At another time, upon seeing two figures, with something shining in their hands, approaching from behind a distant wood, we were seized with a kind of panic—the strangeness of the country and the solitude of the place suggested ideas of murder—my companion pulled his pistol from his pocket, cocked it and held it in readiness for use. This he did for greater secrecy with his back in an opposite direction—but, on turning round, what was our relief to find that the supposed robbers were nothing more formidable than two old women, each armed with a scythe. With a pleasant salute, they passed us, and actually forbore to cut us down in the flower of our young existence. When they were out of sight and hearing, my companion fired off his pistol in the air, and never had occasion afterwards to use it.

This little incident gave rise to much merriment to the two wanderers. There was also a moral in it. Does not Saturn, the old God of Time, often approach with weapon in hand and with every apparent intention to destroy; and, lo! he passes by, like those same withered scythe-women, with a cheerful nod, and goes to work mowing in other meadows.

In the afternoon, the Black Forest became black, indeed. Storm-clouds commenced to gather around its summit—rapidly they increased in congregated masses—flashing, roaring, rolling one over the other, until they covered the mountain from top to bottom with a wall of utter darkness, and muffled it from view. It was a grand spectacle. We witnessed it with a dry skin; only a few big drops, which fell like spent balls around the outskirts of the aerial battle, made us understand how furious must have been the onset in its midst.

We slept that night at Aachern, a small town, celebrated for nothing that I could ever hear, except that it contains a chapel in which were once interred the bowels—not the body—of the great Turenne—and that these were not bowels of

mercy, every reader of history will at once bear witness. With fire and sword he ravaged Alsace and the Palatinate, and we are told that the Elector of the latter saw from his own palace at Mannheim, as many as two cities and twenty-five villages all in flames at the same moment. No wonder that in the bitterness of despair he sent to the French General a challenge to meet him in single combat.

The next morning we visited the spot where the bloody conqueror fell, and where there is a monument erected to his memory. It stands near the little village of Sassbach. It is of granite, and bears the simple inscription:

“A TURENNE,  
*Mort à Sassbach.*  
LE 27 JUILLET, 1695.”

I had seen at the *Hopital des Invalides*, at Paris, a more elaborate mausoleum erected to his memory; but whether seen in the heart of a great city, or at the foot of a tall mountain, the monument of such a man calls up anything but pleasant ideas. Standing amidst the wild and beautiful scenes of nature, it seemed to me particularly out of place. The spot was desecrated, and seemed to have the smell of human blood about it. I wished for Prospero's magic wand; I longed for power over the spirits of the Black Forest, that I might call them up from their slumbers in dark ravine and piny gorge, and force them to dash against that hateful pile with the fury of a thousand thunderbolts.

But enough of this. Far up yonder, on one of the black peaks of the Schwarzwald, I think I see the ruins of an old castle. Yes, there it is, hanging among the clouds, poised high above the loftiest fir-trees. Armed knights and ladies fair, once lived and laughed and danced there—there in days gone by were held tilts and tournaments, and the bold revelries of chivalry. Let us endeavor to motnt to it.

The weather that morning was bracing and cheerful. At the foot of the mountain we had paused for a time to examine the warm springs of Huberbad, and to bathe in them, much to our refreshment and bodily well-being. It was the first of those numerous health-giving fountains, which are filtered, strained, and conveyed by subterranean conduit pipes from beneath the dark laboratory of the Black Forest, where they are prepared for man's use with such exquisite tempering and delicate admixture of different elements, that the most skilful chemist would have to throw away his retorts and alembics in utter despair of ever imitating them. But, thanks to Heaven, this was not the first or only time during pilgrimages in far distant lands, that I have been recreated beyond all power of expression, by drinking or bathing in those sweet Siloams which ooze from the bottom of green hills, or gush from the heart of ancient mountains.

And was it not strange that these life and joy-giving founts should have bubbled up so near a hateful monument of death and blood?

If we were joyful and thankful before having bathed, our delight, our gratitude afterwards knew no bounds. Our eyes before, by no means shut, or even half shut, became, after the bath,

patent and Heaven-opened, to a degree of which I should in vain attempt to convey any idea. As if truly, whilst we were in the waters, they had been stirred by the descent of an angel, a newer and a fresher visual power seemed imparted to us; pure mountain air was absorbed through every unclogged pore; through all its thousand streams and streamlets the ruddy tide of life danced along vein and artery; and if happiness can ever consist in mere animal spirits and the perfection of bodily comfort, then for some hour or more were we supremely happy.

As we ascended, the prospect became ever richer in objects, and commenced filling up at every step. Not that it increased in superficial extent behind our backs, as is usually the case in such ascents; the Vosges, a long range of mountains on the other side of Alsace, had, whilst we were on the plain, bounded our view to the Westward, and still continued to bound it in that direction. But from this boundary the prospect now filled up *inwards*; the circles of sight curved *towards us* broader and broader at every upward footfall. Cast a stone into a still pool, so that it shall fall near the opposite bank, and then watch the widening water rings—you will know what I mean. And to extend the analogy a little further, let some tall object be posted in the middle of the pool, and observe how the rings, in dilating, will break and centre around *that*. This central point was to us the Cathedral of Strasburg. First the tip of its spire, then the flecke, then the tower, then the body of the Minster. And as we mounted still higher, the river Rhine, O how beautifully! ever extending broader and winding further northward and southward, drew our eyes ever up and down along its flashing course.

I, for one, could not contain myself: every time I turned my head to look behind, which was very often, I found my legs, in some most unaccountable manner, bounding under me, as if from the elastic recoil of a magic spring-board. I confess it. Years before, my father, in the kindness of his heart, had sent me to a dancing school but the professor of the salient art could do nothing for me—the money spent in this way was utterly thrown away—he at last gave it up as a hopeless job. But now, for the life of me, I could not help dancing—dance I was obliged to—I was irresistibly impelled to it. How easy all now came to me! “Chasser forwards—dos-a-dos—balancer—glisser—faire l’entrechat!”—it was all the same: and more than once I found myself on the very eve of cutting a “pigeon-wing.” You may smile if you please, reader—I smile myself when I think of it—yes, even from my present standpoint of riper years and more sober experience, looking back across grave-yards and many dark intervening sorrows, I brush away the starting tear, and *smile* as I behold a receding image of my younger self dancing so joyously on the mountain-side.

It was as though my ears had caught a blast from the dance-compelling horn heard in the opera of Oberon.

At last we reached the site of the old castle of Wildeck, (Wild Corner,) no inappropriate name, as the whole environment of the place was now

and desolate. We were met there by a boorish mountaineer, who stared at us like a frightened steer. The bare look of the man was enough, by sympathy, to frighten away every particle of romance. Nor was there much left of the old ruin, worthy to attract attention. Two massive stone towers still stood, one of which we ascended, and from its old stooping back, enjoyed a prospect of the ever young valley of the Rhine. We also saw there a large iron frame, used in days of yore to hold the beacon or bale-fires, which were kindled on the top of the tower in times of war, or during the festival of midsummer.

Soon leaving the old castle behind us, we wandered onwards through an airy village, the houses of which were somewhat Swiss, and yet not Swiss, so strange were they in their contour and appearance. We wandered on through many a dark grove of pines, and across many a transverse gorge or valley, down which brawled and roared a turbulent torrent, pursuing our random course, and striking into any road or foot-path, however winding, which promised to lead us northwards. Sometimes after toiling up some dark peak, overshadowed by tall evergreens, where we could see nothing but the thronging trunks and masking umbrage, above and around us, *suddenly*, on the other side, the whole valley of the Rhine with its sunlit river, glittering for many and many a mile, would flash upon the eye in unimaginable beauty. The suddenness and the contrast added to the charm. Sometimes creeping along the mountain’s foot, we trudged through vineyards loaded with the most delicious clusters, far too tempting to be left untasted. Often, further up, from some overhanging cliff or tall aerial peak, we could hear the songs of joyful mountain boys chanting some romantic *ranz de vache*, or answering each other in their peculiar guttural tones, which, heard amid such scenes, and surrounded by such accompaniments, had I know not what, of wild and fascinating enchantment. And then the echoes to these—many-voiced, resonant, swooning away, adown some narrowing gorge!

I have seen a scenic representation of the ascent of Mount Blanc on panoramic canvas, so skilfully arranged, as by its motion to impress the beholder with the idea that the figures in the picture were moving upwards, and I have heard every stage of the ascent eloquently described by the traveller who had himself made the pilgrimage, the effect of the whole increased by the accompaniments of lights, music and joyous faces, in an assembled theatre. All this must afford an enjoyment which the lonely writer, who makes himself understood through the medium of printer’s ink and a flying sheet, can never expect to rival. I cannot even petrify my reader with the constant recurrence of hair-breadth escapes, or thrill him with unexpected and appalling dangers. As we wandered onwards, we were never afraid of arousing a sleeping avalanche by a whisper, or by an ungarded step of slipping from an icy precipice into a bottomless abyss.

And yet these mountains have a Romance peculiar to themselves. Here was once the principal stronghold of those valiant Allemanni who

combated so desperately with the power of ancient Rome. Even now, the inhabitants are said to possess more of the language and manners of the ancient Teutons, than can be found in any other part of Germany. Here we may suppose were kept in ancient times those spotless white horses, consecrated to Alfadour, and maintained in sacred groves at the public expense. No mortal was allowed to mount them; they were not permitted to draw any common burden, and could only be harnessed to the holy chariots. They were prophetic horses, cognizant of the will of the gods; their very neighing, pawing and snorting, were watched with intense interest by kings and druids as indicative of coming events. I confess there is a wild barbaric poetry about this kind of sooth-saying, which strongly captivates my imagination.

In fact this Black Forest of ours is in many respects more worthy of being visited, than many a taller mountain. It has its forges and glass-factories, its mines and mineral waters. It fabricates cuckoo clocks and straw bonnets. Its lower slopes are purpled with clustering vineyards, and its upland plains are covered with vast flocks of sheep and cattle. The wild boar they say is still hunted in some of its savage recesses. It is noted for the manufacture of Kirshwasser. From time immemorial it has been sending down its long snake-rafts to the river Rhine, and it still continues to send them, as though the supply could never end. It has its ancient convents, its monasteries, and its places of pilgrimage. One of these last is situated in a spot where strange natural melodies are heard at midnight, as though mountain breezes were sweeping over invisible Æolian harps.

Its very dialect is distinctive, abounding in contractions and endearing diminutives, reminding one of the Swabian period of German literature, and of the tender lays of the *minne-singers*. There is something about it quaint, hearty, and loving.

And if Scotland glories in her Burns, the Schwartzland may well be proud of its Hebel. His poems are composed in the provincial dialect of the Black Forest. They abound in bold prosopopeias and genial personifications. The streams, the trees, the rocks, all become animate, intelligent, all speak and are spoken to. His characters are witches, beggars, shepherds, peasants and handicraftsmen. The very sun and moon put on smiling human faces, and with sympathizing eyes look down on the loves and labors of mortals. Angels descend from heaven to cheer the pious mountaineer. And in solemn old mountain towns the watchman at midnight, (*Der Wachter in der Mitternacht*,\*) sends his words of warning down the silent streets, or chants his resounding psalm from corner to corner.

For the present, let us bring these wanderings to a close. Before the end of the day we arrived at the celebrated town and bathing-place of Baden-Baden, which I will reserve as a starting-point for another number.

## THE SCARLET VERBENA.

Thou art not one of the wild flowers, that strewed  
my childhood's path;  
Thy breath no scent of childhood hours, or child-  
hood memories hath;  
But though of late acquaintanceship, I love thee  
passing well;  
Thou bloom'st at all times of the year, of pleasant  
thoughts to tell.

And now, in Winter's sternest hour, when winds  
keen-piercing blow,  
And on the hills and in the vales pile high the  
drifting snow,  
When frost is on the window-pane, and ice is on  
the sill,  
Thy radiant blossoms deck thee forth, in scarlet  
beauty still.

Thou'rt like to many a lonely thing, thou Winter-  
blooming flower;  
Thou'rt like the loving thoughts which spring in  
home's warm sunny bower;  
Thou'rt like the hope of future good, though all  
be dreary now;  
And like the cheerful smile which sits on resigna-  
tion's brow.

'Tis said, thy warm and scarlet hue doth cor-  
respondence bear  
To those bright, pure, celestial truths, which  
highest angels share.  
Such truths, on earth, are sure like thee; for all  
around is cold;  
And in an inner home they dwell, and leaves and  
flowers unfold.

But though within thou dwellest, 'tis not the fire-  
side glow,  
Which bids thy verdant leaves unfold, thy scarlet  
flowerets blow;  
For never would thy bloom expand upon that  
inner air,  
Did not the sun shine through the pane, and  
warmly greet thee there.

So, though within the heart some truths bloom  
beautifully forth,  
Deem not, oh! man, thy selfish loves have called  
them into birth:  
Nor deem they are thine own, save as the gift of  
Him above,  
Who wakes and warms them into life, with the  
sunbeams of His love.

And as the bright verbena turns her blossoms to  
the light,  
As if to bless the genial ray, which makes their  
hue so bright;  
So shouldst thou turn thy grateful thoughts unto  
the sun of heaven,  
And warmly bless the living light, which is so  
kindly given.

And as the graceful plant receives the sun's  
awakening beam,  
And answers it with verdant leaf, and flowers of  
scarlet gleam;  
So thou receive, with humble heart, the sunbeam  
from above;  
And let thy puttings-forth of life be forms of truth

## LIFE A TREADMILL.

BY CULMA CROLY.

Who says that life is a treadmill?

You, merchant, when, after a weary day of measuring cotton-cloth or numbering flour barrels, bowing to customers or taking account of stock, you stumble homeward, thinking to yourself that the moon is a tolerable substitute for gas light, to prevent people from running against the posts—and then by chance, recall the time when a school-boy, you read about “chaste Dian” in your Latin books, and discovered a striking resemblance to moonbeams in certain blue eyes that beamed upon you from the opposite side of the school-room.

Ah! those were the days when brick side-walks were as elastic as India rubber beneath your feet; shop windows were an exhibition of transparencies to amuse children and young people, and the world in prospect, was one long pleasure excursion. Then you drank the bright effervescence in your glass of soda-water, and now you must swallow the cold, flat settlements, or not get your money’s worth. Long ago you found out that the moon is the origin of moonshine, that blue eyes are not quite as fascinating under gray hair and behind spectacles, and that “money answereth all things.”

You say so, clerk or bank-teller, when you look up from your books at the new-fallen snow glistening in the morning light, and feel something like the prancing of horses’ hoofs in the soles of your boots, and hear the jingling of sleigh bells in your mind’s ear, long after the sound of them has passed from your veritable auriculars.

You say so, teacher, while going through the daily drill of your A B C regiments, your multiplication table platoons, and your chirographical battalions.

You say so, factory girl, passing backward and forward from the noise and whirl of wheels in the mills, to the whirl and noise of wheels in your dreams.

You say so, milliner’s apprentice, as you sit down to sew gay ribbons on gay bonnets, and stand up to try gay bonnets on gay heads.

You say so, housemaid or housekeeper, when the song of the early birds reminds you of crying children, whose faces are to be washed; when the rustling of fallen leaves in the wind makes you wonder how the new broom is going to sweep; when the aroma of roses suggests the inquiry whether the box of burnt coffee is empty, and when the rising sun, encircled by vapory clouds, brings up the similitude of a huge fire proof platter, and the smoke of hot potatoes.

There is a principle in human nature which rebels against repetitions. Who likes to fall asleep, thinking that to-morrow morning he must get up and do exactly the same things that he did to-day, the next day ditto, and so-forth, until the chapter of earthly existence is finished?

It is very irksome for these soaring thoughts, winged to “wander through eternity,” to come down and work out the terms of a tedious appren-

thoughts unlocalized and unembodied? Mere comets or vague nebulosities in the firmament, without a form, and without a home.

All things have their orbit, and are held in it by the power of two great opposing forces.

Outward circumstances form the centripetal force, which keeps us in ours. Let the eccentric will fly off at ever so wide a tangent for a time, back it must come to a regular diurnal path, or wander away into the “blackness of darkness.” And if these daily duties and cares come to us robed in the shining livery of Law, should we not accept them as bearers of a sublime mission?

“What?” you say, “anything sublime in yardstick tactics or ledger-columns? Anything sublime in washing dishes or trimming bonnets? The idea is simply ridiculous!”

No, not ridiculous; only a simple idea, and great in its simplicity. For the manner of performing even menial duties, gives you the gauge and dimensions of the doer’s inward strength. The power of the soul asserts itself, not so much in shaping favorable circumstances to desired ends, as in resisting the pressure of crushing circumstances, and triumphing over them.

Manufacturers, trades, and all the subordinate arts and occupations that keep the car of civilization in motion, may be to you machines moving with a monotonous and unmeaning buzz, or they may be like Ezekiel’s vision of wheels involved in wheels, that were lifted up from the earth by the power of the living creature that was in them.

Grumbling man or woman, life is a treadmill to you, because you look doggedly down and see nothing but the dull steps you take. If you would cease grumbling, and look up, your life would be transformed into a Jacob’s ladder, and every step onward would be a step upward too. And even if it were a treadmill, to which you and other mortals were condemned for past offences, a kindly sympathy for your fellow-prisoners could carpet the way with velvet, and you might move on smilingly together, as through the mazes of an easy dance.

It is of no use to preach the old sermon of contentment with one condition, whatever it may be, a sermon framed for lands where aristocracies are fixtures, in this generation, and on this continent. Discontent is a necessity of republicanism, until the millennium comes.

Yet it is not sensible to complain of the present, until we have gleaned its harvests and drained its sap, and it has become capital for us to draw upon in the future. Most of the dissatisfied grumblers of our day are like children from whom the prospect of a Christmas pie, intended for the climax of a supper, takes away all relish for the more solid and wholesome introductory exercises of bread and butter.

What is it we would have our life? Not princely pomp and equipments, nor to “marry the prince’s own,” which used to form the denouement of every fairy tale, will suffice us now; for every ingenious Yankee school-boy or girl has learned to dissect the puppet show of royalty, and knows that its personages move in a routine the most hampered and helpless of all.

one door of the "White House" to the other, ceases to be the meed of a dignified ambition when it results from a skilful shuffling of political cards, rather than from strength and steadiness of head and an upright gait.

If we ask for freedom from care, and leisure to enjoy life—until we have learned, through the discipline of labor and care, how to appreciate and use leisure—we might as well petition from government a grant of prairie-land for Egyptian mummies to run races upon.

If one might get himself appointed to the general overseership of the solar system, still, what would his occupation be but a regular pacing to and fro from the sun to the outermost limits of Le Verrier's calculations, and perhaps a little farther? A succession of rather longish strides he would have to take, to be sure: now burning his soles in the fires of Mercury; now hitting his corns against some of the pebbly Asteroids, and now slipping upon the icy rim of Neptune. Still, if he made drudgery of his work by keeping his soul out of it, he would only have his treadmill life over again, on a large scale.

The monotony of our three-score years and ten is wearisome to us; what can we think then of the poor planets, doomed to the same diurnal spinning, the same annual path for six thousand years, to our certain knowledge? And, if telescopes tell us the truth, the universe is an ever-widening series of similar monotones.

Yet space is ample enough to give all systems variety of place. While each planet moves steadily along on the edge of its plane, the whole solar equipage is going forward to open a new track on the vast highway of the heavens.

We too, moving in our several spheres with honest endeavors and aspirations, are, by the stability of our motions, lifting and being lifted, with the whole compact human brotherhood into a higher elevation, a brighter revelation of the Infinite, the Universe of Wisdom and Love.

And in this view, though our efforts be humble and our toil hard, life can never be a treadmill.

## DEATH OF BLAKE, THE PAINTER.

The story of Blake's death is one of the most touching scenes in the history of art. He had reached his seventy-first year, and the strength of nature was fast yielding. Yet he was cheerful and contented to the last.

"I glory," he said, "in dying, and have no grief but in leaving you, Katherine. We have lived happy and have lived long. We have been ever together, but we shall be divided soon! Why should I fear death? nor do I fear it. I have endeavored to live as Christ commands, and have sought to worship God, truly, in my own house, when I was not seen of men."

He grew weaker and weaker. He could no longer sit upright, and was laid in his bed, with no one to watch over him, save his wife, who, feeble and old herself, required help in such a touching duty. The "Ancient of Days" was such a favorite with Blake that, three days before his death, he sat bolstered up in his bed, and touched it with his choicest colors and in his

happiest style. He touched and retouched it, held it at arm's length, and then threw it from him, exclaiming—

"There, that will do! I cannot mend it!"

He saw his wife in tears—she felt this was to be the last of his works—

"Stay, Kate!" cried Blake. "Keep just as you are: I will draw your portrait, for you have ever been an angel to me."

She obeyed, and the dying artist made a fine likeness. The very joyfulness with which this singular man welcomed the coming of death, made his dying moments intensely mournful. He lay chanting songs, and the verses and the music were both the offspring of the moment. He lamented that he could no longer commit those inspirations, as he called them, to paper.

"Kate," he said, "I am a changing man. I always rose and wrote down my thoughts, whether it rained, snowed, or shone, and you arose, too, and sat beside me; this can be no longer."

He died without any visible pain. His wife, who sat watching him, did not perceive when he ceased breathing.

## RED HAIR.

In ancient times, the nations who were the most polished, the most civilized, and the most skilful in the fine arts, were passionately fond of red hair. The Gauls, the ancestors of the modern French, had the same preference, though that color is now in disrepute by their descendants, who like black hair. In some districts of Africa, they prefer light hair. A taste for red hair, however, still exists in extensive regions. The Turks, for example, are fond of women who have red hair, while the modern Persians have a strong aversion to it. The inhabitants of Tripoli, who probably learned it from the Turks, give their hair a red tinge by the aid of vermilion. The women of Scinde and the Deccan are also fond of dyeing their hair yellow and red, as the Romans did, in imitation of German hair.

There is among Europeans, generally, a strong dislike to red hair; but in Spain red hair is admired almost to adoration, and there is a story told of one of our naval commanders, who luxuriated in fiery locks, being idolized and caressed, in consequence, by the Spanish women, and looked upon as a perfect Adonis.

Red hair is often considered a deformity; but why it should be, it is hard to say, since in all cases the hair and complexion suit each other admirably. The "golden locks" and "sunny tresses" of the poets invariably accompanied the blonde, frank and manly faces inherited from Saxon ancestors. We have heard of "villanous red hair," and "horrid red whiskers;" but hair is only "villanous" and whiskers "horrible" when the first is dirty, and the last worn without regard to the kind of cheeks they surround.

As a consolation for red-haired people, I may state that the Chinese rather mean to compliment us when they apply the term, "Hung Maow Kwei," literally, "red-haired devil." Mr. P. P. Thoms, a very good Chinese linguist, thus explains the epithet:—



"Red," he observes, "is beautiful to the Chinese. They extol the peach flower, because of its form and delicate red color. All the fronts of their houses are red. They use the vermilion pencil. If red be thus beautiful, how can their designating Europeans red-haired people imply insult? With regard to the word Kwei," he continues, "there is no occasion for us to take it in its most offensive signification, that of evil, it being a general term for spirits, whether good or evil, and equivalent to our word spirits. Thus 'red-haired devil' becomes 'beautiful spirit.'"

The Germans hold light hair in estimation, and the Roman ladies of old had a great partiality for flame-colored locks.

Red hair has been almost universally given to warriors, and golden tresses to ladies.—*The Human Hair, by Rowland.*

## TWILIGHT.

There is an evening twilight of the heart,

When its wild passion-waves are lulled to rest,

And the eye sees life's fairy scenes depart,

As fades the day-beam in the rosy west.

'Tis with a nameless feeling of regret

We gaze upon them as they melt away,

And fondly would we bid them linger yet,

But Hope is round us with her angel lay,

Hailing afar some happier moonlight hour;

Dear are her whispers still, though lost their early power.

In youth the cheek was crimsoned with her glow;

Her smile was loveliest then; her matin song

Was heaven's own music, and the note of wo

Was all unheard her sunny bowers among.

Life's little world of bliss was newly born;

We knew not, cared not, it was born to die,

Flushed with the cool breeze and the dews of morn,

With dancing heart we gazed on the pure sky,

And mocked the passing clouds that dimmed its blue,

Like our own sorrows then—as fleeting and as few.

And manhood felt her sway too—on the eye,

Half realized, her early dreams burst bright,

Her promised bower of happiness seemed nigh,

Its days of joy, its vigils of delight;

And though at times might lower the thunder-storm,

And the red lightnings threaten, still the air

Was balmy with her breath, and her loved form,

The rainbow of the heart, was hovering there.

'Tis in life's noontide she is nearest seen,

Her wreath the summer flower, her robe of summer green.

But though less dazzling in her twilight dress,

There's more of heaven's pure beam about her now;

That angel-smile of tranquil loveliness,

Which the heart worships, glowing on her brow;

That smile shall brighten the dim evening star

That points our destined tomb, nor e'er depart

Till the faint light of life is fled afar,

And hushed the last deep beating of the heart;

The meteor-bearer of our parting breath,

A moonbeam in the midnight cloud of death.

HALLAM.

## THE FAMILY OF MICHAEL ABOUT.

[From an unpretending, but charmingly written volume, just issued by Appleton & Co., entitled "The Attic Philosopher in Paris, or a Peep at the World from a Garret," we take a chapter. The book is full of just such good things.]

*September 15th, Eight o'clock.*—This morning, while I was arranging my books, mother Genevieve came in, and brought me the basket of fruit I buy of her every Sunday. For nearly twenty years that I have lived in this quarter, I have dealt in her little fruit-shop. Perhaps I should be better served elsewhere, but mother Genevieve has but little custom; to leave her would do her harm, and cause her unnecessary pain. It seems to me that the length of our acquaintance has made me incur a sort of tacit obligation to her; my patronage has become her property.

She has put the basket upon my table, and as I wanted her husband, who is a joiner, to add some shelves to my bookcase, she has gone down stairs again immediately to send him to me.

At first I did not notice either her looks or the sound of her voice; but now, that I recall them, it seems to me that she was not as jovial as usual. Can mother Genevieve be in trouble about anything?

Poor woman! All her best years were subject to such bitter trials, that she might think she had received her full share already. Were I to live a hundred years, I should never forget the circumstances which first made her known to me, and which obtained her my respect.

It was at the time of my first settling in the faubourg. I had noticed her empty fruit-shop, which nobody came into, and, being attracted by its forsaken appearance, I made my little purchases in it. I have always instinctively preferred the poor shops; there is less choice in them, but it seems to me that my purchase is a sign of sympathy with a brother in poverty. These little dealings are almost always an anchor of hope to those whose very existence is in peril—the only means by which some orphan gains a livelihood. There the aim of the tradesman is not to enrich himself, but to live! The purchase you make of him is more than exchange—it is a good action.

Mother Genevieve at that time was still young, but had already lost that fresh bloom of youth, which suffering causes to wither so soon among the poor. Her husband, a clever joiner, gradually left off working to become, according to the picturesque expression of the workshops, a *workshipper of Saint Monday*. The wages of the week, which was always reduced to two or three working days, were completely dedicated by him to the worship of this god of the Barriers,\* and Genevieve was obliged herself to provide for all the wants of the household.

One evening, when I went to make some trifling purchases of her, I heard a sound of quarrelling in the back shop. There were the voices of several women, among which I distinguished that of Genevieve, broken by sobs. On looking further

\*The cheap wine-shops are outside the Barriers, to avoid the octroi, or municipal exise.

in, I perceived the fruit-woman, with a child in her arms, and kissing it, while a country nurse seemed to be claiming her wages from her. The poor woman, who without doubt had exhausted every explanation and every excuse, was crying in silence, and one of her neighbors was trying in vain to appease the countrywoman. Excited by that love of money which the evils of a hard peasant life but too well excuse, and disappointed by the refusal of her expected wages, the nurse was launching forth in recriminations, threats, and abuse. In spite of myself, I listened to the quarrel, not daring to interfere, and not thinking of going away, when Michael Arout appeared at the shop-door.

The joiner had just come from the Barrier, where he had passed part of the day at the public house. His blouse, without a belt, and untied at the throat, showed none of the noble stains of work: in his hand he held his cap, which he had just picked out of the mud; his hair was in disorder, his eye fixed, and the pallor of drunkenness in his face. He came reeling in, looked wildly around him, and called for Genevieve.

She heard his voice, gave a start, and rushed into the shop; but at the sight of the miserable man, who was trying in vain to steady himself, she pressed the child in her arms, and bent over it with tears.

The countrywoman and the neighbor had followed her.

"Come! Come! Do you intend to pay me, after all?" cried the former in a rage.

"Ask the master for the money," ironically answered the woman from next door, pointing to the joiner, who had just fallen against the counter.

The countrywoman looked at him.

"Ah! he is the father," resumed she; "well, what idle beggars! not to have a penny to pay honest people, and get tipsy with wine in that way."

The drunkard raised his head.

"What! what!" stammered he; "who is it that talks of wine? I've had nothing but brandy! But I am going back again to get some wine! Wife, give me your money; there are some friends waiting for me at the *Père la Tuille*."

Genevieve did not answer: he went round the counter, opened the till, and began to rummage in it.

"You see where the money of the house goes!" observed the neighbor to the countrywoman; "how can the poor unhappy woman pay you when he takes all?"

"Is that my fault, then?" replied the nurse angrily; "they owe it me, and somehow or other they must pay me!"

And letting loose her tongue, as those women out of the country do, she began relating at length all the care she had taken of the child, and all the expense it had been to her. In proportion as she recalled all she had done, her words seemed to convince her more than ever of her rights, and to increase her anger. The poor mother, who no doubt feared that her violence would frighten the child, returned into the back shop, and put it into its cradle.

Whether it was that the countrywoman saw in this act a determination to escape her claims, or that she was blinded by passion, I cannot say; but she rushed into the next room, where I heard the sounds of quarrelling, with which the cries of the child were soon mingled. The joiner, who was still rummaging in the till, was startled, and raised his head.

At the same moment Genevieve appeared at the door, holding in her arms the baby that the countrywoman was trying to tear from her. She ran towards the counter, and, throwing herself behind her husband, cried—

"Michael, defend your son!"

The drunken man quickly stood up erect, like one who awakes with a start.

"My son!" stammered he; "what son?"

His looks fell upon the child; a vague ray of intelligence passed over his features.

"Robert," resumed he; "is it Robert?"

He tried to steady himself on his feet, that he might take the baby, but he tottered. The nurse approached him in a rage.

"My money, or I shall take the child away!" cried she; "it is I who have fed and brought it up; if you don't pay for what has made it live, it ought to be the same to you as if it were dead. I shall not go till I have my due or the baby."

"And what would you do with him?" murmured Genevieve, pressing Robert against her bosom.

"Take it to the Foundling!" replied the countrywoman, harshly; "the hospital is a better mother than you are, for it pays for the food of its little ones."

At the word "Foundling," Genevieve had exclaimed aloud in horror. With her arms wound round her son, whose head she hid in her bosom, and her two hands spread over him, she had retreated to the wall, and remained with her back against it, like a lioness defending her young ones.

The neighbor and I contemplated this scene, without knowing how we could interfere. As for Michael, he looked at us by turns, making a visible effort to comprehend it all. When his eye rested upon Genevieve and the child, it lit up with a gleam of pleasure; but when he turned towards us, he again became stupid and hesitating.

At last, apparently making a prodigious effort, he cried out—"Wait!"

And, going to a tub full of water, he plunged his face into it several times.

Every eye was turned upon him; the countrywoman herself seemed astonished. At length he raised his dripping head. This ablution had partly dispelled his drunkenness; he looked at us for a moment, then he turned to Genevieve, and his face brightened up.

"Robert!" cried he, going up to the child, and taking him in his arms. "Ah! give him me, wife; I must look at him."

The mother seemed to give up his son to him with reluctance, and stayed before him with her arms extended, as if she feared the child would have a fall. The nurse began again in her turn to speak, and renewed her claims, this time threatening to appeal to law.

At first Michael listened to her attentively, and when he comprehended her meaning, he gave the child back to its mother.

"How much do we owe you?" asked he.

The countrywoman began to reckon up the different expenses, which mounted to nearly thirty francs. The joiner felt to the bottom of his pockets, but could find nothing. His forehead became contracted by frowns; low curses began to escape him: all of a sudden he rummaged in his breast, drew forth a large watch, and holding it up above his head—

"Here it is—here's your money!" cried he, with a joyful laugh: "a watch, number one! I always said it would keep for a drink on a dry day; but it is not I who will drink it, but the young one. Ah! ah! ah! go and sell it for me, neighbor, and if that is not enough, I have my ear-rings. Eh! Genevieve, take them off for me; the ear-rings will square all! They shall not say you have been disgraced on account of the child. No—not even if I must pledge a bit of my flesh! My watch, my ear-rings, and my ring, get rid of all of them for me at the goldsmith's; pay the woman, and let the little fool go to sleep. Give him me, Genevieve, I will put him to bed."

And, taking the baby from the arms of his mother, he carried him with a firm step to his cradle.

It was easy to perceive the change which took place in Michael from this day. He cut all his old drinking acquaintances. He went early every morning to his work, and returned regularly in the evening to finish the day with Genevieve and Robert. Very soon he would not leave them at all, and he hired a place near the fruit-shop, and worked in it on his own account.

They would soon have been able to live in comfort, had it not been for the expenses which the child required. Every thing was given up to his education. He had gone through the regular school training, had studied mathematics, drawing, and the carpenter's trade, and had only begun to work a few months ago. Till now, they had been exhausting every resource which their laborious industry could provide to push him forward in his business; but, happily, all these exertions had not proved useless; the seed had brought forth its fruits, and the days of harvest were close by.

While I was thus recalling these remembrances to my mind, Michael had come in, and was occupied in fixing shelves where they were wanted.

During the time I was writing the notes of my journal, I was also scrutinizing the joiner.

The excesses of his youth and the labor of his manhood have deeply marked his face; his hair is thin and grey, his shoulders stooping, his legs shrunken and slightly bent. There seems a sort of weight in his whole being. His very features have an expression of sorrow and despondency. He answered my questions by monosyllables, and like a man who wishes to avoid conversation. From whence is this dejection, when one would think he had all he could wish for? I should like to know!

\* *Ten o'clock.*—Michael is just gone down stairs to look for a tool he has forgotten. I have at last succeeded in drawing from him the secret of his and

Genevieve's sorrow. Their son Robert is the cause of it.

Not that he has turned out ill after all their care—not that he is idle or dissipated; but both were in hopes he would never leave them any more. The presence of the young man was to have renewed and made glad their lives once more; his mother counted the days, his father prepared everything to receive their dear associate in their toils, and at the moment when they were thus about to be repaid for all their sacrifices, Robert had suddenly informed them that he had just engaged himself to a contractor at Versailles.

Every remonstrance and every prayer were useless; he brought forward the necessity of initiating himself into all the details of an important contract, the facilities he should have, in his new position, of improving himself in his trade, and the hopes he had of turning his knowledge to advantage. At last, when his mother, having come to the end of her arguments, began to cry, he hastily kissed her, and went away, that he might avoid any further remonstrances.

He had been absent a year, and there was nothing to give them hopes of his return. His parents hardly saw him once a month, and then he only stayed a few moments with them.

"I have been punished where I had hoped to be rewarded," Michael said to me just now; "I had wished for a saving and industrious son, and God has given me an ambitious and avaricious one! I had always said to myself, that when once he was grown up, we should have him always with us, to recall our youth and to enliven our hearts; his mother was always thinking of getting him married, and having children again to care for. You know women always will busy themselves about others. As for me, I thought of him working near my bench, and singing his new songs—for he has learnt music, and is one of the best singers at the Orphéon. A dream, sir, truly! Directly the bird was fledged, he took to flight, and remembers neither father nor mother. Yesterday, for instance, was the day we expected him; he should have come to supper with us. No Robert to-day, either! He has had some plan to finish, or some bargain to arrange, and his old parents are put down last in the accounts, after the customers and the joiner's work. Ah! if I could have guessed how it would have turned out! Fool! to have sacrificed my likings and my money, for nearly twenty years, to the education of a thankless son! Was it for this I took the trouble to cure myself of drinking, to break with my friends, to become an example to the neighborhood? The jovial good fellow has made a goose of himself. Oh! if I had to begin again! No, no! you see women and children are our bane. They soften our hearts; they lead us a life of hope and affection; we pass a quarter of our lives in fostering the growth of a grain of corn which is to be everything to us in our old age, and when the harvest-time comes—good night, the ear is empty!"

While he was speaking, Michael's voice became hoarse, his eye fierce, and his lips quivered. I wished to answer him, but I could only think of common-place consolations, and I remained si-

lent. The joiner pretended he wanted a tool, and left me.

Poor father! Ah! I know those moments of temptation when virtue has failed to reward us, and we regret having obeyed her! Who has not felt this weakness in hours of trial, and who has not uttered, at least once, the mournful exclamation of "Brutus?"

But if *virtue is only a word*, what is there then in life which is true and real? No, I will not believe that goodness is in vain! It does not always give the happiness we had hoped for, but it brings some other. In the world everything is ruled by order, and has its proper and necessary consequences, and virtue cannot be the sole exception to the general law. If it had been prejudicial to those who practise it, experience would have avenged them; but experience has, on the contrary, made it more universal and more holy. We only accuse it of being a faithless debtor, because we demand an immediate payment, and one apparent to our senses. We always consider life as a fairy tale, in which every good action must be rewarded by a visible wonder. We do not accept as payment a peaceful conscience, self-content, or a good name among men, treasures that are more precious than any other, but the value of which we do not feel till after we have lost them!

Michael is come back, and returned to his work. His son had not yet arrived.

By telling me of his hopes and his grievous disappointments, he became excited; he unceasingly went over again the same subject, always adding something to his griefs. He has just wound up his confidential discourse by speaking to me of a joiner's business, which he had hoped to buy, and work to good account with Robert's help. The present owner had made a fortune by it, and after thirty years of business, he was thinking of retiring to one of the ornamental cottages in the outskirts of the city, a usual retreat for the frugal and successful working man. Michael had not indeed the two thousand francs which must be paid down; but perhaps he could have persuaded Master Benoit to wait. Robert's presence would have been a security for him; for the young man could not fail to ensure the prosperity of a workshop; besides science and skill, he had the power of invention and bringing to perfection. His father had discovered among his drawings a new plan for a staircase, which had occupied his thoughts for a long time; and he even suspected him of having engaged himself to the Versailles contractor for the very purpose of executing it. The youth was tormented by this spirit of invention, which took possession of all his thoughts, and, while devoting his mind to study, he had no time to listen to his feelings.

Michael told me all this with a mixed feeling of pride and vexation. I saw he was proud of the son he was abusing, and that his very pride made him more sensible of that son's neglect.

Six o'clock, P. M.—I have just finished a happy day. How many events have happened within a few hours, and what a change for Genevieve and Michael!

He had just finished fixing the shelves, and telling me of his son, whilst I laid the cloth for

Suddenly we heard hurried steps in the passage, the door opened, and Genevieve entered with Robert.

The joiner gave a start of joyful surprise, but he repressed it immediately, as if he wished to keep up the appearance of displeasure.

The young man did not appear to notice it, but threw himself into his arms in an open-hearted manner, which surprised me. Genevieve, whose face shone with happiness, seemed to wish to speak, and to restrain herself with difficulty.

I told Robert I was glad to see him, and he answered me with ease and civility.

"I expected you yesterday," said Michael Arout, rather drily.

"Forgive me, father," replied the young workman, "but I had business at St. Germain. I was not able to come back till it was very late, and then the master kept me."

The joiner looked at his son sideways, and then took up his hammer again.

"It is right," muttered he, in a grumbling tone; "when we are with other people we must do as they wish; but there are some who would like better to eat brown bread with their own knife, than partridges with the silver fork of a master."

"And I am one of those, father," replied Robert, merrily; "but, as the proverb says, *you must shell the peas before you can eat them*. It was necessary that I should first work in a great workshop"—

"To go on with your plan of the staircase," interrupted Michael, ironically.

"You must now say M. Raymond's plan, father," replied Robert, smiling.

"Why?"

"Because I have sold it to him."

The joiner, who was planing a board, turned round quickly.

"Sold it!" cried he, with sparkling eyes.

"For the reason that I was not rich enough to give it him."

Michael threw down the board and tool.

"There he is again!" resumed he, angrily; "his good genius puts an idea into his head which would have made him known, and he goes and sells it to a rich man, who will take the honor of it himself."

"Well, what harm is there done?" asked Genevieve.

"What harm!" cried the joiner, in a passion; "you understand nothing about it—you are a woman; but he—he knows well that a true workman never gives up his own inventions for money, no more than a soldier would give up his cross. That is his glory; he is bound to keep it for the honor it does him! Ah! thunder! if I had ever made a discovery, rather than put it up at auction I would have sold one of my eyes! Don't you see, that a new invention is like a child to a workman! he takes care of it, he brings it up, he makes a way for it in the world, and it is only poor creatures who sell it."

Robert colored a little.

"You will think differently, father," said he, "when you know why I sold my plan."

"Yes, and you will thank him for it," added Genevieve, who could no longer keep silence.



"But, wretched man!" cried she, "he only sold it for our sakes!"

The joiner looked at his wife and son with astonishment. It was necessary to come to an explanation. The latter related how he had entered into a negotiation with Master Benoit, who had positively refused to sell his business unless one-half of the two thousand francs was first paid down. It was in the hopes of obtaining this sum that he had gone to work with the contractor at Versailles; he had an opportunity of trying his invention, and of finding a purchaser. Thanks to the money he received for it, he had just concluded the bargain with Benoit, and had brought his father the key of the new work-yard.

This explanation was given by the young workman with so much modesty and simplicity, that I was quite affected by it. Genevieve cried: Michael pressed his son to his heart, and in a long embrace he seemed to ask his pardon for having unjustly accused him.

All was now explained with honor to Robert. The conduct which his parents had ascribed to indifference, really sprang from affection; he had neither obeyed the voice of ambition nor of avarice, nor even the nobler inspiration of inventive genius; his whole motive and single aim had been the happiness of Genevieve and Michael. The day for proving his gratitude had come, and he had returned them sacrifice for sacrifice!

After the explanations and exclamations of joy were over, all three were about to leave me; but the cloth being laid, I added three more places, and kept them to breakfast.

The meal was prolonged; the fare was only tolerable; but the overflowings of affection made it delicious. Never had I better understood the unspeakable charm of family love: What calm enjoyment in that happiness which is always shared with others; in that community of interests which unites such various feelings; in that association of existences which forms one single being of so many! What is man without those home affections, which, like so many roots, fix him firmly in the earth, and permit him to imbibe all the juices of life? Energy, happiness, does it not all come from them? Without family, life where would man learn to love, to associate, to deny himself? A community in little, is not it which teaches us how to live in the great one? Such is the holiness of home, that to express our relation with God, we have been obliged to borrow the words invented for our family life. Men have named themselves the *sons* of a Heavenly Father!

Ah! let us carefully preserve these chains of domestic union; do not let us unbind the human sheaf, and scatter its ears to all the caprices of chance, and of the winds; but let us rather enlarge this holy law; let us carry the principles and the habits of home beyond its bounds; and, if it may be, let us realize the prayer of the Apostles of the Gentiles when he exclaimed to the new-born children of Christ:—"Be ye like-minded, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind."

## ANY OTHER THAN THIS.

BY A LADY OF BALTIMORE.

"Do not grieve so," said a kind friend to a weeping father, as he stood by the bedside of his first-born son, concerning whom the doctor had said, "I have but little hope of his recovery." "Do not grieve so. Think what a happy release it will be for your child. If he is taken now, what an amount of misery, and suffering, and sin, he will be spared! If it is the will of God to take him to Himself, you should try to be thankful that one of your children, at least, will be safe in Heaven. We cannot tell how it may be with the others, if they should live to a mature age, but at this tender age not the least doubt can be entertained."

"I know and feel all that," was the father's reply; "but yet it is hard, very hard, for me to give up this boy. You did not know him, my friend, as I do. He was so intelligent for his age, so affectionate in his disposition, so lively and innocent in his ways, that it was impossible not to love him. I have always tried to give to each of my children an equal share of my affections, yet it seems to me, now, I could part with either of the others better than him. None or them, I'm sure, would be so much missed."

"It is for this reason, perhaps, that the Lord is about to remove him. He sees that you are making an idol of him, and that it is necessary for your good that he should be removed."

"It may be so," again replied the father, "and yet I can but exclaim, 'Father! if it be possible, let this cup pass from me!' but," he added, "not my will but Thine, O Lord! be done."

The mother also stands there, and as she gazes upon the almost lifeless form of her beloved boy, the past again rises fresh before her, and the innumerable little childish sayings and childish doings of the sweet sufferer are recalled, with emotions such as can only be realized by a parent under similar circumstances. As all these sweet recollections crowd upon her mind, and the grave, dark and gloomy, appears in the future, with the partner of her griefs, she cries—

"I could part with any of the others better than this. 'Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me!'" Then, as the clouds break, and, with the eye of faith, she looks beyond the dreary tomb, she, too, is enabled to exclaim. "Not my will, O Lord! but Thine be done."

But the destroying angel is not about to enter there. The boy, on whom the parents' fondest hopes seem centred, is not destined for his prey. He is restored to health, and the hearts that were overwhelmed with grief are again filled with joy. But this joy lasts not long. Scarcely has the first-born recovered his wonted health and strength, when little Annie, the darling child of four summers, is prostrated upon a bed of disease and suffering. Sympathizing friends watch with the anxious parents, day after day, and night after night, around her bed, while the most intense anxiety fills their breasts. As they gaze upon the clammy brow, the sunken eye, the flushed cheek, and listen to the labored breathe

A great deal is said about "screw" ships in the navy; but whenever did a vessel get on without its crew?

ings of the dear sufferer, they feel that all is hopeless. Skilful physicians, too, who have been summoned to her relief, give but little encouragement. True, they say, with their lips, "She may get up again;" but, with their actions, "yet we hardly think so."

And now how is it with the parents? Do they feel more willing to give up this child than they did the dear boy on whom, a short time ago, their best affections seemed lavished? Do they feel less acutely the loss they seem now about to realize? As the past life of their precious little one rises up before them, and they think of her sweet, winning ways, her happy, innocent gambols, the recollections of which are dear, doubly dear, to a parent in an hour like this, can they say, "Welcome, Death, to thy prey? Thou hast spared us our dear boy; him, whom we most valued; therefore, we will not murmur if thou shouldst take this one from us. We shall miss her some, it is true, but not near as much as we should our boy." Is this the language of their hearts? We think not. Do we not rather hear them each exclaiming, "I thought I should have missed my boy, my Charlie, more than any of the others; but I was mistaken. I shall miss my darling Annie a great deal more. Oh! to think of her beloved form being buried in the dark grave! To think that I shall hear her sweet voice, and look upon her lovely face, no more! I would sooner part with any of the others than with her." But a stronger arm than that of Death's is interposed, and the grim tyrant is again disappointed of his prey. But though baffled once and again, a third time he hovers around the dwelling, and marks as his victim one sweet bud, upon whose fair brow the sun of two summers has scarcely shone. Slow, yet sure, is now his march, though hardly perceived even by the watchful parents. Ere they are aware of it, his arrow is cast, and their precious babe is no more. But is he missed? Is his loss much felt? Ask the disconsolate mother, as she goes through her usual routine of household duties, whether she misses his merry prattle, his lisping accents, his innocent laugh, his infantile gambols? Does she miss him as her eye rests upon the chair in which he sat; the cradle in which he lay; the toys he so often played with; the garments she took so much pride in adorning him with? At night, when wearied with fatigue, she lies down to rest, does she miss the dear one she so loved to encircle in her arms, and who used to repose so tenderly upon her bosom? Ask her where she does not miss him? and her reply will be, "I miss him everywhere. Sweet, little fellow! I feel now as if I could have parted with either of the others better than him." Ask the bereaved father if, on his return from his shop or his office, he misses the gay, smiling face that was so sure to greet him? Ask him if he misses the little one that would ride upon his foot; that would clamber upon his knee; or who would, in innumerable and unmentionable ways, beguile many a tedious and lonesome hour? Ask if he misses him, and with the mother he will reply—

"Ah! yes; sweet, little fellow! I feel now as if I could have parted with either of the others better than him."

What pen can describe the agonizing emotions that rend a parent's breast while looking upon the grave as the abode of a much loved child? Inexpressibly sad are their meditations in such an hour. Oh! to think that this much cherished object is shut from their sight for ever! Who can bear it? But when Faith comes to their relief, and they are enabled to look upward—all is changed. They no longer behold their child as mouldering in the grave, but as basking in the sunshine of their Father's love. Then to think of it is joy inexpressible; for then they feel that

"A golden link can bind those the spirit leaves behind,  
Drawing them by genial spell, to the land where loved ones dwell,  
Where no care or anguish preserves, 'mid the angels' bland caresses."

## EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS OF A RECLUSE.

### FIRST EXTRACT.

Why callest thou *humanity* good? One is good, even God. He is absolute and infinite Humanity.

True, we are made in His image, and after His likeness; but shall we profanely worship this image and likeness rather than the Infinite, the All-perfect?

Men, and the best and wisest of men, talk a great deal, in these days, about the dignity and majesty of man. Alas! "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" is fitter language for us than all this self-gratulation; for, surely, it is nothing else, notwithstanding it puts on so successfully the guise of love to our brother and of gratitude to our Maker.

If the stars that sing together sang not the glory of God, but their own brightness; or the shouting waves extolled their own strength rather than the power of Him who measured them in the hollow of His hand, the song would scarcely be a pleasant one to the ears of angels or men; no, not even of men, although they find their own exulting chorus good and sweet.

There is something that inclines one both to laughter and tears in the posture of self-admiration men are prone to take, of late, before this Brocken spectre, this magnifying mirror which is, it seems to me, one of the greatest curses of the time, exalting self-consciousness into a virtue, and self-reverence into a holy service.

It is certainly an excellent thing, and a very possible thing, for a man to be a good and true man; but why worship him, or humanity through him? Why not worship God through him, and God alone? Why stop short of the Infinite Goodness and Wisdom? Does it not always lead into the most dangerous falsehood thus to accept and revere a part of the truth as the whole truth? Is it not the same blindness that led philosophers of old, groping through Nature for a first cause? the same idol-worship, worship paid to the created instead of the



Creator, which in ancient times seduced the people of God, and lured them from Him?

The one great proof, if proof be needed, of the danger that lurks in this apotheosis of humanity is, that it invariably and inevitably leads to a morbid admiration of the power of the human mind as mere power, no matter how fearfully it may be abused and misdirected; and, therefore, in the end, to that utter confounding of good and evil, of truth and falsehood, which protests "against the being of a line," and leaves us in the wide waste of life without a landmark on earth, or a fixed star in the heavens, to guide us. Let us reserve *all* our worship for Him who is of purer eyes than to behold evil, for then only are we safe.

## LIFE IN THE WEST.

ROCK ISLAND, Ill., Jan., 1854.

MR. ARTHUR:—Your Minnesota correspondent deserves the thanks of all those be-questioned denizens of the West, who are so fortunate as to have an extensive and curious Eastern correspondence. It is not a light attempt to describe "what kind of houses people live in," in this far-away land, "and who they have for neighbors." Notwithstanding all that has been written and told of life in "the West," it is not easy to realize it from the mere description. One will either fancy it far more barbarous and rude than it is, or conceive the representation a dark, monochromatic sketch of shadows, whose "Sunny Side" would exhibit a widely different history. But Minnie's letters carry on their face the conviction that such is life at Sauk Rapids, as she tells its story—new, fresh, and vigorous, with few of the discolored stains of fashionable follies, though tinged by frequent shades, the result of unavoidable privations and vexations, uncongenial society, and the peculiar customs, and strange notions of things, encountered on every hand. It is evident, at once, that, by some natures, it might be made a very pleasant life—by other natures, a very unpleasant life.

Those who would represent it a delightful thing to settle in a new country, must have learned to make a pleasure of sacrifice, and in the glorious promise of the future, to find satisfaction for the deficiencies of the present. On the other hand, one who proclaims it an *awful* thing to live, even in a humble way, in the West, fails in some way to comprehend the secret of *life itself*, and is miserable in the prairie "cabin," because he is not capable of real happiness, *anywhere*.

He who cares more for the dressing of a sauce than the proud vision of coming prosperity—who loses himself when separated from the conventionalisms of the world—who knows of no manliness save that of which broadcloth and fine dinners, Genin hats, and Lubin perfumes are the insignia, can understand little of the nobility of a noble life, in the West, or elsewhere.

My housekeeping talents are not of the most remarkable sort some have dared to imagine, Mr. Arthur. but, by the help of Miss Beecher and

Mrs. Leslie, those beacon lights beaming along the young housekeeper's "devious way," I have been able to entertain, at my brother's table, sundry sleek youths, fresh from Broadway or Chestnut street, just reduced to the last extreme of hunger and despair, by a week in the wilds of the West. And it has been amusing to note how utterly the memory of these enterprising gentlemen is filled with statistics of hotel furniture, lead tea-spoons, soiled table-linen, and cracked tea-cups, to the exclusion of those more important items of business or observation, which are supposed to attract visitors in this region. A bad dinner, or hard bed, is sufficient authority for their opinion that this is worse than "heathen ground."

Completely overcome by a chance sight of barefooted men and hoyden women, they swallow eagerly every incredible story of rudeness and barbarism with which to return to their fastidious circles of patent-leathers, canes and mustachios.

To such, it were madness to speak of the glory of the West, its happy homes, its noble institutions, and its many admirable points. Nor to them would we extend the invitation, "Come, and be one of us." The West wants as little of them as they want of the West.

But again we are visited by Eastern gentlemen, who love no less the elegance and refinement of polished society, who can do ample justice to the culinary wonders of a Soyer, if opportunity offered, and never object to an oyster pie or good beef steak, when they can get nothing better—who, nevertheless, can trudge from St. Paul to Council Bluffs, and yet westward, with only the poorest fare, and among some of the rudest people, exclaiming, with enthusiasm, at every step, upon the grand features of Western life.

In the dingy "cabin" of the settler they perceive the foundation of a *home*—the scene of *future progress*; in the uncultivated poor, the brawny muscle, which is to subdue the surrounding soil, and either by his own improvement, or the education of his family, bring it, sometime, under the subjection of science and culture. They pass from grove to prairie, and from town to river, blessing the laborer for his *work*, since in *labor* they recognize the true germ of future greatness.

Such a manly spirit, in some Western men, has fostered already the young glory of this mighty West, and to this nobility of feeling it will own whatever grandeur it may achieve, rather than to the sordid enterprises of its speculators, or the empty puffs of the myriad scribblers by whom it is so be-written.

I have in my mind many a little history of Western life, but my pen has been betrayed into so long a ramble, already, I must call it home for this time. But somewhere hence, when we have no company in the house, and the babe, down stairs, is quiet, and the maid in the kitchen needs no looking after, and no little French dress-maker is at my elbow, &c., I will write you again.

EUPHANE FEA.



## WRONGS OF CHILDREN.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

Children are often made awkward, sometimes permanently so, by being ill dressed. I do not mean by this, to imply the necessity that children should be dressed in a showy or costly manner, but their dress must be neat and appropriate, or it will affect their manners unfavorably, and, if it amount to shabbiness, their morals.

I saw an instance once, of the depressing effects of this disadvantage, coupled with unkindness, that made a deep impression on my mind. A little girl, of apparently ten years, came to me to request for a friend of mine, who had employed her to do the errand, the loan of a book. I had never seen the child before, and I thought her exceedingly ill-looking. Her hair hung in tangled masses about her face, her dress looked as though it had been made for a much larger person, and hung in a very ungraceful manner about her little form. Her shoes, were too large for her feet, which rendered her gait very awkward; besides, she seemed to stoop from a consciousness of their uncouth appearance, and to endeavor to hide them with her dress, which was much too long for a child of her age. Her head was depressed, her shoulders raised, her complexion was sallow, her eyes dull, and having an expression as though they would shrink into their sockets; and, altogether, I thought her the most awkward, ungraceful child I had ever seen.

On subsequent inquiry of my friend, as to her messenger, I learned that she was the poor dependent of a relative who cared little for her, as was evident from her neglected appearance.

About a year later, I was sitting in a hotel parlor, where several stranger-ladies were present, when there entered the room, a bright looking little girl, whose peculiar and exceeding beauty struck me at the first glance.

Her hair fell in smooth ringlets about her sunny face, her head rose gracefully above her falling shoulders, and as she ran up to one of the ladies, who, it seemed, she had come in to see, and gave her a kiss, her motions were light and graceful as those of a young fawn. After greeting the lady and exchanging a few words with her, she looked towards me; a curious expression came over her face as she did so, and I thought her countenance fell a little. After gazing at me intently for a moment, she approached me. She blushed a little as she offered me her hand, and said:—"How do you do, Miss —?" but the graceful ease and dignity of her manner pleased me. There seemed something familiar in her countenance, though I could not at first recollect where I had ever seen her before; but, in a moment, it flashed across my mind that she was the little girl who had come to me for the loan of a book, though I hardly know why, for she scarcely retained a trace of her former self. When I extended my hand to her, she said—

"You do not remember me, do you? I lived with aunt A—— when I saw you, but I live with aunt L—— now."

The child had unconsciously expressed, that the

difference in her circumstances, had so changed her appearance, that I could not recognize her—raised the little bowed head, imparted elasticity to the step, brightness to the eye, and grace to the motions. And what a history was revealed by this, and the few words spoken in a joyous tone, "I live with aunt L—— now."

It told of harshness and frowns, and injustice, and unmerited reproof, and the depressing consciousness of being the unwelcome inmate of an ungenial home, exchanged for love and appreciation, and tender care. I knew from the looks of the child, that aunt L—— must be a lovable woman—and contrasted her in imagination, with aunt A——, whose countenance, to my mind's eye, was seamed with frowns, and having afterwards an opportunity of seeing them both, I found my fancy portraits were not unlike the originals. The countenance of aunt A—— showed her harsh and tyrannical as she was, while that of aunt L—— was genial as a summer sky, and all aglow with the kindness and benevolence of her nature.

## THE ERUPTION OF SUMBAWA.

This was, perhaps, one of the most appalling and extraordinary fatalities that ever befel any community, and the imagination is horrified at its bare contemplation. No pen is adequate to the task of its description; for, language is too feeble to convey, fully, the overwhelming terribleness of the catastrophe. It commenced on the 15th of April, 1815, and did not entirely cease until the middle of July, following.

Like "an emerald set in the silver of the sea," Sumbawa flourished in luxuriant floral beauty, the fairest of the Molucca or Spice Islands. The brilliant verdure of a tropical clime, freshened by oft-recurring showers from the clouds that hung in sublime and fantastic forms about its mountain summits, rendered it delightful as Eden. The happy natives, unvexed with toil, gathered from nature's bountiful stores what satisfied their simple appetites, of fruit, or fish or fowl. Light-hearted and careless as the winds that murmured in their forests, they dreamed not of the horrible doom impending over them.

Some time previous to the eruption, strange mutterings were heard within the mountain, and deep sighs, as of a giantess in travail. The lovely island shuddered in conscious dread of its quick-coming destruction, and air and sea moaned and shivered in trembling sympathy.

The fatal morn arrived, and the sun, looming up from his ocean bed, looked brightly down upon a scene of beauty; soon, alas! to be blotted from his sight. A death-like stillness hung upon the waters. Not a ripple broke along the beach. The fountains ceased to flow, rushing back in affright to their secret sources in mid-earth. A stifling oppressiveness settled down upon land and sea. Nature held her breath.

A sob, a groan from the very bosom of the rock-ribbed earth—and louder than the mingled roar of hundred thundering hurricanes, the pent-up wrath of the volcano burst forth. The awful reverberations were distinctly heard a thousand

miles off! Instantly, thick, murky clouds of smoke, ashes, and cinders obscured the sky, and settled down in darkness as appalling and tangible as that which cursed Egypt. From centre to circumference, a distance of three or four hundred miles in every direction, it was darker than the darkest night. Great balls of fire, and horrible lightning, blinding as the unmitigated glare of tropical noon-day, flashed through the gloom, fading only to leave it more intensely profound. Showers, nay, floods of cinders and ashes poured down, crushing and destroying houses, villages, and towns, and submerging whole forests for forty miles around: and for hundreds of miles, the sea was so covered that ships could, with difficulty, force their way through the floating mass of pumice and scorise. Six hundred miles away they lay upon the waters, to the depth of two feet or more. Rivers of red-hot lava flowed unchecked down the mountain sides, burning up the very old woods, annihilating every vestige of life and beauty in their route, and wrapping large tracts of country in a pall of utter desolation. Ruin and death gathered the entire island in their cruel embrace, and out of its twelve thousand inhabitants only twenty-six escaped! The soul-harrowing particulars of their last agonies no man shall write; for, Heaven has kindly sealed them up.

H. C. TALBOTT.

WATERLOO, ILL., Jan. 21, 1854.

## "THINKING OF FATHER."

BY LINA BELL.

I have a habit, began in early childhood, of sitting alone and musing, as twilight deepens into night. I always feel the bringing in of lights an intrusion, and keep them away as long as possible. Oh, the lives I have lived, and the dreams I have dreamt in those twilight reveries! Like the German sleeper, no matter what the cares or pains of the day, my dream-land life, make up, with its gorgeous beauty, exquisite harmonies and noble sentiments, for all or any unpleasant reality.

What great, good, beautiful and pure beings, what noble sentiments, what ecstatic harmonies, what grace, what light filled that glorious ideal land! How my heart has ached for words to describe, for power to portray some of its way, graceful floating pictures, to bring to the ear some of its exquisite harmonies, to write down palpably some of its grand and noble sentiments. And when I have essayed, how bald and mean was the attempt—no more like my beautiful visions than the bone skeleton is to some tropic bird of gorgeous plumage.

As time wore on, and the real pressed more heavily on my heart, the glowing light of my dream-land faded from its full noon of gold to a rose hue, which gradually deepened through all the shades of purple, more beautiful, because more mellow; till death came, like Winter's frost, stripping the Autumnal forest of its glory. From that hour the light has been grey, growing colder as the picture contracts its dimensions, until now

cemetery lot filled with green graves, and my imagination goes back to the past, and rarely ever goes forward to the future; that is, of this life; and my communings are only with the spirit of those I have loved and lost for a season. And the last, which is so new that the grass is not yet on it, encloses a form of truly noble proportions, and covers a heart that was warmed with the quickest pulse. And the air of my dream-land is filled with its graceful motions, and softly on my ear falls a familiar voice, that breathes gently the name of "Sister," and my own murmurs "Brother." The sound startles me from my spirit-home, and I look down. On my bosom lies a little head, covered with golden curls; two large wistful eyes are gazing into mine, while tears are rolling down the dimpled cheeks; and a sob shakes the little form.

"What is it, darling, that grieves you?" I ask with a kiss.

The little mouth whispers, "I am thinking of father."

Alas! must she begin where I have ended?

## SCRAPS FROM QUERIE'S JOURNAL.

Dec. 1st.—I attended, this evening, the children's party, and, while watching the little ones and joining in their merry games, I felt a deep and pure enjoyment. "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven" came often to my lips, and in my heart I thanked our Father for the living types of that innocence which must imbue every soul that would enter that kingdom. They were beautiful and happy creatures; and no matter how ill-tempered and unhappy they might be, at home or at school, they were, for this evening's hour at least, care-free and sorrow-free, and I thought what a happy state of things it would be if these children's faces could be kept for ever as placid and joyous as they were then.

One dear little girl, of five years old, sat on a low stool, watching, with eager, delighted face, the dancing of the older children. What a sweet picture she made! The pure, white dress did not conceal the little shoulders coaxing for a kiss. The soft, fair arms were crossed upon her bosom, and plump, dimpled hands patted the round elbows—and the small feet beat time to the bounding music. And then the head, with its crown of golden curls! and the pure, lovely face! As I gazed upon her, my heart filled fast with tenderness, and I longed to see the woman, blessed above all other mortals, who called herself the mother of such an infant; and thought if she had been once neither good nor loving, she must have become so when this gift of God came to her. But, even while I was thus thinking, the mother approached, exclaiming, "Oh! see my little angel!" then, turning to one near her, began to repeat, in animated tones, tales of wonderful precocity, and mimicked the lisping voice and words of her darling. I looked at the child again. The blue eyes were fixed upon the mother; the dance and the violin were forgotten;

her little self. Her cheeks glowed with brighter color, and I saw that pride was busy in her young heart. I thought that, perhaps, the good angels which attended her saw, with sorrow, a dark stain upon the fresh, innocent spirit. And this stain of self-love was fixed there by maternal folly! How I wished to place my hands on the lips, and hush those fond and thoughtless words. The mother knew not what she did—knew not that she was administering poisoned honey to the being which God had entrusted to her, to bring up in *meekness* and in His fear.

Oh! mothers! Dear sister women, who bear, in your maternity, the crowning blessing of our sex, I wish I might speak to you all in earnest-stirring speech, and warn you against this one great evil—the selfish *flattery*—the vain *boasting over your children*.

Do not say that Querie is enthusiastic and earnest about a trifle, or, granting that she is right, turn from her warnings in self-assurance that you are safe from the weakness against which she preaches.

There are women who are sensible and judicious in every matter save that of praising their children. A friend of mine, well educated and noted for discrimination and good judgment, drew my attention to her little Mary, who sat upon her lap, and who listened, with intelligent expression, to our conversation. The mother told me of the child's fondness great for spelling. "She is so persevering"—these were her words—"as soon as the lamp is lit in the evening, she brings out her spelling-book, and soon becomes entirely absorbed in her lesson, and goes over column after column of the hardest words. You would be surprised to hear her undertake Constantinople, Connecticut, and other long words, bringing out every syllable correctly and in such a familiar, old-fashioned way. I've heard her, when she thought no one was near, spelling the different articles in the room. We are, indeed, beginning to fear for the child's health, and feel that she applies herself too closely. We call her 'Our Little Student.'" During all this speech, the "little student" looked delighted, and became convinced, no doubt, that she was a personage of much importance.

In the evening, when the lamps were lit, there came, sure enough, the spelling-book, but the little head was certainly not so intent on the long columns. The eyes glanced up often to see who were her admirers, and if no one seemed to notice her, the spelling went on in loud and boisterous voice to attract attention. I saw that the love of study for its own sake was gone, and the love of admiration had taken its place.

The lessons, which had been so innocently enjoyed, had lost their charm. The mother need fear no longer that close application will be injurious, for now a new and wonderful idea fills the little brain. She is already a "great speller," and people wonder at her! *Self-conceit* is now the ruler, and has driven out all pure inclinations for study.

The mother did not intend, by her selfish prattling, to sow the seeds of sin in the heart of her

which the grown-up woman may display, she will discover the fruits of her own selfish vanity.

Oh! mothers, speak to your children the sacred truth, even while you lavish upon them your playful caresses. Love them dearly as you will, but love them wisely. Care for and nourish their beautiful bodies; watch and admire the buddings of noble intellects; but if you have any reverence for spiritual and immortal beauty, tell them no falsehoods to ferment in them that leaven of pride which is found in every character. Children make no allowances for hyperbole nor any figure of speech, and especially is "all that mother says" pure, reliable truth.

Do not call them "angels;" nor, in blind affection, believe them to be anything more than feeble human beings for whose training you are responsible. They are, indeed, angel-tended, and through your co-operation with their Heavenly Guardians, they may become, in the life after this, wise and innocent angels.

## TRIBUTE TO LIGHT.

BY F. H. COOKE.

The kingly sun his realm surveys

In Summer's golden hours,  
When blush beneath his ardent gaze  
Ripe fruits and glowing flowers.

The mountain towers in frozen pride,  
Sublime in its repose;  
But soon the sun-kissed waters glide  
Fresh from eternal snows.

From the thick woods, where daylight falls  
In dim and doubtful guise,  
The perfume of the sylvan halls  
Steals upward to the skies.

In the deep sea, the mermaids dream  
Of a remembered day;  
And shells of wondrous beauty gleam  
In every wandering ray.

Far down in earth's mysterious cells,  
Where light can never shine,  
The alchemist of Nature dwells,  
The Genius of the Mine;

And, heedless of the circling years,  
Where all is dark and cold,  
Sits, moulding from his frozen tears  
Rare gems, and gleaming gold.

Haunted by visions of the sky,  
Seen in his dreams alone,  
He guards his treasures for an eye  
That never meets his own.

WENDELL, Mass.

Every good act, says Mahomet, is charity. Your smiling in your brother's face is charity; an exhortation of your fellow man to virtuous deeds is equal to almsgiving; putting a wanderer on the right road is charity, and removing thorns and stones and other obstructions from the road is charity. A man's true riches hereafter is the good he does to his fellow men. When he dies, people say, "What property has he left behind?" But the angels, who examine men in the grave, ask,

## VARIETIES.

Why do reptiles *multiply* so rapidly? Because there are so many *adders* amongst them.

The editor of Notes and Queries thinks that the husband of the celebrated "Mother of Pearl," must be the venerable Bede.

The man who earns his living by the "sweat of his brow," complains that it is hard times just now, when the mercury is getting down towards the zeros.

The celebrated Andrew Marvell, in his ironical libel upon the press, said, "Lead, when moulded into bullets, is not half so mortal as when founded into types."

The man who made a shoe for the foot of a mountain, is now engaged on a hat for the head of a discourse, after which he will manufacture a plume for General Intelligence.

A man of most grave aspect, came in and asked us whether the "seat of war" was an arm chair or a rocker? We replied, "an ottoman," upon which he lifted up his hands and eyes, and so departed.

"Six feet in his boots!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington. "What will the importance of this world come to, I wonder? Why, they might just as treasonably tell me that the man had six heads in his hat?"

The surest way to prevail on a young couple to marry, is to oppose them. Tell them you "would rather see them in their graves," and twelve months afterward their baby will pass you twice a day in a willow wagon.

A sporting "gent," who has courageously entered the "lists" at several betting houses, has lately purchased an elaborate work on "Ethnology," in consequence of his having heard that it will give him much information on the subject of "races."

Miss Partington, in a characteristic paragraph about Fern Leaves, says: "I know the Fern family from their very roots. They mostly live in the woods; they are a sweet, good race, but carry their heads pretty high; and Fanny is no deception to the general rule."

An Irishman, who was busily engaged in sweeping the floor of a grocery store up town, a few days ago, was interrogated as follows:—"I say, Pat, what are you doing there? sweeping out that room?" "No," exclaimed Pat, "I'm sweeping out the dirt and leaving the room."

A piece of wood burns, because it has the matter for burning within it. A man comes to be famous, because he has the matter for fame within him. To seek for, or hunt after fame, is a vain endeavor. By clever management, and various artificial means, a man may indeed succeed in creating for himself a sort of name. But if he lacks real inward value, all his management comes to naught, and will scarcely outlive the day.

## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

"Act considerably," is the practical version of "know thyself."

Which is the best government? That which teaches self-government.

How many men we meet who "might be" something, and how few who are!

Correction does much, but encouragement does more. Encouragement after censure, is as the sun after a shower.

Fidelity, good humor and complacency of temper, outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make the decays of it invisible.

Men of the noblest dispositions think themselves happiest when others share their happiness with them.

He that is most worthy of fame is often the most careless of it—while the would-be great is ever in fear of losing caste.

We ought not to isolate ourselves, for we cannot remain in a state of isolation. Social intercourse makes us the more able to bear with ourselves and with others.

Individual greatness (the foundation of national greatness) is the result of fiery trial, continual struggle, unceasing self-sacrifice, unremitting discipline.

Would you be exempt from uneasiness? do nothing you know or suspect to be wrong; and if you wish to enjoy the purest pleasures, do everything in your power, that you are convinced is right.

If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiencies. Nothing is denied to well directed labor; nothing is ever to be attained without it.

The criterion of true beauty is, that it increases on examination; if false, that it lessens. There is something, therefore, in true beauty that corresponds with right reason, and is not merely the creation of fancy.

The history of every great success in business is the history of great perseverance. By perseverance the mind is strengthened and invigorated, and the difficulty that once seemed so formidable is a second time surmounted, with ease and confidence.

We are too apt to attribute success in business to good fortune, instead of great perseverance. This is a great evil, and should be eschewed, as it leads many to suppose that Dame Fortune will do that for them which they are unwilling to do for themselves.

A man's genius is always in the beginning of life, as much unknown to himself as to others—and it is only after frequent trials, attended with success, that he dares think himself equal to the undertakings in which those who have succeeded, have faced the admiration of mankind. *Hume*

## EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

### INTERNATIONAL FREEBOOTING.

MY DEAR ARTHUR:—It has often been urged, by interested parties in this country, that an international copyright between England and America would benefit the former at the expense of the latter nation. Possibly it might, though the great question, it seems to me, should be one of right and justice, not of interest and selfishness. Possibly it might; and yet one cannot take a stroll among the booksellers, in London, without having the fact clearly impressed upon his mind, that American authors suffer severely in consequence of the want of reciprocity between the two countries in the matter of copyright. Let me relate to you a late incident, of a rather amusing nature, in illustration of this opinion, an incident in which you and I (for there is nothing like bringing a thing home to one's own individual sympathies) have each a personal interest.

One day, while in London, I spent several hours rambling about the town, and peeping into the different book-stores, to see what was going on in the literary world, and especially what there was new in literature for the young. This task, though a comparatively easy one in New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, is a difficult one in London; for the publishers there ordinarily keep only their own publications, while, with us, a retail book-store contains most of the current books of the day. In prosecuting these rambles, from the West End, through the Strand, I came at length to Paternoster Row and St. Paul's Church-yard. In one of these thoroughfares—I will not say which—I stepped into a store (I beg pardon of Johnny Bull, I mean a shop), in the window of which were exposed several volumes appearing as if they were intended for the little folks. I informed one of the proprietors, who was in attendance, of the nature of my errand, and he responded, very obligingly.

"We publish twelve volumes, which, I am sure, will please you," he said. "They are written with a marvellous deal of care, and are exceedingly clever."

"I'll look at them, if you please, sir."

"I am sorry to say that only six of them are now in the shop. The other six are in process of reprinting, and will be ready in a few days. They are so popular that the editions are rapidly exhausted."

six volumes then on hand. While he was absent, I remarked that I was an American, and had tried my hand a little at authorship myself.

"Indeed!" said he, patronizingly; "happy to make your acquaintance, sir; always delighted to shake hands with an American author. Very clever writers are many of your people; very clever, indeed. But," he added, less smilingly and in a more deprecatory tone, "the publishers in your country do pilfer a great deal from us; and I must say, sir, it's wrong, very wrong, indeed."

I agreed with him, perfectly, and said I hoped the day would soon come when the two governments could be made to see the matter in this light. By this time, the books which had been sent for had arrived, and were before me on the counter. The generic title of the series was—but, perhaps, I had better suppress that; you may see them, however, in my library, if your curiosity leads you in that direction. A cursory examination of the first volume I took up resulted in my determination to purchase the whole. I enquired the price of them, and placed the amount on the counter. But, still looking over the articles in the book I held in my hand, I was struck with the fact that the style of one of them was very similar to my own style, which, as you know, is rather transparent than otherwise. As I read along, I could not help saying, mentally, "This sounds amazingly like me;" and, still proceeding, I was at length sure I had said those things in much the same words. On turning to the title of the tale—for it was a tale, covering a dozen pages or more—lo! it was one of my own. Well, my curiosity being somewhat excited, I looked over the entire six volumes, and found that more than one-third of them were made of the tales, in about equal portions, of *Arthur* and *Woodworth*. How much of the remainder of the contents of these works was yours I am unable to say, as I don't pretend to recognize all your numerous literary babies, wherever I come across them in the world, unless they are introduced by name. I examined leisurely the entire number submitted to me before I left the shop, and found that, of the six, five were indebted to you and me for a considerable share of their contents. The aggregate of the articles—known to be such—so written, was more than one-quarter of the matter contained in

these articles had been appropriated, word for word, except in some cases where the tales contained some sentences which betrayed their transatlantic origin, when they were judiciously altered. In this *melange*, several other American writers for youth—Abbott, Goodrich, Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Neal—also figured more or less conspicuously. So much for the half of the series which I had the opportunity of examining. Of the character of the other half, which I could not see, I, of course, cannot speak, but leave you to guess what its contents are.

Now, the cream of this joke was the fact that the name of not one of the American authors, who had been laid under contribution to rear this literary fabric, was mentioned anywhere in the series. All the tales and sketches in these half-dozen volumes were given as the genuine productions of a British author who shall here be nameless.

"Sir," said I to the obliging publisher, as I left the shop, "I surely *ought* to be pleased with these books, inasmuch as I find I was one of the principal workmen engaged in constructing them. It does not look well, you know, for one to find fault with his own work."

"How, sir? I am not sure that I clearly understand you."

I explained, so that there could be no possibility of mistaking my meaning.

The bookseller, for the moment, was struck dumb with astonishment or something else. When he found his voice, he declared, on his honor, it was one of the most marvellous things he ever heard of in his life; to which I replied, in the language of Mr. Toots, as I took my leave, that it was "of no consequence, not the slightest in the world." FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH.

NEW YORK, Feb 10, 1854.

### THE HOME-MOTHER.

Some one writing for the "Masonic Mirror" has drawn a charming picture of a home-loving, child-loving mother. Our heart warms as we gaze upon it, for we know just such a *home-mother*, whose highest pleasure is found in ministering to the little ones who ever bear about them marks of her care, and taste, and love. How often have we seen the tear start in her eyes, "for one little nestling, laid in its chill, narrow bed, for whom her maternal care is no longer needed."

"A mightier arm enfolds it. It is at rest. She feels and knows that it is right, and bends meekly to the hand that sped the shaft, and

those little ones who are left for her to love." Yes, blessings on the gentle home-mother, say we. She is the true household-angel.

"We must draw a line, aye, a broad line, between her and the frivolous butterfly of fashion, who flits from ball to opera and party, decked in rich robes, and followed by a train as hollow and heartless as herself. She who, forgetful of the holy task assigned her, neglects those who have been given in her charge, and leaves them to the care of hirelings, while she pursues her giddy round of amusements.

"Not so our *home-mother*! blessings be on her head. The heart warms to see her in her daily routine of pleasant duties. How patiently she sits, day after day, shaping and sewing some article for use or adornment for her little flock! And how proud and pleased is each little recipient of her kindness! How the little face dimples with pleasure, and the bright eyes grow still brighter as mamma decks them with her own hands, in the new dress she has made! How much warmer and more comfortable they feel, if mamma wraps them up before they go to school! No one but her can warm the mitts and overshoes, or tie the comforters around the necks!

"There is a peculiar charm about all she does, the precious mother. They could not sleep—nay, for that matter, she could not, if she failed to visit their chamber, and with her own soft hands arrange them comfortably before she slept! Her heart thrills with gratitude to her Creator, as she looks on those sweet blooming faces, and when their prayers are done, imprints a good-night kiss on each rosy little mouth. It may be too, a tear will start for one little nestling, laid in its chill, narrow bed, for whom her maternal care is no longer needed. It sleeps, though the sleet and snow descend, and the wild winter winds howl around its head. It needs no longer her tender care! A mightier arm enfolds it! It is at rest! She feels and knows that it is right, and bends meekly to the Hand that sped the shaft, and turns with a warmer love, if it be possible, to those little ones who are left for her to love. How tenderly she guards them from every danger, and with what a strong, untiring love, she watches by their bed-side when they are ill! Blessings be on the gentle, loving home-mother. Angels must look with love upon her acts. Her children shall rise up and call her blessed, and the memory of her kindly deeds will unfold her as a garment."

☞ The Ottoman Government has declared, so the newspapers inform us, that it will not sanction privateering, nor grant letters of marque. In this matter a Mahomedan nation has taken a higher position than any Christian people yet, so far as we know. The Turkish government has, by this step, rebuked all *nominally* Christian governments, and has set them an example by following which they will improve their title to be considered Christian in reality, as well as in

## COLOR IN SCULPTURE.

A few years ago, artists and lovers of art would have deemed the coloring of a marble statue an offence against good taste. Such offences are likely soon to be committed, and that under very respectable authority. In the new Crystal Palace at Sydenham, colored statuary, in close imitation of that said to be common among the ancient Greeks, is to be introduced; and we also notice the fact, that among artists of the first standing abroad, the question of statue-coloring has come up for earnest discussion. A correspondent of the London Athenæum says:

"It is doubtful how far our 'uneducated' minds are prepared for the coloring of statues, or ready to accept any further approaches to the color of nature in lieu of the pure and poetic appearance of marble. The Greeks, no doubt, colored many of their statues more or less, and even, it is said, put gems into the eyes of some. The question affords a pleasant enough debatable ground for art-lovers to run a tilt upon. A few weeks ago I had the pleasure of being one of a little party with a celebrated sculptor from Rome, and some other artists of eminence. Statue-coloring was a subject of conversation. The sculptor said that he had completed in marble, at Rome, a life-sized statue of a Venus, nearly nude. He had also colored it. He said the effect was satisfactory to himself and also to others who at the first had highly reprobated the idea.

"The painters of the party doubted how far a flat tint, however admirably laid on the surface of a figure, could successfully imitate all the requisite transparencies and graces of tint which are ever varying in beautiful flesh as the light is changed. In answer to this, the sculptor said he had not adopted the full coloring of nature, but had kept it subdued, rather as a shadow of color, or a tint, than the color itself. Thus the coloring for the hair was a pale golden, for the eyes a faint blue, and all the rest of the coloring of the surface of the same tender character. The requisite delicacy for these hues had, he said, taken him much time, and he had been obliged to do it all himself.

"Is it not probable that where statues are colored all the associations around fled harmonizing in treatment with them—not letting in the broad glare of inquisitive day upon the imitation? I recollect admiring exceedingly the effect of full-colored full-sized Gothic figures in La Sainte Chapelle and in St. Denis at Paris—but then the whole surface of the interior was most richly decorated, and the light streamed in through the glories of painted windows. The colored light seemed to glaze down the whole effect to one solemn beatific organ tone, and the sense was fully gratified: but take away those mellow windows and let in the scrutinizing light of day, and I fancy it would be another sort of thing altogether.

"As to coloring separate works of high class sculpture in marble, I own I have my tremors—last, too, we should have more than that we

we allow our attempts in emulation of nature to stray beyond imitating one phase of her form—will not the mind be less gratified with what is added to the work, beyond what is usual, than dissatisfied with what is left undone and short of perfect creation? Where are we to stop? If we add color, we may the more look for movement then voice, then wit, till we become perfect Pygmalsions, or Franksteins!

"May I say with Sir Lucius: 'It is a very pretty quarrel as it stands.' The Crystal Palace, however—that modern Alexander—is, I understand, considering this knot with a shrewd eye."

## ENCOURAGING WORDS.

We commend the following, from the Boston Olive Branch, to all well wishers of their kind. Yes, pass on encouraging words. Receive them with thankfulness; and show your gratitude by passing them on to others, who may need them as much as you did.

"You and I have both known the value of encouraging words in days of trouble, and they must be passed on to those in like need."—[Extract from a Friend's Letter.

Ah! how often we forget this—how often take the "encouraging words," profit by them ourselves, it may be, and then lock them up in our hearts, or forget that they were ever uttered. God forgive our great selfishness, and give us strength to root it out for ever!

How that letter of my friend's has entered into and searched my heart. Ah! God be thanked that I have such a friend; one who not only sees my faults, but dares show them to me. There are few who will do this, or who can do it, delicately and kindly, so as not to give offence. Such a friend is above all price—above all estimation. May I be sufficiently thankful that I can call her mine.

I once tried to express my gratitude to one who had done for me a great favor. "What shall I do?" exclaimed I, in the fulness of my full heart. "Do the same for another, when you can," replied my friend. And this is the true gratitude. Would we could all not only remember it, but let it guide and control our whole life course. It seems to me the age is emphatically a selfish one. One dwelling in cities becomes almost weary and disgusted with his kind. Every one is toiling for himself. In his eagerness to attain a fancied good or pleasure, he overlooks all else. By degrees much of the innate kindness and generosity of his soul is crushed out, or crushed in and hidden. At length we would hardly recognize the man, so completely changed has he become. This is a sad picture, but alas! too true!

And it seems to me that often those very ones who, in earlier years, have had most need of favors and received most, who have had the most "encouraging words" spoken, are the last to do, or to say for others. They, indeed, have looked them up in their hearts or forgotten them, else would they pass them on "to cheer and gladden



better and more generous spirit be bestowed. May we not only "pass on" the blessings vouchsafed to us; but "pass them on" with usury.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Autobiography of an Actress; or, Eight Years on the Stage.* By Anna Cora Mowatt. Boston: Ticknor & Co. (For sale by W. S. Martien.) Difficult as the task is to write a successful autobiography without some loss of self-respect, Mrs. Mowatt has accomplished the narration of her own memoirs in a manner that cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Her autobiography, while it increases our respect for her literary ability, adds also to our esteem for her as a noble, energetic, self-sacrificing woman. Ardent, impulsive, independent of antiquated social formalities, yet withal strictly feminine, she has passed triumphantly through an ordeal of more than common peril, and preserved to the last that fine sense of self-respect which is the surest guarantee of the world's esteem. Unlike Canning's needy knife-grinder, Mrs. Mowatt has indeed a "story to tell," her life partaking of many of the elements of the romantic in no ordinary degree. How well the events of that life, both physically and psychologically are narrated—with what fortitude she met its vicissitudes, and how resolutely she triumphed over all obstacles that barred her progress to fame and fortune, those who take an interest in the remarkable career of a gifted woman, may find by a perusal of this, the best of all her writings.

— *Addison's Complete Works.* Vol 8d. New York: Putnam. (For sale by A. Hart.) This fine edition of an English classic author, deserves the warmest praise. As an essayist, Addison ranks among the foremost. As a master of the English language, for verbal felicity and the finely balanced structure of his sentences, he has few equals, and no superiors. In point of style he is a writer whom all may study with advantage, while his humor, his delicacy of perception, his geniality and his noble appreciation of all that is good and true in humanity, render him worthy of his high fame and of the affection with which he inspires his readers.

The increasing demand for books of this class shows that a healthy reaction is taking place in the public taste, and that the light, trifling and pernicious works which have for some years past degraded the popular reading, is now giving place to volumes of real merit and standard value. Better books than these are in every respect, no gentleman need require. They are carefully edited, judiciously annotated, and are printed on fine paper, in a type so bold and clear, that they deserve a choice place in every well selected library.

— *A Popular Treatise on Street Architecture and Principles of Design connected with it.* By S. B. Wetherald. Part 1st. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. We can heartily recommend this book to all who desire to obtain a knowledge of the principles of correct taste in architectural design. Written forcibly, with great clearness of expression, and without any of those technical phrases which are so frequently a stumbling block to the unscientific reader, it compresses a considerable amount of valuable information within a small compass, and while pointing out the artistic defects in many of our modern buildings, illustrates to the eye, by well executed lithographic drawings, those leading principles of beauty in art which are so cleverly enunciated in the treatise itself.

— *The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge for 1854.* Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. The continued publication of this remarkably useful work, which has been already issued annually for quarter of a century, is a fair evidence of the value which has attached to it hitherto. Its intrinsic merits fully justify the general favor. It contains an immense amount of valuable information in relation to "the government finances, legislation, public institutions, internal improvements and resources of the United States and of the several States." This digest, the result of much laborious research, has been made with great ability, and is offered to the public in so useful a form, that as a book of reference, it will be found invaluable.

— *The Complete Works of Thomas Campbell, with an Original Biography and Notes.* Edited by Eses Sargent. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. (For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston.) We have here, by far, the best edition of Campbell ever published in this country. The biography of the poet, well condensed from previous memoirs, gives us a clear insight into the character of England's finest lyrical writer. Mr. Sargent has accomplished his task with great credit to himself, while the publishers have issued the book in a style which would gratify Campbell himself. To say anything respecting the merit of poems already so well known and so frequently lauded, would be only "to gild refined gold."

*History of New Amsterdam, with Papers on the Events of the American Revolution and of Philadelphia in the Times of William Penn.* By Professor A. Davis. New York: R. T. Young. (For sale by J. L. Gihon.) We cannot very highly recommend this book. It is made up of matters derived from a good deal of desultory reading, but is loosely put together, and the incidents which it relates have been much better told elsewhere.

## DEATH OF GEORGE LIPPARD.

George Lippard, a young American author of marked ability, died in this city, of consumption, on the 9th inst., at the early age of 31 years. Against many disadvantages of education, position, and temperament, Mr. Lippard struggled up from the ranks, and made himself a name throughout the country ere he had gained his twenty-fifth year. He was not a careful, finished writer; but possessed great enthusiasm, and a graphic power, which commanded the attention of the masses. He was ardent in his feelings, warm in his friendships, and honest in his purposes. His life was one long struggle with his own strong impulses, and the iron circumstances by which he was surrounded, and we doubt not, that in this struggle, his delicate, physical organism was overtaken, and an early death the consequence. Mr. Lippard was a widower, having lost his young wife a short time after their marriage. It is not true, as has been stated, that he was living in great destitution for some time previous to his decease. This, we are assured, is an error. A communication, in Scott's Weekly, written previous to his death, says: "The writer of this resides in close proximity to his dwelling, has visited him frequently during his illness, and knows that he has wanted for nothing that money could obtain or careful nursing secure. He has been in the receipt of a considerable amount from the sale of his most recent works, and it is certain that, if such had not been the fact, his friends could have secured him a sufficiency."

## NEWSPAPER LITERATURE.

The remark has more than once been made by those who have had access to a large number of newspapers published in this country, that a great proportion of them are conducted with ability and good judgment, and are favorable to order and good morals. In looking over our "exchanges," we have not unfrequently been surprised to find so much good taste and good judgment, so much ability and intelligence. There are, it is true, several papers of a low caste, giving evidence of vulgar tastes, uncultivated intellect, tainted imagination and corrupt morals. But they constitute but a small minority. The great majority are, on the whole, favorable to the development of intelligence, sound principles and correct sentiments in their readers. And this we feel to be a ground of hope and rejoicing. For among the many agencies which exert an influence on character, the newspaper is one of the

most powerful, particularly in Great Britain and these United States. It goes far towards determining the tastes and the principles, the convictions and judgments, both of the leading men and of the multitude in each generation. Public sentiment—the character, influence and movements of every people—depend very much upon the utterances of the newspaper press. It becomes, therefore, a matter of vital interest, so far as individual, social and national well-being are concerned, that the public should make manifest such an amount of regard for refinement of taste, for uncorruptness and integrity in judgment, and for devotion to the dictates of justice and humanity, and to the promotion of the interests of the less fortunate classes of the community, as to convince the conductors of the press that these qualities and excellences must be prominent in their papers, to secure for them any very flattering patronage. Let the public be at some pains to patronize chiefly those papers that are of an elevated caste, and of a high and wholesome moral tendency, and we shall soon have an increase of the general good character of our present newspaper and magazine literature. A discriminating and marked patronage of the best will elevate the standard newspaper literature, which, in its turn, will elevate individual, social and national character.

## LOSSES BY FIRES.

The amount of property destroyed by fire every year is very considerable. In the city of New York, alone, an amount of property—of the results of hard work—has been destroyed, or we may say annihilated, within a short time, sufficient to have filled to overflowing all the treasuries of all the benevolent societies in the land—sufficient to have bought farms for thousands and thousands of the landless. The loss of so much property, which either is or might be capital employing hundreds of industrious persons, cannot be thought of without feelings of sadness. It is so much taken from the great treasure-heap of human labor and absolutely annihilated.

Is property always to be liable to such destruction? Is there no method discoverable by the ingenuity of man by which buildings might be put up in such a way as to be less liable to be destroyed by fire? Might not even some method be invented by which buildings of all kinds, public and private, large and small, at present in existence, and erected in the common way, might be rendered, in some degree, less combustible than they now are?

We think it quite possible and highly probable that human ingenuity may yet accomplish a great deal in the way of lessening the liability of buildings and other property to be destroyed by fire. But human ingenuity has never, so far as we know, been put to its utmost effort in this direction. We would propose, therefore, to property-holders in cities, villages, and everywhere, that funds be contributed in order to provide a large premium—say of ten, fifty, or an hundred thousand dollars—which shall be offered to the successful discoverer or inventor of some plan which shall wholly, or in a great measure, prevent buildings from being destructible by fire. Such a premium would put all the inventive faculties of this very scientific, inventive and progressive age into exercise. Under the pressure of some strong stimulus of this kind, human ingenuity could certainly produce something. We willingly pay, now, one per cent. to have our buildings insured. A contribution of one one-hundredth of that per centage, from comparatively a few, would form a premium which would effectually put wits to work which would make a discovery worth a thousand-fold what it would, in this way, cost. Who will take the first step?

#### INTOLERANCE.

Why is this evil so inveterate? Why will men continue so long to denounce and hate and persecute those who differ in opinion with them? Why will men not practice according to the golden rule, and treat the opinions of others with the same charity and candor which they would wish to be shown to their own? Why is the love of truth, the spirit of inquiry, the right and duty of private judgment, the having a mind of one's own—why are these things so persistently discouraged and impeded? These are hard problems. A truly philosophical, psychological and satisfactory solution of them would be highly interesting and valuable. Meanwhile, who that observes the bitter hatred and persecution poured on those who diverge from the beaten track can fail to be justly indignant, and to have all his sympathies cling to those who dare to doubt, to question, to think freely and fearlessly for themselves?

#### SOMETHING TO BE INVENTED.

We have, on two occasions, says the Scientific American, directed attention to the importance of discovering a pencil which would write as easy and free as a good black lead one, and make clean jet-black marks—a pencil which would be

uses. We have often wished for such an instrument, for no class of men would be more benefited by it than editors. We are, therefore, speaking a good word for ourselves, while we are jogging the genius of many of our readers. While travelling on railroad or steamboat, or on the highway, how convenient it would be when Shakspearean ideas flashed across the minds of some of our editorial brethren to pull out the jet-black pencil and black-fossil them for ever. What barrels of ink such a pencil would save; how much dancing of the arm from paper to ink bottle it would obviate; in short, it would advance civilization, improve our literature, and last, but not least, make an independent fortune to the discoverer.

#### RAPID EXECUTION OF MUSIC.

At a speed of seventy miles an hour, the locomotive "coughs" twenty times in a second: a number impossible for the ear to separate and distinguish. With this fact in view, some curious observer has stated the following in regard to the rapidity with which musical notes are sometimes executed. He says:—"Under the direction of a great leader, we have heard forty violins in the coda of an overture firmly attack a passage of groups of eight notes; and with lightning-like rapidity, play them perfectly together, as if by one instrument, each note being most distinctly appreciable by the ear. The effect on the audience was electrical, exciting to the last degree. Happening to have a watch in hand at that moment, we calculated the speed of the players, and found, for twenty seconds, three groups or twenty-four notes a second were played by each. Thus, in each second, they played nine hundred and sixty notes, and in twenty seconds, or one-third of a minute, eighteen thousand two hundred notes, and had a single one of these notes been misplaced, a highly cultivated and naturally susceptible musical ear would have discovered and been displeased by it."

#### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The charming steel plate that embellishes this number cannot fail to please. The "Dead Dove" tells its own story of grief and tenderness; while the amusing scene in a Daguerreotypist's "Operating" room, will provoke a smile on the face of the gravest. Not the least attractive of our illustrations, at least to mothers and their little ones, will prove the eight engravings which we have taken, with the permission of the publishers, from our "Juvenile Library." The series of twelve volumes, contains over sixty illustra-

## DRESSING THE HAIR.

Some new styles of dressing the hair have been adopted in the fashionable world. They are elaborate, perhaps too much so for ordinary everyday use, where plaid bands and twists are still in vogue. For parties, however, we give No. 1.

No. 1.



The front hair is parted horizontally on each side of the forehead into three distinct divisions, each of which is turned back and forms a roll. These *rouleaux* may be made either of the hair alone or by rolling it on small silk cushions covered with hair colored silk. In front, they are divided by *bandeaux* of Roman pearls.

No. 2 is the same headdress at the back, the

No. 2.



hair being entwined with the pearls very low on the neck, and fastened by two pearl-headed pins, of an antique bodkin pattern.

No. 3 is still a different style, more in accord-

No. 3.



ance with the taste of our grandmothers, especially the small flat curls on the temples. A light plume is entwined with the Grecian braid at the back of the head.

We give these, as we have said before, more from their novelty than grace. For ordinary wear, plain bands on each side the temple, drawn out wide where the size and shape of the head admit of it, are principally seen. The back hair is formed into a French twist flat to the head, around which the rest is disposed in a close circle, either twisted, roped or braided, leaving the smooth twist displayed in the centre. "Roping" the hair is done by dividing it in two equal parts, and twisting one over the other, a kind of round braid, taking its name from the resemblance it bears when smoothly managed to a hempen rope or cable.

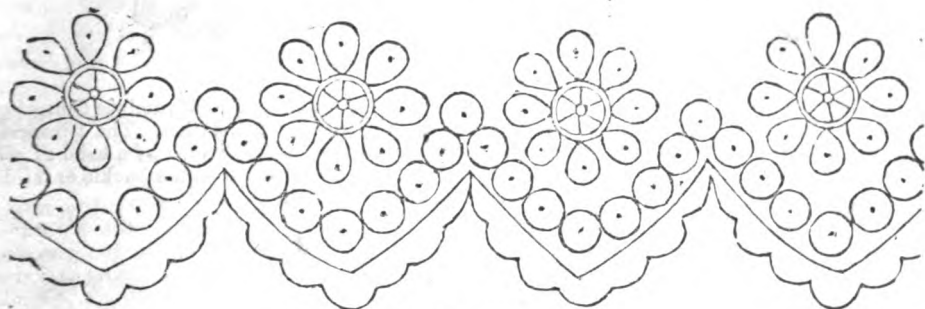
## DOMESTIC RÉCIPES.

**PARSNIP STEW.**—Cut a half pound of fat salt pork in slices, and a pound of beef or veal in bits; put them in a dinner pot, with very little water. Scrape some parsnips, and cut them in slices an inch thick; wash and put them to the meat; pare and cut six small sized potatoes in halves. Cover the pot close and set it over a bright fire for about half an hour; then dredge in a table-spoonful of wheat flour, add a small bit of butter, and a small tea-spoonful of pepper, stir it in, and set over the fire to brown for fifteen minutes. Take the stew into a dish and serve.

**GLAZED HAM.**—Beat the yolks of two eggs very light, cover your ham all over with the beaten egg, then sift over some grated cracker, and set the ham in the oven to brown the glazing.



CORNER FOR A POCKET HANDKERCHIEF.



PATTERN FOR EMBROIDERY.

**FRIED OYSTERS.**—Select the largest oysters for frying. Take them out of their liquor with a fork, and endeavor, in doing so, to rinse off all the particles of shell which may adhere to them. Dry them between napkins; have ready some grated cracker, seasoned with Cayenne pepper and salt. Beat the yolks only of some eggs, and to each egg add half a table-spoonful of thick cream. Dip the oysters, one at a time, first in the egg, then in the cracker crumbs, and fry them in plenty of butter, or butter and lard mixed, till they are of a light brown on both sides. Serve them hot.

**NICE PLUM CAKE.**—One pound of flour, quarter of a pound of butter, quarter of a pound of sugar, quarter of a pound of currants, three eggs, half a pint of milk, and a small tea-spoonful of carbonate of soda. The above I make weekly; it is excellent. The cakes are always baked in a common earthen flower-pot saucer, which is a very good plan.

**A BACHELOR'S PUDDING.**—Four ounces of grated bread, the same of currants and apples, 2 ounces of sugar, three eggs, a little essence of lemon, and ground cinnamon; boil it three hours.

**BOILED HAM.**—Wash and scrape your ham; if it is not very salt, it need not be soaked; if old and dry, let it soak twelve hours in lukewarm water, which should be changed several times. Put it in a large vessel filled with cold water. Let it simmer, but be careful not to let it boil, as it hardens and toughens the meat. Allow twenty minutes to cook each pound of meat. When it is done, take it out of the water, strip off the skin, and serve it. Twist scalloped letter paper round the shank, or ornament it with sprigs of green parsley neatly twisted round it. If it is not to be eaten whilst hot, as soon as it is taken from the pot, set it away to get cold, then skin it, by which means you preserve all the juices of the meat. It may be garnished as above, or, if you choose, you may glaze it.

**A LAMP THAT WILL BURN TWELVE MONTHS WITHOUT REPLENISHING.**—Take a stick of phosphorus and put it into a large dry phial, not corked, and it will afford a light sufficient to discern any object in a room when held near it, and will continue its luminous appearance for more than twelve months.

## CHEMISETTE AND UNDER SLEEVE.

Fig. 1.

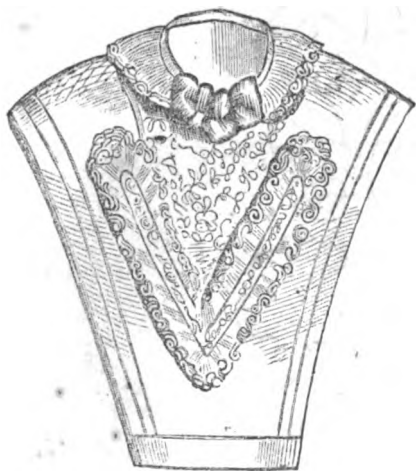
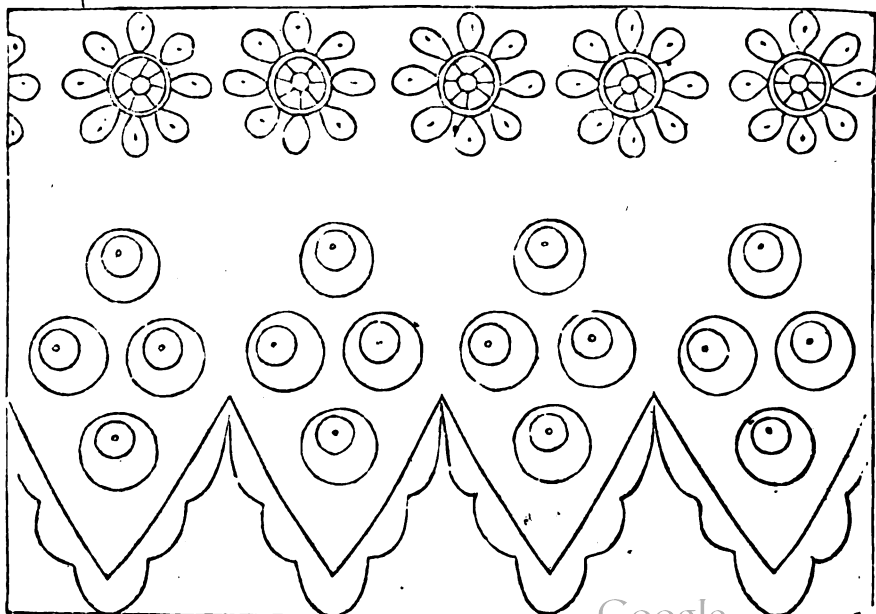


Fig. 1.—Chemisette of lace, the foundation being plain bobbinet, or muslins, that can be easily done up. The front piece is in a pretty light pattern of embroidery, surrounded by a heart-shapen insertion and edging also of lace. Collar to correspond. Trio bow of rich satin ribbon, violet, pink, blue, or cherry, as suits the style of dress. This can be made in muslin as well.

Fig. 2.



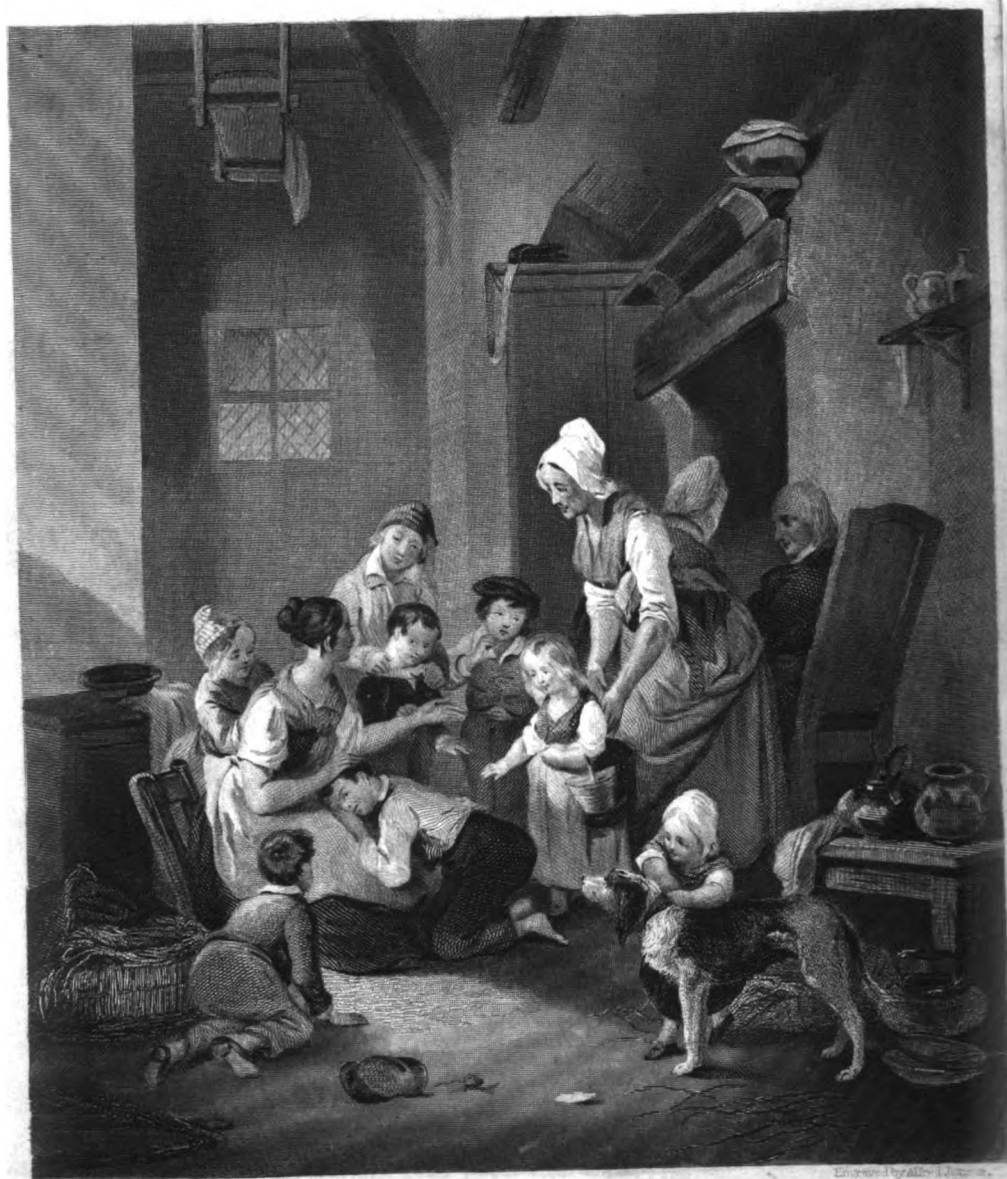
Fig. 2.—An undersleeve of cambric flouncing, on a plain cambric foundation. The trimming falls both ways, and is divided by a band of ribbon or velvet, drawn through a buckle or slide, the ends left flowing.



PATTERN FOR EMBROIDERY.







Painted by Roscoe.

Engraved by Miller & Co.



THE LADY ROWENA.





THE LADY ROWENA.



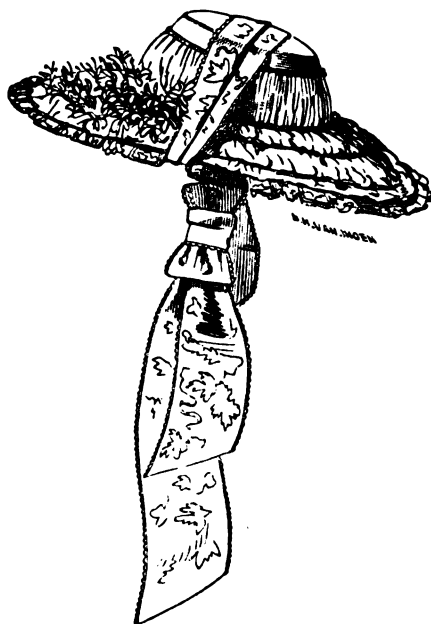


SPRING FASHIONS.

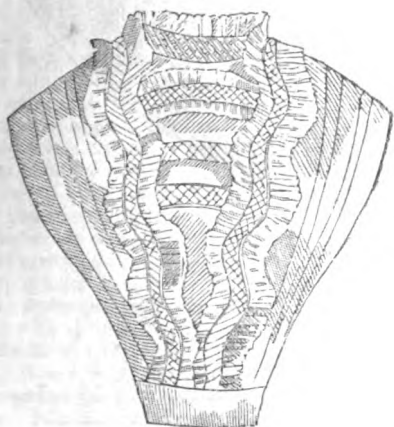
ENGLISH STRAW.



MISS'S FLAT.



BONNETS FROM THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THOS WHITE & CO., No. 41 SOUTH SECOND STREET,



CHEMISETTE AND UNDERSLEEVE.





**THE INUNDATION.**



# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA: APRIL, 1854.



## SELLING BLACKBERRY.

I had, in the usual forms, when I came to the fair, put my horse through all his paces, but for some time had no bidders. At last a chapman approached, and after he had for a good while examined the horse round, finding him blind of one eye, he would have nothing to say to him; a second came up, but observing he had a spavin, declared he would not take him for the driving home; a third perceived he had a windgall, and would bid no money; a fourth knew by his eye that he had the bots; a fifth wondered what the plague I could do at the fair with a blind, spavined, galled hack, that was only fit to be cut up for a dog kennel. By this time I began to have a most hearty contempt for the poor animal myself, and was almost ashamed at the approach of every customer; for though I did not entirely believe all the fellows told me, yet I reflected that the number of witnesses was a strong presumption that they were right; and St. Gregory upon

good works, professes himself to be of the same opinion.

I was in this mortifying situation, when a brother clergyman, and an old acquaintance, who had also business at the fair, came up, and shaking me by the hand, proposed adjourning to a public house, and taking a glass of whatever we could get. I readily closed with the offer, and entering an alehouse, we were shown into a little back room where there was only a venerable old man, who sat wholly intent over a large book, which he was reading. I never in my life saw a figure that prepossessed me more favorably. His locks of silver gray venerably shaded his temples, and his green old age seemed to be the result of health and benevolence. However, his presence did not interrupt our conversation; my friend and I discoursed on the various turns of fortune we had met; the Whistonian controversy, my last pamphlet, the archdeacon's reply, and the hard

measure that was dealt me. But our attention was in a short time taken off, by the appearance of a youth, who, entering the room, respectfully said something softly to the old stranger.

"Make no apologies, my child," said the old man; "to do good is a duty we owe to all our fellow-creatures; take this, I wish it were more; but five pounds will relieve your distress, and you are welcome."

The modest youth shed tears of gratitude, and yet his gratitude was scarcely equal to mine. I could have hugged the good old man in my arms, his benevolence pleased me so. He continued to read, and we resumed our conversation, until my companion, after some time, recollecting that he had business to transact in the fair, promised to be soon back; adding, that he always desired to have as much of Dr. Primrose's company as possible. The old gentleman hearing my name mentioned, seemed to look at me with attention for some time, and when my friend had gone, most respectfully demanded if I was any way related to the great Primrose, that courageous monogamist, who had been the bulwark of the church. Never did my heart feel sincerer rapture than at that moment.

\* \* \* \* \*

The subject insensibly changed to the business which brought us to the fair; mine, I told him, was to sell a horse; and very luckily indeed, his was to buy one for one of his tenants. My horse was soon produced, and in fine we struck a bargain. Nothing now remained but to pay me, and he accordingly pulled out a thirty pound note, and bid me change it. Not being in a capacity of complying with his demand, he ordered his footman to be called up, who made his appearance in a very genteel livery.

"Here, Abraham," cried he, "go and get gold for this; you'll do it at neighbor Jackson's, or anywhere."

While the fellow was gone, he entertained me with a pathetic harangue on the great scarcity of silver, which I undertook to improve, by deploring also the great scarcity of gold; so that by the time Abraham returned, we had both agreed that money was never so hard to come at as now. Abraham returned to inform us that he had been over the whole fair, and could not get change, though he had offered half-a-crown for doing it. This was a very great disappointment to us all; but the old gentleman having paused a little, asked me if I knew one Solomon Flamborough in my part of the country; upon replying that he was my next door neighbor,

"If that be the case then," returned he, "I believe we shall deal. You shall have a draft upon him payable at sight; and let me tell you, he is as warm a man as any within five miles round him. Honest Solomon and I have been acquainted for many years together. I re-

member I always beat him at three jumps; but he could hop upon one leg further than I."

A draft upon my neighbor was to me the same as money; for I was sufficiently convinced of his ability: the draft was signed and put into my hands, and Mr. Jenkinson, the old gentleman, his man Abraham, and my horse, Old Blackberry, trotted off very well pleased with each other.

After a short interval, being left to reflection, I began to recollect that I had done wrong in taking a draft from a stranger, and so prudently resolved upon following the purchaser, and having back my horse:—but this was now too late; I therefore made directly homewards, resolving to get the draft changed into money at my friend's as fast as possible. I found my honest neighbor smoking his pipe at his own door, and informing him that I had a small bill upon, he read it twice over.

"You can read the name, I suppose," cried I, "Ephraim Jenkinson."

"Yes," returned he, "the name is written plain enough, and I know the gentleman too—the greatest rascal under the canopy of heaven. This is the very same rogue who sold us the spectacles. Was he not a venerable-looking man, with gray hair, and no flaps to his pocket holes? and did he not talk a long string of learning about Greek, cosmogony, and the world?"

To this I replied with a groan.

"Ay," continued he, "he had but that one piece of learning in the world, and he always talks it whenever he finds a scholar in company, but I know the rogue, and will catch him yet."—*Vicar of Wakefield.*

## A C C U R A C Y .

A great deal has been said and written about punctuality—a great deal has been written, and said, too, about order or method. Too much could not be said, I am sure, about either, considering the importance of both. Punctuality, method, and accuracy, are all intimately connected; but each, nevertheless, embraces something which the other leaves out. I should like to say a word or two on the last, as its consequence has not been so much insisted on as that of the former two—in a domestic sense.

Our good maid Betty, with many excellent qualities, often creates much petty discomfort from her want of accuracy. Sometimes she puts too much salt in our soup, and sometimes too little: the latter fault can easily be remedied, but we find it difficult to take out the salt when there is too much. Sometimes she burns our throats, too, with cayenne pepper. Now a little consideration might easily teach her that a certain quantity of pepper or salt sufficed for a certain quantity of soup, and she might observe what this quantity was, and store it up in her mind. She might then reason with herself and say, if a pint of soup wants

so much, a quart will require double. Betty, I observe, too, has a proper-enough idea that potatoes are required for dinner, and we generally have a dish of that vegetable, one day mealy, another day waxy, another day hard, and again pappy, all through inaccuracy. Besides, my wife and self have quite as large a dish of potatoes, or of other vegetables, when we dine alone, as when we had three or four of our cousins to dinner, though Betty knew that they were coming. In fact, my wife, who is fond of a joke, says that Betty always dresses fewer potatoes when she expects anybody, and that the quantity diminishes in the proportion that the company increases; so that if we should ever attain to a large dinner-party—which our income has never yet admitted of—Betty would probably send us up one potato, or probaby half of one. Take eggs again: I am particular kind of man—having lived a bachelor before marrying my dear Julia—and I like my eggs boiled just three minutes, or three minutes and a half if they are large. Now Betty cannot do this. She was always making my eggs hard as stones, or bringing them up raw: because she had no accurate notion about such an intricate subject as the boiling of eggs. She could never see that if you put them into cold water it was impossible to calculate when to take them out, on account of the fire sometimes being brisk enough to heat the water quickly, and sometimes slow enough to heat the water tardily. Poor Betty would plunge the eggs, too, when she had been warned of the cold water, into water in a state of violent ebullition and crack all the shells, which were then brought up free of their contents. I was at length compelled to have my saucepan up into the parlor, and I can now cook my eggs three hundred and sixty-five times in the year without a failure. But Julia says, with a roguish sneer, that I am “a particularly accurate man.”

My dear wife (the best of women) may have a little feeling when she makes these remarks—when she says, “Oh! you are one in a thousand”—and “men are always twaddling about what they don’t understand,” for between you and me I have sometimes to grumble at her, on account of her little inaccuracies. When she goes out before dinner to visit a friend, she has generally taken something with her—some bunch of keys or something else which Betty ought to have had—or forgotten to leave out something for Betty—or neglected to give some order to Betty, or to send something in according to promise; so that when I arrive home with an impatient stomach, dinner is not ready: “Missus didn’t leave out so-and-so,” or “missus forgot to do so-and-so.” My dear wife, after having been inaccurate, is also unpunctual, and returns half an hour after time. Dinner is at least an hour delayed altogether; and sometimes my business will not permit of my waiting for it. My Julia always makes out, somehow or other, that the fault entirely

lay with myself and Betty; but this arises, I think, from her temper being a little ruffled by the sense of her own little shortcoming.

Now I will not advert to the stale topic of shirt-buttons. No doubt much petty chagrin arises from the absence of a button at neck or wrist, when one has just enough of time to dress and go to business; and these laundresses are always divesting one’s linen of its buttons (through their want of accuracy); but this shirt-button string has been harped on long enough, and I think married ladies have been so worried on this subject, that I begin to take their part out of mere pity. But there is one thing I wish my wife would remember, and that is to put a clean towel on my horse for every used one that she takes away. She takes away my towels for the wash quite regularly, but I must generally stamp about the room with a dripping face before I can get any in return: and then keys have to be found, drawers unlocked, Betty has to scamper about before I can be supplied. I have generally to petition for soap, too, for a day or two before I can obtain a piece.

Now, my dear ladies, and my dear Botties, moralists have told you how much better things are managed with order and punctuality than without them—how much more easily even. I would add that the affairs of a house can also be managed better and with less trouble through the exercise of Accuracy. It is as easy to make tea and coffee, to boil eggs, potatoes, or joints of meat, to roast and fry, and to perform other domestic duties accurately as not; and it is infinitely more comfortable. Don’t say a word about grumbling old married parties, who have been bachelors; and don’t recriminate. I acknowledge, once for all, that men are worse than women, and their faults graver. Take my counsel in the spirit in which it is meant, by a family man, and I shall be content.

Why is a person asking questions the strangest of all individuals? Because he’s the querist.

A man’s genius is always in the beginning of life, as much unknown to himself as to others—and it is only after frequent trials, attended with success, that he dares to think himself equal to the undertakings in which those who have succeeded, have fixed the admiration of mankind.

KEEP THE HEART ALIVE.—The longer I live, the more expedient I find it to endeavor more and more to extend my sympathies and affections. The natural tendency of advancing years is to narrow and contract these feelings. I do not mean that I wish to form a new and sworn friendship every day, to increase my circle of intimates; these are very different affairs. But I find it conduces to my mental health and happiness to find out all I can which is amiable and lovable in those I come in contact with, and to make the most of it.—Bernard Barton.



## THE PARTING SHIP.

"A glittering ship that hath the plain  
Of ocean for her own domain."—*Wordsworth.*

Go, in thy glory, o'er the ancient sea,  
Take with thee gentle winds thy sails to swell;  
Sunshine and joy upon thy streamers be,  
Fare-thee-well, bark! farewell!

Proudly the flashing billow thou hast clift,  
The breeze yet follows thee with cheer and  
song;  
Who now of storms hath dream or memory left?  
And yet the deep is strong!

But go thou triumphing, while still the smiles  
Of summer tremble on the water's breast!  
Thou shalt be greeted by a thousand isles,  
In lone, wild beauty drest.

To thee a welcome breathing o'er the tide,  
The genii groves of Araby shall pour;  
Waves that enfold the pearl shall bathe thy side,  
On the old Indian shore.

Oft shall the shadow of the palm-tree lie  
O'er glassy bays wherein thy sails are furl'd,  
And its leaves whisper, as the wind sweeps by,  
Tales of the elder world.

Oft shall the burning stars of Southern skies,  
On the mid-ocean see thee chain'd in sleep,  
A lonely home for human thoughts and ties,  
Between the heavens and deep.

Blue seas that roll on gorgeous coasts renown'd,  
By night shall sparkle where thy prow makes  
way,  
Strange creatures of the abyss that none may  
sound  
In thy broad wake shall play.

From hills unknown, in mingled joy and fear,  
Free dusky tribes shall pour, thy flag to  
mark;—  
Blessings go with thee on thy lone career!  
Hail, and farewell, thou bark!

A long farewell!—Thou wilt not bring us back  
All whom thou bearest far from home and  
hearth!  
Many are thine, whose steps no more shall  
track  
Their own sweet native earth!

Some wilt thou leave beneath the plantain's  
shade,  
Where through the foliage Indian suns look  
bright;  
Some in the snows of wintry regions laid,  
By the cold northern light.

And some, far down below the sounding wave,  
Still shall they lie, though tempests o'er them  
sweep,  
Never may dower be strewn above their grave,  
Never may sister weep!

And thou—the billow's queen—even thy proud  
form  
On our glad sight no more perchance may  
swell;  
Yet God alike is in the calm and storm—  
Fare-thee-well, bark! farewell!—





## HURRICANES.

The West Indies in the vicinity of the Mauritius, seem to be two principal foci of hurricanes, from their frequency and tremendous violence in those localities. Of thirteen hurricanes described by Colonel Reid, in his interesting attempt to develop the law of storms, eleven took place in the neighborhood of the Mauritius and Madagascar, which sanctions an opinion prevalent among seamen, that gales are commonly avoided by the ships steering in a course so as to keep well to the eastward of the Mauritius. To give some idea of a tropical hurricane, the particulars gathered by Colonel Reid from various sources, respecting that which desolated several of the West India Islands in the year 1831, are here introduced. It passed over Barbadoes, St. Lucia, St. Domingo and Cuba, swept the northern shores of the Gulf of Mexico, raged simultaneously at Pensacola, Mobile and New Orleans, entered the adjoining States, and seems to have been disorganized by the opposition offered to its progress by the mountain region of the Alleghanies. The hurricane accomplished the distance of 2000 miles in 150 hours, at an average velocity of  $13\frac{1}{4}$  miles an hour, but the rate of its progressive motion was insignificant in comparison with that of its rotatory movement, a feature hereafter to be adverted to. Before its arrival at St. Vincent, a cloud was observed to the North by a resident, so threatening in its aspect and peculiar in its color, that of olive green, that, impressed with a sense of impending danger, he hastened home, and by nailing up his doors and windows saved his house from the general calamity. In this island, the most remarkable effect of the storm was the destruction of an extensive forest at its northern extremity, the trees of which were killed without being blown down. In 1832, these trees were frequently examined by Col. Reid, and appeared not to have been killed by

the wind, but by the immense quantity of electric matter rendered active during the storm. When at its height, two negroes at Barbadoes were greatly terrified by sparks of electricity passing off from one of them, as they were struggling in the darkness, in the garden of Coddington College, to reach the main building, after the destruction of their hut. Such was the quantity of spray carried inland from the sea by the wind, that it rained salt water over the whole island, which killed the fresh-water fish in the ponds, and several ponds continued salt for some days after the storm. The afternoon that ushered in the hurricane, that of the 11th of August, was one of dismal gloom, but about four o'clock, there was an obscure circle of imperfect light toward the zenith subtending an angle of 35 or 40 degrees. Variable squalls of wind and rain, with intervening calms, prevailed till midnight, when the lightning flashed fearfully, and a gale blew fiercely from the North and North-east. At 1 A. M. the wind increased, but suddenly shifted its quarter, blowing from North-west and intermediate points. Toward three o'clock, after a little intermission, the hurricane again burst from the Western points, hurling before it thousands of missiles—the fragments of every unsheltered work of human art. The strongest houses vibrated to their foundations, and the surface of the earth trembled as the destroyer passed over it. There was no thunder at any time distinctly heard, but the horrible roar and yelling of the wind, the noise of the ocean, whose waves threatened the destruction of every thing in Barbadoes that the other elements might spare, the clattering of tiles, the falling of roofs and walls, and the combination of a thousand other sounds, formed a hideous and appalling din. As soon as the dawn rendered outward objects visible, and, the storm abating, permitted the inhabitants of Bridge-

town to venture out, a grand but distressing picture of ruin presented itself. From the summit of the cathedral tower, the whole face of the country appeared the wreck of its former condition. No sign of vegetation could be observed, except here and there a few patches of sickly green. The surface of the ground exhibited the scorching and blackening effect of the lightning. A few remaining trees, stripped of their boughs and foliage, wore a cold and wintry aspect; and the numerous villas in the neighborhood, formerly concealed amid thick groves, were exposed and in ruins.

In the year 1837, three hurricanes occurred in the West Indies and adjacent parts of the Atlantic, the narratives of which, as collected by Colonel Reid, from different observers, present some singular features. The first passed over Barbadoes on the 26th of July. The sky assumed a blue-black appearance, with a red glare at the verge of the horizon. The flashes of lightning were accompanied with a whizzing noise, like that of a red-hot iron plunged in water. The barometer and sympiesometer fell rapidly and sunk to 28.45 inches. The Antigua hurricane, the second of that year, commenced in the Atlantic, on the night of the 31st of July, and was encountered by Captain Seymour, in the brigantine Judith and Esther, of Cork. He observed near the zenith a white appearance of a round form, and while looking steadfastly at it, a sudden gust of wind carried away the topmast and lower scudding sails. During the hurricane the eyes of the crew were remarkably affected, their sight became dim, and every one of their finger-nails turned quite black, and remained so nearly five weeks afterward. The captain inferred, from the universality of the effect, that it could not have been produced by the firmness of the grasp with which they were holding by the rigging, but that the whole was caused by an electric body in the elements. On the 2d of August, in another situation, the Water Witch was caught by the skirts of the same storm, the wind blowing in squalls from the W. and N. N. W. till the evening, when "a calm succeeded," states Captain Newby, "for about ten minutes, and then, in the most tremendous, unearthly screech I ever heard, it recommenced from the South and South-west." The third hurricane of the year was met with by the Rawlins, about mid-night of the 18th of August, when, after blowing violently for twelve hours from the North, in an instant a perfect calm ensued for an hour, and then, quick as thought, the wind sprung up with tremendous force from the South-west, no swell whatever preceding the convulsion. During this hurricane, an extraordinary phenomenon presented itself, resembling a solid, black, perpendicular wall about 15 or 20 degrees above the horizon, which disappeared and became visible again several times, described by one of the observers, as "the most appalling sight he had ever seen during his life at sea." A similar spectacle is

described by an officer on board the ship *Tartarus*, during a hurricane on the American coast in the year 1814:—"No horizon appeared, but only a something resembling an immense wall within ten yards of the ship." The power of the wind was remarkably exemplified during the great hurricane of 1780, which at Barbadoes forced its way into every part of the Government-house, and tore off most of the roof, though the walls were three feet thick, and the doors and windows had been well barricaded. Obligated to retreat from thence, the governor and his family fled to the ruins of the foundation of the flag-staff, and, compelled to relinquish that station, they with difficulty reached the cannon of the fortifications, under the carriages of which they took shelter. But here they were not secure, for the cannons were moved by the fury of the wind, and they dreaded every moment that the guns would be dismounted, and crush them by their fall. From the preceding accounts it appears that the agency of electricity is frequently extensively developed in hurricanes; that they have a progressive motion; that calms of short duration occur during their continuance; after which the wind bursts forth from a quarter different to that from which it has been blowing—peculiarities which have led to a theory respecting storms which may be considered as established in its leading principles.

Down to a very recent date, a hurricane was generally deemed to be simply a gale of wind pursuing with immense velocity a rectilinear direction. Colonel Capper departed from this idea after investigating the storms of the Indian Ocean, and published the conclusion in the year 1801, that the hurricanes he had examined in that region were real whirlwinds of varying diameter, having a progressive as well as a rotatory motion. The evidence collected from the records of an immense number of storms in the Atlantic, by Mr. Redfield, of New York, and in the Indian Ocean, by Colonel Reid, seems to place beyond all dispute, the fact that they occur in the form of a ring, having an outer circle, where the air revolves with intense velocity, and an interior space, the diameter of which is sometimes equal to several hundred miles, the vortex of the whirlwind, which is the scene of gusts and lulls, a comparatively slow progressive motion on the surface of land and sea distinguishing the whole. A hurricane which occurred at New Brunswick in the year 1835, strikingly exhibited the character of a revolving storm; for, while about the centre bodies of great weight were carried spirally upward at the extremities, the trees were thrown in opposite directions. The same circumstance was observed at Barbadoes in 1831, near the northern coast; the trees which the hurricane uprooted, lay from N. N. W. to S. S. E., having been thrown down by a northerly wind, while in some other parts of the island they lay from S to N., having been prostrated by a southerly wind. It is evident, therefore,

that the direction of the wind at a particular point affords no indication of the course in which the whole revolving mass of the atmosphere is advancing. Another singular conclusion respecting storms, which the American and Anglican philosophers, along with Professor Dove, of Berlin, have arrived at by independent investigations, is, that the hurricanes in the southern hemisphere revolve in a counter direction to those in the northern; and while the axis of a storm in the North Atlantic has a progressive motion from the equator obliquely toward the north pole, that of one in the Indian Ocean proceeds obliquely from the equator toward the south pole. In the Pacific Ocean, a region of hurricanes, their revolving motion appears to be sanctioned by the evidence which has been obtained respecting them. Mr. Williams, the missionary, describes a hurricane at Raratonga, one of the Hervey Islands, during which the rain descended in deluging torrents, the lightning darted in fiery streams among the dense, black clouds, the thunder rolled deep and loud through the heavens, and the island trembled to its very centre as the war of the elements raged over it. Scarcely a banana or plaintain tree was left, either on the plains, or in the valleys, or upon the mountains; hundreds of thousands of which, on the preceding day, covered and adorned the land with their foliage and fruit, and immense chestnuts, which had withstood the storms of ages, were laid prostrate on the ground, while those that remained erect had scarcely a branch, and were all leafless. It was observed, that when the gale ended, the wind was in the West, whereas in the early part of its action the east end of the chapel had been blown in, which shows the wind then to have been in the East. The hurricanes of New South Wales have been observed to develop the same peculiarity. Mr. Meredith traced the path of one in the centre, and found at the termination a circle plainly shown, in which the trees lay *all ways*.

**MODERATE DRINKING.**—"I never was so beat in all my born days!" said old Polyglot, with real emotion. "That one of my boys should come to this! Josh, Josh," he groaned with anguish, "why *didn't* you drink *modrit*?"

"Don't you say a word, old man," said Joshua, through his mad-set teeth. "You larn't me to drink. It's all your doings."

"No, no, Josh!" cried Jared, weeping, "'taint all my doings. I allus tell'd ye 'twant no harm to drink—a little whiskey regular every day 'ud do you good—do any man good that 'ud only use it in the right way. But Josh, says I, time and agin—says I, Josh drink *modrit*. Do's I do. Never be anything but a *modrit* drinker. That's respectable. If you go to being a drunkard, says I, you're no son of mine. Yes, Josh, says I, drink *modrit*, and 'twill do you good."—*Paul Creyton's Burdigg*.

## DANIEL WEBSTER AT SCHOOL.

The 24th of May, 1796, was an important day at Elms Farm. There had been more than usual bustle in the house: clothes were collected, bundles tied; children were running to and fro, asking questions and making all kinds of remarks—the reason of which was, Daniel was getting ready to leave for the academy. As Mr. Webster had no chaise, or other light carriage adapted to the journey, it was to be made on horseback. It so happened that one of the neighbors was desirous of sending a horse and side saddle to the very town where the academy was situated for some female friend there to ride back to Salisbury. It was agreed that this horse should be used by the young student. When the time of departure arrived, the two horses were brought to the door, and Daniel, who was dressed in a new suit of homespun materials, was lifted upon the one intended for him. Imagine the scene! The affectionate mother, who has all along had a presentiment of Daniel's greatness, stands at the door with mingled expressions of solicitude and joy depicted upon her countenance. She has given abundant good advice, and sealed it with not a few burning kisses. Around are the other children and members of the family, some holding the horses, others adjusting the bundles, and all abandoning their mirthfulness, and becoming more serious as the moment of departure arrives. The last shake of the hand and farewell kiss are given, and the two travellers set out on their journey—little Dan being perched upon the lady's side-saddle, where he was destined to become, before night, more fatigued than he had ever been before. After a romantic but tiresome ride, along the banks of rivers, through valleys, and amid lofty hills and mountains, on the third day they arrived at Exeter. A boarding place was obtained for Daniel in the family of Mr. Ulifford, with whom his father had some acquaintance. The day after their arrival he was taken to the academy. Benjamin Abbott, LL. D., was the principal. He was a gentleman of the old school, and felt it important to maintain great dignity and a regard to form, in the administration of the school. All official duties were performed with pompous ceremony. When Colonel Webster stated the object of his visit to the doctor, who was seated in a large hall connected with the academy, that important personage placed upon his head a cocked hat, in order to make a suitable impression upon the lad, and then said—

"Well, sir, let the young gentleman be presented for examination."

The slender-looking boy modestly came forward, and, though everything was new and strange, he submitted to his examination with great self-possession.

"What is your age?" asked the venerable teacher.



"Fourteen," was the reply.

"Take this Bible, my lad, and read the twenty-second chapter of Luke," at the same time pointing it out to him.

This chapter contains an account of the institution of the Lord's Supper, Christ's sufferings in Gethsemane, the betrayal, the seizure, and the examination of Christ. Its different parts required a different style of reading. None but a good reader could do the chapter justice. Daniel took the book, and read with so much distinctness of enunciation, correctness of emphasis, and skill in the modulations of his voice, as to bring out the true sense of the passage—the doctor had no occasion to interrupt him. It was a beautiful specimen of reading. After he had finished the chapter, the doctor, without asking any questions whatever, said—

"Young man, you are qualified to enter this institution."

The new student remained at this academy nine months. His diligence, and his capacity for acquiring knowledge, secured for him not only the warm commendations of his teachers, but, what was better, a good knowledge of the branches to which he devoted attention, among which, in addition to the usual English branches, was the Latin language.

It is not easy always to predict the man from the indications of youth. With some there appears to be, in early life, a deficiency of the very traits in which they excel in later years. This was true of Webster. Although his fame as an orator is world-wide, yet, when a boy of fourteen, he could not summon sufficient courage to attempt to declaim before the school. His own account of this singular fact is in the following words:—

"I believe I made tolerable progress in most branches which I attended to while in this school; but there was one thing I could not do—I could not make a declamation; I could not speak before the school. The kind and excellent Buckminster sought especially to persuade me to perform the exercise of declamation, like other boys; but I could not do it. Many a piece did I commit to memory, and recite and rehearse in my own room, over and over again; yet when the day came, when the school collected to hear the declamation, when my name was called, and I saw all eyes turned to my seat, I could not raise myself from it. Sometimes the instructors frowned, sometimes they smiled. Mr. Buckminster always pressed and entreated most winningly that I would venture—venture only once; but I never could command sufficient resolution."

From any other witness, this would appear almost incredible. It is difficult to conceive how one who has been so highly distinguished for self-reliance and moral courage, should have been so singularly deficient in these traits when young. It was attributable, probably, in a great degree, to his physical debility. He subsequently surmounted it, and, as we shall

see, became in college one of the most popular speakers. What encouragement does this furnish for the young to set themselves resolutely to work to surmount any difficulty that prevents their advancement! By frequent repetition, by firm resolution, they may overcome embarrassments which would otherwise prove fatal to their success. Nothing can resist a determined spirit.

When Webster first entered the Phillips Academy, he was made, in consequence of his unpolished, country-like appearance, and because he was placed at the foot of the class, the butt of ridicule by some of the scholars.

This treatment touched his keen sensibility, and he spoke of it with regret to his friends where he boarded. They informed him that the place assigned him in the class was according to the standing regulations of the school, and that by diligence he might rise above it. They also advised him to take no notice of the laughter of the city boys, for after a while they would become weary of it, and would cease. The assistant tutor, Mr. Emery, was informed of the treatment which Webster received. He, therefore, treated him with special consideration, told him to care for nothing but his books, and predicted that all would end well. This kindness had the desired effect. Webster applied himself with increased diligence, and with signal success. He soon met with his reward, which made those who had laughed at him hang their heads with shame. At the end of the first quarter, the assistant tutor called up the class in their usual order. He then walked to the foot of the class, took Webster by the arm, and marched him, in front of the class, to the head, where, as he placed him, he said, "There, sir; that is your proper place." This practical rebuke made those who had delighted to ridicule the country boy feel mortified and chagrined. He had outstripped them. This incident greatly stimulated the successful student. He applied himself with his accustomed industry, and looked forward with some degree of solicitude to the end of the second term, to see whether he would be able to retain his relative rank in the class. Weeks slowly passed away; the end of the term arrived, and the class was again summoned to be newly arranged, according to their scholarship and deportment, as evinced during the preceding term! Whilst they were all standing in silence and suspense, Mr. Emery, their teacher, said, fixing his eye at the same time upon the country boy, "Daniel Webster, gather up your books and take down your cap." Not understanding the design of such an order, Daniel complied with troubled feelings. He knew not that he was about to be expelled from school for his dulness. His teacher perceived the expression of sadness upon his countenance, but soon dispelled it by saying, "Now, sir, you will please pass into another room, and join a higher class; and you, young

gentlemen," addressing the other school-boys "will take an affectionate leave of your classmate, for you will never see him again!" As if he had said, "This rustic lad, whom you have made the butt of ridicule, has already so far outstripped you in his studies that, from your stand point, he is dwarfed in the distance, and will soon be out of sight entirely. He has developed a capacity for study which will prevent you from ever overtaking him. As a classmate, you will never see him again."

It would be interesting to know who those city boys were, who made the young rustic an object of sport. What have they come to?—what have they accomplished?—who has heard of the fame of their attainments? School-boys should be careful how they laugh at a classmate because of his unpolished manners or coarse raiment. Under that rough exterior may be concealed talents that will move a nation and dazzle a world, when they in their turn might justly be made a laughing-stock on account of their inefficiency.

After leaving Exeter Academy, Webster was placed under the care of Rev. Samuel Woods, D. D., of Boscawen. This change was probably made for economical reasons, as Dr. Woods gave instruction and boards to lads for only one dollar per week, which was less than the expenses at Exeter. He was now in his fifteenth year, with a fair knowledge of the English branches, and a considerable acquaintance with the Latin.

On his way to Dr. Woods', an interesting incident occurred, of which Mr. Webster himself has given the account. It seems that his father, through the kind suggestions of others, who had discovered the innate powers of Daniel, had come to the conclusion to send him to college. But this determination he did not reveal to his son till he was on the way to Dr. Woods'. The announcement deeply affected him.

It was in the depth of Winter. The ground was covered with deep snow. Webster and his father were travelling in a New England sleigh, commonly called a *pung*. As they were ascending a hill, Mr. Webster told Daniel that he was going to send him to college. This sudden and unexpected announcement overcame the lad. This was an honor to which, in his most ambitious moments, he had never aspired. To be "college learned," in those days, was a passport to the most intelligent and refined society. It was regarded as a preparation for any of the professions. It at once gave an individual a respectable position in society; and whilst it developed all the capacities which he possessed, it was supposed to impart others, of which he was previously destitute. The relative position of a college graduate, at that time, was far higher in the community than now, when their number is so greatly increased.

A lad of fourteen, who had been acquainted with but very few who had been favored with

a collegiate education, and who regarded them with a veneration above that which he cherished towards other men, could not have been otherwise than deeply moved at such a communication. To use his own language, "I could not speak. How could my father, with so large a family, and in such narrow circumstances, think of incurring so great an expense for me? A warm glow ran all over me, and I laid my head on my father's shoulder, and wept." He wept from excess of joy! How different were his feelings from those of many at the present day, who, when the privilege of a collegiate course of education is offered them, regard the proposition as a great affliction, and cry from sorrow! They are unwilling to avail themselves of benefits which others would highly value. They do not appreciate them; the golden opportunity they throw away; and, probably, at some future period, when it is too late to repair the disaster, they will deeply regret their folly.

If this book should fall into the hands of any such youth, we would say to them, Look forward to the future. Remember, you will not always be boys. You are, in a few years, to take your place amongst men, and, in order to be qualified to exert much influence over them, you must be educated. You are now placed in an enviable position; by rightly improving your advantages, you will qualify yourselves to occupy important stations; you will be fitted to move, and to feel at home, in the most intelligent circles. Your opinions will be respected; they will have weight with others. Your advice will be sought in important matters. You will be looked to to fill places of trust and responsibility. You will honor yourselves and your families. And it is not impossible for you to attain to high distinction in any of the learned professions, or to reach some of the most honorable and responsible positions in the state or national governments. Who would have supposed that, when that puny lad from the backwoods of New Hampshire was made an object of ridicule by the "city boys," that he would ever reach the exalted stations he did, and, after filling the world with the splendor of his eloquence and statesmanship, would be followed to the grave by the regrets of millions? It is no more unlikely, now, that you may acquire distinction, than it was in his case, when he was of your age. But suppose that he had disliked study; suppose that, when his father, as they were ascending that hill in a cold Winter's day, informed him that he might go to college, he had expressed an unwillingness, and had dissuaded his father from his purpose, what would Daniel Webster have been now? He might possibly, by the force of his natural talents, have excelled in any kind of business to which he would have devoted himself; but is it probable that he would ever have been a Senator of the United States, or a member of the President's Cab-

net? Indeed, on one occasion, his own father assigns as a reason why he was not elected a member of Congress, instead of his successful competitor, was because of his *want of education*.—*Banvard's Life and Character of Daniel Webster.*

### EXAGGERATION; OR, THE HABIT OF FALSIFYING.

Some months since, an individual of this city, who is himself truthful and conscientious, but somewhat credulous, happened to be, by the merest accident, thrown into the society of another, who is exactly the reverse, and who, at the time, was indulging in one of the flights of fancy for which he is somewhat remarkable. He detailed a very miraculous adventure, in which he, of course, was the hero. The other listened with the deepest interest, and at times betrayed considerable astonishment. But he did not know the narrator, and hence, remarkable as was the Munchausenism, he not only believed, but he seized the earliest opportunity to repeat the story to several others. In these cases, however, the name of the author was mentioned, whereupon the unsophisticated was laughed at and derided for his credulity. He proceeded to explain that the story was told in earnest, and with the utmost solemnity, and that the *gentleman* who detailed it—for he believed him to be a gentleman—pledged his honor for its veracity. All this, however, had no effect. The incident was not only improbable in itself, but it was only one of many that had been put into circulation from time to time by the same imaginative source.

"But," asked the other, "what motive could its author have for uttering so monstrous a fable, especially when, in the natural course of things, its falsity must be detected?"

"Simply," the reply was, "to glorify himself and to excite astonishment. In other words, to gratify a singular kind of vanity, and this, too, sooner or later, at the expense of his own character."

The case mentioned is by no means rare. The habit of exaggeration is indulged to a frightful extent, and by both sexes. It is a habit, too, that grows with wonderful rapidity, and at last becomes so fixed as to be incurable.

Some years ago, a very smooth-tongued foreigner made his appearance in Philadelphia, and for several weeks created quite a sensation. He possessed a wonderful gift of language, was well read and well informed generally, was quite familiar with British statesmen and politics, and was remarkably agreeable in conversation. He professed, moreover, to be related to several distinguished men, and was, indeed,—so he said—once in Parliament himself. As may be supposed, he was taken by the hand by many of his countrymen, and he gratified not a few by tracing their ancestral lineage, and sketching for several the armorial

bearings of some of their early progenitors. He also narrated several remarkable pieces of information that had been communicated to him, and for a time was quite a lion. In one case, he informed a somewhat credulous claimant for an extensive estate in England that he knew all the particulars, that the facts were just as familiar to him as the alphabet, that the property was of immense value, and that the right of the claimant was unquestionable! Becoming more and more confident, by his apparent success, his imagination took bolder wings, and he indulged in stories so startling that he was soon discovered to be little better than an habitual falsifier. It seemed, indeed, almost impossible for him to speak the truth. And yet he was an amiable, kind-hearted man, and meant no harm. When remonstrated with, he apologized and explained, and finally admitted that the habit had become so powerful with him that he could not control it. Nay, on more than one occasion, it had been the source of much difficulty, and had involved him in serious dilemmas. Instead of repeating a plain statement in the exact words in which it was communicated to him, he adorned, embellished and magnified it, so that it became quite another affair. He, moreover, derived a sort of gratification from this system, as well, in the first place, because it produced a sensation as, in the second, because it magnified his own importance.

And these, in the great majority of cases are the true causes of exaggeration. The habit is, however, a most unfortunate one, and it cannot be avoided too carefully. Many of the gentler sex are sadly inclined to its indulgence. They employ the most extravagant terms in ordinary conversation, and describe trifling incidents and unimportant scenes with an air so inflated, and in terms so grandiloquent, that the sober-minded hearers at first listen with surprise, then shake their heads in doubt, and finally curl their lips with incredulity and contempt. This practice, moreover, is apt to promote an artificial state of social existence. When once the stilted style of conversation or the exaggerated mode of speech becomes a fixed and settled trait of character, everything else assumes an unnatural air, and it is difficult to see things as they are, and to realize the ordinary occurrences of life.

There are many persons who not only exaggerate their own importance, but who take delight in detailing fables concerning their friends or families, and in relation to their pecuniary means and influence in life and society. All this, too, in so absurd and ridiculous a manner as to be utterly transparent. The effect, therefore, is to deceive no one. These may be regarded as harmless exaggerations. They are themselves the victims, to a certain extent, of an evil and preposterous habit. But when to this scandal and malice are superadded, when trifles light as air are sought out, perverted, magnified, and circulated

from lip to lip. and with a jealous and malignant motive, the practice is, indeed, a wicked one, and it merits something more than gentle criticism and mild rebuke. The human being who thus delights in darkening reputation and destroying character, who gloats in disturbing the peace of families, weakening or severing the ties of friendship—who mixes just enough of truth with the poison of falsehood, to delude, deceive, and thus secure some degree of confidence, is among the vilest and basest of the race—a pest in society—a curse among men, and entitled not only to hissing scorn, but universal execration. It is bad enough to falsify for a harmless purpose, and in the idle indulgence of a foolish vanity, but when the poison of slander and the foulness of falsehood are combined, and these, too, with the object of wringing hearts and blasting reputation, the crime is one at which all good beings must shudder, and from which even many who regard themselves as far from perfect, must turn away with dismay and horror.—*Pa. Inquirer.*

## RECOLLECTIONS.

I've pleasant thoughts which memory brings,  
In moments free from care,  
Of a fairy-like and laughing girl,  
With roses in her hair;  
Her smile was like the starlight  
Of summer's softest skies,  
And worlds of joyousness there shone  
From out her witching eyes.

Her looks were looks of melody,  
Her voice was like the swell  
Of sudden music, gentle notes  
That of deep gladness tell:  
She came, like Spring, with pleasant sounds  
Of sweetness and of mirth, [thoughts  
And her thoughts were those wild flow'ry  
That linger not on earth.

A quiet goodness beam'd amid  
The beauty of her face,  
And all she said and did was with  
Its own instinctive grace.  
She seem'd as if she thought the world  
A good and pleasant one,  
And her lightsome spirit saw no ill  
In aught beneath the sun.

I've dreamt of just such creatures,  
But they never met my view,  
'Mid the sober dull reality  
In their earthly form and hue;  
And her smile came gently o'er me  
Like Spring's first scented airs,  
And made me think life was not all  
A wilderness of cares.

I know not of her destiny,  
Or where her smile now strays,  
But the thought of her comes o'er me  
With my own lost sunny days—  
With moonlight hours, and far-off friends,  
And many pleasant things  
That have gone the way of all the earth,  
On Time's resistless wings.

ECCENTRIC BENEVOLENCE.—Edward, sixth Lord Digby, who succeeded to the peerage in 1752, was a man of active benevolence. At Christmas and Easter, he was observed by his friends to be more than usually grave, and then always to have on an old shabby blue coat. Mr. Fox, his uncle, who had great curiosity, wished much to find out his nephew's motive for appearing at times in this manner, as in general he was esteemed more than a well-dressed man. On his expressing an inclination for this purpose, Major Vaughan and another gentleman undertook to watch his lordship's motions. They accordingly set out: and observing him to go to St. George's fields, they followed him at a distance, till they lost sight of him near the Marshalsea Prison. Wondering what could carry a person of his lordship's rank and fortune to such a place, they inquired of the turnkey if a gentleman (describing Lord Digby) had not just entered the prison.

"Yes, masters," exclaimed the fellow, with an oath; "but he is not a man, he is an angel; for he comes here twice a year, sometimes oftener, and sets a number of prisoners free. And he not only does this, but he gives them sufficient to support themselves and their families till they can find employment. This," continued the man, "is one of his extraordinary visits. He has but a few to take out to-day."

"Do you know who the gentleman is?" inquired the Major.

"We none of us know him by any other marks," replied the man, "but by his humanity and his blue coat."

The next time his lordship had on his alms-giving coat, a friend asked him what occasioned his wearing that singular dress. The reply was, by Lord Digby taking the gentleman, shortly after, to the George Inn, in the borough, where, seated at dinner, were thirty individuals whom his lordship had just released from the Marshalsea Prison, by paying their debts in full.

OLD APPLE WOMEN.—The old Apple Women. What queer things. Were they ever young? Were they ever little girls; and if so, were they pretty at all? We guess nobody knows now-a-days. Everybody died long ago, that lived when they were young. Sitting at the corners of the streets, or in some door-way or niche of some sort, she bundles herself up, and there remains all day, almost without moving. How does she live? Nobody ever saw her eat. She has ginger-cakes, perhaps to sell, but she never eats them. Keeps them for to-morrow's sale, if no customer comes to day. Does she eat at all? Odd, isn't it, the apple woman. Nobody either ever knows her name. Nobody knows where she lodges. Nobody knows if she lodges at all. The apple woman is well known, and is yet an entire stranger. We hope she isn't miserable.



## COUNTRYMAN AND NEWS BOYS—A CITY ADVENTURE.

"If you had been beset, as I was afterward," said uncle Philip, warmly, "you would have felt indignant, as I do now, at the very thoughts of it."

"Beset, uncle?"

"Beset by young urchins in a crowded thoroughfare—Chestnut street, I think they call it—half a dozen of them surrounded me, all at once, open-mouthed, with great packages of newspapers under their arms."

"Go away, I don't want any," said I.

"Then a little fellow, in a fur cap, and with his father's coat dangling about his heels, bawled out—

"'Ere's the Sun and 'Erald—ex'troinary news from Europe.'

"'Tribune, Express, or Ledger, which'll you take, sir?' roared out another, from behind."

"'Let me pass, little boys,' said I, 'and don't trouble me.'

"'No trouble at all, sir,' said the first boy, pushing before me; 'all the news, both foreign and domestic.'

"Then uprose a chorus of voices, until I heard nothing but 'Sun,' 'Ledger,' 'Tribune,' 'Herald,' 'Express,' and many other names I have forgotten. all shouted at the top of their lungs; while the little rascals clung about me

—hovered round me—worried me—annoyed me—until, in very desperation, I grasped my cane, and stood on the defensive! I—I never saw such a set of young harpies in my life."

"But you managed to get out of this trouble, sir?"

"Yes; by getting into another—by turning down a street, followed by this crowd of noisy boys, until I came to where the omnibuses stand, when I was instantly surrounded by the drivers, some of whom insisted that I wanted to go to one place, and some to another: and one drew me this way towards his vehicle, and a second blocked the way, saying it was a mistake, and that his own was the proper conveyance. A third smacked his whip close to my ear, and shouted 'Girard College.' A fourth leaned over my shoulder, and bawled 'Kensington.' Nephew, it was terrible—terrible!"

"How did you escape, sir?"

"I broke from them, and run. Think of a man of my years running? But I did actually run until the perspiration streamed down my face; and such a screeching, and shouting, and yelling, and hallooing, as they sent after me, I hope I shall never hear again. And now, let us drop the subject."

## CONVERSATIONS ON AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY E. KENNEDY.

## TAXES, TARIFF, AND EXPENSES OF GOVERNMENT.

*Tommy.* The tax-gatherer has been at the house to-day, papa, but as you were not at home, he said he would call again. I suppose this money he collects goes to pay the President and the Congressmen.

*Papa.* No, not a cent of it.

*T.* Not! That's queer, isn't it?

*P.* You oftentimes say that things are queer, when according to my thinking, the queeriness lies in your ignorance, my boy.

*T.* Well, sir, as you have told me before, I must live and learn, and I must also be modest in what I think I know. But if the tax that you and other people pay does not go to the President and to the Congressmen, and to pay the expenses of the army, and to fit out those big ships of war, I'd like to know where it does go to.

*P.* I see your difficulty, and will endeavor to relieve it. I am glad, indeed, that the question has sprung up, and in such a shape, too, as that your interest is awakened in advance, and this is "half the battle," as I think sometimes, in a person's education. Did you ever hear of the tariff?

*T.* Yes; but it may be some strange species of a wild animal, for all the idea that I have about it, as to the real meaning of the word. I suppose it has a *man's meaning*—for man's meaning and boy's meaning are two things, according to my notion.

*P.* I acknowledge that there are many things quite out of the reach of a boy's meaning, as you term it; and so also there are many things equally out of the reach of the meaning and understanding of the great majority of men, and those possessing some education. I suppose not one man in five thousand could have sat down to converse sociably with Sir Isaac Newton, if the latter had been disposed to carry his visitor into deep water. I am sure not one man in a thousand can read Newton's works to understand them. But as to your present trouble, it is not so very great, if only we begin at the beginning, and fetch the subject along up step by step. I think it comes within a boy's meaning, if we will only use a boy's language, and not do as the doctors are said to do sometimes, that is, to look wise and knowing and talk learnedly. Well, to begin. How many forms of Government have we?

*T.* O, I can answer that. Two forms—the State Government and the United States Government.

*P.* Correct; and now we are already approaching the matter. This State of Pennsylvania, in which we live, has its own business to attend to; the United States Government has its affairs also, and they are both kept

separate and distinct. Here for instance, is my family—you and your mother, and your brothers and sisters, and the two servants, are members of the household, and we have certain rules and family regulations which it is altogether necessary to observe. We live in a town made up by a great many families, each household of which has its separate rules and regulations like we have—but then the town has also its own family government, if I might call it so, choosing its own magistrates and town officers, and transacting its own business; such as taking care of the streets, seeing to the public health, looking out for thieves and robbers, and so on. This will illustrate the two cases pretty well, of this State of Pennsylvania, and the thirty other States, who all have their own family business, so to speak, to attend to, but who are yet members of the same government, called the General Government, or the Government of the United States. All these States are so many families in the village, going to make up one corporation or town.

*T.* O, yes, sir. I understand that far, and I always had some sort of a notion of the kind, but your explanation has made it all the better. Now your family can't get along without money. You have bread to buy, and the butcher to pay, and the store-keeper, and the tailor, and the shoemaker, and all these folks to settle with.

*P.* Exactly. Now 'tis the same with the State of Pennsylvania. The Governor at Harrisburg has to be paid, and the members of the Legislature, too—and then there are sometimes very extensive roads which the State constructs; and there are the State Prisons or Penitentiaries to be built, and the bad people who commit crimes are shut up in them, and they have to be clothed and fed; and the Judges of our Courts have to be paid; and the children throughout the Commonwealth have need to be educated at the public schools; and a heap of other matters that I don't think of now—'tis this which occasions the visit of the tax-gatherer whom you spoke of as having been here to-day. Early in the year there comes round a man called the Assessor, and he comes to me and says, How much are you worth? How much land? How much money have you in houses, in cattle, in horses, and how much out at interest? How much in stocks or in bank shares, and so-forth?

*T.* And you have to tell him.

*P.* Yes; I have to tell him. But with me his questions are much sooner answered than with our wealthy neighbor upon the other side of the street there. This is the way, however. Every man in the county is visited in this same manner, and in every other county, and then the calculation is made of how much each man must pay, according to what he is worth.

*T.* That is *ad valorem*, ain't it?

*P.* You are right. You see your Latin can be put to use sometimes. Now, these are our



taxes, and they have to be paid every year; and a part of what is so collected goes for the use of the State, and a part goes for the expenses of the County roads and the County bridges. But it is a tax, a yearly tax, and every man must pay something towards it; and in case he is a rich man, he has to pay so much the more.

T. But about the President, and the Congress at Washington City, and the big ships of war; yes, and about the war with Mexico, that cost so much money:—where does the money come from to pay all these, if the people are not taxed?

P. Oh! I'll relieve you as to that, if that is your trouble. You know the tariff?

T. Y-e-e-s, s-i-r, I've heard tell of the word, but 'tis hardly in the dictionary, I guess.

P. Ha, ha, ha—'tis hardly out of the dictionary, so as to find its way into your head—that's my guess. Now, listen. Have you got a knife in your pocket, or have you lost another one for me? You're such a boy to lose knives!

T. Oh! yes, sir, I have it; here it is; such a fine one! Only see this little blade!

P. Look at the letters on it; what does it say?

T. Why it says, "Rodgers, Sheffield."

P. Very well. Sheffield is in England, and knives come from England.

T. But I can't see what that has to do with paying the President of the United States his twenty-five thousand dollars a year.

P. A good deal to do with it. That pocket knife of yours helped to pay the President his salary.

T. Oh! papa, you're laughing at me, I'm sure; and all because I didn't know what *tariff* meant, and thought it might be some sort of wild animal.

P. No. I'm only beginning to explain that terrible word, *tariff*, so as to bring it down to a boy's comprehension.

T. Well, sir, I'll listen; but I don't know how it will be.

P. Your mamma wears a silk dress?

T. Yes, sir; on Sundays.

P. Where does silk to make ladies' dresses come from?

T. From France and Italy.

P. Very well. I wear a broadcloth coat. Where does broadcloth come from?

T. From England, I suppose, where my pocket knife was made.

P. You eat your dinner off of a plate. Where do plates come from—crockery ware?

T. England; so the geography says.

P. Madeira wine comes from—?

T. The island of Madeira.

P. Havana cigars come from—?

T. The city of Havana, in the island of Cuba.

P. Tea and coffee come from where?

T. Tea comes from China, and coffee is

brought from the West Indies and from South America. I know all that, papa. These are all imports; and our ships bring such things into the country, and that is what ships are for.

P. Did you ever hear of a custom-house officer, Tommy?

T. Yes, sir. One day, I went on board of a ship with uncle John, when I was down to the city with him. The ship had just arrived from Liverpool, and we saw there a man, whom I was told was a custom-house officer, putting a brass padlock, marked "U. S." upon the hatches, and I wondered what it meant; so I asked uncle John, and he said that it was for the *tariff*, and that stopped me at once. I didn't know about this word, *tariff*, and I was ashamed to confess ignorance. A boy that reads *Cæsar* and *Virgil* at school isn't apt to tell folks he doesn't understand plain English.

P. Ah, Tommy! This custom-house man is a United States officer; and it is a part of his duty to see that everything on board of that vessel—whether it be pocket-knives, or dinner-plates, or silks, or broadcloths, or wines, or what not—to see that everything has a tax put upon it, and paid for before the owner of the goods has a right to touch them, or to take them away. This tax is put upon all goods of whatever kind, coming from foreign countries; and this tax is called *the tariff*. Congress that sits in Washington City has a list of the goods that the merchants import; and Congress says, that so much shall be paid as a tax to the Government, on every yard of silk, and upon every yard of broadcloth.

T. And upon every pocket-knife and dinner-plate, too, I suppose.

P. Upon all articles brought by our ships from abroad.

T. I believe I understand it now. The United States Government, that is to say, Congress, puts a tax on the store goods that people buy, and these men at the custom-house are appointed to collect it; but that can't amount to much, I am sure; a few pocket-knives and dinner-plates, what's that going to come to?

P. You forget the silk dresses, and the broadcloths, and the wines, and the hundreds and hundreds of articles that you and I couldn't think of, if we were to try. Go into the store, there, across the street, and look around: see how large a proportion of the articles upon the shelves come from foreign countries, and then think how many stores in every town and neighborhood—how many people there are in this big country of ours to buy the goods out of these stores. Twenty millions and upwards of people, and everybody buys something; and whoever buys is sure to pay a tax to the United States Government, and so helps to swell up the tariff. Why, every baby that has ribbons on its little bonnet, and knit socks upon its tiny feet, and even its string of coral beads around its neck, has helped to pay its due proportion towards our President's salary. Every-



body buys something. Some buy more, and some less, according to people's ability to purchase, and according to their ideas of economy; but you cannot go into the humblest cabin in the land without finding something that has paid a tax to the Government, and has, as I said before, helped to swell up the tariff. And little as it appears, only a few cents to a yard, in the materials for your mother's dress, or perhaps only the fraction of a cent, as in the case of your pocket-knife, yet in such a vast country as ours, and where there is so much commerce, and so much imported and consumed, you may imagine that it runs up rapidly.

T. Twenty-five thousand dollars is a good deal of money?

P. Twenty-five thousand! Why, Tommy, this is scarcely a drop in the bucket of the immense expenses of our United States Government. What would you say if I was to tell you that it was two thousand times that amount?

T. What! every year?

P. Yes, every year. Two thousand times twenty-five thousand dollars is how much?

T. Why it must be fifty millions.

P. Well, the United States Government expenses every year amount to that sum; and what will appear still more marvellous to you is the fact that the tax upon imported goods—this tariff that we speak of—amounts to more than fifty millions of dollars a year. I believe, last year it came to nearly sixty millions of dollars.

T. Sixty millions of dollars! and all collected by the custom-house officers every year off of the different kinds of goods brought into the country by ships!

P. Yes, Tommy. Sixty millions of dollars every year—every cent of it. And now you may begin to open your eyes and enlarge your understanding as to the nature and extent of this term, Commerce—a subject which boys haven't begun to think much about, I suppose.

T. And to get some notion of the tariff, and what it means. Sixty millions of dollars a-year!

P. Could you count a million?

T. Certainly, I should suppose.

P. Not so quickly as you imagine, my boy. It would take you three years and upwards hard work, ten hours every day, except Sundays, simply to count sixty millions—are you disposed to try it?

T. I believe not, sir; but I am sure I am obliged to you for the pains you have taken with me, to give me some understanding of this hard word, the Tariff.

Sir C. Wilkins states, that while he was a resident at Benares, he saw a fakir, the hair of whose head reached the enormous length of twelve feet. The hair tails of the Chinese frequently reach the ground! and their moustaches have been cultivated to the length of eight or nine inches.

## EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS OF A RECLUSE.

### SECOND EXTRACT.

If I understand your proposition with regard to the nature of sin, I must emphatically disagree with you. Certainly sin is "only a negation."

Falsehood is only a "negation" of truth; deformity of beauty; wretchedness of joy; death of life. Sin of all these—a negation of God. I understand you, however, by "negation" to mean not an opposite, but a mere absence, a vacuum—a nothingness. I pray you consider that from nothing, nothing can proceed. If a man losing his good affections and thoughts, were to receive in their place mere negations or nothingness, he would cease to express anything, either in his face or actions, simply because he would have nothing to express. But if evil loves really do mould the face into certain revolting forms, if they do attune the voice to frightful modulations, if they do seek expression in distinctive and unmistakable actions, they must be the opposites of good affections, not the mere absence of them, which, I repeat, would be nothing, and could do nothing.

It seems to me that he who calls sin "a mere negation," (in the sense in which I understand you to use the term,) can never consciously have sinned; can never have been hard pressed upon by temptations in the wilderness, nor known what wild gusts of passion sweep over the waste places of the soul, and how hard it is to stand against them.

God is the *only* and the *very* Being; and all life, all good and truth, joy and beauty in man, beast and unconscious nature, flow from Him alone.

Man is a free agent, and although like all other created things, a mere receptacle of life from God, (for God only has "life in Himself") he can, if he will, turn all the good gifts which he has received from the Lord, all His daily inflowing life, into its opposite evil and false, by reaching *against* Him, instead of in harmony with Him according to Heavenly order.

Again. I cannot at all grant that "wrong-doing is physical, constitutional." Temptation is always—if you take "constitutional" in its broadest sense—but never "wrong doing." To say that sin "arises from peculiar circumstances and temptations," is stating a fact. (which Eve stated when she said "the serpent tempted me, and I did eat,") not excusing it.

It is true that persons by no means bad, but the contrary, are sometimes driven, by great suffering, to outrageous acts; such persons, however, fall to rise and struggle again, and would be the last to lay the blame of their own sin upon circumstances, or to say that it was impossible for them to have resisted temptation.

You say that you are not disposed to speak scornfully of natural good emotions.

All good is the Spirit of God, and may He protect me from speaking impiously of it, even in its least forms. I did not mean to speak scornfully of natural good emotions, but simply to say that if a man feel such promptings, and at the same time deliberately act in direct opposition to all spiritual charity, it is clear that these emotions have not purified his will, and they are therefore rather witnesses against him, than the helps to good which they ought to have been.

Have patience with me awhile. Natural good and evil are born with us; we have them in common with the animals, and deserve no more credit for the one, or blame for the other than they do. Good, in itself, is beautiful and lovable; evil, in itself, is hateful; but that does not prove the man to be responsible for his hereditary good or evil; although, of course, the more natural evil he has, the greater his temptations, and the more natural good, the greater his helps to spiritual good.

There is, it seems to me, neither justice nor sound sense in attaching no blame to a man for the evil propensities into which he is born, and, at the same time, giving him full credit for the good. If he is not accountable for the one, neither is he for the other, but only for the use which he makes of each. Should he overcome his evil with good, the greatness of the victory will be measured by the strength of the temptation. But if, on the contrary, he permit his evil affections to rule him, all his natural impulses to good are but the neglected talents which in the end shall be taken from him; for the acts to which thought and will concert, stamp the man, not those unstable natural emotions which he has in common with the beasts that perish.

## FRAGMENTARY THOUGHTS ON THE INFLUENCES OF ARTISTIC CULTURE.

BY MRS. M. A. WHITAKER.

Author of "Labor and Love," "The Love Spell," etc.

The sacred mission of Art, as one of the great educators and refiners of humanity, has never been universally recognized. Even the creations of those master minds, whose silent language comes to us from the dim, distant Past, will only be fully interpreted when the alphabet of Beauty, traced by God's hand upon the pages of Nature, shall supersede our time-worn "First Lessons" in the world's primer of selfishness.

In the adornment of this glorious world, the pencil of the Divine Artist moves in accordance with the dictates of His own infinite benevolence, while the ardent child of Genius wonders and adores, as ever some new manifestation of grandeur, harmony, loveliness, bursts upon his vision, and he feels the breath of in-

spiration permeating his whole being. He believes himself called to minister before the Lord, in the temple of the Beautiful; but waits for the baptism of the Spirit, ere he enters, to interpret to mankind the wonders of creative power.

He who, under the impulse of selfishness or worldly ambition, assumes the name of artist, bowing before the idol of popular opinion, and embracing its narrow creed, through the medium of a distempered imagination, too often, alas! imposes upon the trusting mind false types and images, which mislead the judgment and corrupt the taste of the uninitiated. But the genuine artist, faithful to the voice within, and conscious of the insufficiency of unaided human effort, looks upon all nature with a religious eye, studies God's works in the light of His Spirit, and then strives to translate them purely and eloquently into the sublime language of art.

To such alone should be committed the high trust of a nation's artistic life, that they may re-create it in new forms of truth and beauty, to be diffused among the people, freely and unreservedly as the common bounties of Providence.

America possesses rich and varied elements for the development of original genius. Her history, how fraught with eventful interest! Her scenery, now wild and majestic—now gentle in its serene beauty as an infant's smile; now sparkling with joyous brilliancy; now calm and solemn as a midnight prayer—offers to the enthusiastic student inexhaustible subjects for his canvas; while the exquisite formation and coloring of leaf and flower, the light grasses and waving corn, even the lowly weeds by the wayside, suggest to the practical designer lessons ever new, every beautiful; they present models for study such as no school but that of Nature can furnish, no teacher but Nature originate.

Perhaps, the great central hope of the American artist is enshrined in those free educational institutions, which are the glory of his country. Let the young heart be early attracted to the contemplation of beauty; let the young mind be taught to comprehend the true principles of art; let the hand be guided in the practise of delineation; then, and then only, will the works of genius be understood and appreciated; then will it be known on whom the divine gift is bestowed, and though there be few high priests in the temple, the worshippers of the Beautiful will all bring an acceptable offering to the altar.

No vain Utopian desire to produce a nation of artists induces this plea for an extension of the privilege of culture. Suffer the taste of the people to be educated aright, and impudent speculators will no longer impose their trashy productions upon unsuspecting ignorance; false teachers and false systems will shrink into insignificance before the judgment of enlightened intellect; deformity and ugliness

must give place to elegance and harmony in the most simple articles of manufacture; and vulgar display be supplanted by that graceful simplicity which should be a distinguishing characteristic of American homes.

The representatives of high art cannot be numerous compared with the multitude before whose judgment their works must stand; but the arts of drawing and ornamental design may, in a greater or less degree, become the property of all who, through a liberal culture, are enabled to pursue them. In domestic and social life, their utility cannot be questioned, and their ennobling influence should secure for them a welcome everywhere. But as opening a delightful occupation to many who have peculiar talents for the work, and thus securing to them an independent livelihood, this department of art has special claims upon public sympathy and support.

The steady progress made by the governmental schools of design, in Europe, stimulated benevolent individuals to the formation of similar institutions in this country, and their efforts appear to have been very successful. It is doubtful, however, whether these schools can attain eminence as promoters of original national design, without aid from the States in which they are severally located. Pecuniary assistance has, in one or two instances, been granted; but unless these establishments are acknowledged and supported as parts of the great educational body, and as such become nationalized by the united endeavors of the people and their representatives, they cannot maintain a firm position against the scepticism of the ignorant and indifferent, who have too little faith in the capacities of the American mind.

The English have been called "a nation of shopkeepers." Titles are often gratuitously conferred, but not as often acknowledged by those whom they are intended to honor. The Americans may with equal justice be spoken of as a nation of imitators, if we take a narrow view of society, looking only upon what is transient and superficial. But the great heart of this republic is stirred by a deeper life than is revealed to the careless observer; and notwithstanding its vanities and weaknesses, which too frequently manifest themselves in a passion for display, and appropriation of the fashionable follies of aristocratic countries, the spirit of the "Fathers" still lives to awaken nobler aspirations, and a better recognition of humanity.

The earnest patriot, who aspires after the mental and spiritual improvement of his countrymen, will reject nothing that is good on account of its antiquity or associations; but, rising above all trifling prejudices, receive with gratitude those noble bequests which link the present to the past, and makes us one with the mighty minds of by-gone ages. Precious to the reverent soul are the treasures they have bequeathed to mankind—may no partition

walls of pride or party influence be reared to hide the rich legacy from the gaze of an admiring world.

But how poorly do they comprehend the spirit of true genius, who would stereotype any one of its manifestations upon the mind of another, to the exclusion of original conceptions. No human productions, however lofty their ideals, and perfect in their details, should be made mere objects of imitation: whenever they are so used, failure and disappointment must be the result.

In our schools of design, and even in our primary school-rooms, where the most simple elements of drawing may be successfully introduced, the power of original thought should be carefully unfolded by the teacher. While the old system of copying is upheld, it is impossible to bring within the grasp of young students those principles which form the basis of the most elaborate and finished specimens of artistic skill—principles which, if thoroughly studied, will enable all not only to understand and compare the works of others, but to originate and execute with true taste, although their attempts may be very simple and unpretending in character.

The development of independent, individual talent should be the aim and end of all artistic culture; and by a well-graduated course of instruction, the faculty of invention common to all, but so commonly neglected, may become the herald of a new birth in national art. Hitherto Europe has chiefly supplied American manufacturers with designs, and these not always suited to their peculiar wants. But why should a people so aspiring and energetic depend upon the old world, when they possess in an eminent degree that native capacity which can mould and adapt to its own purposes those beautiful gifts the hand of Nature has scattered around in rich profusion.

Here is a congenial sphere for the presiding influence of woman. Her fertile imagination, and delicate taste, would work out innumerable forms of grace and beauty to contrast with man's bolder conceptions. A school of art is incomplete without this unity of spirit, and harmonious action; nor can a system of artistic education be matured where either man or woman is excluded from participation in all the benefits it bestows.

A few schools of design have been set apart exclusively for female culture. In others, perhaps, a contrary course may be pursued, but they will only perform half their work till they provide equally for the development of the manly and womanly element in art.

The poor appreciation, the neglect, the untold anguish of disappointed hope, which have so often overshadowed the life of the American artist, are, we trust, passing away, like clouds from a summer heaven. Revived by the warm sunlight of sympathy, he shall labor for humanity beneath brighter skies, rejoicing in the

consciousness that self-devotion to his divine mission will not be in vain.

It is from a generous cultivation of the common gift of taste, among the people at large, that a new life for the artist must come forth. How can the members of a community, where only a few favored individuals are permitted to obtain glimpses of the spirit-land of genius, be inspired by its beauty and glory? How can they be expected to welcome its chosen messengers to man? Only let the republican doctrine of equality and brotherhood have free course through the land, placing within the reach of all, without respect of persons, every noble and exalting privilege; let this advent of a new era in art be a time of joyful, enthusiastic action, so that the great work may go on to perfection—and America, hitherto taunted with neglect of many of her noblest and most gifted sons, shall open to the world a fair garden of beauty, where young Genius may ever find a home, and whereinto all who desire may enter, and partake freely of its spiritual blessings.

## QUESTIONS

### FOR WAYSIDE MEDITATION AND FIRESIDE CONVERSATION.

1.—In educating men for certain arts and professions, the world acts upon the common-sense principle that the learner's attention is to be directed not to knowledge and truth of all kinds, but specially to that kind of knowledge which will best qualify them for the duties and functions of the station they are to occupy, or of the business they are to follow. No such preposterous folly is perpetrated as confining the attention of the future merchant to music or mathematics or Latin and Greek, or of confining a youth to the study of medicine who is intended for the profession of law. And yet there is a folly of daily recurrence which is almost as preposterous, and, perhaps, more injurious, than the above or anything of like kind would be. For every man and woman has something to do besides what their business, employment or profession requires of them. Every day they have to do right or wrong—to act from noble or ignoble, worthy or unworthy motives—to advance their characters upwards, or to sink them with a weight of guilt and demerit deeper and deeper downwards. Every day they have to do scores of acts which are either in conformity with the great purposes for which they were sent into the world, or in contradiction and non-conformity thereto; every day they have to obey those laws, physical and moral, which have been ordained for human welfare and happiness, or to disobey them and thus bring degradation and misery upon themselves. In every station and condition of life one or other of these things must be done. Hardly an hour of any person's waking life passes in which something is not desired or purposed or done

which is either right or wrong; either a compliance with the laws of our being or an infringement thereof; either promotive of his dignity, elevation and happiness, or destructive of all of these. Now, it seems a question worthy of consideration, Is not that *education woefully defective and foolishly preposterous* which does not enable every one to decide what is, in every exigency, right and proper to be done; and which does not supply strength or motives powerful enough to secure the doing of what is wisest, noblest and best? Why has all this not been done in the past? How are we to secure its being done in the future?

2.—Are not sordid and mercenary motives too much and too commonly employed to incite children to the love and practice of what is good and excellent? A little girl does something pretty, proper, or meritorious, and the parent praises her and rewards her with a doll. Children are requested to be good, and are promised, if they mind, the recompense of some raisins or some candies. In a multitude of juvenile story-books, the same mercantile notions of rewarding goodness by good fortune are of frequent occurrence. A child does some kindness to another; but, before the story can be *fitly* ended, that child must have something to gratify its palate or its greediness! We remember one story for children, in which a dishonest boy was punished by a broken leg, and honest Harry rewarded with a hatful of apples! The tendency of the story is plainly manifest in the statement with which it is wound up, which is to this effect:—Harry carried the apples to his mother, and told her he was *now* convinced that children were always happiest, that is, always most sure of getting apples, and other good things, when they did right.

Must not such teachings, such material rewards and punishments, implant in the youthful mind the impression, perhaps never to be eradicated, that goodness is valuable only for its rewards, and wickedness and naughtiness all well enough if only one could contrive to escape its punishments. Do not such parental blunders, and such silly stories tend to cultivate a mercenary spirit—a spirit which naturally expresses itself by such a question as this:—If I am good, to-day, pa, or if I do what you want me to do, ma, what will you give me? Do some parents never reflect on the *value, or want of value, of that obedience to their wishes or commands which has to be paid for by a gift or reward?* Is such obedience either filial or flattering? Does it show either love or respect? Alas! what evil fruit comes of this coaxing or frightening children into obedience! What a *hireling, what a slave-like spirit* is produced by it!

"If I were so unlucky," said an officer, "as to have a stupid son, I would certainly make him a parson." A clergyman, who was in the company, calmly replied, "You think differently, sir, from your father."

## STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

## IF YOU WOULD BE HAPPY, DO RIGHT.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

There is in the world a heap of happiness and a heap of misery. Every right action takes from the heap of misery and adds to the heap of happiness; every wrong one takes from the heap of happiness and adds to the heap of misery. The child who refuses to do the reasonable bidding of parents, teachers or guardians, or performs it tardily, and with frowns instead of smiles, takes from the heap of happiness, and adds to the heap of misery. Is it not so, children? Do you not feel it in your own breasts? Are you as happy when in a surly, selfish mood, as when you are gentle and obliging? No, I know by the bright, happy, satisfied expression of your countenances, when you go cheerfully about what you know you ought to perform, that you are much happier when you are doing *right*.

Though sometimes it might seem pleasant to you at the time to do what you know you should not do, you may rest assured, some unhappiness will certainly follow it. You would rather be happy than miserable, would you not? Then always *do right* in little things as well as great, and you will assuredly be so.

Among the many-things which children imagine it would be pleasant to do, but which brings unhappiness afterwards, I might mention indulging in eating something which pleases the taste, contrary to the advice of friends, who warn them that they will be sick, or sometimes by stealth, when they know they are eating more than they should do. Do they gain it by indulging in something that is pleasant for a few moments, they suffer pain and sickness for hours, perhaps days.

I knew a little boy not long ago, who, late in the evening, in the absence of his mother, partook heartily of cake and sweetmeats, and even ate oysters and drank coffee. He had sat up beyond his usual bed-time, though his sister had told him he had best go to bed, but she was not positive, so he did not heed her; she also told him that he must not eat anything but some bread and butter, but she was busy with her company, and forgot him—so he stuffed himself with all the good things within his reach, and the consequence was, that the next day he was so sick, they sent for a doctor, and he was obliged to take a great quantity of very disagreeable medicine.

As he lay there rolling on the bed with pain, and heard the merry voices of his playfellows in the yard below, "Oh, dear," he said, for he was a thoughtful little fellow, "what I ate only tasted good for a few moments, and now I have to taste this bitter stuff so long for it."

What a lesson for older and wiser heads was contained in this exclamation of the little fellow! How often, for indulgence in a transient pleasure, or by some apparently slight devia-

tion from right, we bring on ourselves lasting bitterness!

Remember, children, that "when we do wrong, the pleasure will fade and not the pain; and when we do right, the pain will fade, and the pleasure remain;" and is not this much greater gain? Bear these things in mind, my young friends, if you would be happy—remember, that to be happiest, you must always *do right*.

## JACK FROST'S CIGARS.

BY AUNT LUCY.

The other day, I met two boys in the street, one about twelve, the other perhaps ten years old.

The taller boy had the stump of an old cigar in his mouth, with which he puffed away as vigorously as a locomotive, holding his head very high—to keep the smoke out of his eyes, I suppose—with a very resolute expression upon his face, as if he meant people should understand that he felt himself to be doing something quite agreeable, as well as grand.

The other boy had rather a downcast look, and kept a little behind his companion. As I came nearer, a faint smoke, curling through his fingers, revealed the presence of a piece of a long-nine which he was trying to hide, by hanging his hand carelessly beside him. He was very pale, but he did not seem at all anxious to go home, or to meet anybody that knew him.

Some teamsters were standing by their loaded wagons, near the sidewalk. They looked sharp at the boys as they came along, and two of them spoke at once to the younger one:

"Guess ye're learning to smoke, aint ye?"

"Guess ye feel kind o' miserable, don't ye?"

And then both of them burst into a loud laugh that echoed away down the street, and it was a pretty long street, too.

Thinks I to myself, this is rather a bad beginning: I wonder if the little fellow thinks it will pay in the end?

Most boys are not remarkably fond of being laughed at; and this one tried to turn it off with the forlorn ghost of a smile, that curled the corners of his mouth the wrong way, as he stammered out, "There's nothing the matter; I feel well enough."

Worse and worse! Sick and faint, and a lie between his lips, which wasn't half as respectable as the cigar; and that isn't saying much for it, certainly. Is it an *accomplishment* to smoke? Boys seem to think it is. I believe they think it adds more to their height than a beaver hat or high-heeled boots would. When they have succeeded, through qualms and dizziness, in doing what a coal-grate could do as well again, at any time, without having to "get used to it,"—namely, change tobacco-leaves to ashes, they consider themselves no longer boys, but "*young gentlemen*."

For my part, I fancy the world would be

quite as pleasant a place, if all the "young gentlemen" were left out of it. "Boy" and "man" are shorter names, easier to speak and to write; and as good and honorable masculine nouns as there are in the grammar.

At all events, the "young gentlemen" ought to stay boys long enough to ask their mothers (and aunts,) whether the idea of having a miniature Etna or Vesuvius, or an imitation of a steam engine added as an ornament to the sitting-room or parlor, or paraded through the street, with the label, "Belonging to Mrs. Such-a-one,"—is particularly captivating to them.

I am glad to know, however, of a few boys, who are willing to be boys, and well-behaved ones, too, until they are men. But about the smoking.

One cold morning, oh! it was so cold, it seemed as if the wind was loaded with invisible pins, and all their points aimed toward the unfortunate cheeks and noses that had ventured out of doors, I saw Louis, a little friend—well, not a very distant relative of mine—walking pretty fast, a little way before me. I knew it was he, because of the bright curls that peeped from beneath his cap, and hung over his ears, and which were the only warm-looking things in sight, except the sun.

But I doubted for a moment if it were really he; for, with every step, a cloud of smoke would pour out of his mouth.

"What!" said I, "our Louis so silly, and so bold-faced too?" For his home was close by, and I saw his mother looking after him out of the window.

Rather oddly it came into my mind just then, that I had seen him with some other boys, carrying a bundle of sweet-fern into a shed, last summer; and somebody told me that some boys made cigars out of it, and smoked them. But of course, *our Louis* didn't. No, indeed, he was too sensible a boy to imitate what so many grown-up boys say "they are ashamed of, but can't possibly break up the habit of doing."

But there he was, walking on, straight as an arrow, without ever turning his head, and puffing away all the while.

"Well," thought I, "I'll overtake him, and be sure. And if he has one of those ugly things in his mouth, I'll have it out and bury it in a snow bank, before he knows it is gone."

So I walked faster, and just as I came up to him, I laid my hand lightly upon his shoulder. He looked around rather quickly, but without blushing, except with the cold, and I saw that he actually was—smoking—one of Jack Frost's cigars.

I laughed within myself when I saw how it was, but instead of my intended attack, I only gave him a "Good morning!" But I did not tell him my thoughts *then*, for he could have accused me of smoking too.

And as Louis and I have both tried Jack

Frost's cigars, we can assure everybody that they are perfectly agreeable, wholesome, and respectable; which is more than other smokers can say of theirs.

## GRANDMA'S.

—BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Every summer I go to grandma's. It's the dearest old red house, with grape-vines climbing up the corners, and two great butternut trees in front, with their long arms crossed as though they were breathing one eternal benediction over that quiet homestead.

The great shadows trip over the lawn like a band of merry children, and grandma sits of a summer afternoon by the front window, with her white cap, and the brown silk handkerchief pinned over her black dress, and that quiet, sweet smile, that always makes me think of the angels flowing round her lips. I am the youngest of the family, and they all say I am grandma's favorite.

Squire Blanton lives next to grandma's, just down the road, and Harry stops in almost every day, though Betty says he don't come in now more than once a month, when I am not there. Harry's two years older than I am, and going to college next year.

We had a little "falling out," Harry and I, when we went blackberrying last year. I'll tell you how it was; Harry's father let him drive old Fan. Now he knows I'm a terrible coward, not a bit like country-girls—afraid of the cows; afraid of the geese, and afraid of any shadow, Betty says; so, between wanting me to see that he was a skilful driver, and having a little fun at my expense, Harry whipped up old Fan into a regular run. Wasn't I frightened! I begged and screamed, and almost cried, but Harry only looked at me with those great roguish eyes of his, and a smile pulling the corners of his mouth; at last, I said, Harry, I will never go to ride with you again." He did not say anything, but there was a look came over his face, which made me very sorry for the words I had spoken. Fan went slow enough after that. I did not pick many blackberries, and Harry and I hardly spoke while we were in the woods.

It was sunset when we returned; but I did not enjoy the ride at all, and I don't think Harry did, though we tried to talk.

When we drew up to the gate, those words of grandma's, which she had spoken that very morning, came into my mind, "Never, my child, part from a friend in anger." Harry assisted me to alight; then sprang into the buggy with a bow, and I could stand it no longer. I turned straight round. "Harry," I said, though there was a choking in my throat, "I do mean to go to ride with you again, if you'll let me, and I'm sorry for what I said."

He turned straight round, with such a smile on his face, and such a light in his eyes:

"God bless you, Annie," he said, and then

we both hurried away, just as fast as we could.

Now I am back again to the great city, with the stars looking down on me between two rows of brick houses, but I never think of Henry Blanten, without remembering the tones of his voice, and the light of his look when he said, "God bless you, Annie!" and my heart always grows warm when I think of it.

## INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

### QUICK-WITTED.

Willis, in his letters from "Idlewild," tells the following:—

Dull-witted, the people of this region certainly are not, if one may judge by their children. A little way back among the hills, we had ridden up to a very secluded farm-house; and, while my friend was making some inquiry, I opened conversation with a little, puny-looking chap, of eight or ten years of age, who sat astride a log, disemboweling a gray squirrel. A younger sister sat also astride the log, facing him, and still a younger one looked on from a little distance. As he took no notice of our approach, but went on, spreading the skin out to nail it to the log, I was compelled to force myself upon his polite attention.

"Where did you get that squirrel, my boy?"

"Shot him," he said, without looking up.

"Yourself?"

"Myself."

"And what are you going to do with the skin?"

"Nothing."

"But," said I, "why not make a fur glove of it? There are four legs for your four fingers, and then you can run your thumb out at the mouth and use those little teeth to scratch your head with."

The boy quietly puckered up his little mouth and cocked his eyes sharply up to me, as I sat high over his head on horseback.

"Suppose," said he, "that you just come and scratch your head with it, first!"

By the hearty laugh of my friend the blacksmith, I saw that I was not as triumphantly facetious as I had expected.

But, it is only where hickory-trees grow, that a boy of eight or nine years of age, who does not see a stranger once a year, would think of measuring wit with any stray horseman who may try to crack a joke upon him.

### GOOD WORDS, BY MRS. KIRKLAND.

"Woman," says Mrs. Kirkland, "is the natural and God-appointed aid of woman in her needs; the woman that feels not this, has yet to learn her mission aright. Among the most precious of woman's rights is the right to do good to her own sex; 'against such there is no law,' but in its favor, every law of fellow-feeling, of liberal kindness, of modesty and

propriety. Sad it is that fallen woman hopes less from his sisters than from her brothers—that it is more difficult to convince her of woman's forgiveness than of man's or God's. It is time this were altered; it is time that woman—excused from many of the severer duties assumed by the other sex—should consider themselves as a community having special common needs and common obligations, which it is a shame to them to turn aside from, under the plea of inability or distaste. Every woman in misfortune or disgrace is the proper object of care to the happier and safer part of her sex. Not to stretch forth to her the helping hand—not to labor for her restoration to respectability—not to defend her against wrong and shield her from temptation—is to consent to her degradation, and to become, in some sense, party to her ruin. Because, from the very nature of the case, if women deny her claim, she has no natural friend; none who can fully sympathize with her, or whose countenance and aid will incline the world in her favor."

### SCOTTISH JUSTICE.

A poor man, half a century ago or more, was attempting to violate the game laws by shooting a deer, the penalty for the offence being a fine of five pounds, or, in default of funds, thirty lashes. He gave half the deer to a neighbor, who had the meanness afterwards to complain of him, in order that half must go to the informer and half to the king. The offender was convicted and fined accordingly, but pleaded that he had no money. "Weel, mon," said the magistrate, "we maun ha'e the lashes then." The poor man was submissive. The magistrate then said to the Sheriff, "Tak that mon, the informer, tie him till yon tree, and gie him fifteen lashes, which will be his half; and when King George comes over, we will gie him his half. Half till the informer and half till the King."

### "I'LL DO IT WELL."

There lives in New England a gentleman who gave me the following interesting account of his own life. He was an apprentice in a *tin manufactory*. When twenty-one years old he had lost his health, so that he was entirely unable to work at his trade. Wholly destitute of means, he was thrown out upon the world, to seek any employment for which he had strength.

"He said he went out to find employment, with the determination, that whatever he did, he would do it *well*. The first and only thing he found that he could do, was to black boots and scour knives in a hotel. This he did, and did it well, as the gentleman now living would testify. Though the business was low and servile, he did not lay aside his self-respect, or allow himself to be made mean by his business. The respect and confidence of his employers



were soon secured, and he was advanced to a more lucrative and less laborious position.

"At length his health was restored, and he returned to his legitimate business, which he now carries on very extensively. He has accumulated an ample fortune, and is training an interesting family by giving them the best advantages for moral and mental cultivation. He now holds an elevated place in the community where he lives.

"Young men who may chance to read the above statement of facts, should mark the secret of success. The man's *whole* character, of whom I have spoken, was *formed and directed* by the determination to do whatever he did, well.

"Do the thing you are doing so well that you will be respected in your place, and you may be sure it will be said to you, '*Go up higher.*'"

#### LITTLE TOMMY.

Does not this simple story remind the reader of some other little Tommy, who has sanctified a trifle by the magic of his touch, and left it to be cherished as a priceless thing? It is from the *Charleston News*:—

Whilst passing rapidly up King street, we saw a little boy seated on the curbstone. He was apparently about five or six years old, and his well-combed hair, clean hands and face, bright, though well-patched apron, and whole appearance, indicated that he was the child of a loving, though indigent mother. As we looked at him closely, we were struck with the heart-broken expression of his countenance, and the marks of recent tears on his cheek. So, yielding to an impulse which always leads us to sympathize with the joys or sorrows of the little ones, we stopped, and putting a hand upon his head, asked him what was the matter. He replied by holding up his open hand, in which we beheld the fragments of a broken tin toy—a figure of a cow.

"O, is that all? Well, never mind it. Step into the nearest toy-shop and buy another"—and we dropped a fourpence into his hand—"that will buy another, will it not?"

"O, yes," replied he bursting into a paroxysm of grief, "*but this was little Tommy's, and he's DEAD!*"

We gave him the last piece of silver we possessed, but had it been gold, we doubt if he would have noticed it more than he did the silver. The wealth of the world could not have supplied the vacancy that the breaking of that toy had left in his little unsophisticated heart.

#### THE THOROUGHLY EDUCATED.

A man entering into life, says Mr. Ruskin, ought accurately to know three things,—First, where he is; secondly, where he is going; thirdly, what he had best do under these circumstances. First, Where he is—that is to say, what sort of a world he has got into; how large it is? what kind of creatures live in it, and how; what is it made

of, and what may be made of it? Secondly, Where he is going—that is to say, what chances or reports there are of any other world besides this; and, whether, for information respecting it, he had better consult the Bible, Koran, or Council of Trent? Thirdly, What he had best do under these circumstances—that is to say, what kind of faculties he possesses; what are the present state and wants of mankind; what is his place in society; and what are the readiest means in his power of attaining happiness and diffusing it. The man who knows these things, and who has had his will so subdued in the learning them, that he is ready to do what he knows he ought, I should call educated, and the man who knows them not, uneducated, though he could talk all the tongues of Babel.

#### B A B Y M A Y .

[Delicious little tit-bits of poetry sometimes go the round of the papers, which need only the prefix of a distinguished author's name to make them universally admired. As it is, they are just glanced over, with the remark, "I wonder who wrote that?" and forgotten. Of this sort is the following:—]

When the charming month of flowers

Lit her earliest ray,  
Came one from the angel bowers  
To this pleasant home of ours,

For a while to stay:  
So, acknowledging the favor,  
We would think of nothing graver,  
And the month's own name we gave her—  
Baby May!

Fitter name was never given—

So we fondly say,  
Who have found the light of heaven  
In her smile from morn to even,  
Through the live-long day;  
For the sweet month's incarnation  
Is this Eden exhalation,  
With her Spring-time appellation,  
Baby May!

All the sweets of earliest roses

On the dew-bent spray;  
All the beauty that reposes  
In the blossom when it closes  
At the shut of day,  
All the music that is ringing  
Where the birds and brooks are singing,  
She to us is fondly bringing—  
Baby May!

Loud their dismal stories telling

Round us all the day,  
Rude December winds are swelling;  
But upon our peaceful dwelling  
Sunshine smiles for aye;  
For, within this home of ours,  
Though the bleak December lowers,  
Dwells the light of all the flowers—  
Baby May!

## THE ANGEL OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

*Continued from page 214.*

## CHAPTER X.

One day, a few weeks later in the course of events we are recording, Miss Gimp was a little fluttered by seeing a handsome carriage draw up before her humble dwelling. She looked, of course, for a richly dressed lady to emerge from so elegant a vehicle; but, instead, a plainly attired girl, evidently a domestic in some family, stepped upon the ground. The dress-maker was already in the door.

"Does Miss Gimp live here?" asked the girl.

"That is my name. Will you walk in?" said the dress-maker.

The girl entered, and took the chair that was proffered.

"Are you very busy at this time?" she enquired.

"Not very," answered Miss Gimp.

"Have you a week to spare?"

"I don't know about that," replied the dress-maker; "who wants me for a week?"

"Mrs. Barclay."

"Mrs. Barclay, over at Beechwood?"

"Yes. You made a dress for her last fall, I believe."

"Yes. When does she want me?"

"Right away, if you can come?"

Miss Gimp considered a little while.

"I have two dresses to finish," said she; "after that, I can go to Mrs. Barclay."

"How long will it take you to finish these dresses?" asked the girl.

"To-day and to-morrow."

"Then you can come day after to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"Very well. I'll say so to Mrs. Barclay. At what time in the morning will you be ready?"

"As early as you please."

"Say nine o'clock?"

"Yes."

"Very well," said the girl; "I will be over for you, in the carriage, by that time."

Miss Gimp was very good at promising, and at performing also, when it suited her to keep her engagements. In the present case, she meant to be as good as her word, even though in keeping her word to Mrs. Barclay, she broke it to her very particular friends, Mrs. Jarvis and the store-keeper's wife, for both of whom she had promised to make dresses, as soon as the work on hand was finished. The Barclays were wealthy people, and she could afford to disappoint her less pretending neighbors, for the sake of making favor with them.

According to appointment, the handsome carriage drew up before the dress-maker's door exactly at nine o'clock on the day agreed upon,

and Miss Gimp, conscious of having acquired a new importance, was soon reposing among its luxurious cushions. Past the dwelling of Mrs. Willits, drove the elegant vehicle, and Miss Gimp did not fail to lean from the window, to throw a smile at the store-keeper's wife, who exclaimed to herself—

"Why, bless us! What does all this mean?"

A brisk drive of half an hour brought them to the stately residence of the Barclays—the finest within a circle of twenty miles. Mrs. Barclay, a handsome, but dignified woman—her age was not over thirty-five—received the dress-maker kindly, but, with a manner that at once repelled all gossiping familiarity. She had sent for her as a workwoman, to perform a needed service, and wished for nothing beyond; and it was but a little while before Miss Gimp understood this clearly. Two or three times during the first day, she tried to draw Mrs. Barclay out; but it was of no use—the lady wanted her skill as a dress-maker; but, beyond this, neither asked nor received anything.

"Proud—haughty—stuck up!" Many times did Miss Gimp repeat these words to herself, by way of consolation in her disappointment at not being questioned by Mrs. Barclay about people for whom she had worked. There were the Wilsons and the Mayfields—she had made dresses for them, and quietly intimated the fact—of whom, considering their position, Mrs. Barclay must want to hear the dress-maker's opinion. But, not the slightest sign of interest was manifested by the lady. Once or twice Miss Gimp alluded to them, in a way that she believed would draw Mrs. Barclay out—but the allusion was met by a frigid silence.

Mrs. Barclay had a daughter in her fifteenth year, who, though but a child, was as reserved to the dress-maker as her mother. Miss Gimp tried hard to win her confidence by a chatty familiarity, but Florence repelled all these advances—politely, yet effectually.

On the second day of Miss Gimp's rather uncomfortable sojourn in this family, where she was appreciated only for her skill in mantua-making, she heard Mrs. Barclay remark to her daughter in a low voice—

"Your aunt Edith Beaufort will be here to-morrow."

"She will!" There was a tone of surprise in the voice of Florence that instantly quickened the ears of Miss Gimp, who bent closer to her work in order to seem entirely absorbed therein.

"Yes. I got a note from her a little while ago. Jacob brought it over," answered the mother.

"I thought she was going back to Clifton, after finishing her visit to Mrs. Larch."

"She intended doing so when she left here; but, she wants to see your father about some business matters that she says needs his attention."

"How long is she going to stay?" enquired Florence.

"A week, she says."

"I don't like aunt Edith; and I can't help it," remarked Florence. "I never feel pleasant when she is here; and am always relieved from a kind of pressure on my feelings when she goes."

"You should try to overcome this," said Mrs. Barclay. "Your aunt is always kind, and, I think, much attached to you. She has her peculiarities, as we all have—and toleration of individual peculiarities, as I have often said to you, is a common duty we owe to each other."

"I often wish, mother," replied the girl in a gentler tone, "that I were more like you. That I could forget and deny myself for the sake of others, as much as you do."

"It is not in our power," answered Mrs. Barclay, "to love others and seek their good by a mere effort of the mind. Desire is fruitless, unless it flows into action. What we have to do, is to be externally kind and forbearing; to do that good for others which reason and religion enjoin upon us. This may require some effort and self-denial in the beginning; but acts, from right principles, form vessels in the mind, into which affections can flow and find a permanent abiding place. What is mere duty at first, becomes ultimately a delight."

Florence bent her head, listening attentively, and seeking to find in her mother's earnestly spoken words, the power to overcome. And she did receive strength.

Miss Gimp, whose ears had taken in every word of this conversation, was puzzled to comprehend its entire meaning. The words she understood; but to hear such words from the lips of Mrs. Barclay, whom she had regarded only as a proud woman of the world, bewildered her. Could they be spoken sincerely? Yet there was no room for doubt. They were the utterances of a mother—made only for the ears of a beloved and confiding child. In spite of her wounded self-love, Miss Gimp could not but feel respect for Mrs. Barclay. From that time, she was subdued and reserved in her presence.

On the next day, aunt Edith Beaufort came. She was a woman past the middle age; tall and dignified in person—somewhat proud and stately in her carriage—and with an eye that, when it looked at any one steadily, seemed to reach inward to the very thoughts. A close observer would not fail to detect a certain cloaking of her own purposes. While she sought to penetrate every one, she as sedulously kept herself impenetrable.

Mrs. Beaufort had none of the high-minded scruples that prevented her sister-in-law, Mrs. Barclay, from listening to the idle or malicious gossip of the dress-maker. On the other hand, she rather encouraged Miss Gimp to talk. On the morning after her arrival, Mrs. Barclay and her daughter rode out. They were gone a couple of hours, and a portion of this time was

spent by Mrs. Beaufort in the department where the dress-maker was at work.

"What kind of a man," said she, during a pause in Miss Gimp's tittle-tattle, "is your carpenter? Harding, I believe, is his name."

"Oh, a very bad sort of a man," promptly answered Miss Gimp. "The worst man I ever knew."

A slight shadow flitted over the countenance of Mrs. Beaufort, and there was a perceptible huskiness in her voice, as she said—

"Bad in what way?"

"Why, in every way."

"Bad tempered?" enquired Mrs. Beaufort.

"You'd think so, if you'd ever seen him among his children. He came near killing his oldest boy two or three weeks ago."

"How?"

"He stole money, and lied, and played truant into the bargain. His father beat him almost to death."

"He did!"

"Yes, indeed! The poor little fellow is only eight years old, and if he did do wrong, wasn't to be treated like a dog or a vicious horse."

Mrs. Beaufort sighed, and fell into a state of mental abstraction, from which the dress-maker soon aroused her, by saying—

"The strangest and saddest thing of all is, somebody left a little helpless infant at their door not long since."

Mrs. Beaufort started.

"Well, what of it?" she said, partially averting her face.

"What of it? They might as well have placed a lamb among wolves."

"You speak strongly, Miss Gimp." Mrs. Beaufort now fixed her eyes upon her with a searching look. "Have you heard of their ill-treating the child?"

"Not particularly," answered Miss Gimp. "The fact is, nobody hardly ever goes there. But, what are you to expect of people who treat their own children as if they were wild animals instead of human beings?"

"Have you seen the stranger baby of whom you speak?" enquired the lady.

"O yes."

"What kind of a baby is it?"

"One born for a better lot than that which has been so cruelly assigned to it. The mother who could desert that child, had a heart of stone. It is the sweetest, loveliest little darling that ever I saw; and everybody says the same."

"Does no one suspect from whence it came?"

Miss Gimp look knowing, as she answered—

"Every one has the liberty of guessing, you know, madam."

"True. But what ground for guessing is there in the present case?"

"We know one thing for certain," replied Miss Gimp. "It came not a hundred miles from Beechwood."

"Ah!"

Mrs. Beaufort manifested some surprise.

"What reason have you for saying this?"

"The woman who left it at Harding's was seen."

"Who saw her?"

There was, on the part of Mrs. Beaufort, an evident desire to conceal the interest she felt in the subject, which did not escape the quick penetration of Miss Gimp.

"Harry Wilkins, a neighbor of mine, saw her. He met her carrying a basket, as he was going over to Beechwood. She acted strangely, and this caused him to notice her. As he was returning home, he met her again, without the basket. It was on the very evening the babe was found."

"And that is all you know about it?" said Mrs. Beaufort, the earnestness of manner, shown a little while before, all gone.

"All I know now, certainly, but not all I expect to know," replied Mrs. Gimp. "Harry Wilkins says that he got a good look at the young woman's face, and that he would know it again among thousands. He thought he saw her about two weeks ago; and, if it hadn't been just where it was, he would have been sure of it."

The interest of Mrs. Beaufort re-awakened.

"Where did he think he saw her?" she enquired.

"Over at Clifton."

Mrs. Beaufort started. The eyes of Miss Gimp were fixed intently upon the lady, in whose face she read much more than Mrs. Beaufort wished to reveal. The two looked earnestly at each other for some moments, and then their eyes fell to the floor. Nearly a minute of silence followed. Mrs. Beaufort then said, with apparent indifference—

"Over at Clifton?"

"Yes, ma'am. He was riding over there to see a man on some business, when, just as he came in sight of the village, a carriage drove by, having in it two ladies. One of them, he is almost sure, was the woman he saw on the night the child was found. If her veil hadn't been partly over her face, he would have been in no doubt. He says he turned his horse, and rode after the carriage until he saw where it stopped."

"He did?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Did he describe the house?"

"Yes. It was a large, old-fashioned stone house, with beautiful grounds about it."

"Didn't he ask who lived there?"

"Yes; but he forgot the name. He's going over there in a few weeks, and then he will learn all he can about the people who live in the house. So you see, ma'am, we're likely to find out something."

Mrs. Beaufort made no answer, but sat lost in the tangled maze of her own thoughts for a long time. Ever and anon the dress-maker would cast stealthy glances towards her, but the lady seemed all unconscious of observation. Her face, now in repose, and taking its

hue from the tenor of her thoughts, was one to puzzle a wiser physiognomist than Miss Gimp. Its expression, even she could see, was bad—bad, as indicating the long predominance of selfish purposes and an overmastering self will. And yet it contained traces of an old beauty. The lines were sharpened by pride and passion, not rounded by a debasing sensuality. Yet was not all bad. A softness about the delicately formed mouth and gently receding chin, showed that all the true woman in her had not suffered obliteration. Without speaking, she at length arose, and went from the apartment with a slow, stately step.

"I'll read that riddle before I'm done with it," said the dress-maker, letting her hands fall into her lap, the moment she was alone, and raising her body into an erect position. "My lady knows all about this matter, or I'm mistaken. Let me see. Clifton? Didn't Florence Barclay say something about her aunt's going back to Clifton? Be sure, she did! I remember it, now, distinctly."

What a light came into the shrivelled face of Miss Gimp!

"And then," she continued, "what interest, I wonder, could a woman like her feel in a man like Harding, if there were not something behind the curtain? How did *she* know there was such a man? It's all clear as daylight. I see it as plain as I do that butterfly on the window. I'll call at Harry Wilkins', as soon as I go home, and tell him to be sure and find out the name of them people the next time he goes over to Clifton. I wouldn't be much afraid to bet—"

The door opened, and Mrs. Beaufort re-entered. She had a silk dress in her hand, one of the breadths of which had received an ugly fracture.

"Can you mend that neatly, for me?" said she, as she held the dress towards Miss Gimp.

The latter examined the rent.

"The edges are very much frayed out; but I will do the best I can."

"I would like you to do it now. I wish to wear the dress this afternoon."

Miss Gimp laid aside the work on which she was engaged, and commenced repairing the damaged silk, while Mrs. Beaufort sat by, looking on.

"You think," said the latter, speaking as if she were continuing a conversation, "that your neighbors will ill-treat the babe?"

"If they ill-treat their own children, what can you hope for other people's, that fall into their hands? It's my opinion that the neighbors ought to take it away from them, and send it to the poor-house; and I've said so from the beginning. But what is everybody's business is nobody's business."

"Is Harding getting along pretty well?" Mrs. Beaufort enquired, after a pause.

"Men like him never get along well," answered the uncompromising dress-maker.

"Isn't he a good workman?"

"The best in twenty miles around, I've heard it said. But what does that signify?"

"Does he drink?"

"He's seen too often at Stark's tavern, if that indicates anything. I can't say that he gets drunk. But you know to what tavern-going leads."

"Is he at all beforehand in the world?" enquired the lady.

"He's in debt at the store. Mrs. Willits told me this herself, and that her husband was going to stop trusting him. That doesn't look very much to me as if he was beforehand."

Mrs. Beaufort sighed gently, as if some unpleasant thought had flitted across her mind. Then she changed the subject, and did not once again allude to it, even remotely. After the torn dress was mended, she thanked Miss Gimp, with a reserved and dignified air, and withdrew from the room. The dress-maker did not see her again, and only learned, incidentally, that she left for her home on the next morning.

#### CHAPTER XI.

The feeble aspirations for a better life, which had been awakened in the breast of Jacob Harding, struggled not towards activity without frequent assaults from the tempter. Too deeply interwoven, in the very texture of his moral nature, were evil inclinations, made strong by long indulgence, for good to gain an easy victory. His life, for years, had been one of disorder, internal as well as external: and now, when there came to him faint and far-off glimpses of the beauty and desirableness of order, virtue, and religion, the new creation—it could be nothing less—seemed so near to an impossibility, that his heart bowed, at times, hopeless—almost despairing.

External causes of disturbance were added to the awakening conflict within. On some days, everything would go wrong with him, and he would return to his home, when evening closed, in so fretted a state of mind, that his coming fell upon his household like a shadow. But the shadow darkened only for a little while. The presence of Grace was a perpetual sunshine; and even the dense clouds that gathered, at times, around the carpenter's stormy spirit, could not shut out the light and warmth diffused so genially around her. With the babe in his arms, or lying against his breast, the enemies of his spirit assailed him in vain. Deeply disturbed though he might have been by the conflicts of the day, peace now folded her wings in his heart. However much doubt and despondency, arising from worldly disappointments, had overshadowed him with gloom, the soft cheek of the little one was never laid against his own without his feeling a tranquil confidence that, even as God was providing for the helpless innocent, so would He provide for him. In the clear depths of her beautiful eyes, he always saw a

light that seemed to make plainer the way before him.

But, had not the babe's influence been felt by others of his household, as well as by himself, Harding would have struggled for self-conquest in vain. Happily, over all, the silent power of her beauty and innocence continued to prevail; and, in a marked degree, over Mrs. Harding. Thus, in the better life, up to which all were voluntarily or involuntarily aspiring, a kind of equipoise was established. The disturbed forces had received a new and better adjustment. One great gain on the part of both Harding and his wife was this—each had learned to repress the utterance of capricious or ill-natured words. In former times, unkindness of thought found ever a quick outbirth in harsh, exciting language, that never failed to produce a storm of passion. These storms, and their often fearful ravages, each remembered too well; and in the mind of each was a sufficient dread of their recurrence to induce a watchful self-control.

Since the fearful night in which Andrew suffered so many terrors, there had been a marked change in this wayward boy. Mr. Long, the school-master, seeing the impression that remained, and feeling for him a kind interest, made it a point to notice him, and, as carefully and judiciously as was in his power, awaken and foster his self-respect. At least once a week, he would drop in at the carpenter's, and never failed, on these occasions, to speak a word in praise of Andrew's good conduct and studiousness. The lad's gratified look, whenever this was done, gave him broad ground of hope for the future.

The change in Andrew was another re-adjusted weight in the balancing of moral forces to which we have referred. Without this particular re-adjustment, the new equipoise, seen in the carpenter's family, could hardly have been maintained. Little trouble was required in the management of the younger children, now that Andrew's baleful influence over them was, in a great measure, withdrawn; and this left a diminished evil pressure on the temper of Mrs. Harding.

A man like Jacob Harding is never popular man. He is sure to offend in his business intercourse with others, and to make enemies. Of the carpenter, there were few to speak a good word, beyond the fact that no better workman than he was to be found. This reputation had insured him work that otherwise would have found its way to the shop of a better-natured, but in no way so reliable, a mechanic, who lived in Beechwood. But there are men who will sacrifice their interests quicker than their feelings. Two of this class, who had employed the carpenter for some years, and given him a good deal of work in that time, becoming offended in consequence of some hasty words on the part of Harding, withdrew their patronage and influence, and

gave both to a young beginner in a neighboring village. One of these men was about erecting a handsome dwelling, for which Harding had furnished a part of the plans, and in the building of which he had expected to make a better profit than usually fell to his share. On learning the decision that had been made in favor of a rival workman, the carpenter was oppressed with a sense of discouragement so great that it seemed to him as if a high mountain were suddenly thrown across his path. Not as had been usual with him, when things went wrong, did he give way to a burst of passion when the fact was announced that his old customers had withdrawn their work—

"All right," he answered, in a voice of forced calmness, and the messenger who brought the intelligence left his shop, little dreaming that the seemingly unmoved carpenter had well nigh staggered under his words as if they had been heavy blows. Upon these two customers, Harding had depended for the best of his season's work. All his other engagements were of minor importance, and the profit to accrue therefrom scarcely sufficed to provide food for his table. Of the causes leading to this result he was by no means ignorant. In his last interview with both of the parties, he had suffered himself to get very much annoyed at certain propositions which he thought involved a question of his honesty. Rough, and plain spoken, he flung back upon them the fancied imputation in so offensive a manner as to make them angry, and they left him under a good deal of excitement. This, he doubted not, would pass off, and leave them ready to complete arrangements with him as before. But the sequel showed his error.

Never before had the carpenter's way seemed so closely hedged—never had he felt such an oppressive sense of doubt and fear as he looked into the future. Work he had usually had in plenty. It came crowding in upon him from all sides, and he was often worried on account of its superabundance, than concerned for its continuance. He had not always executed with promptness, and to this fact might be traced one of the causes of his want of thrift.

It was nearly half an hour after this unpleasant intelligence had been received, and Harding stood leaning on his work-bench, the chisel with which he had been cutting a mortice resting idly in his hand, when a form darkened his shop door, and a familiar voice, said—

"Good afternoon, friend Harding!"

The carpenter lifted his eyes, and met the pleasant, always cheerful face of Mr. Long, the schoolmaster, who was on his way home after the close of his afternoon session.

"You seem troubled," said the latter. Harding had looked at him, without replying. "There's nothing wrong with you, I hope. I thought I'd just drop in to say that Andrew is getting on finely."

"I'm glad to hear it." There was a huskiness in the carpenter's voice, that betrayed his unhappy state.

"None of your family sick, I hope," said Mr. Long, with a kind interest that won upon the carpenter's feelings.

"All reasonably well, I thank you."

"Anything wrong in your business?"

"I'm sorry to say that there is," replied Harding; "I have just lost my whole season's work."

"How comes that?" said Mr. Long.

"Two buildings that I had engaged, have gone into the hands of another carpenter, and I am left without a single contract of any importance."

"This is bad," remarked the school-master.

"It is bad for a man in my situation, with a large family on his hands. What I am to do, Heaven only knows!"

Mr. Long was struck with the tone of despondency in which these words were uttered. Obeying the prompting impulse of the moment, he answered—

"You may trust in Heaven, Mr. Harding. He that feedeth the ravens, will not suffer you to want."

The words of the school-master produced a momentary disturbance in the mind of Harding, who replied, with some bitterness of manner—

"Oh, as for me, I don't pretend to have any claims on Heaven."

"All men," replied Mr. Long, "have claims on their Maker for things needful to sustain life, and give them the ability to perform useful service in the world. For these you may look with confidence. Providence never hedges up a man's way in one direction, without seeing that it is opened in another. All will come out right, neighbor Harding—never fear."

"But I do fear," was the desponding answer. "To my knowledge, no one else is going to build this summer. Unless there comes a hurricane, unroofing half a dozen barns and houses, I see no chance for a sufficiency of work during the season."

Harding said this with affected humor; yet his tones failed to conceal the bitterness and distrust within.

"Not a good direction for any one's thoughts to flow," said Mr. Long, seriously. "Providence will open the way before you, I trust, without the aid of hurricanes, or any other ministers of destruction."

"I hope so; but I see little to encourage me."

Even while the carpenter said this a neighboring farmer entered his shop, and asked the question—

"Are you very busy just now, Mr. Harding?"

"Not particularly so," was answered.

"Will you call over, and see me in the morning? I wish to talk with you about putting a new roof on my barn. I did think of trusting it until next Spring, but I've been ex-

amining it rather closely to-day, and don't think it will be safe to run the risk, especially as there is every prospect of large crops this summer. In fact, I've decided to have a new roof. So, if you'll call over to-morrow morning, we will arrange to have it done."

Harding promised to see the farmer bright and early on the next morning. Receiving this assurance, the latter departed. The school-master had remained during this brief interview, and when the farmer left, remarked, with a smile—

"It is true as I said, neighbor Harding, Providence never hedges up a man's way in one direction, without opening it in another."

"But what's the use of it all?" replied the carpenter. "I would call this kind of business mere child's play. Smith's money is just as good as Jones's, and will buy as much pork and corn meal. And as for the work, one job is about as easy as another."

"Did it never occur to you," said Mr. Long, "that, in the dealings of Providence with men, something beyond the provision of mere food and raiment was involved. Have your thoughts never reached beyond the question of pork and corn meal?"

"I don't understand you." The carpenter looked slightly bewildered.

"Man has two lives," said Mr. Long. "A life of the body and a life of the mind. To one of these lives has been appointed a comparatively short duration. The other is unending."

The carpenter leaned his head in an attitude of attention; regarding which, Mr. Long continued.

"God is an eternal being, and it is plain, from the fact that He has given to the spirit of man an eternal existence, that He must regard the wants and destiny of the spirit as in every way of primary account, when compared with the wants and destiny of the body. Let this thought find a distinct resting place in your mind, neighbor Harding, and then you will begin to have some glimpses of higher truths."

The school-master paused for some moments, in order to let his words make their due impression.

"From which have you suffered most in life?" resumed Mr. Long. "From sickness of the body, or sickness of the mind?"

"Sickness of the mind?" Harding did not clearly apprehend the question; and the school-master modified it thus—

"I should have said, from pain of body, or pain of mind?"

"I've never had much sickness," said Harding, beginning to have a dim perception of the school-master's meaning.

"And yet, you have suffered deeply. Mentally—or in your spirit—you were in great pain only a little while ago."

"True—very true." The carpenter spoke partly to himself, as if new thoughts were coming into distinct perception. "Yes, indeed; I have suffered pain of mind; I always suffer pain of

mind. As for bodily suffering—I can bear that; but mental suffering drives me, at times, almost beside myself."

"Did you never think of this before?" asked the school-master—"That is, did you never separate so distinctly in thought, your mind from your body, and see in each a distinct capacity for pleasure and pain?"

"Never. And yet it seems strange how I could have failed to do so."

"If pain of mind is more acute than pain of body," said Mr. Long, "is it not fair to conclude that the mind, or spirit, is capable of far higher pleasures than the body?"

"Yes, I suppose that it is."

"Let us take it for granted—and this is no difficult matter—that God, our Creator, Preserver and Redeemer, is a Being of infinite benevolence—that love is His essential nature. It will follow as a consequence, that He not only desires, but seeks the good of His creatures. You are one of this number; and one towards whom His heart must be moved with pity, for your spirit has suffered much. Thus far in life, you have known little of the true enjoyment that God desires for all the children of men. Vainly have you sought for pleasure in sensual delights—they have proved only serpents to sting you. What a dark, weary way it has been to you!"

"Yes, dark as Egypt at times," muttered the carpenter.

"Let us go back a little," said the school-master. "It is plain, that in the way you have been going, matters have not improved much. You are no happier now than you were six months ago."

"I don't know about that," answered Harding. "I don't know about that. Maybe you may think me foolish, but I can't help it. Since that strange baby came into our family, I have felt like another man. I don't know how it is, but the dear little thing has crept right into my heart, and brought with it something of its pure and gentle nature. The truth is, Mr. Long, I'm not the same man I was before Heaven sent that child to my door."

"Heaven sent it. You have used the right words, neighbor Harding. All good gifts are from Heaven. In love to you, God bestowed this blessing. Not to give ease or comfort, or pleasure to your body, but for the health and joy of your spirit. Ah! I am glad to hear this confession from your lips. And now let me suggest a thought. May not the disappointment you have suffered to-day, and which was for a time so bitter, be productive of higher benefits than any you could have received, had all things gone according to your wishes."

"I do not see your meaning clearly," said the carpenter.

"Our present conversation would otherwise hardly have occurred," suggested Mr. Long.

"No, I think not."

"Is it not clear, then? Think."

"Perhaps you are right," said Harding, in a



thoughtful manner. "You have certainly filled my mind with new ideas. Come over and see me in the evening sometimes, won't you? I'd like to talk with you again of these things. They sound strangely—and yet my mind assents to them as true."

"Nothing is truer," replied the school-master, "than that the eyes of God are over all His works, and that He leadeth His erring creatures by ways that they know not, ever seeking to bring them from the darkness of natural evil into the pure light of His truth. And thus He is seeking to lead you, neighbor Harding. Ah! Resist not, but gently yield yourself to the Divine guidance. But I have said enough for the present. Yes, I will call over and see you, and if you still find interest in these subjects, we will talk of them again."

What a change had taken place with the carpenter in the brief space of half an hour! A change from deep agitation of mind, and a paralyzing distrust, to a calm and hopeful spirit. Not to the fact of work having come from an unexpected quarter, was this chiefly to be ascribed. That was but the foundation, so to speak, on which a higher and juster conception of Providence had been erected. His step was firmer, his head more elevated, and his countenance marred by fewer lines of care, as he took his way homeward. No shadow fell across the threshold as he entered; and no heart shrank with fear at the sound of his voice, that seemed to have found new tones and gentler modulations.

## CHAPTER XII.

The school-master's words, only dimly apprehended at first, lingered in the mind of Harding; and, as he pondered them, new suggestions came, and new light seemed to break in upon him. There was a higher and better life than the life of the body—wants that no natural sources could supply—sufferings that no earthly physician could alleviate. How clear all this became the longer his mind rested on what his neighbor had said; and he half wondered that, until now, no perception of such important truths had come to him.

Happily, all things at home harmonized with the carpenter's state of mind on that evening. Andrew he found, on his return, busy over his lesson; Lucy had dear little Grace in her arms, and Lotty and Philip, who rarely disagreed if no one interfered with them, were playing together, and singing to themselves as happily as if nothing had ever ruffled the quiet surface of their feelings.

The influence of Mr. Long over Andrew, since his particular interest in him had been awakened, and since he had discovered the right avenue by which to reach his feelings, was remarkable. Having secured the good opinion of Mr. Long—to have the good opinion of any one was a new experience for the lad—Andrew was particularly desirous to retain it. A kind look—an approving word—

what ample rewards were they for all effort and self-denial! In these, he found a pleasure far above anything that evil indulgence or wrong-doing gave; and, best of all, they left no sad, painful after-consequences.

"That's right, Andrew," said Mr. Harding, approvingly, as he came in and saw how the boy was occupied. "It gives me real pleasure to see you studying your lessons."

What a glow of delight did these words send to the heart of the boy! What a beaming smile irradiated his countenance as he looked up, gratefully, into his father's face!

Mr. Harding laid his hand, gently, upon Andrew's head. The act was involuntary, and sprung from a passing mood of gentler feeling. How the touch thrilled along every nerve in the child's being! Memory was at fault in her efforts to recall the time when that hand rested upon him in affectionate approval before. Lower bent his head, and closer to his face was the book lifted. None saw that his eyes were suddenly dimmed, and none but he knew that the page before him was wetted by a tear.

A cry of pleasure from the babe now greeted the ears of Harding; and, in the next moment, Grace was in his arms, and hugged tightly to his heart. At this instant, a shadow fell across the threshold—the twilight was already gathering—and the strange woman, who had visited them a few weeks previously, stood in the door. Her dark, keen eyes took in the whole scene presented to her at a glance.

"Good evening, friends," she said—half familiarly, half respectfully—and, without invitation, she entered.

"Good evening, madam," returned Harding, approaching her by a step or two. Grace had laid her head close against his breast, and was nestling there with a happy, confiding look on her sweet young face.

"Will you take a chair, madam?"

The chair was proffered and accepted. At the same time, the woman laid off her bonnet.

"You were so kind, at my last visit, that I hardly feel like a stranger," said she, as she adjusted her cap, and pushed back under it a portion of her black hair in which gray lines were visible.

"That dear babe, again," she added, as she fixed her eyes intently on Grace. "I never saw a lovelier creature."

Mrs. Harding entered, at this moment, from the kitchen, where she had been preparing supper. At sight of the woman, she started, and looked disturbed.

"Good evening, ma'am."

The stranger fixed her eyes penetratingly upon her.

"Good evening," was coldly replied.

"In passing this way, again, I could not resist the inclination to call, if for no other reason than to thank you for your former kindness and to apologize for my abrupt departure. It was necessary for me to be at Beechwood at

a very early hour, and I did not wish to disturb you or tax your hospitality for an early breakfast."

The blandness and easy self-possession with which this was said, in a measure overcame the instinctive repugnance of Mrs. Harding. Still, she did not like the woman, and felt ill at ease in her presence. With as good a grace as possible, she bade her welcome. From the woman's manner, it was evidently her intention to remain to supper, and, in all probability, through the night. Indeed, she soon intimated this to the carpenter and his wife, who could do no less than invite her to remain with as much show of cordiality as possible. The object of her visit was matter of little question to them. Too distinct was their remembrance of her conduct on a previous occasion—and of the intimations then given by her—to leave any room to doubt that she had a personal interest in Grace, and now came solely on this account.

All eye and all ear was the stranger to everything that passed in the family of Jacob Harding. The carpenter's face she scanned with so close a scrutiny that he often found his eyes drooping beneath the singular gaze that was fixed upon him. The movements of Mrs. Harding were also closely observed; and not a word passed between the children that she did not weigh its meaning.

Whether it were from the presence of this dignified stranger, or from the subduing effects of better states of mind, the children were unusually well-behaved and orderly during supper-time. Lucy proposed to wait and be the nurse of Grace during the meal, although her mother said that she could hold the babe and attend the table, well enough.

After supper, the woman succeeded, after many ineffectual attempts, in alluring Grace from Mr. Harding. The little one looked half frightened as she passed to the arms of the stranger, and then immediately reached out her hands to go back. But, being retained, her lips began to curve, and a low murmur of fear was audible.

"Come back, then, darling!" said the carpenter, lovingly, and he took her from the woman almost by force. What a happy change was seen, instantly, in the sweet young face, and with what a manifest joy did the little one shrink to the manly breast, and cling there as if it had found a home of safety.

"You love that child?" said the woman. Her tones were grave, and her proud lips firm.

"Yes; better than anything in this world."

"It is not your own child," added the woman.

"It is mine by the gift of God," said the carpenter, with a depth of feeling in his voice that surprised his auditor. "Some one—I do not think she is worthy the name of woman—deserted it at our door."

The woman moved uneasily, and partly averted her face.

"Abandoned," continued the carpenter, "by her to whom God had given a precious gift, the guardianship was transferred to us. We have accepted it gladly—thankfully. And who will now dare say the child is not ours? Such words must not be spoken here!"

The natural warmth of Harding's temperament betrayed him into an indignant vehemence, which caused the woman to shrink back from him a little way, and to look surprised, almost fearful.

"We cannot hear such words spoken," repeated the carpenter, in a gentler voice. "God sent an angel to our household when He sent this babe; and we have made room for her—room for her in our home, and room for her in our hearts."

The woman sat for some time with her eyes upon the floor. She was evidently in deep thought.

"Rather say"—thus she spoke in a low voice—"that God lent her to you—lent her, it may be, only for a little while. It is not well to fix the heart too idolizingly upon a child. What if her real mother were to come and claim her at your hands?"

"There is her true mother," said the carpenter firmly, and he pointed towards his wife. "A woman gave her life, but she gave her love—a mother's love. Her real mother! Madam! I would spurn from the door the wretch who dared say that she brought into existence this sweet young cherub, and then abandoned her to perish; or, mayhap, find an unwelcome home among strangers."

"Can an evil tree produce good fruit?" asked the woman, looking at the excited carpenter almost sternly.

"It is said not," he replied. "Could an evil-hearted mother give birth to so angelic a babe? Think, Mr. Harding!"

"Could a good-hearted mother abandon her nursing infant? Think, madam!"

The woman's glance cowered beneath the steady eyes of the carpenter.

"Can a sweet fountain send forth bitter waters?" The man spoke half to himself. "No—no—no."

"State the case as you will," said the woman, "and the difficulty is the same. Here is a babe, in which all goodness seems concentrated—I cannot believe, nor can you, that the mother who gave it birth was all evil."

"Why did she abandon it?" replied the carpenter.

"Ah! There lies the question. Do you know?"

"You need not ask."

"She may not have acted freely. There may have been an array of circumstances that crushed out, for a time, her true life. I can more easily believe this, than that her heart was all evil. The baby in your arms contradicts that assumption."

"Mercy!"

This was the startled exclamation of Mrs.

Harding, as she arose quickly to her feet. Her eyes were fixed on the door, which had swung slowly open. Every glance followed her own. A beautiful young woman, with face as white as marble, stood there, motionless—statue-like. That face, the carpenter's wife remembered but too well! She had seen it once before, as it stood out on the back ground of darkness, and every feature was daguerretyped on her memory.

"Edith! You here! What madness. Go! go!"

The woman started up, and raising both hands, motioned her energetically to be gone.

"Baby! Baby! O, my sweet baby!"

And the young creature bounded forward. Ere the bewildered carpenter had time to recover his self-possession, she had lifted Grace from his arms, and was hugging her wildly to her heart.

"Oh, baby! Grace! Darling!" What a passionate tenderness was in her voice. "I was wicked, wicked, wicked to give you up! But you are once more against my heart, and we will live or die together. Baby! Sweet one! Oh! Darling! Darling!"

She had moved about the room like one half crazed; but now, as a shower of tears fell over her face, she dropped into a chair, and leaning over the child, which she held close to her bosom, she mingled kisses, sobs and tears for some minutes in a very tempest of emotion.

Meantime, the elder of the two women showed strong agitation, that was repressed only by a vigorous effort. Now her face was dark with struggling passion; and now so pale and ghastly, that it seemed as if her very life's love were suffering its final assault. As soon as the first bewildering excitement was over, she went up to the young woman, and laying her hand upon her with a firm grasp, said in a tone of remonstrance—

"What madness has come over you, Edith? Give back the child and come away. It is as well cared for as you or I could desire."

The other waived her hand with an imperative gesture as she replied—

"It is useless, mother! My resolve is taken. I will not part with my child. Mine it is—mine, born in lawful wedlock, and there is no earthly power strong enough to drag it from my arms. You may turn from me, if you will. You may shut up your heart against me; but mine shall be open to my child—my darling, darling child! Sweet, sweet baby!"

And she again hugged it to her heart.

"The fountain is not dry yet, love," she murmured in a low, tender voice, as she bared her bosom and drew the babe's soft face against it. "Drink again—drink! I have kept it open for this hour—this hour that my heart told me would come—must come! There—there, Drink baby—drink. Drink and God bless you!"

And as the babe commenced drawing sweet life from this fountain of life, the mother's eyes were lifted Heavenward. Her cheeks glowed,

and a thrill of exquisite joy trembled along every fibre of her soul.

"Father," she sobbed, "let my tears and thankfulness for this hour of restoration, obliterate the record that darkens one page of my life's sad history."

This scene was more than the woman she called her mother, could witness unsubsided. Hitherto her imperious will had ruled her complying child. But nature—free nature—had now asserted her right, and swept aside all opposing forces. In Edith's heart, the mother's love was stronger than the daughter's fear.

"Edith—what am I to understand by all this?" said the woman speaking with a resolute calmness.

"That I am ready to give up all for my child!"

"Give up me?"

The woman held her breath for an answer. Edith did not reply, but bent lower over her babe, and drew it closer to her heart.

"Give up me?" repeated the woman.

"Mother! As God liveth, I will keep this child. If you turn from me—if you cast me off—well; but, as God liveth, I will keep my child!"

For a little while, the frame of the other quivered, as if attacked by a sudden ague fit. Then stepping back a pace or two, she stood a few moments irresolute. The door of the adjoining room was partly open. Into this she now passed with a quick movement. A struggle had commenced that she wished to sustain all apart from observation. Nearly ten minutes elapsed before her reappearance. Scarcely a change of position or relation had occurred during her brief absence. Her face was very calm, her step deliberate, and her manner self-possessed, like one who has passed from doubtful questionings to a certainty.

Going up to her daughter, she laid her hand again upon her, saying as she did so—

"Edith—my child—"

The voice was low, calm, and even tender.

"Mother."

It was the bowed creature's simple response. She did not look up.

"Edith—I may have erred—I know not. If so, it has been for your sake. Love and pride have both been strong. But we will contend no longer. In the future, your own heart must lead you; I will oppose nothing."

An electric thrill seemed suddenly to awaken the half dormant sensibilities of the young mother. She looked up with a blending of joy and surprise in her countenance.

"What do I hear? Speak the words again."

"We will contend no longer, Edith. In the future your own heart must lead you; I will oppose nothing."

The eyes of Edith closed as she leaned her head back against her mother, whose arm now clasped her. How placid was her pale young face—how soft and tender, and loving the sweet lips just parting with a smile.

"You have made me happy. Can a mother ask more for her child?"

It was all she said; but the words went trembling down into the agitated heart of that strong, self-willed woman of the world, and accomplished their mission.

A kiss—long and fervent—sealed the reconciliation and new compact.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

While this scene was passing, little Lotty had crept into her mother's lap, and was lying with her head close against her bosom. Since Grace came among them, Lotty had found a new pleasure. She never tired of being with the babe, and the babe never seemed happier than when Lotty was bending over her and talking to her in a language that only they understood.

"Is she going to take Grace away from us?" she whispered two or three times to her mother, as she looked on wonderingly, yet with an instinct of the truth.

Mrs. Harding did not reply, for she could not; but, at each renewal of the question, her arm drew, with an involuntary pressure, the little one closer to her breast.

"I'll be your little Grace, mother."

These words, so unexpected, thrilled a new chord in her heart.

"Grace is so sweet and so good," she answered more from impulse than thought. The words were scarcely uttered, ere she felt that they were spoken unwisely.

"I will try to be good."

There was a pleading softness in Lotty's tones that touched the mother's sensibilities. She was asking for a love, deeper, purer, truer than she had ever known—such a love as she had seen given to another.

"I will try to be good, mother. I will try to be like Grace. But they won't take her away, will they, mother?"

"I hope not, dear."

"If they do, mother, shan't I be your little Grace?"

"Yes, if you will be good, like Grace."

"I can't be good, just like her. But, I'll try, mother. And you won't scold me so, will you, mother? Talk to me sweet and good, just as you talk to Grace—won't you, mother?"

And now the child's arms were stealing around the neck of Mrs. Harding, and her eyes were looking up into her face, pleading and filled with tears.

What language could have been more rebuking, more softening, more subduing? It penetrated to the very inmost of her consciousness. Her only answer was a strong embrace. How her heart enlarged toward Lotty!

"You will love me, mother, if I'm good?"

The child was not satisfied with mere dumb show.

"Oh, yes, my dear one!" answered Mrs. Harding, in a voice whose tenderness satisfied the heart of Lotty. "I will love you. Be a

good little girl, and I will love you just as well as I love Grace."

"I will be so good, mother," murmured the happy little one, as she hid her face and wept for very joy.

Thus she was lying, when the elder of the two strangers, turning from her daughter, between whom and herself so singular a reconciliation had taken place, said, addressing Mr. Harding in a calm voice—

"My friend, there was a meaning in the words I spoke a little while ago, that went beyond my own thoughts. This young woman—the mother of Grace—is my child. I did not expect her here this evening—nothing could have been farther from my anticipations. I knew that she was almost dying to see her child—to have it again in her arms, and I feared that its restoration might become necessary. Why she abandoned it at your door, cannot now be explained. Neither can we reveal who we are, or where we came from. That secret, for the present, must remain with ourselves. Enough, that the child is ours, and now returns to its true home and its true mother. You and your excellent wife will never be forgotten. My daughter has a heart that can feel gratitude—had as you have pronounced her—and this you will, ere long, know. Let me ask of you one thing, and that is, silence as to the occurrences of this evening."

The carpenter sat with his eyes upon the floor, during all the time that the woman was speaking.

As she ceased, he arose, and crossing the room, stood before the young woman, who still held Grace in her arms.

Reaching out his hands and smiling, he said, in a voice of tender persuasion—

"Come, Grace—come love—come."

The little one lifted her head from the woman's breast, bent towards the carpenter and smiled in return, one of her sweetest, most loving smiles. The woman instantly drew the child back, while a shade of fear went over her countenance.

"Don't be alarmed, madam," said the carpenter in a respectful voice. "If she will come—let her come. You may take her again. Grace, darling! Sweet one! Come!"

Again the babe raised herself up and leaned towards the carpenter. Again she smiled sweetly—fluttered her tiny hands, and seemed anxious to get into his arms. He reached out for her, but just as she seemed ready to spring to him, her eyes wandered up to the loving face, so full of unutterable tenderness, that bent over her; and then she fell back upon the bosom she knew to be her mother's.

A shadow darkened on the carpenter's face. "Come, darling!" he repeated, extending his hands.

She lifted her head again, stretched out her arms, and in the next instant was tightly clasped to the carpenter's bosom.

"Heaven bless you, sweet one! Bless you!"

Bless you! An angel of love you have been to us all! How can we give you up? Oh, no—no. It must not be! God gave you to us; and shall we let any but the Death-angel take you away?"

The mother had started to her feet, and was now moving by the side of Harding, as he paced about the room, her face full of alarm and anxiety.

"O, sir! Give me back my babe," she cried, in a voice of deep supplication—"Grace! Darling! Come to your mother!"

Harding paused, and by an effort, repressed the strong upheaving of emotion. As he relaxed the tight clasp of his arms, the little one raised her head, and now reached out her hands towards her mother.

"Go back, then," he said, kissing her tenderly. "Go back. I cannot say nay, if it is in both your hearts."

As Grace returned, with a baby murmur of joy to her mother's arms, the carpenter's strength seemed to leave him, and he sunk into a chair, where for some time he remained with his head drooped upon his breast. From this state he was aroused by hearing the elder of the two women say, addressing her daughter—

"You came in the carriage?"

"Yes."

"How far is it away?"

"About a quarter of a mile, on the road to Beechwood."

"It is growing late. We must leave here."

"You will not leave to-night," said Harding, as he arose and came forward.

"O, yes. We must go," was answered.

"To that I cannot consent." The carpenter spoke firmly—"unless you go alone."

"Alone!"

The mother of Grace looked frightened.

"Yes—alone. Did you think, for an instant, that I would stand passive and see her taken away by strangers, no matter what their claim? If so, you have mistaken Jacob Harding. Who are you? Where do you live? These are questions that must be fully answered."

There was a manly dignity about the carpenter that compelled respect, and a firmness of manner that showed him to be entirely in earnest.

The two women looked at each other with troubled glances.

"You shall know all in good time," said the elder.

"Now is the good time," was answered.

"Believe me, when I say, that I love that babe too well to trust her even with her mother, when all the past is considered, unless I know where to find that mother. I must hold you both to a higher responsibility than your own consciences."

"What is to be done?" almost sobbed the distressed young woman. "Oh, that I were once more at home with my babe. Kind sir"—and she turned to the carpenter with a pleading look—"do let us go. I have the means of

being generous to you, and I will be generous. Gratitude for your kindness to my child has already suggested ample benefits. O, sir, withdraw your opposition. There are reasons why we desire to remain for the present unknown. Say that we may leave, and I will never cease to ask for you Heaven's choicest blessings."

"It cannot be," said the carpenter, with unwavering firmness. "That child never leaves here unless I know all about those who take her away. Rely upon it, nothing will turn me from this purpose."

The two women now communed with each other, apart, for some minutes. The elder then approached Harding and said—

"My name is Hartley; and I live in Overton."

There was an unsteadiness of voice and eye as she spoke, that did not escape the carpenter's notice.

"It will not do," replied Harding, shaking his head.

"What will do then?" exclaimed the woman, in a quick demanding voice.

Her whole manner changed. The fretted will, so used to reaching its purpose in spite of all hindrances, could tamely brook this opposition no longer.

Fives times did Jacob Harding pace the room backwards and forwards before answering. Then pausing before the woman, who had remained standing, he said—

"One thing I have fully decided."

"What?"

The woman spoke eagerly.

"That Grace does not leave here to-night."

"O, sir! Don't say that!" cried the younger of the two strangers. Her pale face blanched whiter.

"I have said it, and will not change," answered the carpenter. "You can both remain if you will. We will give you the best accommodations our poor abode can offer. As for me, I want time to consider this matter. It is far too weighty to receive a hurried decision. I must have a night's sleep upon it."

"Oh! for patience," exclaimed the elder of the women. "You may repent this, sir! You know not whose will you are thwarting."

"I confess my ignorance," said Harding, with a shade of irony in his voice. "And, therefore, it is that I hesitate and chose to act with circumspection."

"We cannot remain here to-night. Impossible!"

"Very well. You will find us all here to-morrow, or the day after."

Seeing that Harding was not to be moved, the two women drew together in a distant part of the room, and remained in whispered conversation for a long time.

"My daughter cannot be induced to leave her child," said the mother, as she left Edith, and came forward to where Harding was now seated by his wife. "She will, therefore, remain; at least, until to-morrow. Then, I

trust, you will permit her to depart with her babe. Further hindrance on your part will be cruelly. Think of what she has already suffered, and spare her further anguish. As for me, I will go to-night."

"You are welcome to stay, if it so please you," returned the carpenter.

"My daughter's health has been feeble for some time," said the woman, "and she is now quite overcome by fatigue and excitement. If you will let her retire early, she will take it as a kindness."

Mrs. Harding arose at this, and laying the now sleeping Lotty in her father's arms, passed from the room. In a few minutes, she returned and said the chamber was ready, if the lady wished to retire. The mother and her daughter went in together, and shut the door behind them. Mrs. Harding intended to enter the room, also, but the door closed so quickly that she was left without. For a moment or two she stood confused and undecided. Then turning to her husband, she said—

"Jacob, what is to be done? How can we give her up?"

"We will not, unless we know more of these persons than we now do," replied Harding.

"It is her mother," said Mrs. Harding.

"Yes; that is plain. But who and what is she?"

"If we only knew."

"We must know," Harding spoke firmly. "Not until I have the fullest intelligence in regard to them, will I consent to let them have the child. - Hark! what is that?"

The carpenter listened.

"What do you hear?"

Mrs. Harding was startled by her husband's manner.

"I thought I heard a noise."

"What was it like?"

"I don't know."

Both listened for some moments.

"Where was it?"

"I can't tell whether it was in the house or out doors. It was nothing, probably. I'm excited."

Still they listened in a kind of breathless suspense.

"I wonder if they have fastened that door. They are very still," said the carpenter.

Mrs. Harding stepped lightly to the door, and tried the lock.

"It is fastened," she whispered back.

"They must have turned the bolt very silently," remarked Harding. "Suppose you knock, and ask if they want anything."

Mrs. Harding tapped gently. There was no answer. She tapped again, but louder. Still all remained silent within. She now rattled the lock, and called to the inmates. The effort was fruitless; no answer to her summons was returned.

"I don't like this," said Harding, starting up and advancing to the door, against which he threw his body with a force that broke

the fastenings within. As the door swung open, his eyes rested upon the open window. In an instant, all was comprehended. Flinging the sleeping child he held in his arms upon the untumbled bed, he sprang through the open window, and disappeared in the darkness.

"A quarter of a mile from here, on the road to Beechwood." He remembered these words, and ran swiftly in that direction, hoping to overtake the fugitives. The sky was overclouded, and the night intensely dark. In vain the eye sought to penetrate the thick veil of shadows. For more than half a mile, Harding pursued his way towards Beechwood, and then stopped, with a heart-sickening consciousness that longer search in that direction was hopeless. Returning with rapid steps, he swept around in a wide circle, vainly seeking for the two women who had disappeared so noiselessly, taking with them the dear angel of his household. But all was of no avail. Under cover of the darkness, they had effected their escape. After an hour spent in fruitless search, he came back, looking pale and distressed. To the eager questionings of his tearful wife, he only answered—

"Gone! gone! and not a trace of them left behind;" dropping into a chair, as he spoke, and trembling from exhaustion of body and mind.

"Oh! Jacob! Jacob!" It was all the heart-stricken wife could say, as she leaned over him, and wept bitterly.

"Mary," said the carpenter, after he had grown calmer, "I have never had anything to hurt me like this. It seems almost as if a hand were grasping my heart, and striving to tear it from my breast. Dear baby! And to lose her thus! I cannot bear it, Mary!"

"If we only knew where she was. If we could go to her sometimes," sobbed Mrs. Harding.

"If she had died and passed up into Heaven," said the carpenter. "But to be stolen from us, and taken, we know not where, perhaps to be abandoned again, and to suffer, who can tell, what cruel treatment! Oh! the thought drives me half distracted."

"I do not think, Jacob, that her mother will part with her again. She loves her child too deeply. My heart ached as I looked at her, to think of what she must have borne since she tore it from her bosom, and left it at our door. I wonder that she was not bereft of reason. For her sake, I will try to bear the pain I feel. Oh! if I only knew that all would be well with the babe."

"That I must know, Mary," replied the carpenter, with regained firmness. "The woman said her name was Hartley, and that they lived at Overton. This may be true or false—but to Overton I will go early in the morning. If the statement prove false, so much is settled, and I can turn with more confidence my eyes in another direction. Of one thing I am

certain—they do not live very far from Beechwood."

As best they could, the carpenter and his wife sought to console each other, and, in the act, drew closer together in heart, and felt a mutual sympathy. How deserted the house seemed to them; and their chamber, when they retired for the night, felt lonely and cheerless. If the baby had died, and, a little while before, been carried forth from that room to its mortal resting place, the feeling of sadness and desolation that oppressed them could not have been stronger. Sleep did not visit their pillows early. They were kept awake by thoughts of the sweet babe that had so grown into their hearts that it seemed a part of their life. But, at last, their heavy eyelids closed, and then this dream came to Mrs. Harding—

She was sitting in her own chamber, with an infant lying close against her bosom. It had soft, brown, silken hair, curling in glossy circles about its forehead and temples, and eyes down into whose blue depths she gazed until it seemed that Heaven was opening to her vision. It was not Grace—not the angel babe whose coming and going were shrouded in mystery—but a new gift to her mother's heart. Full of love and joy she bent over the lovely innocent, while her spirit uplifted itself in thankfulness for a boon so precious. As she sat thus, a pale, sweet-faced woman entered, also clasping an infant in her arms. She knew them both at a glance—the mother of Grace, with her newly-regained treasure in her arms. Coming up slowly to Mrs. Harding, she stood, for some moments, gazing upon her with a tender smile. Then her lips parted with the words—

"Our household angels."

A thrill of such exquisite pleasure went through the sleeper's mind that she awoke. Lotty was in her arms, and she drew her to her heart with a feeling of maternal tenderness deeper than she had ever known for her child.

"I'll be your little Grace, mother."

The words seemed spoken in her ears again, and she raised herself up to see if Lotty were not really waking. But no—Lotty was in the world of dreams.

"Bless you, my baby!" murmured Mrs. Harding, as she laid her lips against the warm cheek of the sleeper. "You shall be my little Grace."

"Dear mother! I will be good if you will love me."

She was dreaming.

Gathering her little one closer in her arms, Mrs. Harding lifted her voice to Heaven, and prayed that she might be to her children a true mother. And her prayer, rising from an earnest, yearning heart, did not return to her fruitless.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

"Quick!" ejaculated the elder of the two women, as she closed the door of the little chamber into which the carpenter's wife had

shown them, and slipped the bolt silently. Gliding past her half-bewildered daughter, she raised the window, which opened only a few feet from the ground, and springing out with the agility of a girl, was ready to help Edith through the narrow way of egress they had chosen.

"Quick! Quick! Step lightly."

And the mother drew her arm around the slender form of Edith, and bore her onward as if she had been only a child. Sweeping around the house, the two women gained the road that passed only at a short distance from the door, and then pressed forward as fast as the darkness would permit, in the direction of Beechwood. They were only a short distance away from the carpenter's dwelling, when the young woman said, in a voice of alarm—

"Hark! What is that?"

Both paused to listen and instantly became aware, by the sound of swiftly approaching footsteps, that they were pursued.

"O, mother! What shall we do?" said Edith, in a frightened voice.

Her companion answered not, but passing an arm around her waist, drew her off from the road to a clump of bushes that opportunely offered a place of concealment. Behind this they crouched just in time to hide their figures, which, from portions of white in their garments, would, in all probability, have attracted the eyes of Harding, whom they doubted not to be the individual approaching with such hasty speed. He passed within only a few feet of them—so near that his muttered words reached their ears.

"Come!" said the elder of the women, as soon as Harding's heavy footsteps sounded faint in the distance.

"Not that way," objected her daughter.

"Why not?" was sharply enquired.

"He has just passed."

"Is not the carriage in this direction?"

"Yes."

"Concealed in the woods?"

"Yes."

"He will not find it, but we must. Come! In this deep darkness lies our safety. Here—give me the child."

"No—no."

And Edith resisted the attempts of her mother to get possession of Grace.

"Why don't you give her to me? foolish girl! I am stronger than you," said the woman.

"She is as light as a feather in my arms," replied Edith, who still kept hold of the babe.

"You lead the way, and I will follow as fast as you desire."

The woman, with a slight murmur of impatience, gave up the brief contest, and moved on again in the direction taken by the carpenter, her daughter following close in her footsteps. Stopping every little while to listen, and then pressing on, the two fugitives continued their way for about ten minutes, when Edith said—



"This is the place, mother. I told Mark to wait for me in the woods, off to the left."

Leaving the road, the two women sought for the carriage, but, to their dismay, it was nowhere to be found.

"Are you certain about the place, Edith?"

Edith was very certain in the beginning, but the darkness was so bewildering that her mind began to waver.

"I think it was here, mother."

"Oh, Edith! And so much at stake!" exclaimed her companion, rebukingly. "When will you learn to rightly guard the future?"

"The darkness is so deep," said Edith.

"You should have thought of that, and taken a closer observation. What are we to do?"

"Mark!" called Edith.

"Hush! Mad girl! Your voice may reach other ears than his."

"Listen!" Edith spoke in a quick, eager tone.

"What is that?"

"It is the carriage, thank God!"

And the excited young creature leaned her head against her mother, and sobbed violently. Her voice had reached the coachman, who was only a short distance from where they were standing, and his horses were in motion. But a few moments elapsed before the two women were in the carriage.

"Home, Mark—home!" whispered the mother, "and as swift as our horses' feet will take us."

"It is very dark, ma'am," answered the coachman.

"You know the road, Mark," was the brief and significant answer.

For a few minutes the carriage crept along almost noiselessly, until the road was fairly gained, then, at a word from Mark, the horses sprang away at a speed that satisfied even the impatient riders.

For nearly two hours this speed was maintained, and then the foaming horses were turned into a wooded lane that wound up to a fine old mansion, around which clustered many evidences of wealth, taste and aristocratic pride. Into this the two women passed, and here, for the present, we will leave them.

The morning that broke after that eventful night, found Mr. and Mrs. Harding in trouble, grief, and great perplexity of mind. A tearful veil was over their whole household. Not one of the inmates but grieved after dear little Grace with a sorrow that knew no words of comfort—no ray of consolation. All questioned, but there was none who could answer.

"What shall we do?"

That was the doubtful enquiry of the carpenter and his wife, asked often of each other, and answered only by troubled looks.

"Shall we at once make it known to the neighborhood?" asked Harding. "This it is necessary for us speedily to determine. The child will be missed, sooner or later, when we

shall have to account satisfactorily for its absence."

"Suppose you see Mr. Long, and ask his advice," said Mrs. Harding. "He is a good man, and discreet."

"Well suggested, Mary," said the carpenter. "I will see him without a moment's delay."

But even the school-master failed to see the matter clearly on its first presentation. To bruit the whole thing abroad, might prove a serious error; but, in what way, a total ignorance of the parties concerned left altogether in doubt. It was plain that they had acted with a desperation which only the gravest considerations could justify. The crime of having abandoned an infant, involved the deepest disgrace, and it was no cause of wonder that they sought to escape the penalty. On the other hand, the absence of the babe from the family of Harding would not fail to attract attention, and the neighbors would have a clear right to demand an explanation of the fact.

"What had we best do, Mr. Long?"

This was the earnest question of Harding, at the conclusion of his conference with the school-master.

"Say nothing to any one else, at least for to-day," was the answer. "I will testify, if necessary, to the fact that you came to me, and related the whole of the strange circumstance, and that I advised you to keep silent for a day or two, while you made earnest search for the parties who had carried off the child. My word, I am sure, will be all that is needed to screen you from suspicion of wrong."

"I am very sure of that, Mr. Long, and will do as you suggest," replied the carpenter. "And, now, my first search must be made in the neighborhood of Overton, although I have little hope of finding them there. I saw deception in the woman's unsteady eyes, when she mentioned this as her place of residence. One step brings us to the point from which the next can be taken. I will regard this as the first step in a search that must not be fruitless."

"And it will not be fruitless, I trust," said the school master, as Harding turned from him, and went back home to advise his wife of the conclusion to which he had arrived, after consulting with Mr. Long.

Mounted on a good horse, the carpenter was soon on his way to Overton, a small town some two miles beyond Beechwood. A widow lady, with whom he had some acquaintance, resided there, and at her house he alighted on reaching the village. After the customary greetings, and brief questions about family matters, Harding said—

"Do you know a lady, in Overton, by the name of Hartley?"

"Oh! yes; very well," was the answer.

With what a strong throbb did the heart

the carpenter bount at this reply, so little expected.

"Is she an elderly lady?" he next enquired.

"She is past the middle age; yet no one would call her old."

"Where does she live?"

The woman took him to the door, and pointed to a fine old mansion, almost hidden by majestic elms, that stood not far from her dwelling.

"Has she a daughter?"

"Yes; an only daughter."

"Grown up?"

"Yes."

"The person I wish to see," said the carpenter, "and, as my business is somewhat urgent, I must bid you good morning."

Turning almost abruptly from the woman, he sprung into his saddle, and galloped away in the direction of Mrs. Hartley's. his mind already strongly excited in anticipation of an interview, the termination of which involved so much, and was yet so full of uncertainty. Passing from the public road into a gravelled lane, lined on each side by tastefully out cedars, he advanced towards a beautiful dwelling, around which was everything to indicate the possession of a cultivated taste by the owner, and wealth for its gratification. But at these external beauties he scarcely glanced. Too deeply was he absorbed by thoughts of the approaching interview.

Dismounting and fastening his horse, Harding advanced to the hall-door, and lifting the heavy knocker brought it down with a strong hand. The sound reverberated loudly within. In a few moments, a servant answered his summons.

"Is Mrs. Hartley at home?" asked the carpenter. The suspense from which he was now suffering made his voice falter.

"She is," was the quiet answer.

"Can I see her?"

"Will you walk in?" said the servant, politely.

The carpenter entered, and was shown into one of the elegantly furnished parlors.

"What name shall I say?"

Harding was about to give a wrong name, but his quickened moral sense instantly objected, and he said—

"No matter. Say that I wish particularly to see her."

The servant hesitated for a few moments, and then left the apartment. Soon the rustle of a lady's garments was heard on the stairs. Harding arose to his feet, involuntarily, and stood almost holding his breath. A tall, dignified, middle-aged woman, with a mild countenance, presented herself. It was not her of whom the excited man was in search! The lady bowed, as she entered, and said—

"My name is Mrs. Hartley."

"Not the Mrs. Hartley I wish to see," replied the carpenter, in a tone that betrayed the depth of his disappointment.

"I know no other by my name," the lady answered. "You seem to be under some mistake, sir. Perhaps, if you explain yourself, I may be able to set you right. Will you not be seated?"

As Harding resumed his chair, he said—

"A woman was at my house, last night—it is the second time she has called there—who told me that she lived in Overton, and that her name was Mrs. Hartley."

"Ah?" The lady was surprised. "What kind of a looking woman was she?"

"In person, near your size, and, to all appearance, near your age."

The lady's face flushed.

"Near my size and age?"

"Yes, ma'am; but, in countenance, your bear no resemblance," said the carpenter.

"And she said her name was Hartley, and that she resided at Overton?"

"She did; but I questioned, in my own mind, her truthfulness at the time. Ah! how cruelly have I been deceived!"

"Deceived! In what way, sir?" asked the lady.

"Pardon me," said the carpenter, "if I decline an explanation. The reasons are imperative."

"You are the best judge of that. And yet, as my name has been used in so strange a manner, it seems only right that I should be made acquainted, at least in some degree, with the occasion of such an unwarrantable liberty. Can you describe the woman to me?"

Harding gave as accurate a description as possible of the person, for whom he was in search.

"Did you observe a mole on her right cheek?" asked the lady.

"O yes, madam! I remember that distinctly," said the carpenter, starting to his feet.

"Tell me! Do you know her?"

"And she said her name was Hartley?"

"Yes."

"And that she lived at Overton?"

"Her words, as my visit here attests."

"A very singular statement," said the lady.

"O, madam! Tell me if you know her. Do not keep me in suspense," urged the carpenter, growing more excited.

"I cannot imagine the reason of such singular conduct." The lady spoke to herself. "Gave her name as Mrs. Hartley! What does it mean? There is some mystery here," she added, addressing the carpenter: "and as my name has become connected with it, I have a right to ask for explanations. For what purpose did this woman come to your house?"

"From the description I have given, do you identify her?" asked Harding.

"I do, clearly."

The carpenter struck his hands together, exclaiming—

"So much gained! so much gained! O, madam! tell me where I can find her?"

"Not unless I know why you are in search

of her. If you will not trust me, neither will I trust you," replied the lady, firmly.

Deeply perplexed was the carpenter again. He saw that the woman was right; and yet he was as much in doubt respecting her, as she was respecting him. It was plain that she knew the persons who had carried off the child; but what good or evil might flow from a revelation of the strange facts connected with them, he was unable to divine.

"Does she live in Overton?" he asked, hoping to gain some admission.

"I shall communicate nothing," said Mrs. Hartley, "unless I know the ground of your enquiries. If, as I said before, you will not trust me, I will not trust you."

"We never know how far it is safe to trust an entire stranger," remarked Harding.

"Very true; and that is my reason for not giving information to a stranger, of whose objects I am entirely ignorant."

"Will you answer me these questions?" The carpenter spoke in an anxious tone. "Is the lady in good social standing? And is she known as virtuous and honorable?"

"I can answer you freely. She is in good standing, and I have never heard anything against her of so grave a nature as this that you now allege—the assumption of my name. This, sir, is a most serious allegation. The wherefore must involve something more serious still."

"That it certainly does," said the carpenter. "And, this being so, it is but just towards her, that I should keep my own counsel, until I see her face to face. That she desires secrecy, is apparent in the fact, that she has misled me by assuming a name that belongs to another. Ah, madam, if you would only give me the information I seek."

The lady mused for some time. Then, shaking her head, she answered—

"I cannot meet your wishes."

Harding sighed deeply. Rising, he moved towards the door of the apartment, his face strongly marked by disappointment.

"May I ask your address?" said Mrs. Hartley.

It was given without hesitation.

"Your errand here this morning, is a very singular one, Mr. Harding," remarked the lady, evidently unwilling to have him depart, without some disclosure of facts about which her curiosity was in no small degree excited. "Is it not possible for us so far to trust each other, as to impart the information each desires?"

"Not at present, I fear," answered the carpenter. "Too many grave considerations force themselves upon my mind, and enjoin circumspection. But of one thing I can assure you; I shall not long remain in this suspense. Should the search of to-day not prove successful, you will see me in the morning—perhaps this evening, when, to gain the information I desire, I will disclose what now discretion warns me to conceal."

Bowing to the lady, who made no further effort to retain him, Harding withdrew, and, mounting his horse, rode off at a quick pace. It was not his purpose, now, to make further search in this direction. First, he wished to consult with Mr. Long, and get his advice as to the propriety of disclosing to Mrs. Hartley the facts of the previous evening in order to get the information so much desired. And so, turning his horse's head homeward, he pressed the animal to his utmost speed.

#### CHAPTER XV.

Immediately on his return from Overton, the carpenter went to see Mr. Long.

"One step taken in the right direction," said the school-master, after Harding had finished his narration of what passed between him and Mrs. Hartley.

"But, what of the next?" asked Harding. "That is the question I am unable to answer. A wrong step may involve most serious consequences. The parties in this strange and disgraceful business, evidently occupy a high social position, and are exceedingly anxious to remain unknown. If I reveal all to Mrs. Hartley, in order to gain the information I seek, it may be the cause of an irreparable injury. The mother of Grace has, it is plain, acted under an influence from her imperious mother, that she was unable to resist; and the latter, moved by family pride, or some other strong consideration, has taken an extreme step, the knowledge of which, if it get on the wings of common report, must ruin her in the good opinion of every one."

"It is but just," remarked the school-master, "to weigh everything with the nicest care, where so much is involved. I think you were altogether right in withholding from Mrs. Hartley the information she asked, and I cannot blame her for being equally discreet."

"But what step can next be taken? I have not a single clue by which to trace out the fugitives. They escaped in the darkness, and left no sign of their departure."

"Did not the young woman say something about her carriage being near at hand, on the road to Beechwood?"

"Yes. She said it was a quarter of a mile away."

"It might be worth your while," said the school-master, "to examine the ground, a little off from the road, and see if you can find the mark of wheels. The carriage, most probably, was withdrawn from the public way, in order to escape observation."

"Of what use will it be?" said the carpenter.

"Possibly, the direction taken may be ascertained."

Harding shook his head, doubtfully.

"Very small indications are sufficient often to lead to important results," remarked the school-master. "When we are altogether in the dark, we accept the feeblest ray, and hail it gladly, as the harbinger of approaching light."

But some other course may have suggested itself to your mind."

Harding shook his head, saying—

"I am, to use your own words, altogether in the dark. Not a single beam of light is on the way before me."

"Then do as I suggest, my friend."

"I very seriously doubt," said the carpenter, "the truth of what they said about the carriage being in the direction of Beechwood. I followed them quickly, but saw nothing of either them or the carriage, although I kept on for at least half a mile."

"The carriage was, of course, withdrawn from the road, and concealed from view. I do not wonder at your not seeing it. The women, most probably, heard you coming after them, and hid behind some sheltering object, until you passed. The distance you went gave them an opportunity to gain the vehicle, and make their escape. As you did not meet the carriage, on returning, the inference is plain, that the direction taken was not towards Beechwood. Now, if you can only find where it turned off from the road, and can thence follow the wheel-marks to the place of concealment, you may be able to trace them still farther, and thus determine, with more or less certainty, the course taken. It will be something gained, to know that they did, or did not go towards Beechwood."

"I will act at once upon your suggestion," said the carpenter. "No time is to be lost."

Just about the place which had been indicated, Harding found the deep impression of wheels in the soft turf, turning off abruptly from the beaten road. Following these, he discovered the spot where a carriage had been standing for some time, as was clear from the hoof-marks on the ground. It was behind a clump of trees. Beyond this, he could follow the tracks, until they were again lost in the road. One thing he was able to determine clearly—the carriage neither came from, nor returned towards Beechwood. Between the place at which it had been stationed, and the little settlement where the carpenter lived, a road leading to the town of Clifton branched off. He tried to follow the wheel-marks in the road, in order to be sure that the vehicle actually went towards Clifton: but, the hard, beaten surface, and the mingling of other wheel-tracks, made this impossible.

It was now midday, and Harding returned home, intending, immediately after dinner, to start for Clifton, and devote the remainder of the day to searches in that direction. He found his wife awaiting him in troubled suspense. A few words sufficed to give her the meagre result of his efforts to discover their visitors of the previous evening. Her sad face and red eyes told but too plainly, how she had spent the hours since his departure. The children were subdued in manner, and their sober faces showed how sincerely they were grieving for the loss of their sweet little play-

mate. Lotty had kept close beside her mother during all the morning; and whenever the latter sat down, overcome by her feelings, to weep, the child would come and lean against her, or draw her tiny arms about her neck, and say—

"If they don't bring her back, I will be your little Grace, mother."

How the words went thrilling to the mother's heart, going deeper and deeper every time they were repeated, until at last she could not help clasping the little one passionately to her bosom.

Harding, after eating a few mouthfuls of the dinner which he found awaiting his return, had left the table and was preparing to leave the house, when Miss Gimp, the dress-maker, who had only half an hour before got home from Beechwood, came in with a look of importance on her thin face. In that particular crisis, she was far from being a welcome visitor; the more especially as it was inferred by them from her manner that she had by some means gained intelligence of what had occurred. She felt the reserve with which they treated her, and was somewhat piqued thereat; nevertheless, she could not keep back from them all that was in her mind, and said soon after she came in, in order to introduce the subject—

"How is that dear little babe?" Glancing around the room. "Asleep, I suppose?"

Was this a ruse to bring them out? Both Mr. and Mrs. Harding thought so; and therefore made no reply.

"I met a lady over at Beechwood," said Miss Gimp, "who asked about you and that babe, with a good deal of interest."

"Indeed!"

Both Mr. and Mrs. Harding's indifference was gone.

"Who was she?"

Miss Gimp looked mysterious.

"I don't feel at liberty to mention her name," she answered with affected gravity.

"Was she an elderly lady?" enquired the carpenter.

"She was neither very old nor very young," said Miss Gimp.

"Though somewhat past middle age," remarked the carpenter, who saw that it was necessary to excite a little the dress-maker's curiosity, by appearing to have some knowledge of the person to whom she referred.

"Yes," said Miss Gimp, looking at the carpenter rather warily.

"With dark, penetrating eyes and a peculiarly dignified, almost commanding manner."

"I found her pleasant and affable enough," said Miss Gimp.

"She can be so when it suits her purpose."

"Ah, you know her then?" remarked the dress-maker, thrown off her guard.

"I have met her, I presume."

"She did not intimate this."

Miss Gimp looked a little puzzled.

"It was not necessary, I presume. Did you meet her in her own house?"

"Me? No indeed. I haven't been to Olifton."

"Ah! True enough. You were at Beechwood."

"Yes. At Mrs. Barclay's. Mrs. Beaufort—"

The dress-maker stopped suddenly; for she saw by the eager manner with which the carpenter bent towards her, that he was merely leading her on to tell what she knew about the lady to whom she had referred.

"Mrs. Beaufort, of Olifton—the widow of General Beaufort," said Harding, pressing on to the dress-maker so closely, that she could only answer in the affirmative.

"Yes, it was Mrs. Beaufort," she replied. "She is a sister of Mrs. Barclay, and was making a short visit at Beechwood while I was there."

"Did she leave yesterday?"

The carpenter asked the question in so indifferent a tone, that Miss Gimp was altogether deceived as to the amount of interest he felt.

"Yes. She went away some time in the afternoon, I believe. Her going was thought rather sudden by the family. In fact, I heard Mrs. Barclay say to her daughter—the words were not meant for my ears—that she couldn't conceive what motive Mrs. Beaufort had for leaving so abruptly, and at so late an hour in the day."

"You will excuse me, Miss Gimp," said the carpenter, partly turning away and taking up his hat from a chair.

"Men are always excusable," returned Miss Gimp. "Business has the first claim. So make no apologies."

"Mary!"

Harding looked at his wife, and she arose and followed him to the door.

"I am going over to Olifton," said he, "and will come back as early as possible. In the meantime, be on your guard with Miss Gimp; and do not, on any account, let her know what happened last night."

"Never fear, Jacob, she will learn nothing from me," returned Mrs. Harding. "But do you think that woman was Mrs. Beaufort, of Olifton?"

"I am sure of it."

"Don't be too certain, Jacob. The disappointment, should the supposition prove untrue, will only be the greater."

"There is not a shadow of doubt on my mind, Mary—not a shadow. Good by! I will seek as early as possible."

And the carpenter hurried away.

You know then, all about this Mrs. Beaufort," said Miss Gimp, in the most insinuating manner, as Mrs. Harding came back into the room.

"The lady about whom you were speaking to my husband, just now?"

The utter indifference with which Mrs. Harding

said this, surprised in no small degree the dress-maker.

"Yes. Mrs. Beaufort, who resides at Olifton."

Mrs. Harding shook her head. "On the contrary, I know nothing about her."

"Nothing? Well, that's strange! I'm sure your husband does, if you don't."

Miss Gimp was puzzled, disappointed, and a little fretted.

"That may all be," answered Mrs. Harding. "He sees a great many people who never come in my way."

"But, really, now, Mrs. Harding, just in confidence." Miss Gimp leaned towards the carpenter's wife, and put on her most insinuating look. "Don't you know something about Mrs. Beaufort? I'm sure you do. She had a great deal to say about you?"

"Had she?"

"Yes, indeed, and about the baby in particular. Where is it?" and Miss Gimp's eyes looked around, searchingly.

"What about the baby?" said Mrs. Harding.

"And you don't know her at all?"

Mrs. Harding shook her head.

"It's my opinion, then, that she knows a great deal more about that baby than you do."

Almost impossible did Mrs. Harding find it to repress the strong desire she felt to question Miss Gimp closely, and to gain all she knew at the price of entire confidence, but her better judgment gave her self-control.

"That may be," she answered; "for we know nothing of its history. All I can say is, that I hope she may have as clear a conscience about the child as we have."

"Clear a conscience! How?"

And Miss Gimp's eyes went searching about the room again, and even tried to penetrate the adjoining chamber, through a small opening in the door.

"We have done our duty by the babe."

Miss Gimp was puzzled.

"How is the sweet little cherub?" she asked.

"Well," was the brief answer.

"Asleep, I suppose?"

"When did you leave Beechwood?" asked Mrs. Harding, not appearing to notice the dress-maker's question.

"This morning."

"How long were you there?"

"Several days."

"At Mrs. Barclay's, you said, I believe?"

"Yes. She sent her carriage for me, and took me over."

"And returned you in the same way?"

"Of course. She's very much of a lady; only so cold and reserved. Mrs. Beaufort, her husband's sister, is a very different kind of a woman."

"In what respect?"

"Oh! she's so pleasant and talkative."

"What kind of a looking person is she?" asked Mrs. Harding.

"Tall, and very dignified. I never saw such a penetrating pair of black eyes in my life. They seem to look right through you, sometimes. She takes a great deal of interest in you, let me tell you."

"Does she, indeed? I wonder why?"

How hard was it for the carpenter's wife to maintain her exterior indifference.

"No, you don't wonder," said Miss Gimp, whose close observation detected the hidden excitement the other was so anxious to conceal. "You know that you are dying, this minute, to hear all I can tell about Mrs. Beaufort."

"If you really think so," remarked Mrs. Harding, forcing a smile, "pray have compassion on me, and relieve my great suspense."

The dress-maker was at fault again.

"Oh!" she replied, with ill-concealed vexation, "if you are so indifferent about the matter, I shall not trouble myself to enlighten you. I thought you would naturally feel an interest in learning something about a person who evidently knows a good deal more than you do about little Grace, and who, it is plain, has her eyes pretty closely fixed on you."

Saying this, Miss Gimp arose, and made a movement towards the door. She was very confident that this act would break down, at once, the assumed indifference of Mrs. Harding. But she erred. The latter was too clearly aware of how much was at stake to suffer herself to be thrown from her guard. All the information, of any value, possessed by Miss Gimp, had been communicated. She saw this, as her mind grew calm and clear, and she was pleased that the prying gossip was about to depart. It was in vain that the dress-maker lingered, and tried to strike some new chord of interest. Nothing vibrated to her touch; and she withdrew, utterly disappointed in the object of her visit, and in a very bad humor with both the carpenter and his wife, whom she failed not to abuse, in round terms, during three neighborly visits paid by her ere reaching her own dwelling.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

In a large chamber, the costly furniture of which was in the fashion of an earlier day, sat a pale but beautiful young woman, gazing fondly upon the lovely face of a sleeping child. She had no eye, no ear, no thought for anything but the babe, for, as she sat thus, an elderly woman entered, and moved across the room, without attracting observation, until she stood close beside her.

"Edith!"

The young woman started, and her face slightly flushed.

"I did not hear you come in, mother," she said.

"You can neither hear nor see anything, now, but that child."

The mother spoke with some harshness of manner.

Edith raised her eyes—they were not tearful, but calm and resolute—and fixing them on the face of her mother, she said, speaking slowly, yet firmly—

"Have I not said, mother, that this babe is dearer to me than life? Believe me, they were no idle words, uttered under excitement. For her sweet sake, I am prepared to give up everything—to endure everything. Let us, then, contend no longer."

"Think of the consequences, Edith! Cannot you think of these? Remember that Colonel D'Arcy will be here next week."

Well?"

"And that he comes to claim your hand."

"Claim my hand?"

"It is promised," said Mrs. Beaufort.

"By whom?"

"By yourself. He has your written acceptance of his marriage offer."

"My written acceptance?"

"Yes. But why need you be reminded of this?"

Edith raised one hand, and clasping it tightly against her forehead, sat for some moments with a bewildered look.

"My written acceptance of Colonel D'Arcy's hand! Why do you say that, mother?"

"Because it is the truth. You wrote the letter of acceptance yourself."

"I did! When?"

Edith looked more surprised than ever.

"Scarcely two months have passed," was the firm answer.

"Ah!" A gleam of light shot across the young woman's face. "That, too," she added, with a sigh, "is becoming clear. By what dark spirit was I possessed? Mother! I have been on the very brink of insanity. The extorted pledges then made, I now repudiate, as I have already repudiated the cruel act of abandoning my precious babe. Had I been in my right mind, I dare not now pray for forgiveness. The act of accepting Colonel D'Arcy is yours, mother, not mine. Your thought—your purpose—guided my hand when I wrote the letter—as it guided and controlled my actions on that day, of all days the darkest in the calendar of my unhappy life. But, I have returned into my own proper self. I am clothed and in my right mind again; and Heaven helping me, from this day forth I yield to no influence but that of my own sense of right and duty! I can work and suffer, mother. I can bend to any hard necessity that may come; but false to my woman's heart I will not be! The widow's tears are not yet dry on my cheeks, and shall I turn my heart from all its pure love? You need not scowl at me, mother—I did love him with a full heart, tenderly. He was my husband; my excellent, true, noble-minded husband, poor and in humble station though he was—and the duty of public acknowledgment that I owe to his memory, to myself and to his child, I am resolved to make, and that right speedily. My

first great error was the concealment of our marriage from the world—the second, was suffering him to go away alone. Oh! that I could have been with him in his last extremity! My hand should have been the one that smoothed his pillow—my voice the last that sounded in his ears. Ah, mother!—hard, proud, exacting mother! With what memories have you cursed your child!"

Gradually had voice and manner deepened, until both displayed an almost fierce energy, before which Mrs. Beaufort—for she it was—felt herself cowering. Hitherto her imperious will had ruled her daughter; but now her power over her was at an end, and she felt that it was so. The darling scheme, to compass which she had trampled the most sacred obligations under foot—making her suffering child a participator, even at the risk of dethroning her reason—had come to naught; and in its hopeless failure, other ruin was involved. Gone, for ever—she saw, in this second strong encounter with Edith, that it was so—gone for ever was all power to bend that young spirit to her will. But, what next? Could she turn from her child in proud anger, and go forward on her life-path alone? She asked herself the question—and the very thought caused a quick gasping for breath, as if she were about to suffocate. A little while she remained standing near Edith—then, without replying, she went slowly from the room.

An hour afterwards she returned, entering the chamber of her daughter as noiselessly as before. A low, sweet cooing voice stole into her ears as she passed through the door, and thrilled her whole being with a strange emotion—a mingling of exquisite pleasure and pain. It was the baby's voice. Little Grace was lying on the bed, and over her bent Edith.

"Darling! Sweet one! Darling!"

Thus her mother spoke to her, and at each tenderly uttered word, she answered with a loving response.

"My sweet baby!"

And a shower of kisses followed the words.

The babe still answered, with its sweet, low murmur, every word, and every act of endearment. She lay, partly elevated on a pillow, and in such a position that Mrs. Beaufort could see her face, while she remained unobserved by her daughter. The hour passed alone had been one of strong self-conflict—ending with self-conviction of wrong. The proud, unscrupulous woman of the world chafed for a time against the iron bars of necessity with which she found herself enclosed, and then gave up the vain struggle.

"Hard, proud, exacting mother! With what memories have you cursed your child!" How the words continued to ring in her ears, until chords were thrilled which had given forth no sound for years. Calmness succeeded to powerful emotion—and with this subsiding of the storm, came touches of gentler feeling.

"My poor child!" she sighed to herself, as some vivid realizations of what Edith had suffered, startled her into a new consciousness.

This was Mrs. Beaufort's state of mind when she entered Edith's chamber. It was not the first time that the voice of Grace had awakened echoes in her heart. None but she knew the struggle that it cost to part with the babe, when cruel pride and worldly interests demanded its abandonment. Angry as she had been at her daughter's secret marriage with a young man, in humble life, when the fact was made known to her; and almost driven to madness when the babe came to mar all the well-schemed future—still, in its lovely innocence that babe had glided into her heart, and made for itself a place there in spite of all her efforts to keep it out, and to cast it out. Witness her two visits at the carpenter's, in venturing which, so much was endangered.

In full view was the babe's face, as she entered the room of Edith. What a heavenly beauty radiated therefrom. What a winning sweetness was in her murmured replies, as she answered to the voice of her mother.

"Edith," said Mrs. Beaufort.

Edith started, as before, and a shadow fell on her countenance, as she turned towards her parent.

"Edith—my daughter." There was a tremulousness in the tones of Mrs. Beaufort, that betrayed her softened feelings. A few moments Edith looked into her face, doubtingly. Then she saw that her eyes were dimmed by gathering tears.

"Oh, my mother! my mother!" she exclaimed, in a voice of passionate entreaty; "will you not take this precious darling to your heart, as once you took me?" And she lifted Grace quickly from the bed, and held her towards her mother. "Her hands are outstretched, mother! She asks for a place in your heart—will you not let her in? A Heaven-sent blessing to us both she will prove—an angel in our home to smile away the darkness that has overshadowed it so long. Dear mother! Gather us both in your arms! Mother! mother!"

The last brief struggle was over. Around them both the arms of Mrs. Beaufort were flung, and, with a strong compression, she drew them to her heart.

"My child! my child!" she sobbed, as her tears fell over the face of Edith and the babe. "Even so let it be. There is room enough for both. I will take her in. Nay—she is there already."

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

A divine of our acquaintance, says the Portland Eclectic, in reading Paul's well known advice to Timothy, slightly modified the text without improving it, in our opinion. He read—"A little wine for thy stomach's ache, and thine often infirmities." The fault might have been in our ears.



## A FIDDLE WI' A HAVENLY CROAK.

A correspondent of the New York Musical Review is responsible for the following story:—

Prejudices founded on religious or conscientious scruples are among the most inveterate, and not unfrequently among the most unreasonable. Such are the prejudices formerly existing—and not yet by any means entirely extinct—chiefly among the descendants of the Puritans and the early reformers, respecting the use of instrumental music, and its introduction into the worship of the sanctuary. Sometimes they extend only to instruments of a certain character. Wind instruments, such as the flute, &c., are tolerated, while all such as owe their efficacy to cat-gut and hair are banished from the church, and their use deemed scarcely reputable in the family circle.

There is a hamlet—no matter where—inhabited mainly by the descendants of the Scottish Covenanters, who have inherited from their fathers not only their sturdy, unbending integrity and whole-souled piety, but all their bitter hostility to “the sinfu’ practices” of the men who wield the fiddle-bow or who join the dance.

A young minister had come to settle among them. With a smile ever upon his countenance, and a kind word for everybody, while zeal for his Master’s work shone out in every action, he soon drew around him the sympathies and the love of his humble parishioners. But ere long he perceived a change; friendly greetings were coldly returned; mysterious hints of the awful guilt of ministerial backslidings occasionally reached his ear; knots of men were seen gathered at the corners of the streets, engaged in earnest conversation, indicating by their looks and gestures that the occupant of the humble parsonage, that stood full in view, supplied the theme.

A vague rumor had begun to float through the hamlet, deeply affecting, in the estimation of the stern old Scotchmen, the moral character of their minister. It was heard with incredulity, and indignantly repelled; but it gathered strength; doubt succeeded to confidence until the most stubborn incredulity could resist no longer; the unmistakable sounds of “tortured cat-gut,” proceeding from the parsonage itself, reached the ears of that knot of men, and the awful fact stood revealed that their minister “played the fiddle.” Such an enormity could not be tolerated. The elders of the church came together, in secret conclave, to consult upon the course to be pursued in such an emergency, and, as the consummation of their deliberations, a committee was appointed to wait forthwith upon the minister at his home, “and deal wi’ him in a’ faithfulness,” and bring back a report of the result of their mission to the remaining elders, who would in the meantime anxiously await their return.

During all this time, the pastor himself had not been an unconcerned observer of what was going on among his people; neither was he ignorant of its cause. Conscious, however, of rectitude, he did not think that duty required of him the sacrifice of an exquisite and holy gratification, to satisfy unreasonable prejudices that he believed would be removed by a judicious course. From the window of his study, he saw the committee of the elders approaching with unwilling steps, and immediately conjectured the object of their visit, he determined at once to meet the question in a way that they little expected. Meeting them with his usual cordiality, he ushered them into his snug study, and without giving them an opportunity to enter upon the subject of their mission, he commenced an animated conversation upon a subject that immediately arrested their attention. Music was his theme. He spoke of it as an aid to devotion—of its power to subdue the soul—to elevate it above the earth—to bring it into almost immediate communication with its Creator. He described the venerable Psalmist of Israel pouring forth with the enthusiasm of inspiration those glorious songs of Zion, that ever since have been the comfort and delight of the people of God, and sweeping with his trembling hand the strings of his harp, until the swelling sound was echoed back from the surrounding hill-tops. Carried away with the ardor of his own feelings, he rose from his seat, and taking from a case that stood in one corner of the room a well-worn violoncello, he sang to its accompaniment one of those immortal chorals, so dear to every Christian heart, and especially to every Scotchman. Possessing a rich, full voice, and no little skill in the management of his favorite instrument, he poured out such a flood of harmony as had seldom greeted the ears of his spell-bound listeners. The stern old men were conquered—conquered by the very weapon that they had come to condemn. As the pastor returned the instrument to its accustomed place, the elders arose and grasped his hand, and, without alluding to the object of their visit, they bade him “good-bye.”

Meanwhile, as time wore away, the remaining elders, who were anxiously awaiting the return of their committee—somewhat doubtful, perhaps, of the result—became impatient at their protracted delay—drawing no very favorable augury therefrom. At length, they entered and resumed their place in the august circle. Somewhat embarrassed at the novelty of their position, as envoys who had failed even to speak of that for which they had been sent, they sat for a time in silence, until one more impatient than the rest exclaimed—

“Hae ye dealt wi’ the minister, and hae ye destroyed the de’il’s weapon?”

“Hout awa, mon, wi’ your dealin’,” indignantly replied one of the committee; “it’s nae o’ your wee bit sinfu’ dancin’ fiddles, but it’s a great, big fiddle wi’ a ha-ven-ly croak.”

## F L O W N .

Inscribed to Mrs. Mary Hesse, of Jersey City.

BY FANNY FALES.

"Death is a flight, and no fall."

Wearily, oh! wearily, the long night were away  
To one who, tossing on his couch, yearned for  
the coming day;  
And oft his white lips moved in prayer, his blue  
eyes out were cast  
Upon his pale and gentle wife, with looks of  
love, the last.

The tall palms felt the touch of dawn, and  
orange blossoms threw  
Sweet incense at the Day-god's feet, as if his  
step they knew;  
Among the dark green aloe boughs, a flood of  
music born  
With light, stole softly to his ear, and whis-  
pered—"It is morn."

"Oh! darling, ope the shutters wide, let in the  
day," he said,  
"In vain the *punkas*, to and fro, are waving o'er  
my head;  
I long to feel the cooling wind lift soothingly  
my hair,  
I faint! let in the breath of morn—let in the  
blessed air.

"A little while, a few brief hours, these life-  
links will be riven,  
And I shall wear the robes *they* wear, who love  
and are forgiven;  
And at the golden portal meet our little daugh-  
ter fair—  
Christ suffers me to come to Him, will bid me  
enter there.

"My Mary, dear one, when this heart beats not  
against thine own,  
And thou dost turn the way we came, and wan-  
der back alone;  
Oh! leave me not in this strange land, but bear  
me home, to lie  
Beside our little Hattie's grave, beneath our  
Northern sky."

The birds sang in the aloe boughs, that grew  
aneat the door,  
Sang on, although to breaking hearts he listened  
never more;  
Another strain than theirs had burst upon his  
raptured ear,  
The "Holy—holy—holy" song, that only angels  
hear.

Then sank the worn, devoted wife, as if by  
lightning stroke,  
Hours, days, her heart scorched up the tears,  
till God the fount awoke;  
Life saved, tho' now a weariness, she nursed its  
feeble ray,  
For him, her boy, the fatherless, and sought a  
homeward way.

Oh! days of peril on the sea! Oh! dreary months  
alone!  
The voice that cheered when outward-bound,  
she listened not its tone;

Yet, sometimes in the midnight hours, it whis-  
pered in her ear,  
"Peace, dear one, to thy broken heart, my spirit  
hovers near."

Ah! he *is* near her everywhere, to comfort  
when she weeps—  
His spirit floats upon her dreams, a watch anear  
her keeps;  
The angels minister to those whom Jesus calls  
His own,  
There's but a fragile veil between—then where-  
fore are we lone!

A little veil, like that which hid the Prophet's  
shining brow,  
Too glorious for mortal eyes, we could not bear  
it now;  
The Heavenly Shepherd in His arms the  
wounded lamb will bear,  
Till, with her darlings, in the fold of upper  
meadows fair.

EATING AND DRINKING.—I believe that un-  
warranted and monstrous errors are propa-  
gated, by different writers, on the subject of  
food and drink. Each man has a whim or  
hobby, so that it has at length come to the point  
that if a man will live healthfully to a great  
age, say a hundred years, he must eat nothing  
but grapes and drink nothing but rain-water.  
The gentleman who advocates the grape diet,  
contends that wheat bread ought not to be  
eaten, that it has too much earth in it, and  
tends to stiffen a man's joints and muscles half  
a century sooner than if he subsisted on grapes.

There are certain districts in the United  
States where new notions of every description  
flourish with amazing vigor, as far as the num-  
ber of converts are concerned: among these  
mere notions are the injurious effects of tea and  
coffee as a daily drink.

I think that it is demonstrable that a single  
cup of weak tea or coffee at a meal, especially  
in cold weather, and most especially in persons  
of a weakly habit or constitution, is far more  
healthful than a glass of cold water.

Tea and coffee doubtless do injure some  
people—that is, some persons may not be able  
to drink them without its being followed by  
some discomfort; so will even water, if used  
too freely; and I think it will be found that, in  
nearly every such case of uncomfortableness  
after a cup of tea or coffee, this condition of  
things has been brought about by the too free  
use of these articles, or that the tone of the  
stomach has been impaired by improper eating.  
—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Everybody's in debt. We don't care how  
often he settles up, nor how many receipts he  
can show, nor how religiously he has gone  
upon the "cash principles." There's one re-  
ceipt he cannot show, and for the best reason  
in the world—he never received it, viz., a re-  
ceipt in full for "good will unto men."

ANTHEMIS.

As I pensive lie, and weary,  
In this lonely twilight hour,  
Gazing on the snowy hill-sides,  
Where the frost hath spent its power,  
On mine eye an image rises,  
That attracts me—and surprises.

As the drifts are slowly melted  
By soft tear-drops from the skies,  
'Tis a shadowy cross I see there,  
Which doth waken this surprise;  
And the earth, all brown and hoary,  
Readeth me a touching story.

For I see there, latent verdure—  
Blossoming May-flowers grace the sod,  
And the crystal flakes, slow melting,  
Seem the smiles—not frowns—of God—  
As my soul with sorrow rifted,  
By the crucifix is lifted.

So the harp, when Spring shall open,  
May be wreathed with chamomile—  
And the heart, now deeply broken,  
Yet may learn anew to smile;  
For the cross, though dark it seemeth,  
Holds the virtue that redeemeth.

A. P. C.

SILENT INFLUENCE.

BY MRS H. E. O. AREY.

"How finely she looks," said Margaret Winne, as a lady swept by them in the crowd; "I do not see that time wears upon her beauty at all."

"What, Bell Walters!" exclaimed her companion. "Are you one of those who think her such a beauty?"

"I think her a very fine-looking woman, certainly," returned Mrs. Winne; "and, what is more, I think her a very fine woman."

"Indeed," exclaimed Mrs. Hall; "I thought you were no friends?"

"No," replied the first speaker; "but that does not make us enemies."

"But I tell you she positively dislikes you, Margaret," said Mrs. Hall. "It is only a few days since I knew of her saying that you were a bold, impudent woman, and she did not like you at all."

"That is bad," said Margaret, with a smile, "for I must confess that I like her."

"Well," said her companion, "I am sure I could never like any one who made such unkind speeches about me."

"I presume she said no more than she thought," said Margaret, quietly.

"Well, so much the worse," exclaimed Mrs. Hall, in surprise. "I hope you do not think that excuses the matter at all."

"Certainly, I do. I presume she has some reason for thinking as she does; and, if so, it was very natural she should express her opinion."

"Well, you are very cool and candid about

it, I must say. What reason have you given her, pray, for thinking you were bold and impudent?"

"None that I am aware of," replied Mrs. Winne, "but I presume she thinks I have. I always claim her acquaintance, when we meet, and I have no doubt she would much rather I would let it drop."

"Why don't you then? I never knew her, and never had any desire for her acquaintance. She was no better than you when you were girls, and I don't think her present good fortune need make her so very scornful."

"I do not think she exhibits any more haughtiness than most people would under the same circumstances. Some would have dropped the acquaintance, at once, without waiting for me to do it. Her social position is higher than mine, and it annoys her to have me meet her as an equal, just as I used to do."

"You do it to annoy her, then?"

"Not by any means. I would much rather she would feel, as I do, that the difference between us is merely conventional, and might bear to be forgotten on the few occasions when accident throws us together. But she does not, and I presume it is natural. I do not know how my head might be turned, if I had climbed up in the world as rapidly as she has done. As it is, however, I admire her too much to drop her acquaintance just yet, as long as she leaves it to me."

"Really, Margaret, I should have supposed you had too much spirit to intrude yourself upon a person that you knew wished to shake you off; and I do not see how you can admire one that you know to be so proud."

"I do not admire her on account of her pride, certainly, though it is a quality that sits very gracefully upon her," said Margaret Winne, and she introduced another topic of conversation, for she did not hope to make her companion understand the motives that influenced her.

"Bold and impudent," said Margaret to herself, as she sat alone in her own apartment. "I knew she thought it, for I have seen it in her looks; but she always treats me well externally, and I hardly thought she would say it. I know she was vexed with herself for speaking to me, one day, when she was in the midst of a circle of her fashionable acquaintances. I was particularly ill-dressed, and I noticed that they stared at me; but I had no intention, then, of throwing myself in her way. Well," she continued, musingly, "I am not to be foiled with one rebuff. I know her better than she knows me, for the busy world has canvassed her life, while they have never meddled with my own; and I think there are points of contact enough between us for us to understand each other, if we once found an opportunity. She stands in a position which I shall never occupy, and she has more power

and strength than I; else she had never stood where she does, for she has shaped her fortunes by her own unaided will. Her face was not her fortune, as most people suppose, but her mind. She has accomplished whatever she has undertaken, and she can accomplish much more, for her resources are far from being developed. Those around her may remember, yet, that she was not always on a footing with them; but they will not do so long. She will be their leader, for she was born to rule. Yes; and she queens it most proudly among them. It were a pity to lose sight of her stately, graceful dignity. I regard her very much as I would some beautiful exotic, and her opinion of me affects me about as much as if she were the flower, and not the mortal. And yet I can never see her without wishing that the influence she exerts might be turned into a better channel. She has much of good about her, and I think that it needs but a few hints to make life and its responsibilities appear to her as they do to me. I have a message for her ear, but she must not know that it was intended for her. She has too much pride of place to receive it from me, and too much self-confidence to listen knowingly to the suggestions of any other mind than her own. Therefore, I will seek the society of Isabel Walters, whenever I can, without appearing intrusive, until she thinks me worthy her notice, or drops me altogether. My talent lies in thinking, but she has all the life and energy I lack, and would make an excellent actor to my thought, and would need no mentor when her attention was once aroused. My usefulness must lie in an humble sphere, but hers—she can carry it wherever she will. It will be enough for my single life to accomplish if, beyond the careful training of my own family, I can incite her to a development of her powers of usefulness. People will listen to her who will pay no attention to me; and, besides, she has the time and means to spare, which I have not."

"Everywhere in Europe they were talking of you, Mrs. Walters," said a lady, who had spent many years abroad, "and adopting your plans for vagrant and industrial schools, and for the management of hospitals and asylums. I have seen your name in the memorials laid before government in various foreign countries. You have certainly achieved a world-wide reputation. Do tell me how your attention came first to be turned to that sort of thing. I supposed you were one of our fashionable women, who sought simply to know how much care and responsibility they could lawfully avoid, and how high a social station it was possible to attain. I am sure something must have happened to turn your life into so different a channel."

"Nothing in particular, I assure you," returned Mrs. Walters. "I came gradually to perceive the necessity there was that some

one should take personal and decisive action in those things that it was so customary to neglect. Fond as men are of money, it was far easier to reach their purses than their minds. Our public charities were quite well endowed, but no one gave them that attention that they needed, and thus evils had crept in that were of the highest importance. My attention was attracted to it in my own vicinity, at first; and others saw it as well as I, but it was so much of everybody's business that everybody let it alone. I followed the example for awhile, but it seemed as much my duty to act as that of any other person; and though it is little I have done, I think that, in that little, I have filled the place designed for me by Providence."

"Well, really, Mrs. Walters, you were one of the last persons I should have imagined to be nicely balancing a point of duty, or searching out the place designed for them by Providence. I must confess myself at fault in my judgment of character for once."

"Indeed, madam," replied Mrs. Walters, "I have no doubt you judged me very correctly at the time you knew me. My first ideas of the duties and responsibilities of life were aroused by Margaret Winne; and I recollect that my intimacy with her commenced after you left the country."

"Margaret Winne? Who was she? Not the wife of that little Dr. Winne we used to hear of occasionally? They attended the same church with us, I believe?"

"Yes; she was the one. We grew up together, and were familiar with each other's faces from childhood; but this was about all. She was always in humble circumstances, as I had myself been in early life; and after my marriage, I used positively to dislike her, and to dread meeting her, for she was the only one of my former acquaintances who met me on the same terms as she had always done. I thought she wished to remind me that we were once equals in station; but I learned, when I came to know her well, how far she was above so mean a thought. I hardly know how I came first to appreciate her, but we were occasionally thrown in contact, and her sentiments were so beautiful—so much above the common stamp—that I could not fail to be attracted by her. She was a noble woman. The world knows few like her. So modest and retiring—with an earnest desire to do all the good in the world of which she was capable, but with no ambition to shine. Well fitted, as she was, to be an ornament in any station of society, she seemed perfectly content to be the idol of her own family, and known to few besides. There were few subjects on which she had not thought, and her clear perceptions went at once to the bottom of a subject, so that she solved simply many a question on which astute philosophers had found themselves at fault. I came at last to regard her opinion almost as an oracle. I have often

thought, since her death, that it was her object to turn my life into that channel to which it has since been devoted, but I do not know. I had never thought of the work that has since occupied me at the time of her death, but I can see now how cautiously and gradually she led me among the poor, and taught me to sympathise with their sufferings, and gave me, little by little, a clue to the evils that had sprung up in the management of our public charities. She was called from her family in the prime of life, but they who come after her do assuredly rise up and call her blessed. She has left a fine family, who will not soon forget the instructions of their mother."

"Ah! yes, there it is, Mrs. Walters. A woman's sphere, after all, is at home. One may do a great deal of good in public, no doubt, as you have done; but don't you think that, while you have devoted yourself so untingeringly to other affairs, you have been obliged to neglect your own family, in order to gain time for this? One cannot live two lives at once, you know."

"No, madam, certainly we cannot live two lives at once, but we can glean a much larger harvest from the one which is bestowed upon us than we are accustomed to think. I do not, by any means, think that I have ever neglected my own family in the performance of other duties, and I trust my children are proving, by their hearty co-operation with me, that I am not mistaken. Our first duty, certainly, is at home, and I determined, at the outset, that nothing should call me from the performance of this first charge. I do not think anything can excuse a mother from devoting a large portion of her life in personal attention to the children God has given her. But I can assure you that, to those things which I have done of which the world could take cognizance, I have given far less time than I used once to devote to dress and amusement. I found, by systematizing everything, that my time was more than doubled; and, certainly, I was far better fitted to attend properly to my own family, when my eyes were opened to the responsibilities of life, than when my thoughts were wholly occupied by fashion and display."

**PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.**—Nothing more clearly indicates the imperfection of medical science, than the multitude of deaths constantly taking place from pulmonary consumption. Because these are frequent, no alarm is excited; but that by no means lessens the melancholy catalogue of those who are perpetually going down to a premature grave. Is it not possible to rouse a spirit of further investigation in this direction? While manifest progress is making in the treatment of most other diseases, little is achieved in regard to this slowly developed, but fatal malady. The scientific use of a stethoscope does not cure patients. There is

no difficulty in predicting very nearly the exact condition of each and every part of the respiratory apparatus; but that does not constitute a remedy. Not a single advance, of real value, has been made in the treatment, beyond the employment of cod-liver oil, for a long period. Either there is no disposition to undergo the fatigues of experimenting, or the resources of medicine and art are exhausted, so far as that uncontrolled disease is concerned. A better opening for bold researches was never presented, than while the expression is nearly universal, "physicians cannot arrest or subdue pulmonary disorganization." A distinct chair in some or all of the colleges, for the study of the thoracic viscera, and the lungs in particular, in health and disease, would be an important movement, and we doubt not would lead to the happiest results.—*Boston Medical Journal.*

## ANECDOTES OF ARTISTS.

[From Spooner's "Anecdotes of Painters, Engravers, Sculptors and Architects," published by Putnam & Co., we make a few pleasant selections.]

**TITIAN'S LAST SUPPER AND EL MUDO**—Palomino says that when Titian's famous painting of the Last Supper arrived at the Escurial, it was found too large to fit the panel in the refectory, where it was designed to hang. The king, Philip II., proposed to cut it to the proper size. El Mudo, (the dumb painter), who was present, to prevent the mutilation of so capital a work, made earnest signs of intercession with the king, to be permitted to copy it, offering to do it in the space of six months. The king expressed some hesitation, on account of the length of time required for the work, and was proceeding to put his design in execution, when El Mudo repeated his supplications in behalf of his favorite master with more fervency than ever, offering to complete the copy in less time than he at first demanded, tendering at the same time his head as the punishment if he failed. The offer was not accepted, and execution was performed on Titian, accompanied with the most distressing attitudes and distortions of El Mudo.

**FUSELI'S METHOD OF GIVING VENT TO HIS PASSION.**—When thwarted in the Academy (which happened not unfrequently), his wrath aired itself in a polyglott. "It is a pleasant thing, and advantageous," said the painter, on one of these occasions, "to be learned. I can speak Greek, Latin, French, English, German, Danish, Dutch, and Spanish, and so let my folly or my fury get vent through eight different avenues."

**FUSELI'S RETORT IN MR. COUTTS' BANKING HOUSE**—During the exhibition of his Milton pictures, he called at the banking house of Mr. Coutts, saying that he was going out of town

for a few days, and wished to have some money in his pockets. "How much?" said one of the firm. "How much!" said Fuseli, "why, as much as twenty pounds; and as it is a large sum, and I don't wish to take your establishment by surprise, I have called to give you a day's notice of it!" "I thank you, sir," said the cashier, imitating Fuseli's own tone of irony, "we shall be ready for you—but as the town is thin and money scarce with us, you will oblige me greatly by giving us a few orders to see your Milton Gallery—it will keep cash in our drawers, and hinder your exhibition from being empty." Fuseli shook him heartily by the hand, and cried, "Blastation! you shall have the tickets with all my heart; I have had the opinion of the virtuosi, the diletanti, the cognoscenti, and the nobles and gentry on my pictures, and I want now the opinion of the blackguards. I shall send you and your friends a score of tickets, and thank you, too, for taking them."

**BUFFALMACCO AND THE COUNTRYMAN.**—While Buonamico was employed at Florence, a countryman came and engaged him to paint a picture of St. Christopher, for his parish church; the contract was, that the figure should be twelve braccia in length,\* and the price eight florins. But when the painter proceeded to look at the church for which the picture was ordered, he found it but nine braccia high, and the same in length; therefore, as he was unable to paint the saint in an upright position, he represented him reclining, bent the legs at the knees, and turned them up against the opposite wall. When the work was completed, the countryman declared that he had been cheated, and refused to pay for it. The matter was then referred to the authorities, who decided that Buffalmacco had performed his contract, and ordered the stipulated payment to be made.

The writer of these pages, in his intercourse with artists, has met with incidents as comical as that just related of Buonamico. Some artists proceed to paint without having previously designed, or even sketched out their subject on the canvas. We know an artist, who painted a fancy portrait of a child, in a landscape, reclining on a bank beside a stream; but when he had executed the landscape, and the greater part of the figure, he found he had not room in his canvas to get the feet in; so he turned the legs up in such a manner, as to give the child the appearance of being in great danger of sliding into the water. We greatly offended the painter by advising him to drive a couple of stakes into the bank to prevent such a catastrophe. Another artist, engaged in painting a

full-length portrait, found, when he had got his picture nearly finished, that his canvas was at least four inches too short. "What shall I do?" said the painter to a friend; "I have not room for the feet. "Cover them up with green grass," was the reply. "But my background represents an interior." "Well, hay will do as well." "Confound your jokes; a barn is a fine place to be sure for fine carpets, fine furniture, and a fine gentleman. I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll place one foot on this stool, and hide the other beneath this chair." He did so, but the figure looked all body and no legs, and the sitter refused to take the portrait.

**ANECDOTE OF THE ENGLISH PAINTER. JAMES SEYMOUR**—He was employed by the Duke of Somerset, commonly called "the Proud Duke," to paint the portraits of his horses at Petworth, who condescended to sit with Seymour (his namesake) at table. One day at dinner, the Duke filled his glass, and saying with a sneer, "*Cousin Seymour, your health,*" drank it off. "My lord," said the artist, "I believe I have the honor of being related to your grace." The proud peer rose from the table, and ordered his steward to dismiss the presumptuous painter, and employ an humbler brother of the brush. This was accordingly done; but when the new painter saw the spirited works of his predecessor, he shook his head, and retiring said, "No man in England can compete with James Seymour." The Duke now condescended to recall his discarded cousin. "My lord," was the answer of Seymour, "I will now prove to the world that I am of your blood—I *won't come.*" Upon receiving this laconic reply, the Duke sent his steward to demand a former loan of £100. Seymour briefly replied that "he would write to his Grace." He did so, but directed his letter, "Northumberland House, opposite the Trunk maker's, Charing Cross." Enraged at this additional insult, the Duke threw the letter into the fire without opening it, and immediately ordered the steward to have him arrested. But Seymour, struck with an opportunity of evasion, carelessly observed that "it was hasty in his Grace to burn his letter, because it contained a bank note for £100, and that, *therefore*, they were now quits."

**FUSELI'S WIFE'S METHOD OF CURING HIS FITS OF DESPONDENCY**—He was subject to fits of despondency, and during the continuance of such moods, he sat with his beloved book on entomology upon his knee—touched now and then the breakfast cup with his lips, and seemed resolutely bent on being unhappy. In periods such as these, it was difficult to rouse him, and even dangerous. Mrs. Fuseli, on such occasions, ventured to become his mistress. "I know him well," she said one morning to a friend who found him in one of his dark moods, "he will not come to himself till he is put into a passion—the storm then clears off, and the man looks out serene." "Oh, no," said her

\* The braccio, (arm, cubit) is an Italian measure, which varies in length, not only in different parts of Italy, but also according to the thing measured. In Parma, for example, the braccio for measuring silk is 23 inches, for woollens and cottons 36 and a fraction, while that for roads and buildings is 21 only. In Siena, the braccio for cloth is 14 inches, while in Florence it is 23, and in Milan it is 30 inches, English measure.

visitor, "let him alone for a while—he will soon think rightly." He was spared till next morning—he came to the breakfast table in the same mood of mind. "Now I must try what I can do," said his wife to the same friend whom she had consulted the day before; she now began to reason with her husband, and soothe and persuade him; he answered only by a forbidding look and a shrug of the shoulder. She then boldly snatched away his book, and dauntlessly abode the storm. The storm was not long in coming—his own fiend rises up not more furiously from the side of Eve than did the painter. He glared on his friend and on his wife—uttered a deep imprecation—rushed up stairs and strode about his room in great agitation. In a little while his steps grew more regular—he soon opened the door and descended to his labor all smiles and good humor.

Fuseli's method of curing his wife's anger was not less original and characteristic. She was a spirited woman, and one day, when she had wrought herself into a towering passion, her sarcastic husband said, "Sophia, my love, why don't you swear? You don't know how much it would ease your mind."

**SALVATOR ROSA'S OPINION OF HIS OWN WORKS**—While a Roman nobleman was one day endeavoring to drive a hard bargain with Salvator Rosa, he coolly interrupted him, saying that, till the picture was finished, he himself did not know its value; "I never bargain, sir, with my pencil; for it knows not the value of its own labor before the work is finished. When the picture is done, I will let you know what it costs, and you may then take it or not, as you please."

**SALVATOR ROSA'S HARPSICHOORD**.—Salvator Rosa's confidence in his own powers was as frankly confessed as it was justified by success. Happening one day to be found by a friend in Florence, in the act of modulating on a very indifferent old harpsichord, he was asked how he could keep such an instrument in his house. "Why," said his friend, "it is not worth a scudo." "I will wager what you please," said Salvator, "that it shall be worth a thousand before you see it again." A bet was made, and Rosa immediately painted a landscape with figures on the lid, which was not only sold for a thousand scudi, but was esteemed a capital performance. On one end of the harpsichord he also painted a skull and music books. Both these pictures were exhibited in the year 1823 at the British Institution.

**SINGULAR PICTORIAL ILLUSIONS**.—Over a certain fountain in Rome, there was a cornice so skilfully painted, that the birds were deceived, and trying to alight on it, frequently fell into the water beneath. Annibale Caracci painted some ornaments on a ceiling of the Farnese palace, which the Duke of Sease, Spanish Ambassador to the Pope, took for sculptures, and would not believe they were painted

on a flat ground, until he had touched them with a lance. Agostino Caracci painted a horse which deceived the living animal—a triumph so celebrated in Apelles. Juan Sanchez Cotan painted at Granada a "Crucifixion," on the cross of which Palomino says birds often attempted to perch, and which at first sight the keen-eyed Cean Bermudez mistook for a piece of sculpture. The reputation of this painter stood so high, that Vincenzio Carducci travelled from Madrid to Granada on purpose to see him; and he is said to have recognized him among the white-robed fraternity of which he was a member, by observing in the expression of his countenance a certain affinity to the spirit of his works.

It is related of Murillo's picture of St. Anthony of Padua, that the birds, wandering up and down the aisles of the cathedral at Seville, have often attempted to perch upon a vase of white lilies painted on a table in the picture, and to peck at the flowers. The pre-eminent modern Zeuxis, however, was Pierre Mignard, whose portrait of the Marquis de Gouvernet was accosted by that lady's pet parrot, with an affectionate "*Baise moi, ma maîtresse!*"

**FRANK HALS AND VANDYKE**.—In the early part of Frank Hals' life, to accommodate his countrymen, who were sparing both of their time and money, he painted portraits for a low price at one sitting in a single hour. Vandyke in his way to Rome, passing through the place, sat his hour as a stranger to the rapid portrait painter. Hals had seen some of the works of Vandyke, but was unacquainted with his person. When the picture was finished, Vandyke, assuming a silly manner, said it appeared to be easy work, and that he thought he could do it. Hals, thinking to have some fun, consented to sit an hour precisely by the clock, and not to rise or look at what he fully expected to find a laughable daub. Vandyke began his work; Hals looked like a sitter. At the close, the wag rose with all his risible muscles prepared for a hearty laugh; but when he saw the splendid sketch, he started, looked and exclaimed, "You must be either Vandyke or the devil!"

**INFUSION OF COFFEE LEAVES**.—We are promised an addition to our list of beverages that cheer but not inebriate. The leaves of the coffee plant possess caffeine (which is identical with theine in tea) as well as the berry, and are used in preference by the natives of Sumatra. Specimens of the prepared leaves were shewn in the Great Exhibition by Dr. Gardner, with the caffeine extracted from them, and the consequence has been that the planters of Ceylon are now soliciting tenders for coffee-leaves by the ton. "With a little boiled rice," says an English gentleman, writing from Padang, "and the infusion of the coffee-leaf, a man will support the labors of the field in rice-planting for days and weeks successively, up to the knees in mud, under a burning sun or drench-



ing rains, which he could not do by the use of simple water, or by the aid of spirituous or fermented liquors. I have had opportunity of observing for twenty years the comparative use of the coffee-leaf in one class of natives, and of spirituous liquors in another—the native Sumatrans using the former, and the natives of British India settled here the latter; and I find, that while the former expose themselves with impunity for any period to every degree of heat, cold, and wet, the latter can endure neither wet nor cold for even a short period, without danger to their health. . . . My own constant practice has been to take a couple of cups of strong infusion with milk in the evening, as a restorative after the business of the day. I find from it immediate relief from hunger and fatigue, the bodily strength increased, and the mind left for the evening clear and in full possession of all its faculties. . . . The price here of the leaves prepared for use is generally about 1 l-2d. a pound; and I suppose it may be prepared and packed for the European market of good quality for 2d., affording sufficient profit to the planter, and bringing it within the reach of the poorest classes of Europe.” The whole subject has been brought before the public in the *Pharmaceutical Journal* by Daniel Hanbury, and we hope that a fair trial will be given in Europe to this cheap and exhilarating beverage.

## THE WIFE.

BY FANNY FALES.

Wrong her by petulance, suspicion, all  
That makes her cup a bitterness—yet give  
One evidence of love, and earth has not  
An emblem of devotedness like hers.—WILLIS.

I love him—I love him, and cling to him yet,  
The wrong he hath done me my heart would forget;

His penitent, tear-blotted letter I ope—  
A leaf from the deluge, that whispers of hope.

I love him—I love him! Oh! chide not, my friends,  
Though justly you blame him, each word my heart rends;

I wooed Pride and Anger, they came at my call,  
Wooed Scorn, but Love, mighty Love, conquered them all.

You bid me forget him—thro’ good, and thro’ ill,  
I vowed at the altar to cherish him still;  
I trusted him, nestled beside him for years,  
Unchanged by the coldness that stung me to tears.

And, now, if I fly like the moth to the flame,  
And draw near him tenderly—reckless of blame;  
While he pleads for forgiveness, I cannot deny—  
I may suffer beside him, afar from him—die.

There’s calm on the sea when the storm hath swept by,  
The black night in passing leaves dawn in the sky;

The moss groweth green o’er the lightning fret tree;  
Oh! Father! deal gently—give solace to me.

## CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL.

It is not long since a gentleman was travelling in one of the counties of Virginia, and, about the close of the day, stopped at a public house to obtain refreshments, and spend the night. He had been there but a short time before an old man alighted from his gig, with the apparent intention of becoming his fellow guest at the same house. As the old man drove up, he observed that both of the shafts of his gig were broken, and that they were held together by withes formed from the bark of a hickory sapling. Our traveller observed, further, that he was plainly clad, that his knee buckles were loosened, and that something like negligence pervaded his dress. Conceiving him to be one of the honest yeomanry of our land, the courtesies of strangers passed between them, and they entered the tavern. It was about the same time that an addition of three or four young gentlemen was made to their number, some, if not all, of them members of the legal profession. As soon as they became conveniently accommodated, the conversation was turned by one of the latter on an eloquent harangue that had that day been displayed at the bar. It was replied by the other that he had witnessed, the same day, a degree of eloquence, no doubt equal; but it was from the pulpit. Something like a sarcastic rejoinder was made to the eloquence of the pulpit, and an able and warm altercation ensued, in which the merits of the Christian religion became the subject of discussion. From six o’clock until eleven, the young champion wielded the sword of argument, adducing with ingenuity and ability everything that could be said pro or con. During this protracted period, the old gentleman sat with all the meekness and modesty of a child, as if he was adding new information to the stock of his own mind: or, perhaps, he was observing, with a philosophic eye, the faculties of the youthful mind, and how new energies are revolved by repeated action; or, perhaps, with patriotic emotion, he was reflecting upon the future destinies of his country, and on the rising generation upon whom these future destinies must devolve; or, most probably, with a sentiment of moral and religious feeling, he was collecting an argument which (characteristic of himself) no art would be “able to check, and no force to resist.” At one of the young men remarking that it was impossible to combat with long established prejudices, he whirled around, and, with some familiarity, exclaimed—

“Well, my old gentleman, what think you of these things?”

“If,” said the traveller, “a streak of vivid lightning had at that moment crossed the room, the amazement could not have been greater than it was with what followed.”

The most eloquent and unanswerable appeal was made, for nearly an hour, by the old gen-

tleman, that he ever heard. So perfect was his recollection, that every argument urged against the Christian religion, was met in the order in which it was advanced. Hume's sophistry on the subject of miracles, was, if possible, more perfectly answered than it had already been done by Campbell. And in the whole lecture, there was so much simplicity and energy, pathos, and sublimity, that not another word was uttered.

"An attempt to describe it," said the traveller, "would be an attempt to paint the sunbeams." It was now a matter of curiosity and inquiry who the old gentleman was. The traveller concluded that it was the preacher from whom the pulpit eloquence was heard—but no, it was Chief Justice Marshall.—*Winchester Republican.*

## A YOUTHFUL ROBBER RECLAIMED.

BY ALLEN M. SCOTT, A. M.

Many a reader, whose eye may rest on these lines, and who first saw the "sweet light" in Tennessee or Kentucky, will remember the Rev. John Craig. This gentleman was of the Methodist persuasion, of the original Asbury school, and he, like most others of that denomination at the time to which we allude, was noted alike for his plainness of dress and a strict and open reproof of sin in what form soever it made its appearance, and under any and all circumstances.

Mr. Craig was one of the first preachers to visit the section called Middle Tennessee, now so populous and powerful, but then, (in 1801,) a mere wilderness. He was an itinerant preacher. His circuit extended from Powell's Valley, east of the mountains, to the extreme Western settlements on the Cumberland and Duck rivers. The settlements of the white man were "few and far between;" no public roads had been established—those distant neighborhoods were connected only by faint traces, which were but seldom travelled.

Mr. C. was exposed to many hardships. He lay down on hard beds, slept in open cabins, and shared many a scanty repast. But he was a man of energy, and his zeal never flagged nor grew weary. He felt the importance of his mission, and urged on by his zeal in his Master's cause, and the good of souls, he waded snows and floods, braved the fury of the winds, surmounted all difficulties, and carried the glad tidings of salvation to the new settlers.

The writer was born in Middle Tennessee, and though a mere child when he last saw Mr. Craig, his image is as fresh in his mind as the events of yesterday.

In 1830, Rev. Mr. C. came, late one evening, to my father's, and passed the night at our house. During the evening, after family prayers had been offered up by him, before retiring to bed, he gave to my father, in my presence,

a narrative, which was in substance, the following:—

Many years before, Mr. Craig was passing from East Tennessee to the Duck river country. His way led him along a dim path through a mountain pass, amid craggy rocks, near awful precipices and frightful chasms. Suddenly a young man sprang from a huge rock, and with a heavy rifle presented at Mr. Craig, demanded his money.

Mr. C. regarded the robber with a look of discrimination peculiar to himself, as he reined up his horse and said, "Young man, you never robbed before. What has brought you to this?"

The robber again demanded his money, threatening instant death if the other did not comply.

Mr. Craig answered, "This is your first attempt. You have been better raised! Your mother——"

Instantly the young man dashed down his gun and burst into tears, saying that he had indeed been taught better things. And he cried most bitterly.

Mr. Craig tied his horse to a limb, alighted and invited the trembling youth to be seated near him on a flat rock. The young man instantly complied, when Mr. Craig, in a mild and engaging manner, asked him how he had happened to become a robber.

The other told him that he had been raised in Virginia—his parents were in easy circumstances in life, and members of the Presbyterian church—that they had educated him religiously, and lavished on him all the affections characteristic of parental love. About eighteen months since, he had married against their will, and with his young and lovely wife, he had made his way into this new and unsettled country. His parents had given him no assistance, and having but little on which to commence life, and falling sick, without money, friends or credit, both he and his wife had well nigh starved. In the depths of his distress, he had, as a last alternative, resolved to make one robbery, only one, and afterwards live honestly.

Mr. Craig, in the spirit of love, pointed out his error. He told him, that he should have gone to his Heavenly Father, and made known his wants—that His tender mercies are over all His works, and none that trust in Him shall ever want. The young man was all tears—all penitence.

Mr. Craig arose, went to his horse, and taking off his saddle-bags, said—"I too am poor. I own no foot of land—no cottage in the wilderness is mine. I have but thirty-one dollars in the world, and reserving one dollar only, in the name of the 'Giver of all good,' I present you with thirty dollars. Take this little sum, as one sent you from Heaven, and God and His angels are witnesses that you promise amendment in future life."

Mr. Craig then prayed with and for the as-

tonished young man, and took an affectionate leave.

Thirty long years have elapsed. West Tennessee is a wilderness no more. The pale face had felled the forest. The red man had quitted his hunting grounds, and they were chequered off into a thousand furrowed fields. Mr. Craig was now an old man. His locks were white as wool. His children and grandchildren had grown up around him, and children of his spiritual charge surrounded him, like waving wheat-heads in the harvest field.

One sunny eve in Autumn, as the old preacher sat in the midst of the family group, it was told him that a gentleman was at the gate, who wished to speak with him. He went out, and saw an elderly man, neatly dressed, riding a fine horse. The stranger asked for accommodations for the night. This being granted, he dismounted, and with Mr. Craig he entered the house.

Little beyond the common civilities of life passed between them, until supper had been served. The elderly gentleman asked Mr. Craig to show him a private apartment, and when they were alone, he said,

"Mr. Craig, I think that you do not know me?"

"I do not," replied Mr. Craig.

"And yet I tried to rob you. I am that same poor, wicked wretch that demanded your money with a rifle presented at your bosom, thirty years ago, among the mountains."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the other.

"Yes," rejoined the first, "I am the same. I took the money you gave me home to my poor starving wife, and told her how I had obtained it. We counted it out on a wooden stool, and knelt down and covenanted with God and each other, to live honestly in His sight, and to walk uprightly before Him. We have prospered. Want has long since been a stranger to us: riches have flowed in upon us, and our children and children's children have risen up around us, to call us blessed. We have years ago become members of the Church of Christ. I have long and ardently desired to find you, but not knowing your name, I knew not how to make inquiry. Last Sabbath, at the camp-meeting, when you arose to preach, I at once recognized in you the man that had saved me from a felon's fate. I then learned your name, and now I have come to pay you the thirty dollars with thirty years' interest."

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."

Mr. Craig added, that the name he had never mentioned in connexion with these circumstances, nor would he ever.

"But," said he, "I have since visited them at their own house, and found them people of respectability, refinement and piety, and one son now occupies a high place, both in Church and State."

Mine Creek College, Ark., 1854.

## THERE'S WORK ENOUGH TO DO.

The blackbird early leaves its nest

To meet the smiling morn,  
And gather fragments for its nest  
From upland, wood and lawn.  
The busy bee that wings its way  
'Mid sweets of varied hue,  
At every flower would seem to say—  
"There's work enough to do."

The cowslip and the spreading vine,

The daisy in the grass,  
The snow-drop and the eglantine,  
Preach sermons as we pass.  
The ant, within its cavern deep,  
Would bid us labor, too,  
And writes upon its tiny heap—  
"There's work enough to do."

The planets, at their Maker's will,

Move onward in their cars,  
For Nature's wheel is never still—  
Progressive as the stars!  
The leaves that flutter in the air,  
And Summer's breezes woo,  
One solemn truth to man declare—  
"There's work enough to do."

Who then can sleep when all around

Is active, fresh, and free!  
Shall man—creation's lord—be found  
Less busy than the bee?  
Our courts and alleys are the field,  
If men would search them through,  
That best the sweets of labor yield,  
And "work enough to do."

To have a heart for those who weep,

The sottish drunkard win;  
To rescue all the children, deep  
In ignorance and sin.  
To help the poor, the hungry feed,  
To give him coat and shoe,  
To see that all can write and read—  
Is "work enough to do."

The time is short—the world is wide,

And much has to be done;  
This wondrous earth, and all its pride,  
Will vanish with the sun!  
The moments fly on lightning's wings,  
And life's uncertain, too;  
We've none to waste on foolish things—  
"There's work enough to do."

PETER, THE HERMIT.—A wonderful man was this Peter the Hermit—slight and low in stature, mean in person, but with flashing eye; feeble, too, as clad in hood and tunic of unbleached wool, a coarse cloak scarcely covering his arms, and barefoot, he made his way among camps and courts; among crowded cities and unfrequented uplands, swaying all Europe by the might of his resistless eloquence. Marvellous must this have been. Would that some fragment of even one of his addresses—even a mere sentence or two of his burning words, had been preserved to us.

We have many a speech of many a prelate recorded in the monkish annals of these times: we still have that of Urban at the council of Placentia, formal and prosy enough, but the rude eloquence of the soldier-hermit was, most likely, not of a kind for the learned convent writer to waste his glosy ink and choice velum upon: and so, like the mighty effect that followed, all has passed away. The way, indeed, in which Peter the Hermit is spoken of by cotemporary writers, seems to us to be very peculiar. No miracles are assigned to him, although at this period every abbey could boast of some half dozen: no labored eulogies redolent of superlatives, follow the account of his labors. Even whilst the highest praises are bestowed on Tancred, Baldwin, and Godfrey, the originator of the enterprise, in which they took part, is contemplated rather as though the writers marvelled that a man so mean and low should have wielded so mighty a power, than with admiration and love.—*British Quarterly.*

## LITTLE MOLLY.

BY MARTHA ALLEN.

The air was full of sweetness, the tall spire of the village church had just caught the last rays of the descending sun, crimsoning its glittering vane; while in the distance the forest vista, already in shadow, was lit as by enchantment; innumerable fire-flies were there disporting through their brilliant, voluptuous life, with lustre ever burning brighter as darkness deepened. Within the little cottage of Jacob Somers, the table had long been spread for the evening meal; his wife Rachel had displaced and re-arranged at least a dozen times, the brown loaf, the rich-looking golden cheese, the plate of berries and the homely milk-jug, seeking thus to wile away the time. She had long ended her household labors, and for an hour and more had been anxiously awaiting the return of her husband. Again she took a seat by the window, and pressing aside the trailing jasmine and wild rose, which afforded so fragrant a shade from the noontide heat, looked eagerly to the hill-side, the path whence he usually returned. Just within sight was the clear lake, so replete with mournful memories, as the blinding tears gathered in her eyes. Jacob, with heavy, listless step, entered the room; he bore the appearance of one utterly regardless of all things; his eye was dull and cold; yet there was a contraction of the brow that spoke, of pain, and it might be bitter grief. Carelessly he threw his coat across a chair-back, as he took a seat by the table. No change of countenance betokened interest or affliction, as he replied to Rachel's kind words of inquiry. "Yes, the oxen had been long put up: 'twas hours since he had worked." Then, as if the mere utterance of these few words were painful, he buried his

face in his hands, taking no note of the bowl of milk Rachel had pushed towards him. A moment passed: again the hands were withdrawn; while more from habit than necessity, he commenced eating the bread he had broken into the milk. A large Newfoundland dog had crept to his feet, and now sought to win his attention; if possible to engage him in a game of romps as of old: suddenly Jacob grasped the table like one in a fit, whilst closely, shudderingly, he gazed on the dog. Yes, 'twas plain enough, he held in his teeth a stocking—a child's stocking—the sight revived all his grief; the assumed calmness fled: all stoicism was gone; with each sinew strained, each feature working convulsively, the strong man flung himself on the floor, writhing with anguish.

And where was Molly? the farmer's only child—his little darling—she who had made his home a paradise, by her childish prattle and endearing ways—she who had ever welcomed him with kisses: the hidden pearl, that made a blaze of glory in that lowly cot; the little one, who, with voice so sweet, would question him of Heaven, till he, the father, had learnt of his child, "Verily of babes and sucklings hast Thou perfected Thy praise."

*Molly had been drowned.* These few terrible words comprised an eternity of agony. Rachel's memory was no less fond. Her bosom still throbbed with the pressure of that tiny form she had there hushed to sleep but seven night a week, yet, womanlike, she suppressed her grief to comfort the heart whose sobs were so despairing. No; she had not forgotten how lifelike looked the little one on her funeral couch: a smile playing round the dimpled mouth; the golden curls resting on the fair cheek; the hands folded over a bunch of violets, fitting emblem of such purity and loveliness—all seemed more sleep than death. Her own hands had arranged the robe worn on her birthday festival, and tied up the sleeves with blossom-colored bows, and even whilst thus arraying her treasure for the grave—whilst her tears fell fastest—she felt that "God loveth whom He chasteneth," striving submissively to say, "Not my will, but Thine, O Lord! be done."

As all these recollections were stirred afresh by her husband's outburst of sorrow, a shadow seemed to fall from her gaze—her duty plainly revealed was before her, to lead Jacob's mind from the ghastliness and terror of death, which now oppressed, to the hope of a life eternal which comforted her. Kneeling, she raised her husband's face, and kissed the embrowned forehead.

"Be comforted, Jacob, and turn from the cold, wan, dripping form which memory alone presents to you now, to the angel in the bosom of God, that Molly has now become."

Thus, with words of grave tenderness and simple teachings, she strove to lead his mind heavenward—to give another bend to the

images fancy presented. Long it was before the farmer could find consolation; long before he could drive away the torturing thought of the loving farewell in the morn, as she climbed his knee and clung to his neck, with the painful contrast which met him on his return at eve—a dripping, lifeless mass, drawn from the lake which had drunk up her young life, as in innocent play on its brink, she had slipped and fallen in. But the loving wife persevered, telling of the free, immortal spirit, that had exchanged earth for the beauty of Heaven, that death was not a dark spectre but a radiant angel, whose embrace had imparted peace everlasting. An unknown calm descended on the mourners, and, as they knelt in prayer, their spirits recognized the presence, though invisible to outward sense, of the child they had lost. In faith they beheld her in gorgeous white vesture, with star-crowned head, leading them, with tender clasp, upwards, ever upwards.

## TWILIGHT TALK FOR CHILDREN.

BY EMILIE GRAHAM.

### NIGHT.

"Little children, can you tell me what shape night is?"

"Night! Bless us, no! We did not know it had any shape."

"Oh, but it has though; listen, and I will tell you all about it. First, however, what is night, think you?"

"Darkness"

"Very true, so far, but what makes the darkness? Stand up, now, with your back to the bright fire, and tell me what makes that darkness, like the picture of a black giant's baby, on the opposite wall?"

"Your shadow, certainly."

"Well then, cannot you guess what the darkness of night is? Do you suppose your plump little person can cast that terrible looking shadow, and the great, round earth, so thick and so solid, cast none at all, but let the sunlight through it, like a bit of glass or a drop of rain-water? No indeed. The earth casts a mighty shadow of its own, for little children to lie down and sleep in, when they are tired of work and play. It always has its fire—which is the sun—on one side, and its shadow, stretching far, far away, beyond the mountain-tops, and beyond the clouds, and beyond the moon, on the other.

"If the earth stood quite still before the fire—I mean the sun—it would have day on the same side, and night on the same side all the time; so that, after you had eaten your supper, if you wanted to sleep under the cool and quiet curtains of the night, you would have to travel ever so many miles to go to bed; and, when you had had your sleep out, all the way back again, into the bright borders of the busy day.

That would be very inconvenient indeed, but by no means the worst part of it, for nothing could grow on one half the earth if the sun never shone there, because it would not only be dark—and plants cannot live without light—but also colder than the coldest winter night. Other terrible things, too, would come to pass, more than you or I have any idea of.

"The dear, old, motherly earth knows better how to take care of her children, and spins constantly round and round like a huge top, so very, very fast, that in twenty-four hours she has turned quite round, and has given us the whole of one day, and the whole of one night, full of warm sunshine, and sweet, quiet sleep, without our even having to go out of our own homes in search of either.

"If I were to tell you, in figures, just how big the world is, and just how fast it turns round, I am afraid you would not be much the wiser; because you are not used to think of such large numbers, and would not understand at all how great they really are. Perhaps, however, it will give you some idea of the size of the earth if I tell you that the deepest seas, and highest mountains upon it are less, in proportion to its whole bulk, than the little roughnesses on the skin of an orange are to the size of the fruit.

"Oceans and rivers are like the scratches; mountains that pierce the clouds, like the uneven places in your foot ball.

"You can well imagine that such a monstrous top as that must spin pretty fast to turn all the way round in a few hours. If it did not spin faster than your tops and tetotums, our nights would last so many years, that long before one of them was over, we should die of cold and starvation.

"Think, too, what a great, long shadow a ball so large, and at such a vast distance from the sun, must cast! Dear me! If you thought of it all the days of your life you could never think of anything half so long as the shadow of the earth.

"Now, that you know what night is, that it is really only a shadow, you will not be so surprised to learn that it has a distinct form: for I am sure you never, in your life, saw or heard of a shadow that had no shape at all.

"You will wonder, perhaps, how people know so much about the size and form of it when no one has ever been where the whole of it could be seen at once, even if it were possible to see it in that way, which, for reasons that I will explain to you, some day, it is not. But there are always a good many wise men in the world who spend their whole lives in reading and writing, and looking at the stars through telescopes, and ciphering and thinking, and putting this and that together, until they find out a great many wonderful things: and all that little folks, like you and me, can do, is to believe what they tell us, and try to understand as much as we can.

"Let us believe, then, that they have discovered exactly how large the sun, and earth

and moon are, and exactly how far they are apart, and that they are all round like balls—or nearly so—and I think, after we have taken this for granted, we can manage to understand something about the form of the shadow that our earth casts out into space; but you must be very attentive, or you may not hear all I have to say, and learn nothing from it, and that would be a pity.

"If you had a small light behind you—the flame of a lamp, for instance—and a wall before you, at some distance, your shadow, cast by the small light on the wall, would be larger than yourself; if there were another wall, farther off, your shadow on that would be larger still, and if you could have one sufficiently far off you would cast a shadow upon it large enough to cover the whole earth: neither would it stop there, but go on, and on, growing bigger and bigger as it went. So, you see, when you have a light behind you, smaller than yourself, your shadow continues to increase in size the farther it extends.

"If, however, you had a very large light behind you—say as large as the side of a house—and a wall before you, your shadow would be smaller than yourself; on a wall at a greater distance, it would be smaller still, and so on, until it would, at last, come to a point, and vanish. Now, this is exactly the case with the shadow of our world, for the sun is a great deal larger than the earth, so that, although its shadow is very long indeed, it yet grows gradually smaller all the way, and comes, at last, to a point. If you think of it for a minute, you will not find it hard to understand that such a shadow, cast by a round ball, must be what is called cone-shaped, that is, shaped like a sugar-loaf, or the extinguisher of a candle, or the paper cornucopia you had last Christmas, full of sugar-plums.

"It is, then, under this great cone-shaped shadow you sleep every night; and, while you are dreaming, it passes swiftly over your bed, lifting its mighty head up, up, farther than your thoughts can follow it, beyond the pathway of the distant moon.

"That reminds me to tell you, what I dare say you have already guessed, that the moon, in its regular travels round us, sometimes passes through the earth's night-shadow, and becomes what we call 'eclipsed,' or hidden. This happens about twice a year. It is not often entirely hidden, however, but more frequently passes somewhere across the edge of the great shadow, so that we can see a large part of its round, bright face, and may watch the eclipse passing slowly over one side of it, until, like a shining silver bubble, it floats out again into the light. You are not to suppose, though, that the moon is really a bubble. By no means. It is a round, solid earth, as solid as our own, and probably made of very much the same sorts of rock, only it is not nearly so large. It would take fifty moons to make such an earth as this, and we have about four-

teen times as much room on the outside of our world as the little people in the moon—if there are any there—have upon theirs.

"The sun, you know, is bright with its own light, as a fire is; but the moon, just like our earth, is bright only while the sun shines upon it. Therefore, when we are between it and the sun, or, what is saying the same thing, in other words, when it comes into our shadow, it is in the dark, and cannot be seen. That is what we mean when we say that the moon shines by *reflected* light.

"The moon is the earth's little daughter, and, like her mother, receives daylight from the sun, and has a conical shadow, or night, of her own. Her day lasts for a whole fortnight, and so does her night. That is a very long day and night for such a little world, is it not?

"Sometimes all the bright daylight side is turned towards us, and then we say the moon is full; sometimes all the dark night side, and then we say there is no moon. When a tiny, narrow strip of the bright side begins to peep round again, we call it the new moon.

"What a fine, great moon, fourteen times as large as ours, this earth must be for the good folks there! Only, as it happens that the same half of the moon is always turned this way, the people on the other half, if they want to have a look at us, must take a long journey in order to enjoy that pleasure.

"Sometimes we appear a full moon to them, and sometimes new, as our moon does to us; but, instead of rising in the east and setting in the west, we always seem to stand still, just in the same part of the sky. The people, who live in the centre of that half of the moon which is turned towards us, see us directly over their heads all the time.

"I would tell you a great deal more about the sun, and the moon, and the stars, and the earth, and I will soon, if you like to hear, but not now; for, see! while we have been talking, the great earth-shadow has crept silently over us, and is pressing down your sleepy eyelids."

## "CHEER UP."

Never go gloomily, man with a mind

Hope is a better companion than fear;

Providence, ever benignant and kind,

Gives with a smile what you take with a tear.

All will be right,

Look to the light,

Morning was ever the daughter of night;

All that was black will be all that is bright;

Cheerily, then! cheer up.

Many a foe is a friend in disguise,

Many a trouble a blessing most true,

Helping the heart to be happy and wise,

With love ever precious and joys ever new.

Stand in the van,

Strike like a man,

This is the bravest and cleverest plan;

Trusting in God, while you do what you can;

Cheerily, then! cheer up.

## SIMILITUDES.—No. 6.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

## SNOW UPON THE HILLS.

Through how many long, dreary twilights the hills have awaited the coming of the snow!

December sunsets could not warm them, as they stood, each a forsaken Lear, with his head uncovered to the pitiless wind. The Summer birds long ago flew southward from among the dropping leaves of their summits, and moons have risen and waned since lambs were seen browsing upon their barren sides.

The mild autumnal air that now and then played around them, seemed to come from an unknown land; for it had no fragrance to bring from the dead flowers of the garden, or the gathered fruits of the orchard. It was like fresh and genial emotions that sometimes visit the heart of the old man; too spiritual to be mere gushes from some far-away nook in memory's cave, truly hedeems them the whispers of spirits leaning downward to woo him away from loves that have their dwelling in the dust alone.

But at last the snow has come, the soft and stainless snow. And as the hills lift themselves up to put on the bridal robes which the clouds have unrolled for them, and to receive a smiling benediction from the sun, the heavens bend to kiss their pure brows.

Oh! the hills are glad for the snow!

At length, also, the river has gone to sleep beneath a broad, thick sheet of ice. But her slumbers are light, and in her dreams she hums softly the song that she will sing aloud at her Spring-time awakening.

Oh! the river is glad beneath the ice!

And the shrouded heart of Winter throbs with life as deep and healthful as that which gives birth to the full, unchecked utterance of midsummer's most joyful strains.

Fall lightly as the snow-drifts, gentle Death, upon those who have well worn out their youth and manly strength, and have nothing left but to stand in loneliness, waiting for thee!

## CROWNED WITH THISTLES.

Fairest maiden of the palace, are there no camellias in bloom, no roses, nor even a spray of myrtle alive, that thou shouldst wear upon thy head a crown of stinging thistles?

"Ah, stranger, it is not by my present choice, but because of a fatal spell which I have guiltily helped to bind about myself, that I wear this hateful garland.

"In the golden May-days which are now blotted from my calendar, I played with many others in the fields of the fairy-queen.

"There we were bidden every day to gather fresh garlands for the brows of those who watched over us, or shared our sports. No harder labor was required of us than that we should always select our own flowers; and a merry sight it was—so many young and happy

ones dancing over beds of heart's-ease and violets, lingering beneath bowers of honeysuckle and eglantine, or swinging upon orange-boughs, ambitious to reach their sweet blossoms.

"But some of us bore an evil mind into fairy-land. I, alas! must number myself with them. If we twined a wreath of rose-buds, we would take by preference the stems on which there were many thorns; or would artfully blend with daisies and lilies, the deadly nightshade, the thistle and the nettle.

"When we left those lovely fields, a fairy stood at the outer gate, and said to each, as we passed,

"Of such flowers as have been oftenest seen in the garlands thou hast made for others, shalt thou hereafter daily receive and wear a fresh crown."

"Ah! then I blushed and wept—for well I remembered the white foreheads that thistles of my gathering had so often stung!

"Every morning I feel the prickly coronet pressed anew by unseen fingers upon my head; and I must wear it, though it forces from me bitter murmurings, frowns and tears. I could not take it off if I dared; for woe is me! I have woven for myself the thistle crown!"

## CROWNED WITH ROSES.

Maiden, upon the peaceful light of whose brow rests no cloud save the shadows of softly unfolding roses, art thou not she who lately stood with eyes gloomily cast down beneath a garland of thistles?

"I am the same, stranger; and I will tell thee how I come to wear this rosy crown.

"One morning I awoke from a delightful dream of fairy-land, where methought I sat upon a sunny bank and twined wreaths of lovely and fragrant flowers, in which I mixed not a single weed or thorn.

"Before my senses were unchained from the happy illusion, a fairy stood beside me, holding a crown in either hand; one of roses and the other of thorns.

"For which of these wilt thou change thy wreath of thistles?" she enquired.

"Ah! the roses, the roses!" I replied.

"But, maiden," said the fairy, "these two crowns are sent from our gracious queen, as gifts to thee and to thy fair young sister. She or thou must wear the garland of thorns; and thou, being the elder, art bidden to choose between the two.

"The queen of fairy-land remembers the errors of thy mis-spent May; and if the tears which the thistles have ere now pressed from thine eyes have not proved healing drops to cure the fever of a selfish heart, the crown of thorns may distil for thee a bloody, but more potent balm.

"Or, if thou wilt so choose, she bids thee wear the wreath of roses thou hast not deserved, and see a purer forehead than thine own pierced by the thorns."



"My sister! my dear, innocent sister! must she, can she bear to be so cruelly wounded?" I murmured.

"It rests with thee, maiden," said the fairy.

"Then let me wear it. Give my sister the roses, and let me wear the crown of thorns."

"And as I spoke, the dread of pain was drowned in a thrill of victorious strength.

"She placed the thorny wreath upon my head. One pang I felt, and wondered why I felt no more, as she glided away to my sister with her gift, and bade me look into my mirror.

"Oh, wonder of beauty! the point of every thorn was rounding into the mossy calyx of a rosebud, and velvet leaflets gradually unwound themselves from the prickles on the stocks.

"As I breathed the fragrance of the first half-blown rose, the fairy's voice came to me through the distance, saying,

"For every sweet blossom thou hast denied thyself to add to the wreath of another, a thorn in thine own garland shall be transformed into a rose!"

## THE CORNED BEEF BOARDER.

The following amusing anecdote has been furnished the editor of the "Albany Dutchman," by one of his correspondents:

A few days since, the capitol of one of the New England States boasted of but one public house, which was a very creditable establishment, by the way—and at which, at the present time, you can make sure of very comfortable and satisfactory accommodations, on reasonable terms. Then, as now, this house was the temporary home of the Solons and Lyncurguses of the State, when their legislative duties drew them to the capitol.

Mr. F——, the proprietor of the house at the time to which I allude, found that he had all sorts of men to deal with—the State Representatives being composed of farmers, ship-builders, land speculators, lumber merchants, &c., &c.

Of all men, however, the queerest customer was a Representative who had not certainly been chosen for any remarkable oratorical talents, or for any extensive knowledge of political economy. In fact, his notions of private economy altogether predominated, as the following anecdote will show:

With his constituents, Mr. G—— took up his quarters at the public house kept by Mr. F——. He was delighted with the breakfast of venison steak, the dinners of turkeys and moose meat, and other corresponding accommodations; but really the rate of board was more than he felt able to pay. Accordingly, he applied to the landlord to know if he could not board him for less than the usual price.

"I should be very happy to accommodate you," said Mr. F——, politely, "but I should lose by the operation. I have the best of everything on my table, and my expenses are

so large that I could not live if I were to reduce my prices."

"No way at all—in my case?" inquired the representative, ruefully.

"No—I don't see how I can. I have to pay uncommonly high, this season, for my turkeys, venison, eggs, &c."

"Now, see here," interrupted Mr. G——, "I suppose these fixins are woth all you charge for board. I wouldn't complain if I felt as though I could afford to eat such dinners. Now, why not let them that want to eat the turkeys, pay for 'em? For my part I'd as lief eat corn'd beef every day as not. I won't eat your turkeys, and don't see why I should pay for 'em."

"Very well," said the obliging landlord, with an indulgent smile. "If you are willing to confine yourself to corned beef, as far as meals are concerned, and to eat other things accordingly, I suppose I can make some deduction in your case."

The representative was highly gratified. He promised to eat corn beef and to abstain from various costly dishes which were named, upon which condition a satisfactory bargain was made.

Accordingly, every body who observed Mr. G—— at table from that day, were very much astonished at his singular choice of food. Of course, the bargain was a secret—confined to the two parties by whom it was made; and the unconscious waiters laid before the representative temptation after temptation, which he no doubt found it hard to resist.

"What shall I help you to, sir?" they would ask him: "Turkey, chicken pie, venison, steak, roasted—"

"Corn'd beef!" would be the self-denying exclamation of the scrupulous boarder.

Day after day it was the same. Sometimes the waiters would, through mistake, we may suppose, place before him a choice plate of the forbidden luxuries, which it made his heart ache to send away again, with his modest call for "corn'd beef!"

At length the waiters grew so stupid, or waggish, we suspect, that Mr. G—— would have to send away half a dozen appetising dishes before they could be made to understand that his unalterable choice was "corn'd beef."

This state of affairs afforded a great deal of amusement to the waiters, boarders, guests, everybody except Mr. G—— himself, who was grievously annoyed. At last human nature could bear it no longer.

One day Mr. G—— called for his favorite dish three times, and received successively, roasted veal, moose steak, and broiled chicken. Glowing and sweating with perplexity and wrathful impatience, he sent away the last named dish, with an emphatic request for "corn'd beef!" The waiter returned with smoking, odorous turkey.

"You thick-skulled rascal," cried the furi-

ous representative, "can't you understand? I ain't a *turkey* boarder, I'm a *corn'd beef* boarder. Do you hear? I'm a *corn'd beef* boarder!"

The waiter heard, the table roared, the representative perspired profusely; but he was never afterwards troubled with refusing the dishes he had forsworn. The waiters enjoyed the joke, and the representative the corned beef, in quiet.

## THE ARABS.

The generosity of the Arab race, (says Bayard Taylor, in one of his lectures), though little known, would put to blush many a more civilized nation. The following tale, which was told by the Arabs, strikingly exemplifies this noble trait in their character.

There were three Arabs, called Abdallah, Mustapha, and Hassan, more distinguished for their generosity than any others of their tribe. One day, three Arabs were disputing as to which was the most generous of the three, but not being able to decide, they agreed to disguise themselves as poor persons, and solicit their charity.

The first went to Abdallah, as he was just setting off for a journey. He told his tale of distress, when Abdallah dismounted, and gave the Arab his clothing, provisions which he had provided for the journey, and the camel, but told the Arab to be careful of the sword, as it was a present from Mahomet's son.

The second went to Mustapha's tent, but he was asleep; when the servant, not liking to awake his master, and knowing Mustapha's generosity, gave the Arab four hundred pieces of gold. When Mustapha awoke, and the servant told him who had been there, he exclaimed—

"Why did you not awake me? I would have given him much more."

The third went to Hassan, who, being infirm and almost blind, was leaning on two slaves, and making his way to a neighboring mosque. The Arab told his tale of poverty, when Hassan said—

"My two slaves are all I have; but take them."

The palm was awarded to Hassan.

The Arabs, when insulted, are revengeful and unrelenting in their hate; but the greatest vices of the Arabs are lying and cheating. In proportion as they are successful they deem it an honor, but if detected they are punished. The Pacha of Egypt relates a story of this trait, by saying that the devil, when he came on earth, brought nine bags of lies. One he scattered in France, and then crossed over to Egypt; but, as soon as he had landed, the Arabs stole the other eight.

There is an herb, used by the Arabs, more powerful and intoxicating in its effects than opium: but, while one part of the system will be under the control of this drug, the other

part will be in a sound state of mind, and wonder at the absurd notions of the other. It forms a state of mind between the animal and intellectual. While Mr. Taylor was with the Arabs, he tried the effects of this drug, and thus relates his experience. He said it seemed as if he was transported to the top of a pyramid in the Nubian desert, and it was made of plugs of Virginia tobacco. He again was travelling through an arch made of rainbows, but so quick the time seemed that he thought he was fifteen years going through. On a Kentuckian, who was with him, the effect was different. He sat watching Mr. Taylor for some time, till at length he jumped up, and exclaimed—

"By Jupiter, I'm a locomotive!" and commenced pacing the room very rapidly, and moving his hands at his side like the crank of an engine. This drug causes a thirst in the throat, and the Kentuckian took up a pitcher of water, when he suddenly placed it down, saying, "I won't fill up the boiler while I'm letting off steam."

The Arabs are given greatly to exaggeration, and Mr. Taylor says that that habit got somewhat fastened to him, but he left it when he left the country. A Musselman, that had been to Alexandria, and had seen one of our ships of war, asked Mr. Taylor how many ships we had. Wishing to keep the good name of the country up, among the Arabs, he replied—

"We have one hundred line-of-battle ships, let alone the smaller vessels."

The Musselman turned to a companion, and said—

"He is too modest, altogether, for I know they have upward of six hundred."

A. L. M.

**A DAMASCENE BEAUTY.**—We will first describe the daughter of the host—a very fair specimen of her sex in Damascus: her eyes are beautifully dark; her eyelashes, eyebrows, and hair, of a glossy jet-black; the latter, tinged with *henna*, hangs down her back, and reaches nearly to the ground in a succession of plaits, each terminating with black silk braid, knotted and interwoven with various-sized golden coins; her features (excepting the eyes) are small but compact. The nose is Grecian, the lips cherry, and slightly pouting; the chin, dimpled; the form of the face, oval; and the complexion clear, with a rosy tint. The bust and figure are unexceptionable; the arms comely; the wrists and ankles, well turned; and the feet and hands, perfect models for a sculptor. Yet this is one out of the many nondescript beings that we encountered with *izar* and veil in the street. Her face and figure are well set off by the head-dress and Oriental costume. On the top of her head she wears a small red cap, which is encircled by a handsomely flowered-handkerchief, and over the latter strings of pearls and pieces of small gold money are tastefully arranged in festoons. In

the centre of her red cap is a diamond-crescent, from which hangs a long golden cord, with a blue-silk tassel, usually ornamented with pearls; her vest fits tight, and admirably displays the unlaced figure. In summer, this vest is of blue or pink satin, bordered and fringed with gold-lace; in winter, cloth, edged with fur, is substituted for the satin; and over the vest is worn a short grey jacket, chastely embroidered with black silk braid. The vest is confined to the waist by a *zurra*, in summer, of a silk Tripoli scarf; in winter, by a costly Cashmere shawl; and from under this, a long robe reaches to her ankles, and is divided into two long lapels, lined with satin and fringed with costly trimmings. This latter robe partially conceals the *shirwal*, or full trousers, which hang loosely over, and are fastened round the ankles; the tasty mixture of colors, and the graceful arrangement, renders the costume a perfect study.—*The Thisle and the Cedar of Lebanon*.

## WHAT COURTESY CAN WOMAN CLAIM.

There is an old saying that some people stand up so straight that they lean over on the other side. We are disposed to think that politeness to women in the United States, frequently partakes of this exaggeration. It is, for example, no uncommon thing, at Washington, for ladies to invade the floor of Congress, or drive the reporters from their seats. Every day gentlemen are expected to abandon their places in the omnibus in order to make room for new passengers of the opposite sex. If a popular divine is announced to preach, it is practically useless to attempt to hear him, unless you are a woman. At commencements, and other popular assemblages, the gentler sex have in like manner an apparently prescriptive right to a monopoly of all the room. What was originally yielded as a courtesy, is now claimed virtually as a right. The hearer in a coat is expected to make way, invariably, for the listener in petticoats, and is pronounced to be ill-bred, sullen, and selfish if he does not.

We are aware that we undertake a perilous enterprise, in speaking the plain truth upon this question. We even run a risk of being misrepresented. To guard against this, we desire to say distinctly, that we would have the sex always treated courteously. The fact that a woman can travel from Maine to Texas, not only without danger of being insulted, but with the certainty that she will receive, everywhere, considerate attention, is, deservedly, one of the brightest boasts of Americans. But while an unprotected female has a claim on every gentleman for aid, it does not follow, that at all times, and in all places, the one sex should make way for the other. A strong, healthy woman has no right to drive a weary, or perhaps feeble man from his seat in an omnibus. A mere fine lady has no right to in-

trude on a reporter's seat in the halls of Congress. A female auditor has no right to enter a church at the eleventh hour, expecting to obtain a place by turning some gentleman out. Wherever, in short, the male has the superior claim, whether from the demands of business, or otherwise, it is pushing politeness into absurdity for him to give way—it is presuming on true courtesy to expect him to do it.

We are not alone in this opinion. Every real lady holds it as firmly as we do. Nor are such ever guilty of the acts of which we speak. But a false public opinion having given to the sex a practical tyranny in this matter, many women take advantage of it—a minority, we are convinced; but yet a minority large enough to produce all the evils of which we complain. Generally, also, it is those who have least claim to drive out the gentleman, who most frequently exercise the prerogative. It is the religious gossip, always running after the latest pulpit "star," who stands furthest up the church aisle and looks daggers at any gentleman retaining his seat. It is the fashionable, giddy belle, talking through the whole session, who invades the floor of the Senate, or encroaches on the reporters' gallery. It is not generally the poor, tired work-woman, who has a mile or two to go before reaching home, who stops the crowded omnibus and enters, determined to have a seat—nor even the weary mother with a child in her arms, but most often the energetic, hearty female, with a full purse and an excellent conceit of herself, and, above and beyond all, the fixed idea that anybody in a round hat is "no gentleman," as she phrases it, who does not make way at once for her, though she perhaps has but a square or two to go, and he a dozen.

There is a just mean to be observed, however, and to that we would direct attention. In the main, men should give way to women, for the latter are less capable of enduring fatigue. No traveller can err, therefore, in endeavoring to make the journey as comfortable as possible to unprotected females. But no real lady will presume on this, of occupying with her shawls, or bundles, the space of three or four, crowding the gentlemen, if not compelling some of them to stand. At church, commencement, or other popular assemblies, females, who wish to be accommodated with seats, should go early, and, if they fail to do this, should make up their minds to retire, except in extraordinary cases, rather than deprive gentlemen of their seats. We neither defend churlishness in the one sex, nor selfish forwardness in the other. But, in point of fact, there is far less danger of the former, as things go, than of the latter. Hence it is that we speak. If we have been apparently more severe on the ladies than on the gentlemen, it is because their offence, in this particular, is the most frequent; but we can assure them, that, if ever the opposite evil gains the mastery, we shall lash our own sex more heartily, and with infinitely more unction.—*Ledger*.

## A DINNER PARTY IN HIGH LIFE.

A German, who accompanied the American Expedition to Japan, has written an account of his voyage, which is now in course of publication in the Augsburg Gazette, and enters more into details than any other narrative we have seen. The passages relate to a dinner, which was given by the Regent of the Loo-Choo Islands to the officers of the American Squadron:—

"The hall, in which the feast was to be given, had been prepared at a few feet from the gates of the town. The arms had been stacked and the cannon muzzled. The crew received extraordinary rations of grog, while the officers repaired to the place assigned for the feast. The hall was divided into three apartments, of which the one in the middle contained four tables for the eminent personages. These tables groaned under the weight of a remarkable quantity of small plates, filled with all kinds of eatables, quite encouraging to the appetite and of a most delicious taste, but which were altogether too delicate for the maws of a hungry mariner.

"Tea was served in exceedingly small cups, which servants were always on hand to fill. There was neither sugar nor milk in it, but out of regard for us they had provided some sugar candy. These were nothing but the preliminaries of the feast. The repast, properly so called, consisted of twelve kinds of soup, which, we were assured, was in Japan considered to be a royal repast. It is the custom there to have a feast, consisting of three, four or nine soups or services, according to the quality of the guests; but a dinner of twelve soups was the ne plus ultra of the consideration they could show a stranger.

"The food was put in small plates of the size of a saucer, and consisted of different kinds of meat, fish, vegetables and fried eggs; and, only think, there was a plate filled with the greatest delicacy of all—dog's meat. Do not believe for a moment that the animals which are used for this purpose in the Japanese kitchen resemble in any respect European quadrupeds of the same name. They are delicate little puppies, fattened for this purpose from the most tender age; and I frankly confess I have never eaten more agreeable or more succulent meat; the most fastidious epicure would have no fault to find with it.

"With the tea, they served us with jacky, a drink made of rice, and of a most delicious taste; but again without sugar. They poured it out of a pot placed on the table, and it was given to us in little Lilliputian cups, of the size of a thimble, made of china, which obliged us to get them filled up several times. This drink was not at all intoxicating, and I confess, for my part, I drank fifteen cups of it without feeling the slightest effect. It is quite remarkable, that all the meats are served up in

very small quantities, but they are handed around so often that in the end one is satisfied.

"To eat these luxuries, they had chop sticks on the table, a kind of sharp pointed ebony stick, such as the Chinese use, which they hold between the thumb and the third finger, and which they move about at pleasure. I performed my part very well for my first attempt; but to eat the soup, or rather the different kinds of soups, they managed to make, up for our European awkwardness, by giving us spoons made of China, whilst they used the chop sticks with great dexterity. Apart from these rather singular customs, in point of manners and refinement, there was nothing to complain of.

"Like all Oriental nations, the peculiarity of their tastes may at first strike us as rather out of the way; but we soon get accustomed to them, and, I believe, the American officers who accepted of their hospitality, had no reason to regret the reception they met with. We returned to the ships, highly delighted with the civilities of these grandees of Japan; and although they gave us dog's meat! to eat, no one said he had an appetite for any other delicacy! *Every one seemed satisfied!*"

**BAL MASQUE IN PARIS.**—Last evening I went to a *Bal Masque*, at the Grand Opera, merely as a spectator, and such a scene I never could have conceived! Imagine the whole of the stage and parquette of an immense theatre, floored over and converted into a brilliantly lighted ball-room, gorgeously decorated. Then imagine this floor filled by a thousand persons, male and female, in every grotesque disguise conceivable, dancing and talking in all kinds of jargon: cutting jokes and capers, until one fancies himself either in a Lunatic Asylum, or in Pandemonium. Again, imagine six tiers of richly furnished boxes, and every box filled with gentlemen and ladies in dominoes; thousands of black eyes sparkling behind masques, not a bit blacker and with none of their brilliancy—and thousands of tongues beneath these eyes, prattling incessantly; and not least, imagine Prince Murat, in the royal box, unmasked, and shaking his fat sides with constant laughter. Still imagine, behind these boxes, in every tier, spacious saloons and long lobbies, with a never-ending string of these same queer-looking dominoes, promenading through them, or reclining on lounges and chairs around their sides, and every where the same gay—exciting—but, to any one human, I should think, incomprehensible and stunning—Babel of Voices. And finally, imagine at every door, and along every lobby, and in every *Salon*, and throughout the ball-room, the stern mustachiod faces of the Imperial soldiers, keeping order, in perfect silence, but with drawn swords. Imagine these things, and see yourself, faintly, at the ball of the Grand Opera, in the time of the Carnival at Paris!—*Correspondence Pa. Inquirer.*

## THE WILD PIGEON.

BY C. W. WEBBER.

I have always thought the Passenger Pigeon ought to be emblazoned upon our national coat of arms along with the Bald Eagle. It is even a better type than that great bird, in some respects, of the American character. Indeed, if the comparison be elaborate, it will be found that the resemblances between us as a people, and this peculiarly indigenous production of our continent, is most remarkable. The Americans may be truly called the passenger pigeons of a new civilization—borne on the iron wings of steam! The suddenness of our migrations—the distances to which they are extended—the countless swarms in which we move—the tremendous changes wrought, as by magic, where we alight—the extraordinary disregard of individual life, which is lost in the general activity;—in one and all these marked peculiarities, we not alone closely resemble, but in several far surpass these birds! In utility, too, the resemblance is not less, for we are both, in the strictest sense, utilitarian in all our mass movements, and whether either of us be entirely aware of the good we do, yet somehow or other it seems that Providence makes us instrumental of much. I think these curious propositions will be perceived to have something of analogical truth in them when we have looked at the habits of the bird with an eye to such a contrast—and admitting at the same time the possibility that there may be points of comparison between a bird and the man, for my own part I think that such possibilities not only do exist, but that man is rather the honored party of the two—for while the act of the bird “answers mere nature,” that of the man is usually “on compulsion”—and so far as any integrity of volition on his part is concerned, seems to be most the result of accident in him—in a word, while man has created his own world of motives, and made to himself a “golden calf,” in California, God created the motives and the mast which lead the passenger pigeon to the great West.

Here we would take time to say to those astute doubters—who have been in the habit of setting down descriptions of the habits of the wild pigeon to the account of that ludicrous spirit of exaggeration for which the Western humor is notorious,—gentlemen, I entirely agree with you, it is impossible to believe such things without seeing them. You never saw the pigeons in your dove-cote behave so in your life; therefore, you may properly conclude the thing is all a delusion. Men are crazy who tell you these wild stories; your respectable sense cannot be expected to realize such absurdities on hearsay, any more than you believe these high-flown and extravagant stories about the new California pigeon roost. Tut! tut! this wild talk about millions of gold and hundreds of thousands of people flocking there and dying in armies, getting rich as fast, building

up great cities in one day, and burning them down the next, is all a delusion of the excited senses, and unworthy of belief by our respectable people. You never got rich in a day, nor did any of your children by accident ever do so; *therefore*, you disbelieve the whole story—most especially as not one of these flooding millions of gold has ever come directed to you. Now suppose I were to tell you that I have witnessed a perfect eclipse of a brilliant sunset for one half hour before that luminary had dipped behind the horizon, caused solely and entirely by the passing of a flock of pigeons, which continued to go by in apparently undiminished numbers, as long as the twilight lasted. Would you not vote me a shaven crown and a strait-jacket forthwith?

“There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,” &c.

The fact is, that people who live in this new world, as well as those who come to it, have got to accustom their credulity to taking pretty high gulphs occasionally, and if they cannot swallow the Mississippi for a morning draught to wash down a breakfast of alligators, in emulation of a river boatsman, they must at least modestly follow suit in the persevering cultivation of that gulletal capacity which a few years’ experience, out of sight of the smoke of their own chimneys, will show to be necessary to enable them to keep up with American wonders.

Turn a foreigner loose in a pigeon roost—he would stop his ears in consternation, and vow it was Niagara, only with the difference that it sounded more like an ocean falling out of heaven, than the St. Lawrence river.

I advise all rhetoricians who may find themselves engaged in piling up the “agony,” Pelion on Ossa, in search of some epithet to express a sound louder than thunder and deep bassed as the sea, to throw away his superlatives and call it “Pigeon Roost,” at once. It will simplify the image, and our people will then understand what he means.

I think I should be about as apt to forget my first interview with an earthquake as my introduction to a pigeon roost. It happened that a district of country, partly in the Barrens, and about ten miles from my father’s residence in Southern Kentucky, had been for many years resorted to by the pigeons. They never choose exactly the same locality for two successive times, but the location chosen was somewhere in that neighborhood, within the range of a number of miles. It often happened that no pigeons made their appearance for a number of years in succession, when the mast was scarce, but when it was heavy, their appearance was uniform.

Early in the Autumn small flocks begin to be seen, which fly very high and seldom alight—their power of vision being sufficient to enable them to judge of the quantity of mast beneath them as they thus pass. They are undoubtedly sent forward as scouts by the main body

to report upon the prospects ahead, before it should move in that direction.

These wild high-flyers are seen every year, whether the pigeons come in great numbers or not—and ah! what a time of jumping for joy, and scouring of old guns there was for me, when on some misty morning, a few days after, as I strained my eager gaze through the “roseate obscure,” that dark moving point I had watched, spread and spread, till at last I saw the golden sunrise flashed from their high wings, and the cry “they come! they come!” is drowned in the rush and roar, as they sweep like a heavy cloud of arrows over me.

“It is settled now!” and I catch a long breath as the cold current of air they draw with them passes over. The first great flock that follows the little ones that come first, shows that we are to have a “pigeon year.”

Hurrah! hurrah! Now for fun! Yonder come other flocks—three—four—five—six! They are flying low! They will light near here! See them stoop down towards those tall old bushes and oaks on the river bank—they pass them and rise up again with such a graceful sweep, all their dark azure backs turned towards us—round they wheel now, as the “cloud turns out its silvery lining to the night,” all their white breasts flash out upon us, round and round; how like one creature they do whirl, as if a single will but guided them all. Now the steady sweep is pausing; they are all together—a few short flappings, and they have alighted.

What a magical change! The green boughs that waved in easy lines sway and bend beneath the sudden weight, glistening with burnished purple, gold and green, and all alive with shifting, restless, half-spread wings! Oh! to be in forty paces of that burdened tree with my double-barrel! And now pop, pop, pop, bang, bang, boom! The whole town is alive and firing away like a besieged place. Every musket, duck-gun, bird-gun, double-barrel, horse-pistol, and pop-gun, is hauled out from its rusty, dusty, musty dormitory, charged nearly to the muzzle, is let off, it matters not how or in what direction, so that it but add a quota to the wild hella-bulloo of welcome to the pigeons. All this multifarious artillery is supposed to be fired at the legions passing overhead, but, as they seem to take no notice of it, we will let it pass for supposition.

Sometimes they open their ranks a little, and swerve as if in courtesy they would give free passage to the exhausted shot. Then it would be amusing to see the next flock swerve, too, and then the next, and the next, when they get to that place, as though they could never do sufficient honor to the messages of greeting from below.

Now away to the forest! How strange it looks, bowed and heaving with this weight of feathered life upon it—it seems and sounds like a vexed ocean. Fire into that heaped oak.

The roar of their rising wings, deafens you while the bent trees leap up erect for many a rood around. Thump, thump, flutter, flutter! Hear them fall, the dead and wounded—fifteen, twenty, thirty, even, strew the ground. All around, the same scenes are going on. Groups of boys, negroes, men, half-dozen to one old rusty blunderbuss, throng the brown woods, in every direction. Beech-nuts, acorns, wild-grapes, patter down in one incessant hail. The air is filled with floating feathers. It is load and fire again, load and fire as they come back, circling in great eddies round and round the trees from whence they have just been disturbed. Above the roaring of their wings, as they alight, you can distinguish a busy sound, emitted by the birds, which is the melody of all this uproar—the undertone of its hoarse bass. This scene of constant slaughter continues until nearly eleven o'clock, when they, being gorged with food, retire to perch, scattered, lower down in the trees for quiet and to digest their food. Here the sport, or rather butchery, of the morning ends, for they are not so easily approached now as when feeding, and the sportsman, whether of high or low degree, is satisfied with having killed two or three bushels.

This is pigeon-shooting by daylight, but to give you some more definite idea of their numbers, as seen even at this time, we will quote from Mr. Audubon his rough estimate and off-hand observations of their numbers, in riding through Kentucky, at his leisure, on horse-back:—

“In the Autumn of 1813, I left my house, at Henderson, on the banks of the Ohio, on my way to Louisville. In passing over the Barrens, a few miles beyond Hardensburgh, I observed the pigeons flying, from north-east to south-west, in greater numbers than I thought I had ever seen them before, and feeling an inclination to count the flocks that might pass within the reach of my eye in one hour, I dismounted, seated myself on an eminence, and began to mark with my pencil, making a dot for every flock that passed. In a short time, finding the task which I had undertaken impracticable, as the birds poured in, in countless multitudes, I rose, and counting the dots then put down, found that one hundred and sixty-three had been made in twenty-one minutes. I travelled on, and still met more the farther I proceeded. The air was literally filled with pigeons; the light of noonday was obscured as by an eclipse, and the continued buzz of wings had a tendency to lull my senses to repose.

“Whilst waiting for dinner, at Young’s inn, at the confluence of Salt River with the Ohio, I saw, at my leisure, immense legions, still going by, with a front reaching far beyond the Ohio on the west, and the beechwood forests directly on the east of me. Not a single bird alighted, for not a nut or acorn was that year to be seen in the neighborhood. They, conse-

quently, flew so high that different trials to reach them with a capital rifle proved ineffectual, nor did the reports disturb them in the least. I cannot describe to you the extreme beauty of their aerial evolutions, when a hawk chanced to press upon the rear of a flock. At once, like a torrent, and with a noise like thunder, they rushed into a compact mass, pressing upon each other towards the centre. In these almost solid masses, they darted forward in undulating and angular lines, descended and swept close over the earth with inconceivable velocity, mounted perpendicularly so as to resemble a vast column, and, when high, were seen wheeling and twisting within their continued lines, which then resembled the coils of a gigantic serpent.

"Before sunset, I reached Louisville, distant from Hardensburgh fifty-five miles. The pigeons were still passing in undiminished numbers, and continued to do so for three days in succession. The people were all in arms. The banks of the Ohio were crowded with men and boys, incessantly shooting at the pilgrims, which there flew lower as they passed the river. Multitudes were thus destroyed. For a week, or more, the population fed on no other flesh than that of pigeons, and talked of nothing but pigeons. The atmosphere, during this time, was strongly impregnated with the peculiar odor which emanates from the species.

"It may not, perhaps, be out of place to attempt an estimate of the number of pigeons contained in one of those mighty flocks, and of the quantity of food daily consumed by its members. The enquiry will tend to show the astonishing bounty of the Great Author of Nature in providing for the wants of His creatures. Let us take a column of one mile in breadth, which is far below the average size, and suppose it passing over us without interruption for three hours, at the rate above of one mile in a minute. This will give us a parallelogram of one hundred and eighty miles by one, covering one hundred and eighty square miles. Allowing two pigeons to the square yard, we have one billion, one hundred and fifteen millions, one hundred and thirty-six thousand pigeons in one flock. As every pigeon daily consumes fully half a pint of food, the quantity necessary for supplying this vast multitude must be eight millions, seven hundred and twelve thousand bushels per day."

But these are only such scenes as are witnessed by the garish eye of common day. It is the night scene that we want—the pigeon-roost! Ho! for the pigeon-roost! Cart, tent, horses, negroes, a friend or so, with good store of substantial "creature comfort" provided, plenty of ammunition, cloaks, blankets, guns, &c.—we are ready!

Ah! what an exhilarating moment—my first visit to the pigeon-roost! I bounded into my saddle as if I, too, wore wings. The distance was between eight and ten miles, and we so calculated our hour of starting as to

reach the scene a little before sundown. The last half of the ride we found the road thronged with people, all moving the same way, and pigeons, if not literally in every mouth, were, at least, upon every tongue—some with wagons, some with carts, some with baskets, some with meal-bags—and the arms! they defy description!

About an hour before sundown, you see here and there a small flock of scouts. Soon these disappear. Now the excited senses are roused on the alert. The eye roams restlessly here and there around the horizon—nothing to be seen with life except a solitary hawk, passing high above, with steady flappings. You may know, from the direction it which it heads that it has scented slaughter upon the breeze. As it grows later, a scattered flock of coward crows may be seen streaming silently on the same course. They go to batten, to-morrow, with the vultures and other unclean things, upon the slain. They are afraid to caw—they are awed out of their usual impudent clamors. Nature seems to be holding her breath. There is not a sound to be heard. Everything seems to wait—listening for the great coming. The dead silence fatigues your impatience. The sun is getting low. You are nearly within hearing of the roosting-place, and yet no sound.

The horses prick their ears—ha! what now? What strange sound is that? It is heavy—is it a tornado coming? What a deep-veiled roar! The sounds of wave, wind, and forest are all commingled with the rumbling of wheels like worlds! Ho, here they come! The black cloud has passed before the sun—his burnished shield is darkened and the glowing sky fades out. The full burst of the deafening volume of that vast sound is borne upon you overwhelmingly with a current of fresh air strong enough to swerve you in the saddle. They are over us! We pause in speechless amazement. Heavens! what a sight! Half the sky is obscured. On, on, with a smooth, impetuous flow, as the liquid drops of mighty rivers glide, now filling the stunned sense with the tremendous silence of their passing. When will it cease? Is it one of the everlasting floods? We gaze until the real night is gathering around us, and now move on to the camping-ground. We stop within the limits of the roost, to pitch our tent, and make other preparations for the night's work. We can barely hear each other speak, by shouting at the top of our voices. You might conjecture from this that we were in a noisy neighborhood. In occasional lulls we would hear, by way of variety, oaths, yells, cries of anger, and of mirth, and shouts, mingled with the barking of dogs, and neighing of horses, which showed that our co-workers in the intended massacre were flocking in; and over all, the owl welcomed the deepening shadows, with his shout of gloomy glee. Our camp-fire, blazing high, reveals fitfully many a cu-



rious group around us, eagerly hurrying their preparations in the dark.

Our supper over; our horses secured; our guns ready, we are off into the heart of the roost; for now the uproar has become so exciting, that we are already as near half mad as we are deaf. What are all those flashes, here and there, in the dark?

"Guns! you silly fellow!" the friend at my elbow, yelled in my ear.

"Guns?" I screamed, in a sort of asthmatic despair. "Guns! I can't hear any!"

"Hear 'em! you couldn't hear a cannon!"

But I did hear, like a whispered screech, the scamp's convulsive laughter.

Here we are among them! Look at that huge, low black mass—it looks like a great wall, several acres wide. One, two, three, fire! in platoon. I hear no sound—surely our guns missed fire; stunned and amazed, it seems a wild dream—that black, heavy-looking wall springs up like magic, and a tall wood is there—while, with a noise of wings, that made the earth tremble, lifting themselves into the dusky air—filling it confusedly as snow-flakes fill the dimmed moonlight of a winter's storm—the birds nearest us move off; but myriads take their places; and, while we rush in with lanterns, and with torches, to gather up the dead and wounded, the young wood is bowed again into our very faces; and, lifting our lights we can see the birds, clinging in hundreds, to the limbs within our reach—their bright, black eyes dazzled by the glare, and they, uttering that soft, mellow cry, with a quick, incessant iteration.

What a shame it was to murder them—they looked so innocent, with their fair bosoms and gleaming necks! But a pigeon roost is no place to make monodies on mercy. Thump, crash, our negroes are among them with long poles, short, heavy sticks, and clubs; they beat them down, as the farmer thrashes down his fruit.

It is getting dangerous beneath these trees; the birds are piled one on another, three or four deep, and see, still they are alighting—we fire again; horrible carnage! Hundreds have fallen! Let us move away to another part of the scene. As we pass along, our way is impeded by the fallen trees and great limbs; indeed, we see them falling, and yet we do not hear the crash. By this time my senses are so bewildered and excited, that I scarcely know myself, my friends, where I am, or what I am doing. Every minute we meet parties, staggering past, under the loads of their slain—the noiseless flashing of the guns around us, is like that of fire-flies in a summer's evening. Hundreds and hundreds of guns are there, doing that work of murder.

Just above the tops of the trees, over our heads, are pouring incessantly two broad and heavy currents, which pass each other without confusion, though all is confusion worse confounded beneath them; they are

passing from one part of the roost, which is over five miles in length, to the other, and so this tremendous Babel is continued till long after midnight.

Towards three o'clock the sounds have lulled, the birds have become wearied, and must have rest. Now, the broad, round moon is up, and you may see them, heaped in black cones, against the sky, on some stubborn oak, still as death, except that low, soft cry, heard now and then. This is the time when the cruellest carnage commences—they cling obstinately to their roosts, and men slaughter them in wagon loads, with poles and sticks. What an awful change it is, to this deep silence and the solemn moonlight! We came out from the wooded lands on to the Barrens, which were covered with long prairie grass, and a scattered growth of black-jacks. Here we found the grass pressed down as smooth as a floor, by the superincumbent weight of near three inches of the ordure of the birds, as well as that of their own bodies. They rose in myriads before us, veiling that glittering moon. The black-jacks were piled like solid heaps. For experiment, we fired a single musket, heavily loaded, into one of the densest of these, and actually picked up a hundred and fifty dead and wounded birds, as the result.

Thoroughly exhausted, as well as chilled by the morning air, we retreat, shivering, to our camp-fire, and our tent. As we, the wholesale slaughterers, leave the scene, the wolves, the foxes, the raccoons, the opossums, the minks, the weasels, the snakes, the hawks, the owls, the crows, the vultures, all sneak in to take their share. The farmers, for miles around, turn in their droves of hogs, to craunch their share, too, of the bloody feast. Sick with the reaction of my long excitement, I sink in utter exhaustion on our blanket-beds, to dream of pigeon roosts and Pandemonium!

Our article is already too long; we will merely mention, in conclusion, that the breeding-places of these birds are upon quite as vast a scale as their roosts; and are, in many respects, full as curious. We have not time to describe one of these places now. We regard this wonderful bird as the direct means, in the economy of Nature, by which the growth and distribution of mast-bearing forest trees has been principally equalized upon this continent; while they can fly from Charleston to New York, with rice gathered in the former place still undigested in their crops, it needs no prophet to tell us the meaning and necessity of these great massacres, since every bird destroyed, with half a pint of acorns or beech-nuts undigested in its crop, leaves just so much seed wherever it may fall, to spring up again in oak and beech-trees; while they enrich the land wherever they may pass.

When our desires are fulfilled to the very letter, we always find some mistake which renders them anything but what we expected.

## THE LADY ROWENA.

*See engraving.*

[One of our engravings this month is taken from Lippincott, Grambo & Co's. handsomely illustrated edition of the Waverley Novels. The Lady Rowena is well remembered by all the readers of "Ivanhoe." She is thus described on making her appearance in the banquetting hall, and coming first under the ardent gaze of Brian de Bois-Guilbert.]

When the repast was about to commence, the major-domo, or steward, suddenly raising his wand, said aloud,—“Forbear!—Place for the Lady Rowena.” A side-door at the upper end of the hall now opened behind the banquet-table, and Rowena, followed by four female attendants, entered the apartment. Cedric, though surprised, and perhaps not altogether agreeably so, at his ward appearing in public on this occasion, hastened to meet her, and to conduct her, with respectful ceremony, to the elevated seat at his own right hand, appropriated to the lady of the mansion. All stood up to receive her; and, replying to their courtesy by a mute gesture of salutation, she moved gracefully forward to assume her place at the board. Ere she had time to do so, the Templar whispered to the Prior, “I shall wear no collar of gold of yours at the tournament. The Chian wine is your own.”

“Said I not so?” answered the Prior; “but check your raptures, the Franklin observes you.”

Unheeding this remonstrance, and accustomed only to act upon the immediate impulse of his own wishes, Brian de Bois-Guilbert kept his eyes riveted on the Saxon beauty, more striking perhaps to his imagination, because differing widely from those of the Eastern sultanas.

Formed in the best proportions of her sex, Rowena was tall in stature, yet not so much so as to attract observation on account of superior height. Her complexion was exquisitely fair, but the noble cast of her head and features prevented the insipidity which sometimes attaches to fair beauties. Her clear blue eye, which sate enshrined beneath a graceful eyebrow of brown sufficiently marked to give expression to the forehead, seemed capable to kindle as well as melt, to command as well as to beseech. If mildness were the more natural expression of such a combination of features, it was plain that, in the present instance, the exercise of habitual superiority, and the reception of general homage, had given to the Saxon lady a loftier character, which mingled with, and qualified that bestowed by nature. Her profuse hair, of a color betwixt brown and flaxen, was arranged in a fanciful and graceful manner in numerous ringlets, to form which art had probably aided nature. These locks were braided with gems, and being worn at full length, intimated the noble and free-born condition of the maiden. A golden chain, to

which was attached a small reliquary of the same metal, hung round her neck. She wore bracelets on her arms, which were bare. Her dress was an under-gown and kirtle of pale sea-green silk, over which hung a long loose robe, which reached to the ground, having very wide sleeves, which came down, however, very little below the elbow. This robe was crimson, and manufactured out of the very finest wool. A veil of silk, interwoven with gold, was attached to the upper part of it, which could be, at the wearer's pleasure, either drawn over the face and bosom after the Spanish fashion, or disposed as a sort of drapery round the shoulders.

When Rowena perceived the Knight Templar's eyes bent on her with an ardor, that, compared with the dark caverns under which they moved, gave them the effect of lighted charcoal, she drew with dignity the veil around her face, as an intimation that the determined freedom of his glance was disagreeable. Cedric saw the motion and its cause.

“Sir Templar,” said he, “the cheeks of our Saxon maidens have seen too little of the sun to enable them to bear the fixed glance of a crusader.”

“If I have offended,” replied Sir Brian, “I crave your pardon,—that is, I crave the Lady Rowena's pardon,—for my humility will carry me no lower.”

“The Lady Rowena,” said the Prior, “has punished us all, in chastising the boldness of my friend. Let me hope she will be less cruel to the splendid train which are to meet at the tournament.”

## OH! WELCOME YE THE STRANGER.

BY WM. GILMORE SIMMS.

Oh! welcome ye the stranger,  
And think, if e'er you rove,  
How sweet in foreign lands must be  
The voice that proffers love!  
How sweet when sad delaying,  
Where Fate compels to roam,  
If stranger lips should welcome give  
And sweetly sing of home.

Oh! welcome ye the stranger,  
For still, whate'er his gain,  
How much in dear ones lost to sight,  
Must be his spirit's pain!  
His smiles but ill betoken  
The heart within his breast,  
That silent beats with hopes deferr'd  
And fears that will not rest.

Oh! welcome ye the stranger,  
To whom your hearth shall bring  
The image of his own, and show  
Each dear one in the ring;  
And as your song ascending  
Wakes memories sweet of yore,  
He'll think of her he left behind,  
Whose song hath bless'd before.

## MORE PEDESTRIANIZING.

BY THOS. E. VAN BEBBER.

The little town of Baden, with its four thousand inhabitants, is interesting in more respects than one. Part of its attraction is no doubt owing to its thirteen warm fountains, each of a different degree of temperature, so that the patient may choose the one best suited to his disease, or most agreeable to his feelings. Around it tower seven fir-darkened mountains, like so many Titans or earth-born giants; and beside it, the wild Oelbach, a young mountain stream, as yet untamed by loitering through the plain, tumbles and dances with turbulent joy over rocks of granite. The bracing breath of the mountain blows through and over it, and altogether the whole environment of the place is singularly attractive and romantic.

But to visit a bathing-place after the season is over, is like walking through a forest after the fall of the autumnal leaves. Besides, when we arrived, we were tired, hungry, and thirsty. Weinbrenner's landscape gardening, his parks and architectural designs, were all lost on us. After dinner things looked a little brighter. Still, there was something wanting: it was neither solitude nor society. The fashionable birds of passage had fittted off flock after flock, and the few that remained had neither spirit or melody. The "conversation-house" still stood in the park, with a double row of booths around it; but the one was no longer cheered by merriment, or the other gladdened by the approach of purchasers. In spite of our good dinner, everything looked dull and leaden. So much does the charm of life depend on times and seasons.

The shop-doors were mostly closed—many locked—the gentry seemed out of all proportion to the mechanics and tradesmen. In the thermometer of spirits the mercury sunk below the yawning-point.

The next morning was Sunday, and things began to brighten in their aspect. There was a Sabbath stillness about the little town, which was in full accordance with the day. Everything we heard and saw was tranquilizing. We listened to the church service in English, and thus had the double pleasure of hearing once more our native language, and of participating in the form of worship to which we had been accustomed from infancy. All this was the more delightful from having been unexpected.

We remained at Baden only long enough to take a hasty glimpse at its environs, and to convince ourselves that the place had not obtained its reputation without deserving it. Even the ancient Romans were attracted by the spot, and when the waves of Roman dominion ebbed away from these mountains, they left behind them storied slabs and sculptured marbles, which, becoming in time fossil re-

mains, are now gazed upon by the antiquary with as much interest as are sea-shells found on mountain-tops by the naturalist. Here have been dug up and preserved in a public museum, altar-stones, monumental inscriptions, and lettered slabs. The traveller gazes upon them with more delight than he would on viewing the same objects in Italy. They are the boulder-stones of an inundation which has long since passed away. They transport the imagination back to Pagan times. And from the fact that one of these disinterred altar-stones having in it the head of an Apollo, surrounded by aquatic plants, drinking-horns and emblematic animals, it has been supposed that here was anciently the seat of an oracle.

No doubt those thirteen health-giving fountains had at that time their naiads, in whose honor no blood was spilt save that of the goat. This portion of the classic mythology is the least offensive to a Christian. All that relates to the worship of the deities who presided over fountains has a delicacy and purity about it which is quite fascinating. The crystal springs and limpid well-heads over which these genii presided seemed to purify the imagination; and as the sight of one of these shadowy beings was considered inauspicious—nay, even of power to strike the beholder with delirium—so, the sculptor usually represented them as beautiful virgins more or less veiled from view, with only the upper and nobler portion of the figure exposed—the head crowned with garlands of flowers and festoons of rushes—and holding in their hands vases, or antique pitchers, or gracefully rounded urns, from which they seemed pouring streams of fresh water. And even now, all friends of temperance and of chastity in word and deed, may gaze with unalloyed pleasure upon all such relics of a form of religion so different from our own. Even now, the traveller, without being accused of idolatry, may in passing exclaim, "Honor, not worship, to the beautiful nymphs, naiads, and oreads, who presided of yore over mount, fountain and forest."

But not only are classic foot-prints found in and around Baden, but the whole environment of the place is rendered venerable by the remains of the middle ages. Mouldering cloisters, ancient convents, antique cemeteries, ruined abbays, dilapidated feudal towers, all these are found here in abundance. Proofs of the dominion of Papal as well as of heathen Rome may be reached by following at random any winding foot-path, or threading the course of any mountain torrent. From the gloom of dark evergreens you come upon the Convent of Lichtenthal, and entering its still darker and gloomier church, you find yourself suddenly among tombs, skeletons bedizened with jewels, and the perpetual twilight of painted windows. You are reminded too, that there were "giants in those days;" for in this secluded mountain-church may still be seen the statue of the

Margrave Rudolph the Long, stretched out in colossal proportions, at full length and in full panoply on his marble bed of death. He died in 1372.

Poised upon a dizzy eminence to the northward of the town stands the huge old castle of the Princes—the loftiest and most commanding eagle's nest of all. And as though the rock on which it stands, were not high and not airy enough for its aspirations, it reaches up ever higher and higher, until the heads of some who have attempted to scale its tottering staircases have reeled with vertigo.

And what a prospect from its summit! Far finer and wilder than any picture by Salvator Rosa. The morning we ascended it was one peculiarly favorable for seeing it in its full glory. All along the range of the Black Forest, the mountain seemed to be mustering all his vapors and thunder-clouds, presenting an ever-shifting panorama.

The view divided itself into two parts; in one, the eye roamed over mountain-peaks and gorges—peak behind peak and defile opening into defile—wild, chaotic, labyrinthine; in the other, over the far-stretching valley of the Rhine. Standing on that old tower, the spectator had on one side the most rugged sublimity, and on the other the most dream-exciting beauty; the one was sombre and frowning, the other luminous and elysian. And as if to make the contrast the more striking, all the open country of the Rhine Valley lay in the full radiance of sunlight. The storm-clouds of the mountain did not cast even a shadow on it.

But what pleased me most of all was a black Cloud-Bridge which extended in wonderful grandeur across a deep ravine in the distance—the two ends of its single arch resting upon the heads of two opposite peaks—whilst between them, and far beyond the span of this vapory Rialto, stretching away ever further back and dimmer, extended other mountain-borers, and other sky-piercing needles, and other and still more shadowy mountain-tops.

We gazed long, and with intense delight, upon this cloudy suspension bridge, over which it seemed to us that the god of thunder was driving his car, as ever and anon we could hear a low rolling and rumbling from that direction. At last the winds swept it away—both bridge and car—and then turning our eyes Rhinewards, we took in at a single glance the two provinces of Alsace and Baden, with all their towns, castles and villages without number, and the noble river itself—the whole of this side of the picture gleaming in the rays of the sun, waves sparkling, spires blazing, red roofs glimmering—a prospect of inconceivable extent and unimaginable brightness.

From Baden to Karlsruhe we travelled, not on foot, but in a hired carriage. Our legs were still firm and our feet unblistered, and I can scarcely tell why it was we made this break or hiatus in our adopted mode of travel, as we had not done so on any former pedestrian ex-

cursion. Perhaps it arose from indolence; or, perhaps, after our ups and downs among the mountains, the beaten highway looked too tame for us. Be that as it may, between those two cities we journeyed a few feet *above* the earth instead of, as on former occasions, Antæus-like, *touching* it. And the consequence is that I know no more of the whole tract of country passed over than if I had made the journey in total darkness.

But why look *outside* of a carriage or stage coach when one has a pleasing subject of contemplation *within*. No landscape or succession of landscapes could compare in fascination with that warm heart-picture. It had altogether a human interest, and might be seen to as much advantage on a cloudy day as on a fair.

What an Elysium they must have had of it! In short, we had for travelling companions an Englishman and his bride—both young, both handsome, journeying together on the continent for the first time!

With such a spectacle before me, could I, think you, or could *you*, young unmarried reader, do anything else but gaze upon it—but study it? So delicate, in fact, were the coloring and shading of the picture, that it needed some study to appreciate the full beauty and enchantment of it. Those nicely pencilled half-tints of emotion, *his* quiet attentions, *her* unaffected but unobtrusive signs of devotion—the full and perfect felicity they seemed to enjoy in each other's society—the confiding frankness so beautifully tempered by a certain English reserve which characterized their whole intercourse—it was lovely. Had it been a German bride and bridegroom, we would have seen billing and cooing and hand-squeezing enough. *They* never once overstepped the modesty of nature. Diana-like, that fair bride may, for aught I know, have stooped over her Endymion, by moonlight, to kiss him whilst sleeping and unobserved by mortal eye, but before strangers and in a public vehicle, *never*.

I wish I could express my meaning better. There was to me at the time a strange attraction and at the same time a mystery about the sight, of which I find it difficult to convey an idea. In some wonderful manner, each being seemed to keep in its own sphere, and yet both together to constitute but *one* sphere. The one was a fine specimen of manly English beauty, without the aid of any hirsute excrescences: the other of feminine loveliness (equally English in its type), without any touches of sickly tenderness or over-meltingness. He seemed a man of strong practical sense, with a head well stored with facts and statistics; she full—but not *too* full—of poetic images and kindly emotions. He dealt in figures of arithmetic; she in fresh but unaffected figures of speech. The two heads together formed a full-orbed human intellect.

Often I would shut my eyes, and feign

sleep, but it was only in reality to meditate on them. And, whenever I did so, I seemed to see with my "mind's eye" a celestial globe painted all over with beautiful imagery and most fascinating coloring—these belonged to her—and all marked over with circles, planes, meridians, and graduated mathematical lines and figures—these were his. But no sooner did I open my eyes again than each sphere seemed revolving in its own proper orbit, held together by indissoluble but invisible ties, with something *lunar* about her, and about him a lustre mildly *solar*.

Such looks as they often bestowed upon each other! One such quick-rolling glance expressed a whole volume of quiet devotion. Each seemed perfectly transparent to the other. There could not have been the slightest shade of concealment or falseness. It seemed to me the purest *clair-voyance* of conjugal affection I had ever before witnessed. And once, when her eye, usually so lovingly joyous, appeared for a moment to be brimming with a passing shade of pensiveness—perhaps produced by a flitting vision of sorrow which *might* come and which she knew *would* come—she seemed to hold to him the relationship of the rainbow to the sun, and that her very tears from him derived their radiance and lustre.

Two unpleasant circumstances put an end to these delightful reveries. The first was, that just as we were entering the little town of Carlsruhe, out rolled the Grand Ducal equipage with its four dashing bays, preceded by two liveried outriders, one of whom advanced to our coachman, and ordered him in a low voice and in a most authoritative manner to get out of the way. This was the more provoking as we did not happen to be in the least in the Grand Duke's way, the road being quite broad enough for half a dozen vehicles to pass and repass without jostling. This would never have occurred in entering either Paris or Vienna. "A little brief authority" was, I suppose, at the bottom of it. It jarred equally upon our republican pride and upon the monarchical independence of our interesting companions.

The second source of vexation was that very common one with travellers, viz., a quarrel with the coachman on the score of the fare. The dispute ran high; he referred it to the arbitration of the landlord; he, as was to be expected, sided with the coachman—it ended in our being obliged to pay.

But our host made ample amends by placing before us a most delightful repast, and we arose from the table in the best of possible humors with the landlord himself, with the coachman, with his Highness the Grand Duke, with his liveried outriders, and in short with the universal world. Such virtue is there in the united effect of youth, appetite, fine health, and a juicy beefsteak, with all the necessary accompaniments.

Carlsruhe is, I believe, not generally much admired by travellers. It wants the bustle and metropolitan grandeur of a large city. It is small; not containing as many as 20,000 inhabitants. But, being the residence of the court, it has a certain aristocratic stateliness and quiet gaiety about it, which for a short time might be pleasing to a meditative wanderer. It is a city of orderly habits—a well-behaved and extremely decorous city. There are too many grand-ducal bayonets about it to be otherwise. An air of quietude hangs around and broods over it. The very name signifies this. Charles Rest! Carlsruhe! Has it not a sweet, peaceful sound?

For we are told that a certain Margrave Charles William, one day hunting in the forest, rested on the trunk of a prostrate tree. This was the origin of the town. A bronze pyramid now marks the spot in the centre of one of the market places, where during life he reposed from the fatigues of the chase, and beneath which his mortal remains are now wrapped in the still deeper and more undisturbed repose of death. Peace be with them, and may peace for ever brood over that courtly little city to which they belong.

If Philadelphia be noted for the mathematical regularity of her streets, Carlsruhe, on a small scale, deserves to be much more so. It is more regular than a spider's web or a cart-wheel. I will endeavor to give some idea of it. And in order the better to understand my description, the reader will be pleased to aid me with a little geometry and a little imagination—a small portion of either, however, will answer.

Conceive then in the first place a tall, grand ducal palace standing upon a gentle eminence: and from this as a central point let straight lines like spokes radiate towards all points of the compass. On one side of the Palace, these straight lines constitute streets, and on the other the avenues of the ducal park or forest. Now the castle standing in this manner between the wood and the city, a spectator, stationed on its tower, will naturally be able to dart his eye down all the aforementioned streets and down all the woodland avenues. But the mathematical figure does not end here. These straight radiating lines are cut by circular ones—by a series of wheels within a wheel, or concentric rings, one side of each intersection being urban, one side sylvan; or in other words, one segment of each circle is *street*, the other a *wood-shaded* avenue. The whole arrangement has been compared to a double fan.

Is there not something poetical in this? Contemplating it, is like studying a perfectly regular, and, at the same time, thought-teeming sonnet. You can take it in at a glance, and yet it suggests much more than you take in. Wood and town are united in one system, in one orderly and beautiful whole. One half has its green leaves and its chequered shadows;

the other, its stately mansions and humming market-places: one half the favorite haunt of meditation and leisurely sauntering; the other of buying, selling, and the transaction of business. We might call it a beautiful species of wedlock, almost as pleasing to contemplate as the warmer and more heart-enlisting one, the observation of which had delighted me so much during the journey from Baden to Carlsruhe.

I shall mention one more circumstance in connexion with this little court residence, and then pass on. In the centre of the Ducal Palace the traveller is introduced into a pavilion hung around with mirrors from floor to ceiling. These mirrors are so arranged that though their surfaces form angles of vision with each other, none of the rays, either of reflection or incidence, fall upon or pass through the central point of the apartment. The consequence is, that a person walking across and around the circular hall, sees his own image reflected on all sides and in every possible shape, except when he stands or sits in this forementioned centre. This spot is perfectly imageless and unegotistic. Did the artist or optician, think you, who planned this novel chamber of magic, intend thereby to convey the good moral lesson, that in every man's mind there should be an inmost and central point, where the idea of *self* should not enter, and to which he should sometimes retire to hold communion—not with the world or with the world reflections of himself—but with a Higher Power, in the contemplation of whom, *self* should be entirely annihilated?

### VARIETIES.

It has been discovered that feathers unskillfully cured and put into beds, are deadly to persons of weak lungs sleeping upon them.

The Boston Post says:—"There are thirteen thousand marriageable girls now in the factories of Lowell. It is pleasant to know in this world of misery that there are thirteen thousand men yet to be made happy."

The year 1854 begins and ends on Sabbath—there are five months in the year that contain five Sabbaths, and there are fifty-three Sabbaths in the year. Such a coincidence will not occur again for twenty-eight years.

Our friend B— was travelling lately in the cars, when a man came up and asked for his fare. "Who are you?" said B—. "I? My name's Wood, and I'm the conductor." "Oh!" says B—, very quietly, "that can't be, for *wood* is a non-conductor."

A lady, a regular "shopper," who had made an unfortunate clerk tumble over all the stockings in the shop—they were fall goods—objected that none were long enough. "I want the very longest hose that are made." "Then, madam, you had better apply to the next engine house."

He that hath a trade, hath an estate; and he that hath a calling, hath a place of profit and honor. A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees.

Ladies, who have a disposition to punish their husbands, should bear in mind that a little warm sunshine will melt an icicle much quicker than a regular north-easter.

General Wolfe overhearing a young officer say, in a very familiar manner, "Wolfe and I drank a bottle of wine together," replied, "I think you might say General Wolfe." "No," replied the subaltern, with happy presence of mind, "did you ever hear of General Achilles or General Cæsar?"

### GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Nothing sets so wide a mark between a vulgar and a noble soul, as the respect and reverential love of woman-kind. A man who is always sneering at woman is generally a coarse profligate or a coarser bigot.

Would you be exempt from uneasiness, do nothing you know or suspect to be wrong; and if you wish to enjoy the purest pleasure, do everything in your power that you are convinced is right.

"In the heraldry of Heaven," writes Bishop Horn, "goodness precedes greatness, so on earth it is often more powerful. The lowly and the loving may often do more in their own limited sphere than the gifted."

The best heater to resist winter with, is a benevolent heart. Capitalists who have tried coal stoves and failed, will please take notice. A load of wood given to a poor person, warms you almost as much as it does him.

God suffers a Christian to be wronged, that he may exercise his patience, and commands a Christian to forgive the wrong, that he may exercise his charity; so that a wrong done him, may do him a double courtesy. Thus evil works for good.

A character should retain always the upright vigor of manliness; not let itself be bent and fixed in any specific form. It should be like an upright elastic tree, which bends, accommodating a little to each wind on every side, but never loses its spring and self-dependent vigor.

It is far from being true, in the progress of knowledge, that after every failure we must re-commence from the beginning. Every failure is a step to success; every detection of what is false directs us towards what is true; every trial exhausts some tempting form of error. Not only so; but scarcely any attempt is entirely a failure; scarcely any theory, the result of steady thought, is altogether false; no tempting form of error is without some latent charm derived from truth.

## EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

## A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A LADY EDITOR —

The editor of the Mother's Journal, published in this city, gives, in a pleasant, cheerful way, the following sketch of a single day's duties, editorial and domestic: "First, in the morning read six pages of proof of Journal, and wrote a note to the printer. Superintended baking of pies and bread, and received a morning call from a friend. Adjusted two sleeping apartments, and prepared the children for school. Wrote a circular for the next volume of the Journal. Assisted in putting a spread on the frame, and marking it for quilting. Examined several business letters, and sent off numbers, ordered by new subscribers, to Post Office. Wrote a second note to the printer. Ironed a dress. Wrote two long letters to agents. Finished off a garment, previously commenced for one of the children. Looked over, and put to the proper places, the family washing. Adjusted names on subscription list—and compared accounts, &c., contained in five letters received by evening mail; besides answering to the oft-repeated, 'Mother!' which came from the lips of three children, who have as many requests for 'mother,' as any three in the State, besides the little wifely duties which came in to fill spaces; the contrivings of 'what is for tea and for breakfast, ma'am,' and the shadows of inquiries about to-morrow's dinner, which is to be shared with guests."

Nor is this all. The lady editor cannot escape, any more than her brother of the quill, the requirements of her office; and even unto the approach of the "small hours," must she at times ply the instrument of her calling. Hear her in conclusion:

"Our readers, after having toiled all day in discharging the necessary duties for their families, and retiring weary and late to their beds, having mended the last garment, or dismissed the last call, may sometimes think of us, as retiring, not to rest, but to our desk, to reply to some long-neglected letters, or trying to arrange some thoughts on paper from our distracted brain; or scanning, with aching eyes, the proof-sheets of the next number, (which the printer's boy will call for by the first opening light of morning,) comparing them with the manuscript, which perchance some mother, (would there were more like her,) from the fullness of her heart, has penned for your benefit, delicately traced, it may be, on blue paper.

"And here, no doubt apropos to the experience and wishes of all editors, we would petition—not for a 'stamp act,' but, a *color act* to govern paper manufacturers. Let it be green, yellow, or pink, it must be colored, anything but that dingy blue, which forms no contrast with the pale ink, which seems to be the staple in that article. Poets sing of the 'white unsullied page,' but our paper-makers have well nigh condemned it to live only in song; yet we would humbly ask, 'Give us your thoughts, if possible, on the pure, white page.'"

To that petition, we will promptly affix our name. Good friends, we pray you, give us the pure white page. Send no more communications on yellow, green, or blue paper, especially not on blue. This fancy for a blue tint, almost as dark as indigo sometimes, is not only in bad taste, but worse still, extremely bad for weak eyes, a pair of which we unfortunately possess.

AGED MINISTERS — A friend, not a clergyman, hands us the following pungent satiric from the pen of Fanny Fern, with a request to have it published in our paper. If we mistake not, it appeared in the Home Magazine more than a year ago. But, it will bear repetition, and we give it again for the benefit of all whom it may concern:

"Your minister is superannuated, is he? Well, call a parish meeting, and vote him a dismission; hint that his usefulness is gone—that he is given to repetition—that he puts his hearers to sleep. Turn him adrift like a blind horse, or a lame house-dog. Never mind that he has grown gray in your thankless service—that he has smiled on your infants at the baptismal font, given them lovingly away in marriage to their heart's chosen, and wept with you when death's shadow darkened your door. Never mind that he has listened, many a time and oft, with courteous grace, to your tedious, prosy conversations, when his moments were like gold dust. Never mind that he has patiently and uncomplainingly accepted at your hands, the smallest pittance that would sustain life, because the master whispered in his ear, 'Tarry here till I come.' Never mind that the wife of his youth, who, won from a house of luxury, is broken down with fatigue and privation, and your thousand unnecessary demands upon her patience, strength and time. Never mind that his children, at an early age, were exiled from the parsonage roof because there was not 'bread enough and to spare' in their father's house. Never mind that his library consists of only a Bible, a concordance, and a dictionary; and that to the



luxury of a religious paper he has been long a stranger. Never mind that his wardrobe would be spurned by many a mechanic in our cities. Never mind that he has risen early and sit up late, and tilled the ground with weary limbs for earthly 'manna,' while his glorious intellect lay in fetters—for you! Never mind all that: call a parish meeting and vote him 'superannuated.' Don't spare him the starting tear of wounded pride, by delicately offering to settle a colleague, that your aged pastor may rest on his staff in graceful, gray-haired independence. No, turn the old patriarch out—give him time to go to the old moss-ground church-yard, and say farewell to his unconscious dead, and then—give the 'right hand of fellowship' to some beardless, pedantic, noisy college boy, who will save your sexton the trouble of pounding the pulpit cushions; and who will tell you and the Almighty in his prayers, all the political news of the week."

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*A Compendium of the Theological and Spiritual Writings of Emanuel Swedenborg*; being a Systematic and Orderly Epitome of all his Religious Works, selected from more than 80 vols., and embracing all his Fundamental Principles, with copious Illustrations and Teachings. With an appropriate Introduction. Prefaced by a full Life of the Author; with a brief view of all his Works on Science, Philosophy and Theology. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. (For sale by Boericke & Tafel, No. 24 South Fifth street.) The comprehensive title of this large volume, will convey to the reader's mind a clear idea of its scope and character. As far as a cursory examination will enable us to determine, the Compendium seems to have been made with care, labor and discrimination, and this judgment of the work is confirmed to us by those who have given it a closer scrutiny than time has yet permitted us to bestow. As the name of Swedenborg is much used by those who profess to receive communications from spirits, and he is made responsible for the most insane and contradictory statements, it may not be amiss to quote a passage or two from his writings, in which he treats of intercourse with spirits, and in which he stamps such as seek to communicate with men, as liars and deceivers. We quote from pages 188 89 of the Compendium, these remarkable statements, which seem to have been written with a prescience of what exists in these times, and as a solemn warning against all attempts to hold intercourse with spirits.

"DANGER OF SPEAKING WITH SPIRITS.—Something shall now be said concerning the discourse of spirits with man. It is believed

by many, that man may be taught of the Lord by spirits speaking with him; but those who believe this, and are willing to believe it, do not know that it is connected with danger to their souls. Man, so long as he lives in the world, is in the midst of spirits as to his spirit, and yet spirits do not know that they are with man, nor does man know that he is with spirits; the reason is, because they are conjoined as to affections of the will immediately, and as to thoughts of the understanding mediately; for man thinks naturally, but spirits think spiritually; and natural and spiritual thought do not otherwise make one than by correspondences; a union by correspondences causes that one does not know any thing concerning the other. But as soon as spirits begin to speak with man, they come out of their spiritual state into the natural state of man, and in this case they know that they are with man, and conjoin themselves with the thoughts of his affection, and from those thoughts speak with him; they cannot enter into any thing else, for similar affection and consequent thought conjoins all, and dissimilar separates. It is owing to this circumstance, that the speaking spirit is in the same principles with the man to whom he speaks, whether they be true or false, and likewise that he excites them, and by his affection conjoined to the man's affection strongly confirms them; hence it is evident that none other than similar spirits speak with man, or manifestly operate upon him, for manifest operation coincides with speech; hence it is that no other than enthusiastic spirits speak with enthusiasts; also, that no other than Quaker spirits operate upon Quakers, and Moravian spirits upon Moravians; the case would be similar with Arians, with Socinians, and with other heretics. All spirits speaking with man, are no other than such as have been in the world, and were then of such a quality: that this is the case have been given to me to know by repeated experience. And what is ridiculous, when man believes that the Holy Spirit speaks with him, or operates upon him, the spirit also believes that he is the Holy Spirit; this is common with enthusiastic spirits. From these considerations it is evident to what danger man is exposed who speaks with spirits, or who manifestly feel their operation.

But to speak with spirits at this day is seldom given, since it is dangerous; for then the spirits know that they are with man, which otherwise they do not know; and evil spirits are such that they hold man in deadly hatred, and desire nothing more than to destroy him both as to soul and body, which also is done with those who have indulged much in fantasies, so that they have removed from themselves the delights suitable to the natural man. Some also, who lead a solitary life, sometimes hear spirits speaking with them, and without danger; but the spirits with them are at intervals removed by the Lord, lest they should know that they are with man: for most spirits do not know that there is any other world than that in which they are; thus also they do not know that there are men elsewhere; wherefore it is not lawful for a man to speak in turn with them, for if he should they would know it. Those who think much on religious subjects, and are so intent upon

them as to see them as it were inwardly in themselves, also begin to hear spirits speaking with them: for the things of religion, whatever they are, when man from himself dwells upon them, and does not modify them by the various things which are of use in the world, go interiorly, and there subsist, and occupy the whole spirit of the man, and enter the spiritual world, and move the spirits who are there: but such persons are visionaries and enthusiasts, and whatever spirit they hear, they believe to be the Holy Spirit, when yet they are enthusiastic spirits. Those who are such see fables as truths, and because they see them, they persuade themselves, and likewise persuade those with whom they flow in.

Spirits relate things exceedingly fictitious, and lie. When spirits begin to speak with man, he must beware lest he believes them in any thing; for they say almost any thing; things are fabricated by them, and they lie; for if they were permitted to relate what Heaven is, and how many things are in the Heavens, they would tell so many lies, and indeed with solemn affirmation, that man would be astonished; wherefore, when spirits were speaking, I was not permitted to have faith in the things which they related. For they are extremely fond of fabricating; and whenever any subject of discourse is proposed, they think that they know it, and give their opinions upon it one after another, one in one way and another in another, altogether as if they knew; and if a man then listens and believes, they press on, and deceive and seduce in divers ways: for example, if they were permitted to tell about things to come, about things unknown in the universal Heaven, about all things whatsoever that man desires, yet (they would tell) all things falsely, while from themselves: wherefore let men beware lest they believe them. On this account the state of speaking with spirits on this earth is most perilous, unless one is in true faith. They induce so strong persuasion that it is the Lord Himself who speaks and who commands that man cannot but believe and obey.

Spirits speaking are little to be believed. Nothing is more familiar to spirits who are speaking, than to say that a thing is so or so; for they think that they know every thing, and indeed solemnly assert that it is so, when yet it is not so. From experiments made several times, it may be evident of what quality they are, and how they are to be believed: when it is asked (of them) whether they know how this or that is, then one after another says that it is so, one differently from another; even if there were a hundred, one would say differently from another; and indeed for the time with confidence, as if it were so, when yet it is not so. As soon as they notice any thing which they do not know, they immediately say that it is so; besides very many other proofs that they speak as if knew, when yet they do not know.

Spirits may be induced, who represent another person; and the spirit, as also he who was known to the spirit, cannot know otherwise than that he was the same. This has many times been shown to me, that the spirits speaking with me did not know otherwise than that they were the men who were the subject of

thought; and neither did other spirits know otherwise; as yesterday and to-day, some one known to me in life (was represented by one) who was so like him, in all things which belonged to him, so far as they were known to me, that nothing was more like: wherefore, let those who speak with spirits beware lest they be deceived, when they say that they are those whom they know, and that they are dead."

— *The Working Man's Way in the World.*

*Being the Autobiography of a Journeyman Printer.* New York: Redfield. (For sale by Clark & Austin.) Every body knows that the autobiographies of the French are among the most delightful in literature, while those of the English, with one or two exceptions, are, without doubt, the stupidest, because the dullest. The reason of this is, because the former writes with the perfect naturalness of one who has made up his mind to unbosom himself even of his peccadilloes, while the other relates nothing that will create a smile, or draw a tear, or provoke a frown. Midway between the memoir writers of France and England, those of America promise to stand. Already one charming piece of autobiography—that of Mrs. Mowatt—has led the way, and indicates by the great success which has attended its publication, and by the increased esteem of the public for the fair authoress, that it is possible for one to write interestingly of themselves, and yet steer clear of inordinate vanity on the one hand, and of soporific dulness on the other. The present work is singular in one respect. It presents us with the life of a Working-Man, written by himself. How truly this is an autobiography, or how far it has been colored or amplified, of course we do not know; but speaking of it simply as a work of art, it is a creditable performance, and whether wholly real or in part fictitious, it will be found possessed of great interest.

— *Classic and Historic Portraits.* By James Bruce. New York: Redfield. (For sale by Clarke & Austin.) The author of this book is evidently one who has read extensively in the bye-ways of literature, and at the same time has been disposed to sift and examine the relations of others, and weigh and report the evidence for himself. These Classic and Historic Portraits give us a better view of the personal appearance of many men and women, whose names are famous in history, than are to be found in any preceding work. We also get glimpses of the manners and customs of other days, such as are rarely to be obtained without much discursive reading. Many of the characters are lightly sketched in, but the outlines are so

sharply defined and the features so distinctly individualized, that it will be the fault of the reader if he does not rise from the perusal with a most vivid impression of the personal appearance of the remarkable personages thus delineated.

**A NEW POEM BY DANTE!**—Not an old poem, just discovered by some burrowing antiquarian, but a new production, fresh from the inspired master of song. Thus we find it announced by a New York publisher—"An Epic of the Starry Heavens, dictated from the world of Spirits. This remarkable poem extends to four thousand lines, and was spoken, by Thomas L. Harris, in precisely twenty-six hours and sixteen minutes, while Mr. Harris was entranced, as he believes, by the spirit of the great Italian poet, Dante."

There, reader, you have the important announcement, and if your faith is as strong as that of Mr. Harris, and your taste for poetry quite decided, you will try to get the volume containing it, as soon as issued.

A few days ago, we read in the New York Musical Review a story to this effect:—"At a circle of spirit-rappers, in Paris, the spirit of the composer Donizetti suddenly made his presence known, and, at the request of some one present, composed music to some given words, to the intense gratification of his audience. The next day, the treasured composition was submitted to a well-known critic, with the announcement of its authorship, and of the manner in which it had been obtained. 'Indeed,' replied the critic, after examination; 'poor Donizetti, he cannot even compose so well now as when alive.'" If the same judgment is not pronounced on this new poem by Dante, when the critics get hold of it, should these sharp-eyed gentlemen deign to notice the silly pretension, we shall cease to regard the whole subject of spirit-rappings as a miserable delusion, and all engaged in it as in states of partial or confirmed insanity. Thus far, in every instance that we have seen communications purporting to be from the spirits of men who, when living upon this earth, were eminent for genius or wisdom, they have been so far below the range of intelligence possessed by these men while in the world, that we can rest only in one of two conclusions—either the communicating spirits (admitting the spiritual ground of the phenomena) are miserable pre-

tenders; or, mind in 'the next world retrogrades instead of advancing.

Every now and then, some new convert to this strange folly—the folly is none the less, admitting the spiritual origin of the thing, which any one may do who regards the evidence as conclusive to his own mind—flings himself before the public with a flourish of trumpets, and assumes to be in receipt of intelligence of vast moment to the world. But, thus far, not a single new truth has been promulgated, nor a single higher principle of action deduced. The range of morality, preached and practised by some of the prominent advocates of this falsely-called "spiritualism," is far below the range of the Bible; and the practical result, in too many cases, is the destruction of the family bond, and the separation of man and wife.

**SEWING MACHINES.**—Sewing, like weaving and knitting, seems destined soon to pass from the list of remunerative household employments. Machinery is coming in here, with its immense advantage of rapid execution, and, in spite of prophecy to the contrary, must soon supercede the "nimble fingers," that will seem nimble no longer when compared with revolving wheels. The improved sewing machine of Wheeler, Wilson & Co., is described as performing the finest quality of stitching, such as on collars and shirt-bosoms. A girl can stitch with one machine, thirty-five dozens of shirt collars in a day. There are fifteen hundred of them now in operation in various parts of the country. They can sew straight and curved seams, the stitches do not rip out, and over one thousand stitches, it is affirmed, can be taken in a minute, by a good operator. This last statement seems rather liberal.

**MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.**—We refer our musical readers to the advertisement of Mr. J. E. Gould, No. 164 Chestnut street. This is one of the largest and most reliable establishments in our city. The long experience of Mr. Gould, and his known accuracy of judgment in the selection of musical instruments, give very appreciable advantages to purchasers. He keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of pianos from the justly celebrated manufactories of Hallet, Davis & Co., Boston; and Nunns & Clark, Bacon & Raven, and N. J. & F. Haines, New York—the former

with the *Æolion* attachment. No better instruments than these are in the market. We confidently recommend the house of Mr. J. E. Gould to our friends in the country who may visit Philadelphia, as one where instruments among the best in the United States can be obtained; as well as all the latest music, as soon as published.

**FANCY BALLS.**—The *Home Journal* speaks our sentiments exactly:—"A fancy-dress ball has one recommendation. It is, without exception, past all comparison and beyond all controversy—the absurdest thing yet invented; and hence very amusing. It is absurd anywhere, and in any circumstances; but when given, as is usually the case in New-York, in a house of very moderate dimensions, where closeness of contiguity is unavoidable, which huddles together in a crowd, or plants in solemn rows, the characters of ancient and modern times, fictitious and historical, serious and comic, romantic and matter-of-fact, the absurdity reaches an extreme which language essays vainly to depict."

**NEW WORDS.**—The history of new words, which, from time to time are introduced into common language, is often curious and amusing. Take the single instance of the word "quiz," which, in colloquial, or vulgar language, signifies one addicted to mockery, and esting in simulated gravity. This word is said to have originated in a joke. Daily, the manager of the Dublin play-house, so the story goes, wagered that he would make a word of no meaning to be the common talk and puzzle in the city for twenty-four hours; in the course of that time the letters *q-u-i-z*, were chalked on the walls all over Dublin, and the wager accordingly won.

**WEAK EYES.**—A number of our cotemporaries have been lamenting over "the vast number of people who now wear spectacles," and assert that our grand-fathers and grand-mothers maintained their vision strong and clear for a greater number of years than we, "their weak-eyed descendants." This we think is a mistake. It strikes us that the present is just as clear and strong-sighted as the past generation. Spectacles are cheaper than they were twenty-five years ago, and gold ones are very fashionable at present with some who have not the least necessity for their use; this may account for an apparent increase of weak eyes.—*Scientific American.*

Very few persons, we are sure, ever put on spectacles as an ornament. In most cases, the use of them is adopted reluctantly, and with a stronger feeling of mortification than vanity. Necessity is the prompter. The fact of impaired vision in the present generation, is, we think, undoubted; and the cause thereof lies, in too many instances, in the straining of vision over books and newspapers printed on bad paper, and with small types. Many of the lesson-books used in our schools are open to this objection; and many children have their sight injured, permanently, by their use. The matter is one of serious import, and demands the earnest attention of parents and teachers especially.

**MUSICAL CRITICISM.**—Criticism never runs so much into transcendentalism as when it touches upon music. In far too many cases, the Scotchman's definition of "Metaphysics" would fully apply to the musical elucidations given us from time to time by certain individuals who kindly seek to enlighten the public on works of favorite composers, or the execution of favorite performers. A very fair specimen recently appeared in *Dwight's Journal of Music*, wherein the critic speaks of, "That marvellously beautiful second movement, where the impassioned melody of the strings is veiled in such a thin and mystic element by the softly flowing, exquisitely fine divisions of the piano, that an awed sense of spiritual presence creeps over one." We are inclined to the opinion of the *New York Musical Review* that a "spiritual presence," in some sense, had something to do with the inditing of this paragraph.

**RUSSIAN FINANCES.**—It is very generally admitted by those who have the best means of knowing, that Russia cannot prosecute the war upon which she seems resolved to enter, without obtaining heavy loans. Already she has made an immense issue of paper money. "But where," asks a cotemporary, "will Russia go? On what Bourse will the Russian loan now find bidders? Should the Czar persist in his designs, he will soon exhaust his home resources, by destroying the credit of his paper currency; and, when his resources at home are exhausted, there is no foreign quarter to which he can reasonably look for aid. Without money, even an autocrat cannot fight. What will he do?"

**KEEPING A JOURNAL.**—A cotemporary, in copying the following brief article from the London Leader, says:—"There is over statement in the following, but, duly sifted and qualified, some truth will be found." Yes, and a large proportion of truth. We hardly think it possible for any one to keep a journal of his, or her, own experiences, thoughts, and observations on life, without learning to magnify self into undue importance, to say nothing of the time abstracted from useful work or reading. Indeed, we have often thought that this journal-keeping was, in itself, proof of over self-estimation. We would rather advise, as a means of self-improvement, the cultivation of good-will towards others, the indulgence in benevolent and kindly offices, and the banishment, as far as possible, of all those selfish thoughts that lead to a history of personal experiences. These are already written in the Book of Life, without an error, and no private journalizing can alter the record:—

"DON'T KEEP A JOURNAL.—Journals—and this is their real vice—are necessarily false. The most truthful man that ever lived could not write a truthful journal, unless he confined himself to the merest skeleton of facts, and then it would only be a selection, not a picture. We believe that William Wilberforce was a truly religious man; but the deep disgust with which we read his journals, the painful sense of hypocrisy which forced itself upon us, is not yet effaced, although now some fifteen years ago since we read the Journals, and their effect has been to render the image of that man for ever unpleasant in our eyes. We need all the testimony of his life and friends to counteract the effect of journals. We will say more. We, too, have kept journals, and honestly declare that on our reading them, at some years' distance, our impression of our own character was, that it was an odious caricature. Indeed, it is this vivid sense of the moral impossibility of writing a journal truthfully, which has of late years made us desist. For purposes of after reference, we still keep a journal, wherein dates and bald facts are occasionally entered, and we find all the advantages of a journal thus secured, with none of the drawbacks. For it is a drawback, and a fearful one, to be constantly stultifying to an imaginary reader on your own life and actions—it is a danger, and a fearful one, to tamper thus with truth under the mask of secrecy—to suppress, to feign, to exaggerate, to lie! Moreover, we should struggle against, and not encourage, the habit of making our own actions of such dominant importance as to deserve daily

chronicle. There is no danger of our neglecting ourselves—there is danger of our neglecting the work which lies before us. We reprobate the practice of journal-writing (in any form but that of mere memorandum-keeping), because it has a vitiating influence on the mind, and earnestly warn our readers to be-think them of this. As strongly do we counsel men who are celebrated, or who hope one day to be, not to let such journals exist, lest they fall into the hands of biographers; for certain we are that no such permanent damage can be done to the reputation of a man, as to have copious publication of his journals. Letters are bad enough, written as they are on the spur of the moment, in the heat of temper, and the haste of business; but journals are still worse, because they have a more deliberate air."

**PARK BENJAMIN'S LECTURES.**—Mr. Park Benjamin has just delivered in this city, by an invitation from quite a number of influential gentlemen, an additional course of lectures—six in number—which have proved even more popular than the earlier series.

The witty, dashing, gay, off-hand character of these lectures and poems drew as crowded and fashionable audiences as we have ever seen assembled on an occasion of the kind. The lecturer himself was in his happiest vein. The liveliness of his illustrations; the keenness of his sarcasm; the trenchant manner with which he treated the follies of the time; the vivacity of his style, and the popular character of his themes, were all attractions admirably adapted to ensure the attendance of those large and appreciative audiences, by which his return to the city has been welcomed.

#### ENGRAVINGS IN THIS NUMBER.

The charming home picture, "*Redeeming Pawns*," will send many a heart back to earlier times, and stir its chords with a long forgotten music.

"*The Lady Rowena*," of Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe*, is a sweet fancy portrait, from Lippincott, Grambo & Co's. Abbotsford edition of the *Waverley novels*. The "*Inundation*" presents a stirring scene, and is in itself a picture of no ordinary attractions. To these are added *Spring Fashions* for dresses, bonnets, &c., and a variety of other fine wood engravings. In the matter of illustration this month, we may fairly claim an equal merit with any of our cotemporaries.

## DOMESTIC RECIPES.

**THE CURATE'S PUDDING.**—To 1 lb. of mashed potatoes, while hot, add four ounces of suet, and two ounces of flour, a little salt, and as much milk as will give it the consistency of common suet pudding. Put it into a dish, or roll it into dumplings, and bake a fine brown.

**YORKSHIRE BISCUITS.**—Three pounds of flour, one gill of yeast, a quarter of a pound of butter, three eggs, and milk enough to form a dough. Rub the butter and flour together. Beat the eggs and add them, then the milk and yeast to form a dough. Stand it away to rise; when light make it out in biscuits, butter your tins, place the biscuits on them, let them rise again and bake them.

**A LIGHT PIE CRUST.**—A light pie crust may be made by rubbing into one pound of flour, two ounces of butter worked into a cream, and one spoonful of carbonate of soda; dissolve with water, half a tea-spoonful of tartaric acid, and pour it over the ingredients, quickly adding a sufficiency of water to make it the proper stiffness for pie crust. This is still better when a well-beaten egg is added to the flour, &c., before the water is put in.

**POTATO ROLLS.**—Four large potatoes boiled, one table-spoonful of butter, salt to the taste, half a pint of milk, half a tea-cupful of yeast, flour sufficient to form a dough. Boil the potatoes, peel and mash them, and while they are hot add the butter and salt, then pour in the milk. When the mixture is lukewarm add the yeast and flour. Knead the dough, and set it away to rise, when it is light mould out your rolls, place them on buttered tins, let them rise and bake them.

**RISKS.**—Beat 7 eggs, mix them with half a pint of new warm milk, in which a quarter pound of butter has been melted, and a quarter pint of yeast, and 3 ounces of sugar; put them gradually into as much flour as will make a light paste, nearly as thin as batter. Let it rise before the fire half an hour, add more flour so as to make it a little stiffer, work it well, divide it in small loaves, or cakes, 5 or 6 inches wide, and flatten them. The cakes, when first baked, are very good buttered for t.a.

**CORN CAKE OR PONE.**—A correspondent of the Ohio Cultivator, gives the following recipe:—In reply to Lizzie's inquiry, I would suggest the following mode of making Corn Pone or Johnny Cake: To one pint of sour buttermilk add three eggs, one tea-spoonful of saleratus, one quarter pound of butter, thicken with fine fine meal, do not make it too stiff, spread on a buttered pan and bake quickly.

The following makes a very nice breakfast cake: To one pint of buttermilk or sour cream,

add two tea-spoonfuls of saleratus, three eggs, two table-spoonfuls of molasses, salt, and spice or nutmeg to suit the taste, and thicken with fine Indian meal: mix over night, and bake quickly for breakfast.

**HONEY CAKE.**—Three-quarters of a pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, six eggs, two pounds of flour, one table-spoonful of ground cinnamon, half a gill of cream, one quart of honey, one table-spoonful of dissolved saleratus. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream; beat the eggs and stir in with the flour, cinnamon, cream and honey. Beat the whole for ten minutes, then stir in the saleratus. Line your pan with several thicknesses of paper, well buttered; pour in the mixture, and bake it in a slow oven.

**TO MAKE GOOD STARCH FOR BOSOMS AND COLLARS.**—Take one tea-spoonful of starch for every shirt, dissolve in cold water and set it over the fire to boil, stirring carefully all the time to prevent burning; let it boil gently fifteen minutes, then take it from the fire and strain through a piece of muslin, and to every four shirts allow a piece of sperm as large as a common sized pea and the same quantity of white wax; boil these in the starch fifteen minutes, dip the articles into the starch while hot, wring them and hang them by the fire to dry; when dry sprinkle them quite wet and roll them very tight for an hour or two, and then they are ready for ironing. Your iron must be very smooth, entirely free from rust or dirt of any kind; rub hard and quick, until every part of the bosom or collar is perfectly dry.—*Northern Farmer.*

**JOHNNY CAKE WITHOUT MILK.**—A correspondent of the Rural New Yorker gives the following receipt:—Many persons think they must have sour milk to make their Johnny-cake. At this season of the year when with many milk is scarcely to be obtained, it may be of service to know how a good Johnny-cake can be made without. Myself and family prefer it made in this manner to milk. When I have yeast for bread (either hop yeast or salt rising, I think good.) I scald what meal I can conveniently in a common-sized milk pan, and when luke-warm stir in several spoonfuls of the yeast, and set it in a warm place to rise. When light, I sit it away in a cool place, and it will keep perfectly good for several days. To prepare it for baking, I take out what I wish for a common square baking tin, (my family being small) add to it four or five table-spoonfuls of flour, use about the same amount of saleratus as if wet with sour milk, add an egg well beaten, a little salt, and a bit of lard, about the size of an egg melted, the whole stirred well together, but not stiff, and bake with a quick heat, but not to burn. The result will be as good, if not better, Johnny-cake than can be made with milk.









**FAUST AND MARGARET.**

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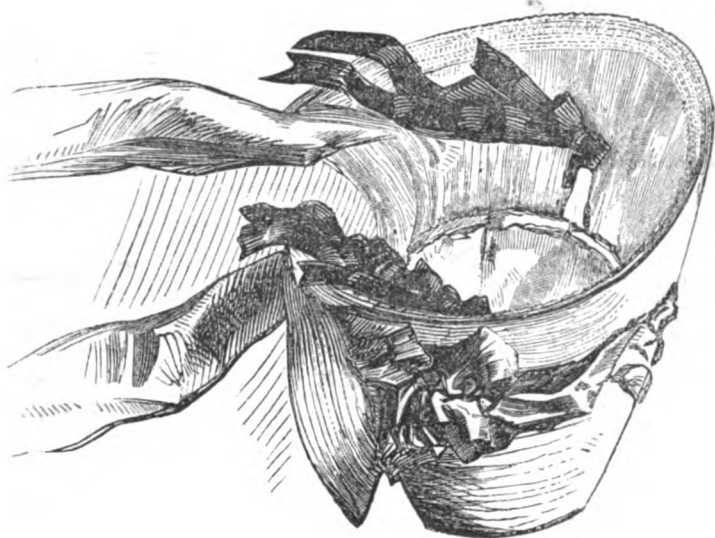


**FAUST AND MARGARET.**



## SPRING BONNET AND DRESS CAP.

BONNET.



STRAW, trimmed with light ribbon, disposed in folds, and with two long, flowing ends on left side. Lined with white crepe, and laid in small, neat folds. Under-trimming, loops of black velvet.

CAP.



BREAKFAST CAP for young married lady, consisting of a crown piece and two rows of Maltese edging.

# THE HAPPY DAY.

WORDS BY EPES SARGENT.

MUSIC BY W. R. DEMPSTER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1842, by SARONEY & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New-York.]

*LIVELY.*

*8va.*

*leggiro.*

*cres.*

*8va.*

*loco.*

*f* *p* *cres.* *f*

*Oh! I never can for get it, That happy, happy day, . When*

*p*

*we a merry party, Sail'd down the sun-gilt bay, The warm June air was soft and clear, Bright*

*cres.* *p*



# THE HAPPY DAY.

*cres.* *f* *dolce.*

gleam'd the feathery spray, And the hills a - - round seem'd heap'd with green, That

*f*

happy, happy day, And the hills a - round seem'd heap'd with green, That

*ma staccato.* *cres.*

*cres.* *f*

happy, happy day, That happy, happy day, That happy, happy day. *Ses.*

*cres.* *f*

*Sva.* *loco.* *dim.* *p*

II.

We landed on a fairy isle—  
An isle of bloom and shade;  
Where the wavelets glaz'd a sandy beach,  
And the vines an arbor made.  
With song and dance and festive mirth,  
Swift flew the moments gay.  
Ah! through what pleasant paths we roam'd  
That happy, happy day!

III.

And one, amid the maiden group,  
Seem'd fairer than the rest;  
With her shape of grace, her angel face,  
And the wild rose on her breast.  
And in her willing ear I breath'd  
First love's bewildering lay—  
Her small hand press'd a mute consent,  
That happy, happy day.



THE TIFF MATRIMONIAL.

# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA: MAY, 1854.



THE VICAR MEETING HIS FAMILY.

Towards the end of the week, we received a card from the town ladies: in which, with their compliments, they hoped to see all our family at church the Sunday following. All Saturday morning I could perceive, in consequence of this, my wife and daughters in close conference together, and now and then glancing at me with looks that betrayed a latent plot. To be sincere, I had strong suspicions that some absurd proposal was preparing for appearing with splendor the next day. In the evening, they began their operations in a very regular manner, and my wife undertook to conduct the siege. After tea, when I seemed in spirits, she began thus:

"I fancy, Charles, my dear, we shall have a great deal of good company at our church to-morrow."

"Perhaps we may, my dear," returned I; "though you need be under no uneasiness about that—you shall have a sermon whether there be or not."

"That is what I expect," returned she; "but

I think, my dear, we ought to appear there as decently as possible, for who knows what may happen?"

"Your precautions," replied I, "are highly commendable. A decent behaviour and appearance at church is what charms me. We should be devout and humble, cheerful and serene."

"Yes," cried she, "I know that; but I mean we should go there in as proper a manner as possible, not altogether like the scrubs about us."

"You are quite right, my dear," returned I, "and I was going to make the very same proposal. The proper manner of going is, to go there as early as possible, to have time for meditation before the service begins."

"Phoo, Charles," interrupted she, "all that is very true; but not what I would be at. I mean, we should go there genteelly. You know the church is two miles off, and I protest I don't like to see my daughters trudging up to their pew all blowzed and red with walking,

and looking for all the world as if they had been winners at a smock race. Now, my dear, my proposal is this,—there are our two plough-horses, the colt that has been in our family these nine years, and his companion Blackberry, that has scarce done an earthly thing for this month past; they are both grown fat and lazy: why should they not do something as well as we? And let me tell you, when Moses has trimmed them a little, they will out a very tolerable figure."

To this proposal I objected, that walking would be twenty times more general than such a paltry conveyance, as Blackberry was wall-eyed, and the colt wanted a tail; that they had never been broke to the rein, but had a hundred vicious tricks; and that we had but one saddle and pillion in the whole house. All these objections, however, were overruled; so that I was obliged to comply. The next morning I perceived them not a little busy in collecting such materials as might be necessary for the expedition; but as I found it would be a business of time, I walked on to the church before, and they promised speedily to follow. I waited near an hour in the reading-desk for their arrival; but not finding them come as was expected, I was obliged to begin, and went through the service, not without some uneasiness at finding them absent. This was increased when all was finished, and no appearance of the family. I therefore walked back by the horse-way, which was five miles round, though the foot-way was but two, and when I got about half-way home, perceived the procession marching slowly forward towards the church—my son, my wife, and the two little ones, exalted upon one horse, and my two daughters on the other. I demanded the cause of their delay, but I soon found by their looks they had met with a thousand misfortunes on the road. The horses had at first refused to move from the door, till Mr. Burchell was kind enough to beat them forward for about two hundred yards with his cudgel. Next the straps of my wife's pillion broke down, and they were obliged to stop to repair them before they could proceed. After that, one of the horses took it in his head to stand still, and neither blows nor entreaties could prevail with him to proceed. It was just recovering from this dismal situation that I found them; but perceiving everything safe, I own their present mortification did not much displease me, as it would give me many opportunities of future triumph, and teach my daughters more humility.—*Vicar of Wakefield.*

Friendship is a vase which, when it is flawed by heat, or violence, or accident, may as well be broken at once; it can never be trusted after. The more graceful and ornamental it was, the more clear do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state. Coarse stones, if they are fractured, may be cemented again; precious ones never.

## DEPENDENCE.

BY MRS. F. H. COOKE.

"Well, Mary," said aunt Frances, "how do you propose to spend the Summer? It is so long since the failure and death of your guardian, that I suppose you are now familiar with your position, and prepared to mark out some course for the future."

"True, aunt; I have had many painful thoughts with regard to the loss of my fortune, and I was for a time in great uncertainty about my future course, but a kind offer, which I received, yesterday, has removed that burden. I now know where to find a respectable and pleasant home."

"Is the offer you speak of one of marriage?" asked aunt Frances, smiling.

"Oh! dear, no; I am too young for that yet. But cousin Kate is happily married, and lives a few miles out of the city, in just the cosiest little spot, only a little too retired; and she has persuaded me that I shall do her a great kindness to accept a home with her."

"Let me see. Kate's husband is not wealthy, I believe?"

"No: Charles Howard is not wealthy, but his business is very good, and improving every year; and both he and Kate are too whole-souled and generous to regret giving an asylum to an unfortunate girl like me. They feel that it is more blessed to give than to receive."

"A very noble feeling, Mary; but one in which I am sorry to perceive that you are a little wanting."

"Oh! no, aunt Frances, I do feel it deeply; but it is the curse of poverty that one must give up, in some measure, the power of benefiting others. And, then, I mean to beguile Kate of so many lonely hours, and perform so many friendly offices for her husband, that they will think me not a burden, but a treasure."

"And you really think you can give them as much comfort as the expense of your maintenance could procure them in any other way?"

"Yes, aunt; it may sound conceited, perhaps, but I do really think I can. I am sure, if I thought otherwise, I would never consent to become a burden to them."

"Well, my dear, then your own interest is all that remains to be considered. There are few blessings in life that can compensate for the loss of self-reliance. She who derives her support from persons upon whom she has no natural claim, finds the effect upon herself to be decidedly narrowing. Perpetually in debt, without the means of reimbursement, barred from any generous action which does not seem like 'robbing Peter to pay Paul,' she sinks too often into the character of a sponge, whose only business is absorption. But I see you do not like what I am saying, and I will tell you something which I am sure you will like—my own variable history.



"I was left an orphan in childhood, like yourself, and when my father's affairs were settled, not a dollar remained for my support. I was only six years of age, but I had attracted the notice of a distant relative, who was a man of considerable wealth. Without any effort of my own, I became an inmate of his family, and his only son, a few years my elder, was taught to consider me as a sister.

"George Somers was a generous, kind-hearted boy, and I believe he was none the less fond of me, because I was likely to rob him of half his fortune. Mr. Somers often spoke of making a will, in which I was to share equally with his son in the division of his property, but a natural reluctance to so grave a task led him to defer it from one year to another. Meantime, I was sent to expensive schools, and was as idle and superficial as any heiress in the land.

"I was just sixteen when my kind benefactor suddenly perished on board the ill fated Lexington, and, as he died without a will, I had no legal claim to any farther favors. But George Somers was known as a very open-headed youth, upright and honorable, and, as he was perfectly well acquainted with the wishes of his father, I felt no fears with regard to my pecuniary condition. While yet overwhelmed with grief at the loss of one whom my heart called father, I received a very kind and sympathizing letter from George, in which he said he thought I had better remain at school for another year, as had been originally intended.

"Of course," he added, 'the death of my father does not alter our relation in the least; you are still my dear and only sister.'

"And, in compliance with his wishes, I passed another year at a very fashionable school—a year of girlish frivolity, in which my last chance of acquiring knowledge as a means of future independence was wholly thrown away. Before the close of this year I received another letter from George, which somewhat surprised, but did not at all dishearten me. It was, in substance, as follows:

"*My own dear Sister:*—I wrote you, some months ago, from Savannah, in Georgia, and told you how much I was delighted with the place and people; how charmed with Southern frankness and hospitality. But I did not tell you that I had there met with positively the most bewitching creature in the world—for I was but a timid lover, and feared that, as the song says, the course of true love never would run smooth. My charming Laura was a considerable heiress, and although no sordid considerations ever had a feather's weight upon her own preferences, of course, yet her father was naturally and very properly anxious that the guardian of so fair a flower should be able to shield it from the biting winds of poverty. Indeed, I had some difficulty in satisfying his wishes upon this point, and, in order to do so, I will frankly own that I assumed to myself

the unincumbered possession of my father's estate, of which so large a share belongs of right to you. I am confident that when you know my Laura you will forgive me this merely nominal injustice. Of course, this connection can make no sort of difference in your rights and expectations. You will always have a home at my house. Laura is delighted with the idea of such a companion, and says she would on no account dispense with that arrangement. And whenever you marry, as girls do and will, I shall hold myself bound to satisfy any reasonable wishes on the part of the happy youth that wins you. Circumstances hastened my marriage somewhat unexpectedly, or I should certainly have informed you previously, and requested your presence at the nuptial ceremony. We have secured a beautiful house in Brooklyn, and shall expect you to join us as soon as your present year expires. Laura sends her kindest regards, and I remain, as always, your sincere and affectionate brother, GEORGE SOMERS.

"Not long after the receipt of this letter, one of the instructresses in the institution where I resided requested the favor of a private interview. She then said she knew something generally of my position and prospects, and, as she had always felt an instinctive interest in my fortunes, she could not see me leave the place without seeking my confidence, and rendering me aid, if aid was in her power. Though surprised and, to say the truth, indignant, I simply enquired what views had occurred to her with regard to my future life.

"She said, then, very kindly, that although I was not very thorough in any branch of study, yet she thought I had a decided taste for the lighter and more ornamental parts of female education. That a few months' earnest attention to these would fit me for a position independent of my connections, and one of which none of my friends would have cause to be ashamed.

"I am deeply pained to own to you how I answered her. Drawing myself up, I said, coldly—

"I am obliged to you, madam, for your quite unsolicited interest in my affairs. When I leave this place, it will be to join my brother and sister in Brooklyn, and, as we are all reasonably wealthy, I must try to make gold varnish over any defects in my neglected education."

"I looked to see my kind adviser entirely annihilated by these imposing words, but she answered with perfect calmness:

"I know Laura Wentworth, now Mrs. Somers. She was educated at the North, and was a pupil of my own for a year. She is wealthy and beautiful, and I hope you will never have cause to regret assuming a position with regard to her that might be mistaken for dependence."

"With these words, my well-meaning, but perhaps injudicious friend, took leave, and I

burst into a mocking laugh, that I hoped she might linger long enough to hear. 'This is too good!' I repeated to myself—but I could not feel perfectly at ease. However, I soon forgot all thoughts of the future, in the present duties of scribbling in fifty albums, and exchanging keepsakes, tears and kisses, with a like number of very intimate friends.

"It was not until I had finally left school, and was fairly on the way to the home of my brother, that I found a moment's leisure to think seriously of the life that was before me. I confess that I felt some secret misgivings, as I stood at last upon the steps of the very elegant house that was to be my future home. The servant who obeyed my summons, enquired if I was Miss Rankin, a name I had never borne since childhood.

"I was about to reply in the negative, when she added, 'If you are the young lady that Mr. Somers is expecting from the seminary, I will show you to your room.'

"I followed mechanically, and was left in a very pretty chamber, with the information that Mrs. Somers was a little indisposed, but would meet me at dinner. The maid added that Mr. Somers was out of town, and would not return till evening. After a very uncomfortable hour, during which I resolutely suspended my opinion with regard to my position, the dinner bell rang, and the domestic again appeared to show me to the dining room.

"Mrs. Somers met me with extended hand. 'My dear Miss Rankin!' she exclaimed, 'I am most happy to see you. I have heard George speak of you so often and so warmly that I consider you quite as a relative. Come directly to the table. I am sure you must be famished after your long ride. I hope you will make yourself one of us, at once, and let me call you Fanny. May I call you cousin Fanny?' she pursued, with an air of sweet condescension that was meant to be irresistible.

"'As you please,' I replied coldly.

"To which she quickly responded, 'Oh, that will be delightful.'

"She then turned to superintend the carving of a fowl, and I had time to look at her undisturbed. She was tall and finely formed, with small, delicate features, and an exquisite grace in every movement; a haughty sweetness that was perfectly indescribable. She had very beautiful teeth, which she showed liberally when she smiled, and in her graver moments her slight features wore an imperturbable serenity, as if the round world contained nothing that was really worth her attention. An animated statue, cold, polished and pitiless, was my inward thought, as I bent over my dinner.

"When the meal was over, Mrs. Somers said to me, in a tone of playful authority:

"'Now, cousin Fanny, I want you to go to your room and rest, and not do an earthly thing until tea-time. After that I have a thousand things to show you.'

"At night I was accordingly shown a great

part of the house: a costly residence, and exquisitely furnished. But, alas! I already wearied of this icy splendor. Every smile of my beautiful hostess, (I could not now call her sister,) every tone of her soft voice, every movement of her superb form, half queen-like dignity, half fawn-like grace—seemed to place an insurmountable barrier between herself and me. It was not that I thought more humbly of myself—not that I did not even consider myself her equal; but her dainty blandishments were a delicate frost-work, that almost made me shiver; and when she touched her cool lips to mine, and said 'Good night, dear,' I felt as if even then separated from her real, living self, by a wall of freezing marble.

"'Poor George!' I said, as I retired to rest—'You have wedded this soulless woman, and she will wind you round her finger.'

"I did not sit up for him, for he was detained till a late hour, but I obeyed the breakfast bell with unfashionable eagerness, as I was becoming nervous about our meeting, and really anxious to have it over. After a delay of some minutes, I heard the wedded pair coming leisurely down the stairs, in very amicable chatter.

"'I am glad you like her, Laura,' said a voice which I knew in a moment as that of George. How I shivered as I caught the smooth reply, 'A nice little thing. I am very glad of the connexion. It will be such a relief not to rely entirely upon servants. There should be a middle class in every family.'

"With these words she glided through the door, looked with perfect calmness in my flashing eyes, and said:

"'Ah, Fanny! I was just telling George here how much I shall like you.'

"The husband came forward with an embarrassed air; I strove to meet him with dignity, but my heart failed me, and I burst into tears.

"'Forgive me, madam,' I said, on regaining my composure—'This is our first meeting since the death of our father.'

"'I understand your feelings perfectly,' she quietly replied. 'My father knew the late Mr. Somers well, and thought very highly of him. He was charitable to a fault, and yet remarkable for discernment. His bounty was seldom unworthily bestowed.'

"'His bounty! I had never been thought easy to intimidate, but I quailed before this unapproachable iceberg.'

"I made no attempt from that moment to vindicate what I was pleased to call my rights, but awaited passively the progress of events. After breakfast, Mrs. Somers said to the maid in attendance:

"'Dorothy, bring some hot water and towels for Miss Rankin.'

"She then turned to me and continued, 'I shall feel the china perfectly safe in your hands, cousin. These servants are so very unreliable.'

"And she followed George to the parlor

above, where their lively tones and light laughter made agreeable music.

"In the same easy way, I was invested with a variety of domestic cares, most of them such as I would willingly have accepted, had she waited for me to manifest such a willingness. But a few days after my arrival, we received a visit from little Ella Grey, a cousin of Laura's, who was taken seriously ill on the first evening of her stay. A physician was promptly summoned, and, after a conference with him, Mrs. Somers came to me, enquiring earnestly,

"Cousin Fanny, have you ever had the measles?"

"I replied in the affirmative.

"Oh, I am very glad!" was her response, "for little Ella is attacked with them, and very severely; but, if you will take charge of her, I shall feel no anxiety. It is dreadful in sickness to be obliged to depend upon hirelings."

"So I was duly installed as little Ella's nurse, and, as she was a spoiled child, my task was neither easy nor agreeable.

"No sooner was the whining little creature sufficiently improved to be taken to her own home, than the house was thrown into confusion by preparations for a brilliant party. Laura took me with her on a shopping excursion, and bade me select whatever I wished, and send the bill with hers to Mr. Somers. I purchased a few indispensable articles, but I felt embarrassed by her calm, scrutinizing gaze, and by the consciousness that every item of my expenditures would be scanned by, perhaps, censorious eyes.

"What with my previous fatigue while acting as Ella's nurse, and the laborious preparations for the approaching festival, I felt, as the time drew near, completely exhausted. Yet I was determined not to so far give way to the depressing influences that surrounded me, as to absent myself from the party. So, after snatching an interval of rest, to relieve my aching head, I dressed myself with unusual care, and repaired to the brilliantly lighted rooms. They were already filled, and murmuring like a swarm of bees, although, as one of the guests remarked, there were more drones than workers in the hive. I was now no drone, certainly, and that was some consolation. When I entered, Laura was conversing with a group of dashing young men, who were blundering over a book of charades. Seeing me enter, she came towards me immediately.

"Cousin Fanny, you who help everybody, I want you to come to the aid of these stupid young men. Gentlemen, this is our cousin Fanny, the very best creature in the world." And with this introduction she left me, and turned to greet some new arrivals. After discussing the charades till my ears were weary of empty and aimless chatter, I was very glad to find my group of young men gradually dispersing, and myself at liberty to look about me, undisturbed. George soon came to me, gave me his arm, and took me to a room where

were several ladies, friends of his father, and who had known me very well as a child.

"You remember Fanny," he said to them, and then left me, and devoted himself to the courteous duties of the hour. While I was indulging in a quiet chat with a very kind old friend, she proposed to go with me to look at the dancers, as the music was remarkably fine, and it was thought the collected beauty and fashion of the evening would make a very brilliant show. We left our seats, accordingly, but were soon engaged in the crowd, and while waiting for an opportunity to move on, I heard one of my young men ask another—

"How do you like *la cousine*?"

"I lost a part of the answer, but heard the closing words distinctly—"*et un peu passée.*"

"*Oui, deciderment!*" was the prompt response, and a light laugh followed, while, shrinking close to my kind friend, I rejoiced that my short stature concealed me from observation.

I was not very well taught, but, like most school-girls, I had a smattering of French, and I knew the meaning of the very ordinary phrases that had been used with regard to me. Before the supper-hour, my headache became so severe that I was glad to take refuge in my own room. There I consulted my mirror, and felt disposed to forgive the young critics for their disparaging remarks. *Passee!* I looked twenty-five at least, and yet I was not eighteen, and six months before I had fancied myself a beauty and an heiress!

"But I will not weary you with details. Suffice it to say, that I spent only three months of this kind of life, and then relinquished the protection of Mr. and Mrs. Somers, and removed to a second-rate boarding-house,

where I attempted to maintain myself by giving lessons in music. Every day, however, convinced me of my unfitness for this task, and, as I soon felt an interest in the sweet little girls who looked up to me for instruction, my position with regard to them became truly embarrassing. One day I had been wearying myself by attempting the impossible task of making clear to another mind, ideas that lay confusedly in my own, and at last I said to my pupil—

"You may go home now, Clara, dear, and practise the lesson of yesterday. I am really ill to-day, but to-morrow I shall feel better, and I hope I shall then be able to make you understand me."

"The child glided out, but a shadow still fell across the carpet. I looked up, and saw in the doorway a young man, whose eccentricities sometimes excited a smile among his fellow-boarders, but who was much respected for his sense and independence.

"To make yourself understood by others, you must first learn to understand yourself," said he, as he came forward. Then, taking my hand, he continued,—"What if you should give up all this abortive labor, take a new pupil, and instead of imparting to others what



you have not very firmly grasped yourself, try if you can make a human being of me?"

"I looked into his large, grey eyes, and saw the truth and earnestness shining in their depths, like pebbles at the bottom of a pellucid spring. I never once thought of giving him a conventional reply. On the contrary, I stammered out—

"I am full of faults and errors; I could never do you any good."

"I have studied your character attentively," returned he, "and I know you have faults, but they are unlike mine; and I think that you might be of great service to me; or, if the expression suits you better, that we might be of great aid to each other. Become my wife, and I will promise to improve more rapidly than any pupil in your class."

"And I did become his wife, but not until a much longer acquaintance had convinced me, that in so doing, I should not exchange one form of dependence for another, more galling and more hopeless."

"Then this eccentric young man was uncle Robert?"

"Precisely. But you see he has made great improvement, since."

"Well, aunt Frances, I thank you for your story; and now for the moral. What do you think I had better do?"

"I will tell you what you can do, if you choose. Your uncle has just returned from a visit to his mother. He finds her a mere child, gentle and amiable, but wholly unfit to take charge of herself. Her clothes have taken fire repeatedly, from her want of judgment with regard to fuel and lights, and she needs a companion for every moment of the day. This, with their present family, is impossible, and they are desirous to secure some one who will devote herself to your grandmother during the hours when your aunt and the domestics are necessarily engaged. You were always a favorite there, and I know they would be very much relieved if you would take this office for a time, but they feel a delicacy in making any such proposal. You can have all your favorites about you—books, flowers, and piano; for the dear old lady delights to hear reading or music, and will sit for hours with a vacant smile upon her pale, faded face. Then your afternoons will be entirely your own, and Robert is empowered to pay any reliable person a salary of a fixed and ample amount, which will make you independent for the time."

"But, aunt, you will laugh at me, I know, yet I do really fear that Kate will feel this arrangement as a disappointment."

"Suppose I send her a note, stating that you have given me some encouragement of assuming this important duty, but that you could not think of deciding without showing a grateful deference to her wishes."

"That will be just the thing. We shall get a reply to-morrow." With to-morrow came the following note:—

"My Dear Aunt Frances:—Your favor of yesterday took us a little by surprise. I must own I had promised myself a great deal of pleasure in the society of our Mary; but since she is inclined, (and I think it is very noble in her,) to foster with the dew of her youth the graceful but fallen stem that lent beauty to us all, I cannot say a word to prevent it. Indeed, it has occurred to me, since the receipt of your note, that we shall need the room we had reserved for Mary, to accommodate little Willie, Mr. Howard's pet nephew, who has the misfortune to be lame. His physicians insist upon country air, and a room upon the first floor. So tell Mary I love her a thousand times better for her self sacrifice, and will try to imitate it by doing all in my power for the poor little invalid that is coming."

"With the kindest regards, I remain

"Your affectionate niece,

"KATE HOWARD"

"Are you now decided, Mary?" asked aunt Frances, after their joint perusal of the letter.

"Not only decided, but grateful. I have lost my fortune, it is true; but while youth and health remain I shall hardly feel tempted to taste the luxuries of dependence."

## "AS WE FORGIVE OUR DEBTORS."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

When a mere lad, we were struck with the remark of an eminent physician, and have thought of it hundreds of times since. His collector, in making returns, reported as valueless an account against a gentleman who had recently failed in business.

"The bill is good for nothing," said the collector. "M—— has sunk everything, and is now with his family on the world penniless."

The physician took the bill, quietly tore it in pieces, and then, turning to the unfortunate debtor's account, wrote across it—"settled."

"Rather a losing business, that," remarked the collector.

"I hope to be able to say the Lord's Prayer as long as I live," was the physician's calm reply. "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." When we say that prayer, my friend, it behooves us to look into our hearts, and ask ourselves how we forgive our debtors. "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

Yes, hundreds of times since then, in our world experience and contact with men, have we thought of that physician's remark. But very few have we met, who, like him, could say the Lord's Prayer without asking for a curse instead of a blessing; for, if the Lord forgave their debts as they forgive their debtors, their chances of eternal salvation would not be worth the fraction of a mite.

This defect of forgiveness is not confined to the non-professor—to him whose lips repeat

not daily the holy words of that holy petition. So far as our experience and observation go, they who profess to have "had much forgiven, because they had sinned much," are as rigid in their exaction of the uttermost farthing, as the men who assume no sanctity of life or conversation. We speak here in general terms. There are noble exceptions in both classes; but not, we are inclined to believe, in one more than in the other. With an individual of the former class we have now to deal. We do not intend to be hard with him—we shall not exaggerate his defects; for his purposes are good, and when he sees what is evil, he honestly strives to overcome it. But self-love and self-interest blind us all. They blinded Mr. Harvey Green, notwithstanding he had passed from "death unto life," and had the evidence of the change in the fact that he "loved the brethren."

Harvey Green was a shrewd man of business—honest in all his dealings, yet ever exacting his own. He took no advantage of others, and was very careful not to let others take advantage of him. While acting on the precept, "Owe no man anything," he never lost sight of a debtor, nor rested while the obligation remained in force. A very natural result was that Harvey Green prospered in the things of this world—not that he became very rich, but so well off as to leave no reasonable want unsupplied.

It so happened, a few years ago, that a man, named Wilkins, after an unsuccessful struggle with fortune, continued through six or seven years, failed in business. Few men had toiled harder, or suffered more; and when, at last, he yielded to the pressure of iron circumstances, he sank down, for a season, prostrate in mind and body. Everything that he had was given up to the creditors—the property paid but a small per centage on their claims—and then he went forth into the world, all his business relations broken up, and, under the heavy disadvantage of his situation, bravely sought to gain for his large dependent family things needful to their sustenance and growth in mind and body.

Among his creditors was Green. Now, Wilkins belonged to the same church that numbered Green among its members. When the latter heard of the failure he was a good deal disturbed, although the sum owed to him was not over three or four hundred dollars. On reflection, he grew more composed.

"Wilkins is an honest man," said he to himself. "He'll pay me, sooner or later."

It did not take long to sell off, at a ruinous sacrifice, the stock of goods remaining in the hands of the debtor, for he threw no impediment in the way of those who sought to obtain their due.

"Ah! my friend," said the latter, on meeting with Green, a few days after the closing up of his insolvent estate, "this is a sad business! But, if God gives me strength, I will pay off every dollar of this debt, before I die.

An honest man can never sleep soundly while he owes his neighbor a farthing."

"The right spirit, brother Wilkins," answered Green; "the right spirit! Hold fast to that declaration, and all will come out straight in the end. Though I can't very well lie out of my money, yet I will wait patiently until you are able to pay me. I always said you were an honest man; and I am sure you will make good my words."

"God helping me, I will," said the debtor. His voice trembled and his eyes grew moist. Oh! how dark all looked in the future! What a cloud was on his path! What a weight of grief, mortification and despondency on his heart!

The two men parted, and each took his homeward way—the debtor and the creditor. The one with countenance erect, self-complacent feelings and elastic step; the other sad and depressed.

That night Mr. Green prayed, "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors." Yet scarcely had the words died on his lips ere he was musing on the chances in favor of his ever receiving from the penniless Wilkins the few hundred dollars owed him by that unhappy individual. There was no sympathy for him in his heart; no thought of his terrible prostration of spirit; nothing of pity and forgiveness. A selfish regard for his own interest completely absorbed all humane considerations.

Time passed on. Mr. Wilkins was no drone. An earnest, active man, he soon found employment—not very remunerative at first, but still sufficiently so to enable him to secure many comforts for his family, and to provide for their education.

One, two, three years glided by. With the growth of his children, his expenses increased, and kept so close a tread upon his income that he had not been able to pay off any of the old obligations; although he never lost sight of them, and never ceased to feel troubled on account of their existence.

"O, debt, debt, debt!" he would often sigh to himself. "What would I not give to be able to say, 'I owe no man anything!' But with my large family and limited income, what hope is there?"

This was his depressed state of mind one day when Mr. Green called in to see him. Many times before this the unhappy man had been reminded of his debt.

"How are you getting on?" inquired the creditor, fixing his eyes steadily upon poor Mr. Wilkins, who felt a sense of suffocation, and slightly quailed before his tyrant.

"I have much to be thankful for," meekly answered the debtor. "My health has been good; and I have had steady employment."

"You are living very comfortably."

"And we are grateful to a kind Providence for our blessings."

"Your salary is one thousand dollars?"

"It is; and I have six children to support."

"You ought to save something. I've been easy with you a long time; it's three years now, and you haven't offered me one cent. If you'd paid me five or ten dollars at a time, the debt would have been lessened. I wish you would begin to make some arrangement. You ought to save at least two hundred dollars from your salary. I know plenty of men who get only eight hundred dollars a year, and have as large families as yours."

The eye of Mr. Wilkins fell wearily to the floor; he felt as if a heavy weight had been laid upon his bosom. He made no reply, for what could he say?

"I have always upheld you as an honest man," remarked Green, in a tone of voice that implied an awakening doubt as to whether this view of the debtor's character was really correct.

"That is between God and my own conscience," said Wilkins, lifting his eyes from the floor and looking with some sternness into the face of his persecuting creditor.

"For your own sake, I trust you will keep a clear conscience," returned Green. "As for the present matter between us, all I wish to know is, whether you mean to pay my debt; and if so, when I may expect to receive something."

"How much is the debt?" asked Wilkins.

"It was three hundred and seventy dollars at the time of your failure. Interest added, it now amounts to four hundred and fifty," said Green.

"There were other debts beside yours."

"Of course there were; but I have nothing to do with them."

"The whole amount of my indebtedness was twenty thousand dollars. The yearly interest on this debt is more than my whole income. I cannot pay even the interest, much less the principal."

"But you can pay my small claim if you will; you could have paid it before this time, if the disposition had existed. You talk of conscience, but I'm afraid, brother Wilkins, in your case there is a very narrow foundation of honesty for conscience to rest upon. I don't put much faith in the professions of men who live after the fashion you live, and yet refuse to pay their debts. I'm a plain-spoken individual, and you now have my mind freely."

The tone and manner of the creditor were harsh in the extreme.

"Perhaps," said Wilkins, with forced calmness, "there may be less of dishonesty in my withholding than in your demanding."

"Dishonesty! Do you dare?" The creditor's face flushed, and his lips quivered with indignation.

"There are ten creditors in all," said Wilkins, with regained composure. "Let me put to you a question. I owe John Martin six hundred dollars. Suppose I had six hundred dollars, and little prospect of ever getting any more, and were to pay the whole of it over to John

Martin, instead of dividing it equally between you and all the creditors, would you deem the act right on my part? Or, would you think Martin really honest, if he were to crowd and chafe me until, in very desperation, as it were, I gave him the whole of what mainly belonged to others? Would you not say that he had possessed himself of your property? I know you would. And let me say to you plainly, that I do not think your present effort to get me to pay off your claim entire, regardless of others equally as much entitled to be paid as yourself, at all indicative of unselfishness, or a spirit of genuine honesty. If I have any money to pay, it belongs equally to all my creditors—not to any one of them exclusively."

To be turned upon thus by a man who was in debt to him—to be charged with a dishonest spirit by the poor creature whose relation to society he regarded as essentially dishonest—this was too much for the self-complacency of Mr. Green. He rose up quickly, saying, in a threatening tone—

"You will repent of this insult, sir! I have forbore for years, believing that you were really honest; but for this forbearance I now meet with outrage. I shall forbear no longer. You are able enough to pay me, and I will find a way to compel you to do so."

Left alone with his troubled thoughts, poor Mr. Wilkins felt not only humiliated and wretched, but alarmed for the integrity of his household. There was no way in which his creditor could extort the sum due him, except by seizing upon his household furniture. That Green would do this, he had but too good reason to fear; for he had done it in other cases. His fears proved not altogether groundless. On the very next day, a sheriff's writ was served on him at the suit of Harvey Green.

"What do you purpose doing?" asked Wilkins, on meeting with his creditor a few days afterwards.

"Get my money," was answered sternly.

"But I have nothing."

"We will soon see about that! Good morning!"

Mr. Green imagined that the indignation felt toward Wilkins was directed against his dishonest spirit, was, in fact, a righteous indignation, when its spring was in cupidity and wounded pride.

It was the day before the trial of his cause against Wilkins, when he expected to get judgment by default, as no answer had been made by the defendant in the case. And it was his purpose, as it had been from the beginning, to order an execution so soon as the matter was through the court, and seize upon any property that could be found.

Evening came, and Mr. Green sat, with his children around him, in his pleasant home. A sweet little boy knelt before him, his pure hands clasped in prayer, while from his lips came, musically, the words taught by the Lord

to His disciples, "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors."

There seemed a deeper meaning in the words, murmured by innocent childhood, than had ever before reached his perceptions. His thoughts were stirred; new emotions awakened. The prayer was said, the little one arose from his knees and lifted his rosy lips for the good night kiss.

"Father," said he, turning back after going across the room, "I'm not going to let Harry Williams pay me for that sled. It got broke all to pieces the next day after I let him have it."

"He bought it from you," said Mr. Green.

"I know he did; but Harry's mother is poor, and he only gets a penny now and then. It will take him a long, long time to save a dollar; and then the sled is broken, and no good to him. I have a great many more nice things than he has, and why should I want his pennies when he gets so few?"

"What made you think of this?" asked the father, who was touched by the words of his child.

"It came into my mind just now when I was saying my prayer. I prayed, 'Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.' Now, Harry Williams is my debtor, is he not?"

"Yes, my son."

"Well, if I don't forgive him his debt, how can I expect God to forgive me my debt? If I pray to Him to forgive me as I forgive Harry, and I don't forgive Harry at all, don't I ask God not to forgive me, father?"

The child spoke earnestly, and stood with his large, deep, calm eyes fixed intently on his father's face. Almost involuntarily Mr. Green repeated the words:

"If ye forgive not men their trespasses," said our Saviour, "neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."

"I'll forgive Harry the debt, father. I'm sure he isn't able to pay for the sled; and I have a great many more nice things than he has. If I don't do it, how can I ever pray that prayer again?"

"Oh, yes, yes! Forgive him the debt by all means!" replied the father, kissing his boy.

That evening was spent by Mr. Green in closer self-communion than he had known for many years. The words of his child had come to him like rebuking precepts from Heaven, and he bowed his head, humiliated and repentant, resolving to forgive in the future as he would be forgiven.

On the morning that followed, as Mr. Wilkins, from whose mind the cloud had not lifted itself—who was yet trembling for the home of his children—was passing from his door, a lad placed a letter in his hand. He knew the face of the boy from its likeness to that of Mr. Green.

"More trouble," he sighed to himself as he thrust the note into his pocket.

An hour afterwards he opened it, and, to his

bewilderment and surprise, found within, his account fully drawn out, and receipted with the signature of Harvey Green. Below the receipt was written, "I stand rebuked. I must forgive, if I hope to be forgiven."

It was with difficulty that Wilkins could restrain a gush of tears, so great was his instant revulsion of feeling. Ah, if Harvey Green could have seen his heart at that moment, his debt would have been paid fourfold. No amount of money poured into his coffers could have produced such a feeling of heavenly delight.—*Pictorial Drawing Room Companion*.

## MARGUERITE.

BY WINNIE WOODFERN.

The wild March wind comes o'er the hill,  
And shakes the holly tree;  
Around our hearth are gathered now,  
A joyous company;  
And one, a soft-eyed, fair-haired girl,  
Half brings thee back to me.

One little year ago, and thou  
Wert here beside them all;  
Since then, thy beaming, golden hair  
Hath shone beneath a pall,  
And on thy grave the sudden rains  
Of this new spring-time fall!

They are all happy in their loves,  
But mine—oh, never more  
I see thy sportive, gentle face  
Peep through my study door,  
Or trace the prints of thy small feet,  
Upon the sanded floor!

I sit among the merry ring,  
A shadow, mid their light;  
I laugh but faintly when they laugh,  
For tears have dimmed my sight,  
To think how clear thy voice rang out,  
One year ago to-night!

'Twas but a moment since, that they  
Brought up a childish game,  
But when, with boisterous glee, they sought  
To make me join the same,  
I started back—my partner there  
Bore thy own gentle name!

And now I sit apart from them,  
And pen these lines to thee,  
Forgetting for a time that thou  
Art no more here to see,  
And half expecting, in thy seat,  
When I look up, thou'lt be!

Ah, I have looked and looked again—  
I ne'er shall see thee there!  
The grave is more beloved by thee,  
Than this old carved chair,  
Where I have knelt so many hours,  
And praised thy beauty rare!

The wild March wind sings in thy ear!  
I bid it say to thee,  
That since thy sweet eyes closed in death,  
No joy has come to me—  
That night and day, and day and night,  
I weep and mourn for thee!

## NOCTURNAL BEE-ROBBING.

BY A TRAVELLING NATURALIST.

There is a code of laws on the frontiers, relative to bee-trees, that is of the laws of the Medes and Persians, irrevocable. One rule is, that the discoverer of a bee-tree, putting some mark upon it to denote possession, no other person may cut it down, although years may elapse before the claimant chooses to take possession.

A tree of this sort was pointed out to me many years ago, by the side of the main road that led into Memphis, Tennessee, which had stood for years, guarded only by the discoverer's mark: although none but himself knew who the discoverer was. I saw a bee-tree near Juliet, Illinois, in 1836, that had been left in the centre of a clearing from a period that the memory runneth not beyond, nor could the owner's name be established, save by some very illegible initials. It used to happen frequently, and probably does to this day, that an expert bee-hunter could go out alone from some settlement along the borders, say of Illinois, Tennessee or Louisiana, and spend a month or two in the woods with his rifle and axe, *lining* bee-trees. As fast as found, and that was pretty often, for their colonies occupied every eligible cavity in the timber, and sometimes in the cliffs, the axe made the title clear by a rude indentation of the hunter's name, and but few instances are known where this fee-simple was ever disregarded. Weeks and months might elapse, nay, even years in some cases, would roll by before the owner came back to claim his property, and, as in the events of life, death reaches hunters as surely as other people, many a marked tree was never claimed at all. Yet the bees worked on, slaves as they were, sent forth their annual swarms, and filled the large hollows with their luscious stores.

The borders of society receding year by year, brought the white man to their very doors, his plough crushing their wild flowers and his axe echoing through their tree tops, yet the old hunter's sign-manual was respected, and the branded servants toiled on undisturbed.

Such was forest law, respected yet, where other and worse codes have not been introduced. Another law in the bee code is, that of several persons *lining* a bee-tree, the man who first *struck the track*, if the term be admissible, is entitled to the wax and the swarm, while the honey is otherwise equally divided. Have I ever given a description of cutting a bee-tree? If not, the following incident will be both amusing, and, to that extent, instructive.

A good many years ago, long before Torrey and Gray published their Botanical works, I was on a hunt for new species of plants, or to investigate old species in a virgin soil, and finding a party of hunters about to start for a week's sport to a thinly settled quarter of the State, I seized the opportunity to go with them. The truth confessing, I had some difficulty at

first to get permission. Not one of the company could understand how a sane man would go into the woods without gun or knife, merely to fill a tin box full of plants. Fortunately, however, one of them had formerly been cured of a severe rheumatism by a root doctor, and a private whisper that I probably "was arter mendicaments," not merely gained me the coveted permission, but also the title of *doctor*, which I bear all through those precincts to this blessed day! The hunt was successful both in a scientific and practical point of view, the Nimrods carrying home loads of *bar* and venison—while your humble servant astonished the keen eyes of his friend Rafinesque, (alas! keen no longer) with a *hortus siccus*, unequalled from those parts.

But the bee-tree, shall we not get to that? One night we were encamped about a mile from a settlement. It was starlight, the underbrush was thick; we were strangers in the country: it was not the sort of night that men generally leave camp, unless it is to go to town for a bottle of liquor. But after some sly whispering over the remnants of supper, it was announced by Tom Derrickson that he had found a bee-tree, just before night, only a couple of hundred yards from camp, and he proposed a party to go cut it down. The thing looked suspicious, it must be confessed, for Tom was anything but a bee-hunter, and it was by no means the season for *lining* bees. Likewise there was ground for hesitation in the conduct of several of the party, and the audible remark of old Benjamins, the real leader of the hunt, "that he would have nothing to do with it."

The reader has already suspected that it was a *marked tree* Tom Derrickson had found, and it was only in violation of forest laws that it could be cut. But I was not so old or so suspicious then as I am now; therefore I loudly expressed my willingness to settle my heavy meat supper by a good bait of honey. So we started, half a dozen of us, with axes, a chunk of fire, and the whole pack of dogs for company.

Did the reader ever observe how many more grubs—or are they phantoms of grubs?—rise up in a forest path by night than day? and if so, what enormous steps a party of footmen will take as they fly from the obstruction that flattens their corns to the obstacle that barks their shins?

There is a special providence guarding the eyes of night-walkers through such underbrush as we found that night before we reached the bee-tree aforesaid. Vegetation never before appeared to me in so unfavorable an aspect. The developments of trunk, branch and leaf, were never so uninteresting. It seemed as if the distance was interminable. But led on by Tom Derrickson and the love of honey, we burst through all entanglements, and with the loss of many horn buttons, at last arrived at the spot. The treasure was contained in a big

black-oak tree, some twenty inches through, with bark ragged and dead, and many a capacious hollow in the trunk and limbs. One side near the ground had been seared with the annual forest fires, scarred so deeply that the old tree had never found vigor enough to hide the wound with sheets of new bark.

Here the boring worms and the woodpeckers, upon their track, had scooped out pecks of the dead wood, thus lightening our labor in chopping down the tree.

Tom Derrickson was a brag chopper, so was Bill Winnipeg, and the two sent the steel through that twenty inches of black oak with a force like that displayed by the Black Knight at the gate of Front de Beauf's castle. Down thundered the tree, shaking off a large limb in the descent, that pitched right amongst us, knocking a dog *hors du combat*, and a hole in young Hatcher's head. But accidents will happen, and we rushed, all but young Hatcher and the dead dog, to grab the honey. It was there, lots of it, and as good as ever was stored by a bee, wild or tame. Our appetites were keen enough to disregard all dangers of stings, and we incontinently thrust our hands into the cavity, as Sampson did into his lion, and fell to eating. But the consequences involved several specifications—viz: that some of us found ourselves devouring young bees, others were working upon the unpalatable bee bread, while none escaped the stings of the infuriated workmen, both in our hands and mouths.

Now a bee sting is a small matter, unless it be in the eyelid or in the mouth. Did not Israel Pickens, on the very day that he popped the question to Miss Peninah, didn't he, endeavoring to aid her father in saving a swarm of bees, get a poisoned lance in his left optic, that quite closed that organ for the day and rendered him absolutely hideous!

Didn't Col. Matthews, while on the way to a district caucus that was to decide whether the party would run him for governor, or some other aspirant, didn't he get a shaf in his tongue while eating some fresh honey for breakfast, that stiffened that usually flexible member, so that he was quite unable to express a sentiment, save by signs? And didn't his party, justly exasperated by his silence, drop the Colonel, henceforward and for ever, and drive him over to the Whigs?

Ah, there is many an incident hanging upon this seemingly small affair of a bee-sting. The first surfeit of feasting being satisfied, one part of us commenced filling a bucket for our friends in camp, while the other betook themselves to the nearest branch for water. Now it is presumed that everybody knows how thirsty one gets after eating much honey, but perhaps every one does not know that drinking water is the very worst way to quench such a thirst.

The proper course is to eat a few bites of bread, drink nothing at all, and in half an hour the thirst wears off of itself. Our party were

quite disregarding of this fact, however, and the consequence was, that when they returned to us from the branch, a gallon or so heavier than when they went, but a few minutes sufficed to set them upon a course of vomiting that would have delighted the soul of a steam doctor. Nothing in all my experience of sea-sickness ever gave me so clear an appreciation of the expressive phrase, *throwing up*, as this; if the organ was not ruptured, it was from physiological causes beyond my soundings. By the time the cargo was discharged, and a general agreement to return to camp manifest, our condition as a party of bee-robbers was a queer one. Tom Derrickson was entirely blind; smooth soft cushions of swelled flesh being puffed from above and below, to meet just before his eyes. So he was led by the primitive mode of a stick. Winnipeg was one of those who had suffered from his trial of hydropathy—the first and last trial of it, I'll be bound, that he ever made—and in his weakness he was constrained to pray for help. As I was the only member of the party not seriously insolvent, I took command, and gratified him, recollecting the school-boy tale, by putting the burden of the weak upon the shoulders of the blind, and Derrickson toted Winnipeg to camp. The other three were somehow got along, and after a great while we fetched harbor. That was not exactly the end of the story, for Tom didn't entirely recover his sight for two days, and by that time the real owner of the bee-tree had come upon us, got whipped by Frank Borum, brought two constables with a warrant, and as I was the only man in the party who had any money, I was forced to compromise by paying over twenty dollars, or the whole party would have seen the inside of a jail.

So much for bee-robbing by night.

## A VISION.

BY ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER.

My pulse goes thrilling to the clasp of unseen fingers,  
And on my trembling lips the sacred honey lingers;  
For, 'neath dim leaves, within the sunny forest glade,  
I met a presence from the mystic land of shade.  
I gazed up lingeringly into her large blue eyes,  
Like sunlit pools at noon, where yet a shadow lies;  
And gathering in my hand the tresses of her hair,  
Bound them with wreaths of water-lilies large and fair.  
The earth grew sunny, as I stood beside her there,  
And her low whispers hushed and stilled me like a prayer,  
Until, from the dim silences within my soul,  
A love went struggling upward to its Heavenly goal!

Elmwood Cottage, Pomfret, Conn.



AWFUL APPEARANCE OF THE DOCTOR, ON THE MORNING AFTER THE PARTY.

## CHILDREN'S PARTIES.

There are two kinds of parties for children—one a mere fashionable display, made to gratify the vanity of parents; the other projected and carried out with a sincere desire to render the little ones happy, and cultivate in them truly social feelings. The end always gives quality to the act, and the operation of this law is clearly seen in the matter of the children's parties. Where these are given from parental vanity and love of display, the children are feasted to repletion on rich confectionery, and kept up until a late hour in the night

—but where the innocent pleasure and social good of the little ones are alone regarded, there is little display, a moderate and healthy supply of refreshments, and early hours for returning home.

Punch has hit off, with some exaggeration, in the picture we have given above, the consequences of a fashionable children's party. The appearance of the doctor is "awful" enough. He is no Homœopathist by the way; there would be little consternation among the juveniles were such the case.

## AUSTRIAN MUSIC.

There is not in Europe a more musical city than that of Vienna. Not only every female, but every man in respectable life, is capable of taking a part in a concert. In making up parties for the purpose of this delightful amusement, no kind of formality or ceremony is observed. A gentleman wishing for a quartet or a quintet in the evening, walks out in the morning for the purpose of inviting any friend he may chance to meet; and as the slightest previous acquaintance is sufficient, no difficulty occurs. The love of music is so general, and the ability to play on some instrument so common, that it is usual for a gentleman not to engage any man-servant who is not sufficiently master of some instrument to occasionally accompany him, and join him in his concerts, if wanted. The number of music-shops, and the rapidity of the sale of music in Vienna, are prodigious.

## THE SOUND OF BELLS.

The nearer bells are hung to the surface of the earth, other things being equal, the farther they can be heard. Franklin has remarked that many years ago, the inhabitants of Philadelphia had a bell imported from England. In order to judge of the sound, it was elevated on a triangle, in the great street of the city, and struck, as it happened, on a market day; when the people coming to market were surprised on hearing the sound of a bell at a greater distance from the city than they ever heard any bell before. This circumstance excited the attention of the curious; and it was discovered that the sound of the bell, struck in the street, reached nearly double the distance it did when raised in the air. In air, sound travels at the rate of from 1130 to 1140 feet per second. In water, 4708 feet per second. Sounds are distinct at twice the distance on water that they are on land.



## THE MAN-TRAP AT ASHDALE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Footsteps were heard—a form darkened the door—some one entered—but Mrs. Pratt did not look up, nor pause in her work. The sun had gone down, and twilight was gathering dimly. Mrs. Pratt leaned closer to the window that she might catch the fading rays, and a little while longer continue her work.

"Sarah!"

"Well?"

Mrs. Pratt did not turn nor look towards the speaker. Her voice was a low, sad murmur.

"Sarah!"

The hand of the speaker now rested lightly on her shoulder.

With a quick movement, and with some surprise in her manner, Mrs. Pratt turned herself from the window.

"O, Edward!"

Her voice choked and her eyes filled with tears.

"Sarah." And Mr. Pratt seated himself beside his wife, placing his hand gently on hers, as he did so, and looking earnestly and tenderly in her face. "Sarah, I have a little good news for you; if good news can come in just such a shape. Old Killigrew is dead."

"Dead!"

Light and shadow were blended on the face of Mrs. Pratt. Death is an awful thing, come in almost any shape it will; and in the case of a man like Killigrew, it was awful in the extreme. Yet, the intelligence caused a throb of pleasure in the heart of Mrs. Pratt.

"Yes; he fell dead about two hours ago, while standing behind his bar. He died with the toddy stick in his hand, and a glass of liquor before him. I wouldn't like to go into eternity with all the sins against humanity that lie on his conscience."

And Mr. Pratt shuddered as he spoke.

"Is the tavern to be closed?" asked Mrs. Pratt; hope and anxiety blending in her voice.

"I saw Parker, old Killigrew's son-in-law, as I came along, and he told me that not another drop of liquor should be sold there while he lived. He means to farm the place himself. It's first rate land, though neglected and run down."

"Will he keep his word?"

"Parker! Yes, indeed. If he says a thing, you may depend on his doing it. He has always been opposed to the old man's keeping bar."

"And what a curse to Ashdale that bar has been! O, Edward!"

No wonder Mrs. Pratt was overcome by her feelings. No wonder she said that bar had been a curse. Ten years before, as she stood beside her young husband, she had the proudest, happiest heart in Ashdale. Since then, alas! none was so humbled and grief-stricken; for, in that bar, her loved and honored husband had trailed his manhood in the dust of a debasing sensuality.

Than Edward Pratt, a kinder-hearted man could not be found. But, he had neither a decided will, nor strength of purpose. The current in which his life-boat happened to be, usually bore him along; and even when conscious that it was gliding towards a dangerous sea, he opposed to it only a slight resistance.

Very soon after their marriage, Mrs. Pratt discovered in her husband a fondness for stimulating drinks. A prompt yet gentle and loving remonstrance accomplished all she had hoped to gain. The dangerous tempter was banished from their house. All would have been well, from that time forth, had not the tavern of old Killigrew, the only one in Ashdale, stood directly on the way along which Mr. Pratt daily went to the store where he was employed as a clerk.

Often, in returning home, he would be in company with young men who never passed Killigrew's without a word with the companionable landlord, and a taste of his well mixed liquor. It was not in the amiable and compliant Mr. Pratt to say "no" on these occasions.

Soon his wife became aware of the temptation that was in his way; and of his almost daily yielding to its enticements. She talked with him soberly, yet gently and lovingly as before. Her words aroused no impatience—no anger—no stubborn self-will. He loved her too well to pain her with even a frown.

"I'll not darken old Killigrew's door again if it troubles you, Sarah. I don't care for his liquor. As you say, it does me no good."

"I shall be so happy!" sobbed Mrs. Pratt, hiding her tearful face on the breast of her husband. "There is nothing else in life to trouble me."

On the next morning, as Mr. Pratt was passing the tavern, old Killigrew, who, if not behind the bar, mixing up his tempting compounds, was sure to be at his door watching out for customers—called out:

"Hey! Neddy, my boy! What's your particular hurry?"

"I'm a little late," replied the young man, evasively, keeping on his way.

"Stop, stop," called the landlord. "Here! Why, my dear fellow! one would think you had the business of the world on your shoulders. A man should never be in too great a hurry to speak a word with an old friend. What's become of Phillips? I haven't set my eyes on him for a week."

"The truth is," said Pratt, who now paused, "it is the opinion of his friends, that he has been coming here a little too often."

"Pooh! Nonsense! Too often! I never saw him when I thought he'd been drinking too much. It's ridiculous! And he's silly enough to mind them. Well, well. If he thinks he's in danger he'd better stay away. He must have a weak head!"

Killigrew spoke contemptuously. Pratt felt the landlord's sneering manner almost as much

as if it had been applied to himself. It cost him no light effort to say, "good morning," and pass on without taking a drink at the bar.

"I wish this old man-trap was on the other side of Jericho!" he muttered, as soon as he was fairly beyond the sphere of its dangerous attractions; "or that I didn't have to pass it three or four times every day. If old Killigrew lays hold of me after this fashion, I'm afraid my good resolutions are not going to be worth much. O, dear! I wonder what good ever comes of this rum-selling and rum-drinking? As to the harm, one needn't go far to look for that."

Musing thus, Pratt went on his way. At dinner time, both in coming home and returning to the store, he succeeded in getting past old Killigrew's "man-trap" without being hailed by the watchful landlord. But his good resolutions were not proof against the influences that assailed him in the evening. Later than usual he lingered at the store, in order to avoid, by so doing, the company of one or two young men who always stopped to drink at Killigrew's. He thought he had escaped them; but it was not so. They were in the tavern porch as he came along, and, having taken their cue from the landlord, who was keen-sighted enough to see what had been passing in the mind of Pratt, and feared to lose a customer, assailed him with influences that he had not strength of mind to resist. Just to "satisfy" them, as he said, he consented to drink a single glass. But that did not satisfy either them or the tavern-keeper. A second glass was almost forced upon him; then followed a third; which, purposely made stronger than usual, completed the overthrow of his reason.

Could those thoughtless young men have seen the ashen, agonizing face of the waiting, anxious wife, when her husband came staggering at that evening, they would not have boasted so gleefully of having "sent Pratt home as merry as a fiddler."

From that time the weak young man stopped almost daily at the tavern to drink. The temptation was in his way, and he had not sufficient strength of purpose to resist its allurements. This was continued for months, until, under the gentle, yet often tearful solicitations of his wife, he again resolved to stand up firmly against the pressure of a current that was too steadily bearing him onwards to the sea of destruction. And he did stand up firmly for a time. But, in this contest, the odds were against him. Old Killigrew saw the struggle that was going on in his mind, and took a wicked pleasure, apart from his love of gain, in assailing the young man's good resolutions on every occasion that was presented. Sometimes, after alluring him into his bar, either through personal influence, or by means of gay young men who frequented his house, Killigrew could not induce him to take anything but a glass of water. Oftener, however, he gained his purpose more fully, and mad-

dened the young man's brain with his fiery potatoes.

And so the work went on. There was a pitfall in Pratt's way, and ever and anon he stumbled therein. Ah! if the pitfall could only have been removed. It served no use whatever; gave nothing to the common good; was a constant source of annoyance, injury, and loss to the people of Ashdale. It had been digged by Killigrew, and was always kept deep and dangerous by him, in order that he might profit by the weakness and injuries of those who weakly or unwarily stumbled over the half-concealed brink.

"Why did not the people of Ashdale cause the pitfall to be closed up? Why did they not remove this man-trap?" is asked, in a tone of surprise.

They had no power to do so, we answer.

"No power!"

You may look surprised, but it is even as we say. Killigrew had the law on his side.

"The law!"

Yes, for all you seem so incredulous. The law of the State in which Ashdale was situated, provided, by special enactment, for the digging of just such man-traps as the one maintained by Killigrew. And any person, not having the love of man nor the fear of God before his eyes, could, by the payment of a few dollars into the State treasury, obtain the right to make for himself such a pitfall in any highway or street in any village, town, or city in the Commonwealth.

"Preposterous!"

It is true—alas! too sadly true. Witness the crowded jails, almshouses and insane asylums; witness the crime, destitution and squalid misery that rest like black clouds over all parts of that State where population clusters thickly—and those licensed man-traps are to be found by the score in every neighborhood. It is true, alas! too sadly true!

But for this pitfall in his way all might have been well with Pratt; but his feet were ever stumbling on its fatal brink. Steadily, for nearly ten years, had he been going down, down, down; and at the period when he came home sober, for the first time in many months, and announced to his wife the death of Killigrew, he was almost helpless in the power of his adversary. All manly strength was gone when the temptation was before him. It was in vain that he went out in the morning strong in his purpose to keep sober through the day; the sight of Killigrew's tavern fired his appetite to a degree that left him no power of resistance. It was in vain that he started homeward in the evening, promising himself that he would meet his wife and children without a stain on his lips. Alas! he could not bear onward against the whirlpool of desire that instantly encompassed him when he came within fatal proximity to Killigrew's.

Well might his sorrowing, despairing wife feel a thrill of pleasure in every heart fibre at

the announcement of Killigrew's death. He had been doing an accursed work in Ashdale for years. Broadcast had he sown the seeds of anguish and desolation; and in her heart and home had many of these evil seeds fallen, taking quick root, springing up and bearing bitter fruit. Nor did she attempt to stifle this pleasure, as unseemly, in view of the passage of a fellow-mortal to his great account in eternity. She was glad the tavern-keeper was dead—so glad, it was useless to affect concealment.

The promise of that hour did not prove vain. The tavern was closed, and Edward Pratt went daily to his business and returned home at evening a sober man. If, as was often the case, he felt a desire for stimulating drink, he quenched the desire in draughts of pure cold water. Yet, even as he passed the old tavern stand, around which soon waved fields of ripening grain—the ground had run to waste before—he felt a desire to enter. But there was no bar there now; so the morbid desire was fruitless of evil consequences.

Thus it went on for three years. In that time not a drop of anything intoxicating had passed the lips of Edward Pratt. How striking the change in all around him. Worn out furniture was renewed; abundance of good clothing for children as well as parents, gave an air of thrift and comfort. Cheerful happy faces were seen, where before was sadness, pallor, want and tears.

Three years of sober industry! How, in that short time, had the wilderness been made to blossom as the rose.

One day, about this time, Mr. Pratt came home with a serious countenance and a dejected air. His wife noticed the change, but said nothing at first—waiting until her husband should speak of what troubled him. He seemed to recover a little at the tea-table, and talked pleasantly; but, after supper withdrew to himself, and sat most of the evening in deep thought, with his head resting on his bosom. Several times his wife, whose anxious attention was removed from him scarcely for a moment, heard a low sigh escape from his lips. A little while before retiring he said to her, speaking abruptly and with something so strange in his voice that the sound caused a thrill to run along her nerves:

"Parker sold his place last week."

"He did! To whom?"

Mrs. Pratt spoke in a startled manner.

"To a man from Brookville, who is going to open the tavern again."

If a heavy blow had fallen on the poor woman she could not have sunk down more gloomily. If a death pang had entered her heart, the groan from her lips could not have been more fraught with agony.

"He opens to-morrow," said Pratt, in a boding voice.

"O, Edward!"

The unhappy wife arose, and moving to the

side of her husband, flung her arms around him, saying as she did so: "Let us go from here."

"Where?" was responded, gloomily.

"O, anywhere. Death and eternal destruction are opening at your feet. Come! Let us flee for our lives! Let us go this hour! I will bear hunger, cold, anything that may come upon us so that we escape this evil."

"I have thought it all over, Sarah," replied the poor victim, sadly. "We cannot go anywhere and be free from the curse. The law sanctions the evil, and under the protection of law it throws out its allurements everywhere. O, that I was strong enough to resist. Heaven knows how earnestly I have sought to overcome this fatal desire; but the moment I come within sight of the accursed tempter my whole being is inflamed. Reason is obscured—restraint grows weak—and I fall under the luring gaze of a serpent."

O, what a night was that; spent watchfully in prayer and weeping—a night, the anguish of which years would fail to cover with the dust of forgetfulness. Morning dawned at length. To one condemned to die it scarcely had broken more drearily.

"I will strive to be a man, Sarah. I will look up for strength," said Mr. Pratt, as he pressed the hand of his wife and parted from her at the door. "Pray for me."

Tears were in his eyes as he turned away; and her cheeks were wet. The voice of Pratt was not confident. He spoke rather to assure his wife than his own heart. He felt that he was too weak for his enemies.

And he was too weak. Evening brought him home with all his bright manhood obscured. One short month sufficed to do the work of ruin. Then his poor wife stood pale, tearless and heart-broken above his grave! He fell so low that he made no effort to rise again—and died in drunkenness and despair.

The poor widow was not long from his side; and now his children's home is the almshouse. The "man-trap" in Ashdale is open still. And for the privilege of scattering ruin and death around him the new owner pays the State fifty dollars a year; and the State takes the money with an eager hand, and seems to think her bargain a good one.—*Pictorial Drawing Room Companion.*

## GOD'S WATCHFUL CARE.

The insect, that with puny wing  
Just shoots along one summer ray,  
The flowret which the breath of Spring  
Wakes into life for half a day,  
The smallest mote, the tenderest hair,  
All feel a Heavenly Father's care.  
E'en from the glories of His throne  
He bends to view this earthly ball;  
Sees all as if that all were one,  
Loves one as if that one were all;  
Rolls the swift planets in their spheres,  
And counts the sinner's lonely tears.

## COUSIN HETTIE AND HER MOTHER-IN-LAW.

BY EMMA LINLEY.

I have just been writing a long, long letter to cousin Hettie. I do not think it advisable to send more than three closely filled sheets at once, so I will indulge my present mood by writing of her.

Hettie is a darling creature—I wish I might be as good and lovable. She is not beautiful—she has a quiet, unobtrusive face, which you might, and probably would, pass unnoticed at first sight; yet she has such a sweet voice, and when she becomes animated in conversation, her face is so full of expression that many a beauty might envy her the admiration which, all unconsciously to herself, she calls forth.

Left an orphan at an early age, she was received into my father's family, and we considered her as quite one of ourselves. She certainly was a treasure to us, so active, so cheerful, so ever attentive to the wishes of those around her. Sensitive almost to a fault, she studied her own quick feelings that she might avoid wounding those of others—but, pardon me, I did not intend to write of Hettie in her relation to us.

Last June, on her eighteenth birth-day, she was married to Henry Huntington, whom we considered fully worthy of her. I could not bestow higher praise. He wished to take his bride to his parental home, immediately on their marriage, but she desired to take a long tour in the opposite direction. He very readily yielded to her wishes, though I think he would not have done so, had he known that it was not so much a wish to visit friends in C—, which made her so anxious to go there, as a dread of meeting his mother.

Three years before, with a heart brimful of romantic feeling—as what maiden's is not at fifteen?—she read Miss Bremer's *Neighbors*. It was one of the first novels she had been allowed to read, and every character was to her a reality, whose personal appearance was almost as clearly defined, in her mind, as that of the friends about her. *Ma chere mere*, with her overpowering dignity, made a strong impression upon her; she loved to think of her and imagine how nicely she could plan to get behind that mantle of dignity—she thought she could succeed even better than Franziska.

When she learned to love Mr. Huntington, she brought his mother before her mental vision as the long known *ma chere mere*. He is a tall, noble-looking man, with a naturally dignified bearing—she looked upon him as almost a being of a higher order, and had many a time half-wondered that she was not afraid of him. When he talked to her of his mother, she found little difficulty in receiving everything he said, as only a part of the description of the ideal she had known so long as a whole. He told her he resembled his mother; that he was

the youngest of the family, having a niece older than himself. Adding years only added dignity to this new *ma chere mere*, and poor Hettie disliked to meet her very much—she told me she doubted not her ultimately feeling at ease in the dreaded presence, provided she were not annihilated by the first glance. When her mother-in-law should find what a useful little woman she could be, she was sure she would unbend to her; but the first meeting—the more she thought of it, the more she wished to delay it. It seemed very natural that Henry should love his mother so well, without any of the undue reverences she felt, because she thought him so superior to others. She knew she could not do justice to herself should she make her first appearance among her new relatives as an expected bride—she thought she could do better were she to wait till she could form a slight acquaintance by corresponding.

In consequence of Hettie's concealed cogitations, they went to C—, where she introduced her husband with no more pride than he would have felt in presenting her to his mother. After their return, Hettie received a brief note from her mother-in-law, which was carefully worded, for old Mrs. Huntington was not sure of the reception her epistle might meet at the hands of her city-bred daughter.

In early October, Mr. Huntington found that he could leave his business for a week or two, and he gladly availed himself of the opportunity to visit his friends. Hettie saw how delighted he was at the prospect, and she tried to feel as elated herself. She was not now anxious to delay the visit; because she wished to know and love those so dear to her husband. She examined her wardrobe most critically to select the dresses which would be most suitable. She consulted me on the occasion, and showed her opinion of my advice by leaving every dress, I wished her to take, at home, except her travelling dress. I wished her to dress showily; she did not forget that there would be little opportunity for display in country farm-houses.

Their first day's ride was in the cars and was very like other days spent travelling thus, stupid and tiresome. The next morning proved unpleasant—it did not rain, but the clouds portended it.

Mr. Huntington said they would remain where they were that day, if Hettie wished, but she saw very plainly that the nearer he was to his early home, the more impatient he became to be there; and she urged their going on, even if it must be, as he assured her, in an awkward, uncovered stage, over a very rough road.

Even from this unpromising day's ride, Hettie extracts mirthful recollections. There was but one passenger in the stage besides themselves—he was a clownish, unrefined fellow, who gave her new ideas of humanity. She was listening, with amusement, to an account he was giving the driver of a visit he made “his woman,” when she was a “gal,” when

he was suddenly interrupted by Jehu's leaving his side most unceremoniously. The king-bolt had broken, leaving the forward wheels totally unconnected with the remainder of the wagon. The burly driver went headlong over the front of the box, hallooing to his horses to stop; but they dragged him on to the foot of the hill. Hettie looked frightened as they were thus left in the middle of the road, till she saw the driver shaking himself at the side of his quiet horses—then she laughed heartily at the ludicrous scene.

The rustic was so efficient a helper in this emergency, that very soon all was made safe again, and they travelled on. He did not finish his story, as probably he did not think of it till he reached his home, which was near the place of the accident.

During the afternoon, there was a constant, light, drizzling rain, not rendering it necessary to keep an umbrella spread, since that was so difficult a task amid the tumblings of their clumsy vehicle, but they rode gaily on over hills which Hettie would have called mountains had they been anywhere else. She thinks she never enjoyed any other kisses quite so well as those she stole when the driver was wholly engaged with his horses, going down those long hills—they were kisses accompanied by such pleasant shower-baths from Henry's saturated whiskers.

When the stage stopped for the night, both were weary, though Henry would not acknowledge it.

"To-morrow night we shall see mother!" he exclaimed, as he entered the cosy little room he had secured for them. Hettie was too much fatigued then to tell him how much she dreaded the time.

The next morning the weather was fair and the coach full, but Henry was too impatient to be very willing to stop at all the little post-offices. After dinner he succeeded in obtaining a horse and carriage for the remainder of their journey. The roads did not seem so rough then—Hettie was not impatient to reach her destination; her husband sat beside her, looking so noble, so good—he talked to her so pleasantly of the old times, when he knew the occupants of every house they should pass that afternoon, he seemed so much more boyish himself than he had ever done before, that she thought it would be very pleasant to ride thus through life.

Just at sunset they were passing a most beautiful scene—the road was a little ascending, but it did not seem a common, unromantic road—there was a grove of beautiful trees on each side—the ground all about was thickly strewn with the bright-colored leaves, and there was such a softened light over all, it was enchanting. They stopped as Henry said,

"This was our half-way spot when going to school; many a time have I rested with my brother on that old rock."

"Might we sit there together now?" whispered Hettie, as though she feared a loud word

might break the enchantment; *she* need not have feared.

Quietly they walked to the old rock—how much each lived while they sat there! Did they not love each other better, now that the sweet spot was so bright with associations in the memory of each? When riding again, Henry talked more of those old school-mates, and Hettie was so happy to listen.

Darkness began to steal on as they rode up to a large farm-house, and Henry exclaimed,

"*This is home!*"

Hettie's heart beat almost audibly she thought. The girl who answered his inquiries, said his father and mother were four miles farther on, at his youngest sister's.

"More riding, that is all," said Hettie, and was quiet. Some time elapsed before a manly arm stole round her, and Henry asked what she were thinking. Then she told him all her foolish fancies—all her dread of meeting *ma chere mere*—her fear that she should not behave quite properly—her wonder whether she should be most like Fanny, Maria or Ebbe. Before she finished the moon rose, and as she looked to her husband's face, she saw an expression of mischief; but he said nothing.

Very soon after, they rode into a large yard: again Hettie's heart beat—how would they receive their unlooked-for guest? Henry exclaimed,

"Take care of your chickens, or I will run over them!"

A good humored voice instantly replied, "*You* have come, have you! We killed them for *you*."

Then Hettie was lifted out, she hardly knew how, and immediately some large, soft arms were round her—a motherly or grandmotherly face was looking in hers, and saying—

"This is our Hettie, is it?"

There was a heartiness in this first greeting, which made Hettie feel perfectly at ease. She could only wonder that she had ever thought of this good, kind, motherly-looking old lady as like *ma chere mere*. She was ready to join Henry in laughing at her own foolish little self, when she saw that same mischievous expression in his face a few moments after.

Supper for the travellers was soon upon the table, not such a supper as Hettie had been accustomed to—the table was loaded with substantial viands. For an instant, she thought, shall I ever be able to entertain them like this at our home? Then she forgot all care for the future credit of her housekeeping, and enjoyed the evening very much. Was it wonderful she did, with such happy, pleasant companions? There was her husband, looking so satisfied, so proud, and appearing so interested in everything about him. His father, with his honest face and silvery hair, full of anecdotes, which seldom failed to raise a laugh. His mother, seeming so delighted to see her youngest son again and welcome his little wife, whom she had learned to love from his descriptions. His

sister, so full of matronly cares that all should have every wish promptly gratified, and so glad that her father and mother had happened to be there, that she might thus secure the first visit from her young sister. The brother-in-law evincing sound sense and sturdy good humor. The children, the younger ones very shy, yet all so unaffectedly glad to see their uncle and his pretty wife. Then there was last, but not least, if we should judge by the amount of attention Henry bestowed on him, old Brock, the house dog who had frolicked with him as a child, and now, though grown old and lazy, knew him immediately.

Hettie was hardly conscious of any effort to please her new relatives, yet it required no very deep knowledge of human nature, to see that all were as much pleased with her as she was with them.

The next morning she went over the orchard, delighting her companions, the old gentleman and all the youngsters, by the zest with which she entered into the business of the day—apple-picking.

Soon after breakfast, all started for the old homestead—Henry was as impatient to be there as his parents were to have him under their own roof. How much Hettie enjoyed the week they remained there! She helped her father at his husking, her mother in the pantry; she went over the orchard and pastures with Henry, listening while he told her the flavors of the apples before tasting them, or of the games he had played in this corner, the berries which used to grow in that field, and of his boyhood's companions, memories of whom were connected with every spot.

Early every afternoon the wagons were at the door, that the old couple and the young might go together to visit other brothers and sisters, or old neighbors. Everywhere old Mrs. Huntington preserved that protecting, motherly air, so grateful to Hettie among strange faces. Everywhere she was the same happy, lively old lady, frequently saying such comical things with so demure a face, that Hettie hardly dared laugh all she wished, till she saw, by the twinkling eye, that she might without giving offence. Hettie was delighted with everything, she was as a pet child to all about her—her wishes were to be consulted first, lest she should be home-sick. Very little danger of that, she thought. It came time to return home all too soon. She left her relatives with hopes that she should see them at her own home right early, promising to pass a month with her mother-in-law next summer.

They had pleasant weather for their journey home. The next morning after their arrival there, Mr. Huntington brought me the following brief note:

"DEAR EM.—With no very deep grief, I inform you of my sudden loss of an ideal mother-in-law. If you wish to learn the particulars, I advise you to visit very soon, your loving cousin,  
HETTIE.

## MY PEACE I GIVE UNTO YOU.

"Peace I leave with you; My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

The peace of the world, prosperity and success, and the gratification of the senses, is not what Our Lord has promised to His followers. There is another kind of peace—which is His peace—it flows from Him into the soul of man by an inner way. It consists in mental states, not of outward circumstances. Often times these states of inner peace are perfected and increased by external sorrows and privations—for we have two lives, one of the spirit and one of the body. The two were created to harmonize and make a one—but man has sundered what God has united, and from loving the things of the body more than those of the spirit, he has to be forcibly torn away from the life of the external senses by afflictions—hence it is said, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth."

We easily recognize in what consists worldly peace. But the peace which the Lord calls "My peace," is worthy of our most earnest study.

How often has my mind pondered over it—and I have said to myself in *what* does this peace consist? for I surely can never attain to it, until I know what it is. And I found my answer to this earnest query in that same chapter which contains the promise.

Our Lord is talking with His disciples—He is seeking to elevate their thoughts and hopes above the earth—He knows that His crucifixion is at hand, and that they will be filled with tribulation and anguish at their worldly disappointment in His career. So He exhorts them as they have heretofore believed in God, that even so they are to believe in Him—for He is going to Heaven to prepare places for them.

And having lifted up their thoughts from the earth, He reveals to them His Infinite, Divine nature. "If ye had known Me, ye should have known my Father also; and from henceforth ye know Him and have seen Him. He that hath seen Me, hath seen the Father."

I picture to myself those wondering and astonished Jews—standing before that Divine Being, whom they had regarded as a mere man—Heaven sent—but a man, finite and created as they also were. And now He stands before them in a material, bodily presence, and says to them "If ye had *known* Me, ye should have known my Father also." Had they not known Him? had they not wandered with Him through Galilee and Judea, and heard Him preach and saw Him perform wonderful miracles? Yes, all this they had done, and yet they knew Him only as to the body—they knew not His heavenly, Divine spirit.

But now He seeks to unveil to them the fact that it is God with whom they speak—but He would not *force* conviction—He wishes them to see the truth as a rational perception of a fact,

and says to them, "Believe me that I am in the Father and the Father in me; or else believe me for the very works sake."

A friend, whom I dearly love, once asked me: "You believe that Christ was the very God of the Universe?" I answered "Yes." "If so," she said, "why did He not come in such an overwhelming blaze of glory, that there could be no doubt of the fact? Why did He come to man, only to leave the world full of doubters?" But I answered, "If God had thus manifested Himself to the world, He would have compelled men to believe upon Him through their outward senses—whereas He came to purify their hearts internally—to teach them to love Good for its own sake—and not because it was clothed in power and great glory to their outward senses. And there is a spiritual beauty, that touches the warmest affections of our hearts—when we realize that the Highest and Holiest Being in the universe assumed our fallen and degraded humanity, and lived through all of its sorrows and temptations, and taught man to conquer and overcome them all.

The Greeks, the most intellectual people on the face of the earth, believed in the possible incarnation of their imaginary deities—even down to the times of the Apostles. But no Greek had ever dreamed of an incarnate God subjecting Himself to the weakness and ignorance of infancy—and dwelling for a series of years, in a heavy, coarse, material body, for the sake of raising fallen humanity. No, with them the gods walked the earth, to confer temporary blessings. But our God descended, that He might draw all men up to Him, and bless them with His whole Heavenly Divine Life.

This is the "Peace" which He would give us. He would have us open our inmost souls to Him, and recognise Him as the God of the universe. It is not enough, under trials and temptations, that we should believe in the outward man, Christ Jesus. But we must see in the visible form the invisible God. We are thus brought into the very presence of God; and to know God, who He is, and what He is, and how we are to be reconciled or made at peace with Him, is the highest and most beautiful happiness of which man is capable. It is a rest of the mind—it is peace to the weary spirit, that has long lived in doubt, and the Lord has left to us a pattern of regeneration. In His life upon earth, we see how He contended with earthly ambition and all worldly mindedness—how pure and gentle and good He was. How, for Himself, He never raised the voice of defence and contention. How He bore all scoffs and sneers, and sought only to develop, in His assumed humanity, the Divine Soul, from which it had its birth. God glorified His humanity, and made it eternal—that man might ever have a way of access to Him. He became the "way, the truth, and the life;" and now we have, in our mind, an image of

the Deity, before which we can worship with the full concentration of our affections. To have something to love, which is absolutely perfect, is peace to the human soul—it is the fruition of all desires; and when we realize that this Infinite Being watches over us, leads us, guides us, and guards us every instant of our existence, all cold and chilling anxieties melt away from our hearts as snow does before the warm and genial rays of a Spring sun; and flowers of fancy, and fruits of love, spring forth in our teeming mind, making them Edens of beauty, of celestial peace and love.

## ONE OF THE WAYS TO SPOIL CHILDREN.

My friend, Mary Emmett, had been married nearly three years, when I resolved to pay her a visit. She was the daughter of an old and much-esteemed acquaintance of mine, who had died when a younger sister of Mary's was but a child. Soon after, the father was laid upon a dying bed, and his last request was, that I would take the two girls into my house, and extend to them a mother's care. This request I complied with to the best of my ability, until another guardian was chosen by Mary in the person of Harry Emmett, a young man in whom I had every confidence, and who, I believed, was well fitted for the companion, as well as the guardian, of my dear child. They were married, and the day after left the city for a little village some twenty miles distant, which was to be their home. Mary would not consent to be separated from Helen, her sister, and thus I was at once deprived of both my young companions.

As I have already said, Mary had been married nearly three years, when I resolved to pay her a visit. True, I never received a letter from either of them, in which I was not urged to come and spend some time at Roseville. But, somehow or other, although I had been talking, or rather writing, about it for a long time, the third year of their married life had almost passed, and still my visit was delayed. But, at length, I determined to go, and, accordingly, one bright Summer's morn, set out on my intended journey. I had not written to my friends that I was coming, wishing to take them by surprise. When I arrived at Roseville, Mary was absent from home, on a visit to a sick friend, having left her sweet babe in the care of Helen.

"Isn't he a sweet little fellow, aunt?" asked she, almost the next moment after I first beheld him.

I was no relative to them, yet they always called me aunt.

"He is a fine child," I answered; "but I'm afraid you'll spoil him."

"No danger of my spoiling him, aunt; I dislike spoilt children too much," was Helen's reply. Then, turning to the child, she playfully continued, "Aunt Wilson's afraid we're



going to spoil it. Just tell her, dear, that, if we do, it's none of her business. Tell her you're to be the only one, and we can afford to have one spoilt child in a family. Just tell her so, dear; tell her she never spoilt your aunt Helen by too much indulgence, and now your aunt Helen will spoil you, just out of spite. *Shan't* she, dear?"

The little fellow looked very earnestly at his aunt whilst she was talking thus, and had he been a few months older, would, no doubt, have tried to repeat a part, at least, of what she told him.

"And, pray, what are you doing, now, Helen?" I asked.

"Really, aunt, you don't think he understands what I say to him?"

"Keep on with it a few months, and you will soon find out whether he does or not. Nothing keeps him from repeating it now but his inability to talk."

"Pshaw! nonsense, aunt. Why, he's only sixteen months old!" Then, turning to the child again, "Aunt Wilson's scolding aunt Helen, dear. Shake your fist at her."

The little fellow obeyed.

"He understands that, you see, at any rate, Helen," I replied.

The child drooped his head on his aunt's shoulder, as though he perceived that I disapproved of what he had done.

"Never mind, dear," persisted the thoughtless girl, "we'll whip aunt Wilson, *won't* we?"

The little hand was raised ready for action. I looked steadfastly at him for a moment or two; the hand dropped; the babe hid his face in his aunt's bosom, and burst into tears.

"You ought to be ashamed, Helen," I said, "to teach that child so much badness. You'll be sorry for it some of these days."

"But he doesn't know that it is wrong, aunt, to do so?"

"No; but you do. Then why teach him that which you know to be wrong? Why not teach him good? The bad will enter quickly enough."

"Oh! but it's so amusing to see him do such things."

"I cannot see that it is, Helen. At any rate, it will not be so five or six years from now."

"Yes; but I would not let him do it then. I would break him of it as soon as he got old enough to know it was wrong."

"A false idea, Helen. Recollect bad habits are much more easily formed than broken. Would you call him a wise man that would sow his ground with weeds, and then justify himself by saying that, as soon as they began to grow, he was going to pluck them up and plant good seed?"

"No; I should not. No man in his right senses would do such a thing as that."

"And yet there would be as much wisdom in it as there is in the course you are pursuing."

Helen made no reply, and thus the subject

was dropped. In the course of a couple of hours, Mary came in. After affectionately greeting me, she asked if I had seen her boy.

"Oh! yes," I replied, laughing, "you don't suppose Helen would omit that, do you?"

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Helen, who entered the room, just as Mary asked the question, with little Harry in her arms, he having just awoke from his afternoon's nap.

"Been a good boy while ma was away?" said Mary, addressing her child.

"Ask ma if she ever knew you to be anything else," answered the aunt.

"See how you've dirtied your frock," said the mother; "that looks like it was put on clean, this morning, doesn't it?"

"Harry, dear," spoke aunt Helen, "tell ma there's plenty of soap and water in the house, and that you intend to dirty just as many frocks as you please."

"Mary, you'll have to whip this girl," I exclaimed; "she'll ruin that boy for you. She is teaching him to be impudent, now; and, after a while, she'll be the first to cry out against him."

"Just what Harry and I both tell her, aunt. No one dislikes bad children more than she does, I know."

"And yet she does all she can to make them so."

I remained nearly a month with my young friends, and, during that time, had frequent occasion to expostulate with Helen, and warn her of the danger there was in the course she was pursuing. But it was to no purpose. She still persisted that the child was too young to receive any impression, either for good or evil.

The following Summer, I again visited my friends at Roseville. Harry was then in his third year, and was still the only one. He was, indeed, an interesting child, and it was not to be wondered at that he was a great pet both with his parents and aunt. I was sorry, though, to perceive that Helen still considered him incapable of receiving any impressions; so I judged, at least, from her conduct. The child, perhaps, would be at play with some trifling toys, when she would steal behind him and purposely disarrange or remove some of them. This would make him angry, and seizing hold of the first thing that came to hand, he would throw it at his aunt. Then, perhaps, something like the following dialogue would ensue:—

"Come here, you young rogue! and let me whip you. How dare you throw anything at me?"

"Ont, ont, *come* at all."

"Come here, I say, I want to whip you."

"*Sant*. I whip you."

"Well, now, I'd just like to see you. You're a great one to talk about whipping any one, ain't you?"

"Es; I will whip you, too."

"I'll whip you, if you do."

"Do, if you dare."

Not only did Helen permit the child to talk thus to her, but actually taught him to do the same to others. The father, the mother, and myself, reasoned and entreated in vain. She only laughed at us, declaring that the child was yet too young to know better. Besides, she said—

"It was so amusing to see him. It did her good to hear him talk so!"

Silly girl! I really felt ashamed of her. Five years passed away before I was again able to visit Roseville. Mary was then the mother of three children. I had not been there long before I perceived that Harry was not as great a favorite with his aunt as formerly. Nay, I even thought (if I must use the expression) that she hated him. She seemed as if she couldn't bear the sight of him. I felt sorry to see this, for notwithstanding he was impudent and disrespectful to his aunt and even his parents (does any one wonder that he was so?) he was a boy of a very affectionate and generous disposition, and I thought, with judicious treatment, might yet be cured of his bad habits. But Helen's conduct towards him was, in my opinion, only calculated to make him worse. I said to her, one day—

"Helen, you do not appear to be as fond of Harry as you used to; how is it?"

"How is it, aunt! how can any one like him? the impudent little rascal!"

"You should be the last one, Helen, to use such language as that," I replied. "Did I not tell you, years ago, it would be so? If we sow tares, we must not expect to reap wheat."

"But he is old enough now, and has been told often enough of it, to know better. It is time he stopped it."

"Perhaps, if you were to take as much pains to break him of it as you did once to teach it to him, he would quit it."

"But I have tried, aunt."

"But you don't try the right way. You get into a passion; whip and scold; tell him you'll knock his head off, or break his neck, or something of the kind, never intending to do either all the while, which he knows as well as you. This is not the way to reform him."

"But would you let him give you impudence, and say nothing to him?"

"Not at all, Helen; but then you should reprove him in a different manner. Another thing in which you are wrong is, that you let the child see that you don't love him. You don't manifest the same kindness towards him that you do to the others. You speak and act differently towards him, and he feels it."

"But how can I help it when he is so bad? Who can love a bad child?"

"Helen, you profess to be a child of God. Do you always act towards Him as you ought?"

"No, aunt; I am far from being perfect."

"And yet His love and goodness are ever the same. Now, you profess to be a Christian; yet do you not sometimes find it very hard to

govern yourself; to keep down evil thoughts; to master that unruly member, the tongue?"

"I must confess, aunt, that I do."

"Well, then, if you find it so hard, how do you suppose it is with that child? He is young, and one would hardly think he ever tried to do better, but something that I heard, the other day, has given me a different opinion of him. You recollect he was sent to his room for bad conduct. I passed his door soon after, and, as I cast my eyes in, I saw the little fellow kneeling beside his bed. I listened, and heard him ask God 'to make him a good boy. The next morning, his mother was talking with him about his bad behavior, and his reply was—

"Well, ma; I try all the time to be good, but I can't."

"Dear little fellow! No doubt, like one of old, he felt 'that when he would do good evil was present with him.'"

I left Roseville the next day, and, as I have not since visited there. I cannot tell what effect my words had upon Helen. Thinking it quite probable, Mr. Arthur, that, among the numerous readers of the Home Gazette, there are, at least, some few aunts like Helen, I, with your approbation, respectfully submit this little sketch for their consideration.

## TRIFLES—A FRAGMENT.

BY LILA M. LAIRD.

Just a vine with tiny blossoms,  
Creeping up the tower high;  
Yet it shed a gracious fragrance  
On the weary passers by.

Just a slender, little brooklet,  
Flowing down the meadow green;  
But I saw a thirsty pilgrim  
Drinking from its crystal stream.

And from these I learned a lesson,  
On that pleasant Summer morn,  
Walking home with silent musings,  
Through the fields of waving corn.

'Twas a lesson full of beauty,  
And I give it to the wise—  
Let no scornings for the lowly  
Ever in thy heart arise.

Every one, though poor and humble,  
Has a mission to fulfil;  
Every hand, though small and feeble,  
Can work out some good or ill.

• • • • •  
Springing from the faintest causes,  
Grand results have often shown  
That there is a power in trifles  
To the thoughtless and unknown.

Like the wide and pleasant fragrance,  
From the tiny blossoms shed,  
Influences sweet and precious,  
From the weakest sources spread.

## BLIND JAMES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

In the month of December, in the neighborhood of Paris, two men, one young, the other rather advanced in years, were descending the village street, which was made uneven and almost impassable by stones and puddles.

Opposite to them, and ascending this same street, a laborer, fastened to a sort of dray laden with a cask, was slowly advancing, and beside him a little girl, of about eight years old, who was holding the end of the barrow. Suddenly, the wheel went over an enormous stone, which lay in the middle of the street, and the car leaned towards the side of the child.

"The man must be intoxicated," cried the young man, stepping forward to prevent the overturn of the dray. When he reached the spot, he perceived that the man was blind.

"Blind!" said he, turning towards his old friend. But the latter, making him a sign to be silent, placed his hand, without speaking, on that of the laborer, while the little girl smiled. The blind man immediately raised his head, his sightless eyes were turned towards the two gentlemen, his face shone with an intelligent and natural pleasure, and, pressing closely the hand which held his own, he said, with an accent of tenderness—

"Mr. Desgranges!"

"How!" said the young man, moved and surprised, "he knew you by the touch of your hand."

"I do not need even that," said the blind man; "when he passes me in the street, I say to myself, 'That is his step.'" And, seizing the hand of Mr. Desgranges, he kissed it with ardor. "It was, indeed, you, Mr. Desgranges, who prevented my falling—always you."

"Why," said the young man, "do you expose yourself to such accidents, by dragging this cask?"

"One must attend to his business, sir," replied he, gaily.

"Your business?"

"Undoubtedly," added Mr. Desgranges; "James is our water-carrier. But I shall scold him for going out without his wife to guide him."

"My wife was gone away. I took the little girl. One must be a little energetic, must he not? And, you see, I have done very well since I last saw you, my dear Mr. Desgranges; and you have assisted me."

"Come, James, now finish serving your customers, and then you can call and see me. I am going home."

"Thank you, sir. Good-bye, sir; good-bye, sir."

And he started again, dragging his cask, while the child turned towards the gentlemen her rosy and smiling face.

"Blind, and a water-carrier!" repeated the young man, as they walked along.

"Ah! our James astonishes you, my young friend. Yes, it is one of those miracles like that of a paralytic who walks. Should you like to know his story?"

"Tell it to me."

"I will do so. It does not abound in facts or dramatic incidents, but it will interest you, I think, for it is the history of a soul, and of a good soul it is—a man struggling against the night. You will see the unfortunate man going step by step out of a bottomless abyss to begin his life again—to create his soul anew. You will see how a blind man, with a noble heart for a stay, makes his way even in this world."

While they were conversing, they reached the house of Mr. Desgranges, who began in this manner:—

"One morning, three years since, I was walking on a large dry plain, which separates our village from that of Noisemont, and which is all covered with mill-stones just taken from the quarry. The process of blowing the rocks was still going on. Suddenly, a violent explosion was heard. I looked. At a distance of four or five hundred paces, a grey smoke, which seemed to come from a hole, rose from the ground. Stones were then thrown up in the air, horrible cries were heard, and springing from this hole appeared a man, who began to run across the plain as if mad. He shook his arms, screamed, fell down, got up again, disappeared in the great crevices of the plain, and appeared again. The distance and the irregularity of his path prevented me from distinguishing anything clearly; but, at the height of his head, in the place of his face, I saw a great, red mark. In alarm, I approached him, while from the other side of the plain, from Noisemont, a troop of men and women were advancing crying aloud. I was the first to reach the poor creature. His face was all one wound, and torrents of blood were streaming over his garments, which were all in rags.

"Scarcely had I taken hold of him, than a woman, followed by twenty peasants, approached, and threw herself before him.

"James, James, is it you? I did not know you, James."

"The poor man, without answering, struggled furiously in our hands.

"Ah!" cried the woman, suddenly, and with a heart-rending voice, 'it is he!'

"She had recognized a large, silver pin, which fastened his shirt, which was covered with blood."

"It was, indeed, he, her husband, the father of three children, a poor laborer, who, in blasting a rock with powder, had received the explosion in his face, and was blind, mutilated, perhaps mortally wounded.

"He was carried home. I was obliged to go away the same day, on a journey, and was absent a month. Before my departure, I sent him our doctor, a man devoted to his profes-

sion as a country physician, and as learned as a city physician. On my return—

“Ah! well, doctor,” said I, “the blind man?”

“It is all over with him. His wounds are healed, his head is doing well, he is only blind; but he will die; despair has seized him, and he will kill himself. I can do nothing more for him. This is all,” he said; “an internal inflammation is taking place. He must die.”

“I hastened to the poor man. I arrived. I shall never forget the sight. He was seated on a wooden stool, beside a hearth on which there was no fire, his eyes covered with a white bandage. On the floor, an infant of three months was sleeping; a little girl of four years old was playing in the ashes; one, still older, was shivering opposite to her; and, in front of the fireplace, seated on the disordered bed, her arms hanging down, was the wife. What was left to be imagined in this spectacle was more than met the eye. One felt that for several hours, perhaps, no word had been spoken in this room. The wife was doing nothing, and seemed to have no care to do anything. They were not merely unfortunate, they seemed like condemned persons. At the sound of my footsteps, they arose, but without speaking.

“You are the blind man of the quarry?”

“Yes, sir.”

“I have come to see you.”

“Thank you, sir.”

“You met with a sad misfortune there.”

“Yes, sir.”

“His voice was cold, short, without any emotion. He expected nothing from any one. I pronounced the words ‘assistance,’ ‘public compassion.’

“‘Assistance!’ cried his wife, suddenly, with a tone of despair; ‘they ought to give it to us; they must help us; we have done nothing to bring upon us this misfortune; they will not let my children die with hunger.’

“She asked for nothing—begged for nothing. She claimed help. This imperative beggary touched me more than the common lamentations of poverty, for it was the voice of despair; and I felt in my purse for some pieces of silver.

“The man then, who had till now been silent, said, with a hollow tone—

“Your children must die, since I can no longer see.”

“There is a strange power in the human voice. My money fell back into my purse. I was ashamed of the precarious assistance. I felt that here was a call for something more than mere almsgiving—the charity of a day. I soon formed my resolution.”

“But what could you do?” said the young man to Mr. Desgranges.

“What could I do?” replied he, with animation. “Fifteen days after, James was saved. A year after, he gained his own living, and might be heard singing at his work.”

“Saved! working! singing! but how?”

“How! by very natural means. But wait,

I think I hear him. I will make him tell you his simple story. It will touch you more from his lips. It will embarrass me less, and his cordial and ardent face will complete the work.”

In fact, the noise of some one taking off his wooden shoes was heard at the door, and then a little tap.

“Come in, James.” And he entered with his wife.

“I have brought Juliana, my dear Mr. Desgranges, the poor woman—she must see you sometimes, must she not?”

“You did right, James. Sit down.”

He came forward, pushing his stick before him, that he might not knock against a chair. He found one, and seated himself. He was young, small, vigorous, with black hair, a high and open forehead, a singularly expansive face for a blind man, and, as Rabelais says, a magnificent smile of thirty-two teeth. His wife remained standing behind him.

“James,” said Mr. Desgranges to him, “here is one of my good friends, who is very desirous to see you.”

“He is a good man, then, since he is your friend.”

“Yes. Talk with him; I am going to see my geraniums. But do not be sad, you know I forbid you that.”

“No, no, my dear friend, no!”

This tender and simple appellation seemed to charm the young man: and after the departure of his friend, approaching the blind man, he said:

“You are very fond of Mr. Desgranges.”

“Fond of him!” cried the blind man, with impetuosity; “he saved me from ruin, sir. It was all over with me, the thought of my children consumed me, I was dying because I could not see. He saved me.”

“With assistance—with money?”

“Money! what is money? everybody can give that. Yes, he clothed us, he fed us, he obtained a subscription of five hundred francs (about one hundred dollars) for me; but all this was as nothing; he did more—he cured my heart!”

“But how?”

“By his kind words, sir. Yes, he, a person of so much consequence in the world, he came every day into my poor house, he sat on my poor stool, he talked with me an hour, two hours, till I became quiet and easy.”

“What did he say to you?”

“I do not know; I am but a foolish fellow, and he must tell you all he said to me; but they were things I had never heard before. He spoke to me of the good God, better than a minister; and he brought sleep back to me.”

“How was that?”

“It was two months since I had slept soundly. I would just doze, and then start up, saying—

“‘James, you are blind,’ and then my head would go round—round, like a madman; and

this was killing me. One morning he came in, this dear friend, and said to me—

"James do you believe in God?"

"Why do you ask that, Mr. Desgranges?"

"Well, this night, when you wake, and the thought of your misfortune comes upon you, say aloud a prayer—then two—then three—and you will go to sleep."

"Yes," said the wife, with her calm voice, "the good God, He gives sleep."

"This is not all, sir. In my despair I would have killed myself. I said to myself, 'You are useless to your family, you are the woman of the house, and others support you.' But he was displeased—'Is it not you who support your family; if you had not been blind, would any one have given you the five hundred francs?'"

"That is true, Mr. Desgranges."

"If you were not blind, would any one provide for your children?"

"That is true, Mr. Desgranges."

"If you were not blind, would every one love you, as we love you?"

"It is true, Mr. Desgranges, it is true."

"You see, James, there are misfortunes in all families. Misfortune is like rain; it must fall a little on everybody. If you were not blind, your wife would, perhaps, be sick, one of your children might have died. Instead of that, you have all the misfortune, my poor man; but they—they have none."

"True, true." And I began to feel less sad. I was even happy to suffer for them. And then he added—

"Dear James, misfortune is either the greatest enemy, or the greatest friend of men. There are people whom it makes wicked; there are others made better by it. For you, it must make you beloved by everybody; you must become so grateful, so affectionate, that when they wish to speak of any one who is good, they will say, good as the blind man of the Noisemont. That will serve for a dowry to your daughter.' This is the way he talked to me, sir; and it gave me heart to be unfortunate."

"Yes; but when he was not here?"

"Ah, when he was not here, I had, to be sure, some heavy moments. I thought of my eyes—the light is so beautiful. Oh, God! cried I, in anguish, if ever I should see clearly again, I would get up at three o'clock in the morning, and I would not go to bed till ten at night, that I might gather up more light."

"James, James!" said his wife.

"You are right, Juliana; he has forbidden me to be sad. He would perceive it, sir. Do you think, that when my head had gone wrong in the night, and he came in the morning, and merely looked at me, he would say—'James, you have been thinking that;' and then he would scold me, this dear friend. Yes," added he with an expression of joy—"he would scold me, and that would give me pleasure, because he tried to make his words cross, but he could not do it."

"And what gave you the idea of becoming a water-carrier?"

"He gave me that also. Do you suppose I have ideas? I began to loose my grief, but my time hung heavy on my hands. At thirty-two years old, to be sitting all day in a chair! He then began to instruct me, as he said, and he told me beautiful stories. The Bible—the history of an old man, blind like me, named Tobias; the history of Joseph; the history of David; the history of Jesus Christ. And then he made me repeat them after him. But my head, it was hard, it was hard, it was not used to learning; and I was always getting tired in my arms and my legs."

"And he tormented us to death," said his wife, laughing.

"True, true," replied he, laughing also, "I became cross. He came again, and said—

"James, you must go to work."

"I showed him my poor, burned hands."

"It is no matter; I have bought you a capital in trade."

"Me, Mr. Desgranges?"

"Yes, James, a capital into which they never put goods, and where they always find them."

"It must have cost you a great deal, sir."

"Nothing at all, my lad,"

"What is then this fund?"

"The river."

"The river? Do you wish me to become a fisherman?"

"Not at all; a water-carrier."

"Water-carrier! but eyes!"

"Eyes, of what use are they? do the dray-horses have eyes? If they do, they make use of them; if they do not, they do without them. Come, you must be a water-carrier."

"But a cask."

"I will give you one."

"A cart."

"I have ordered one at the cart-maker's."

"But customers."

"I will give you my custom, to begin with, eighteen francs a month; (my dear friend he pays for water as dearly as for wine.) Moreover, you have nothing to say, either yes or no. I have dismissed my water-carrier, and you would not let my wife and I die with thirst. This dear Madam Desgranges, just think of it. And so, my boy, in three days—work. And you Madame James, come here;" and he carried off Juliana."

"Yes, sir," continued the wife, "he carried me off, ordered leather straps, made me buy the wheels, harnessed me; we were all astonishment, James and I; but stop, if you can, when Mr. Desgranges drives you. At the end of three days, he we are with the cask, he harnessed and drawing it, I behind, pushing: we were ashamed at crossing the village as if we were doing something wrong; it seemed as if everybody would laugh at us. But Mr. Desgranges was there in the street."

"Come on, James," said he, 'courage.

"We came along, and in the evening he put into our hands a piece of money, saying," continued the blind man, with emotion—

"James, here are twenty sous you have earned to-day."

"Earned, sir, think of that! earned, it was fifteen months that I had only eaten what had been given to me. It is good to receive from good people, it is true; but the bread that one earns, it is as we say, half corn, half barley; it nourishes better, and then it was done, I was no longer the woman, I was a laborer—a laborer—James earned his living."

A sort of pride shone from his face.

"How," said the young man, "was your cask sufficient to support you?"

"Not alone, sir; but I have still another profession."

"Another profession!"

"Ha, ha, yes, sir; the river always runs, except when it is frozen, and, as Mr. Desgranges says, 'water-carriers do not make their fortune with ice,' so he gave me a Winter trade and Summer trade."

"Winter trade!"

Mr. Desgranges returned at this moment—James heard him—"Is it not true, Mr. Desgranges, that I have another trade beside that of water-carrier?"

"Undoubtedly."

"What is it then?"

"Wood-sawyer."

"Wood-sawyer? impossible; how could you measure the length of the sticks? how could you cut wood without cutting yourself?"

"Cut myself, sir," replied the blind man, with a pleasant shade of confidence; "I formerly was a wood-sawyer, and the saw knows me well, and then one learns everything—I go to school, indeed. They put a pile of wood at my left side, my saw and saw horse before me, and a stick that is to be sawed in three; I take a thread, I cut it the size of the third of the stick—this is the measure. Every place I saw, I try it, and so it goes on till now there is nothing burned or drunk in the village without calling upon me."

"Without mentioning," added Mr. Desgranges, "that he is a commissioner."

"A commissioner?" said the young man, still more surprised.

"Yes, sir, when there is an errand to be done at Melun, I put my little girl on my back, and then off I go. She sees for me, I walk for her; those who meet me, say, 'Here is a gentleman who carries his eyes very high;' to which I answer, 'that is so I may see the farther.' And then at night I have twenty sous more to bring home."

"But are you not afraid of stumbling against the stones?"

"I lift my feet pretty high; and then I am used to it, I come from Noisement here all the time!"

"How do you find your way?"

"I find the course of the wind as I leave

home, and this takes the place of the sun with me."

"But the holes?"

"I know them all."

"And the walls."

"I feel them. When I approach anything thick, sir, the air comes with less force upon my face; it is but now and then that I get a hard knock, as by example, if sometimes a little handcart is left on the road, I do not suspect it—whack! bad for you, poor five-and-thirty; but this is soon over. It is only when I get bewildered, as I did day before yesterday. O then——"

"You have not told me of that, James," said Mr. Desgranges.

"I was, however, somewhat embarrassed, my dear friend. While I was here the wind changed, I did not perceive it; but at the end of a quarter of an hour, when I had reached the plain of Noisement, I had lost my way, and I felt so bewildered that I did not dare to stir a step. You know the plain, not a house, no passers-by. I sat down on the ground, I listened; after a moment, I heard at, as I supposed, about two hundred paces distant, a noise of running water. I said, 'If this should be the stream which is at the bottom of the plain.' I went feeling along on the side from which the noise came—I reached the stream; then I reasoned in this way: the water comes down from the side of Noisement and crosses it. I put in my hand to feel the current."

"Bravo, James."

"Yes, but the water was so low and the current so small, that my hand felt nothing. I put in the end of my stick, it was not moved. I rubbed my head; finally, I said, 'I am a fool, here is my handkerchief;' I took it, I fastened it to the end of my cane. Soon I felt that it moved gently to the right, very gently. Noisement is on the right. I started again and I got home to Juliana, who began to be uneasy."

"O," cried the young man, "this is admirable——"

But Mr. Desgranges stopped him, and leading him to the other end of the room,

"Silence!" said he to him in a low voice—"not admirable, do not corrupt by pride the simplicity of this man. Look at him, see how tranquil his face is, how calm after this recital which has moved you so much. He is ignorant of himself, do not spoil him."

"It is so touching," said the young man, in a low tone.

"Undoubtedly, and still his superiority does not lie there. A thousand blind men have found out these ingenious resources, a thousand will find them again; but this moral perfection—this heart, which opens itself so readily to elevated consolations—this heart which so willingly takes upon it the part of a victim—this heart which has restored him to life. For do not be deceived, it is not I who have saved him, it is his affection for me, his ardent gratitude

has filled his whole soul, and has sustained—he has lived because he has loved!”

At that moment, James, who had remained at the other end of the room, and who perceived that we were speaking low, got up softly, and with a delicate discretion, said to his wife,

“We will go away without making any noise.”

“Are you going, James?”

“I am in the way, my dear Mr. Desgranges.”

“No, pray stay longer.”

His benefactor retained him, reaching out to him cordially his hand. The blind man seized the hand in his turn, and pressed it warmly against his heart.

“My dear friend, my dear good friend, you permit me to stay a little longer. How glad I am to find myself near you. When I am sad I say—‘James, the good God will, perhaps, of His mercy, put you in the same paradise with Mr. Desgranges,’ and that does me good.”

The young man smiled at this simple tenderness, which believed in a hierarchy in Heaven. James heard him.

“You smile, sir. But this good man has recreated James. I dream of it every night—I have never seen him, but I shall know him then. Oh my God, if I recover my sight I will look at him for ever—for ever, like the light, till he shall say to me, James, go away. But he will not say so, he is too good. If I had known him four years ago, I would have served him, and never have left him.”

“James, James!” said Mr. Desgranges; but the poor man could not be silenced.

“It is enough to know he is in the village; this makes my heart easy. I do not always wish to come in, but I pass before his house, it is always there, and when he is gone a journey I make Juliana lead me into the plain of Noiesemont, and I say—‘turn me towards the place where he is gone that I may breathe the same air with him.’”

Mr. Desgranges put his hand before his mouth. James stopped.

“You are right, Mr. Desgranges; my mouth is rude, it is only my heart which is right. Come, wife,” said he, gaily, and drying the great tears which rolled from his eyes, “Come, we must give our children their supper. Good-by, my dear friend, good-by, sir.”

He went away, moving his staff before him. Just as he laid his hand upon the door, Mr. Desgranges called him back.

“I want to tell you a piece of news which will give you pleasure. I was going to leave the village this year; but I have just taken a new lease of five years of my landlady.”

“Do you see, Juliana,” said James to his wife, turning round, “I was right when I said he was going away.”

“How,” replied Mr. Desgranges, “I had told them not to tell you of it.”

“Yes; but here,” putting his hand on his heart, “everything is plain here. I heard about a month since, some little words, which had begun to make my head turn round; when,

last Sunday, your landlady called me to her, and showed me more kindness than usual, promising me that she would take care of me, and that she would never abandon me. When I came home, I said to Juliana, ‘Wife, Mr. Desgranges is going to quit the village; but that lady has consoled me.’”

In a few moments the blind man had returned to his home.

## THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY MARY ANN WHITTAKER.

Where is the Beautiful? 'Tis everywhere!

It permeates all life; its presence beams

On the glad earth, like some bright star  
which seems

All glowing with the eloquence of prayer.

What is the Beautiful? A mystery!

Not man, but God alone its depths can sound;

Would'st thou among its worshippers be found?

Rise on the wings of Faith, where thought is free.

And thou shalt know the Beautiful—yet not

As one whom worldly wisdom fast enchains

Within the prison-house of self; whose claims

Are based on Pride, and therefore soon forgot.

But bow thy heart before the Beautiful

In simple, child-like love; content to feel

Thy greatest thought too feeble to reveal

God's secret workings, vast and wonderful.

So shall the Beautiful encircle thee

With a diviner radiance, whose light

Will fall, like silver moonbeams o'er the night  
Of doubt and sorrow—soft and lovingly.

Or would'st thou woo the Beautiful, when joy

Rings her rich laughing music in thine ear,

And bids thee welcome to fair nature's cheer

'Neath sunny skies? Oh! let not sin destroy

The altar of the Beautiful, which lives,

Upreared by angels, in each human heart;

But garland it with fadeless flowers, nor part

With one memorial truth or virtue gives.

Worship the Beautiful, in thought and deed!

Scorn not earth's symbols, for by them alone

Can we approach the mystic spirit-home

Where beauty from mortality is freed.

Seek, seek the Beautiful in nature! then,

Then thou wilt find upon her monuments

Of rock and mountain, records of events

Most wondrous—and prophetic words to men.

Love, love the Beautiful, when smiling earth

Presents a gentler face to greet thy kiss,

Like a young, blushing bride, whose purest  
bliss

Is found in earnest trust, and honored worth.

Be worthy of the Beautiful! thy home,

Thy heart of hearts should be its resting-  
place;

Oh! powerful be its ministry of grace!

Within each dwelling bid the angel come

And God's own smile the Beautiful will bless

Reminding us that He, the Giver, wills

All to claim freely the kind hand which fills  
This world with purity and loveliness.



## WONDERS IN ANIMAL LIFE.

Translated from the French.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

The marvellous pleases all; because if it interests the physiologist, it amuses others. Now then, since I have promised to do so, I will guide you for a short time through those thousand marvels which nature has scattered in her pathway without your having perceived them; I will show you those creatures so common, so fantastic, and yet so little known, who will change the face of the universe in your eyes, and metamorphose the globe which you inhabit, the country which has given you birth, the garden where you cultivate your tulips, into an enchanted world where nothing obeys the ordinary laws of nature, where animals, plants, and all that exists, are subject to the powerful laws of magic. For you I will make myself a magician, and evoke the most extraordinary beings, much more so than any you have read of in fairy tales. You shall see some, which, after a bloody combat, deposit to resume others, not their broken armour, but their mutilated limbs; others gravely promenading after having been decapitated. You will see some, like the fabulous hydra, creating to themselves new heads as fast as the old ones are cut off; some, more cunning than Proteus, eluding dangers by twenty successive metamorphoses; others dying when the beneficent rays of the sun strike them, and reviving when the storm threatens or desolates the earth. But let us not anticipate, and commence by an excursion to New Holland.

You know that ancient naturalists had formed a grand class of animals which they called quadrupeds, because all had four feet; but frogs, lizards, tortoises, have also four feet, whence they also must be classed among quadrupeds, which is contrary to all analogies; for the frog is found in the same class with the horse, the lizard, with monkeys, &c. They then gave the name of reptiles to all those which having four paws, creep, have bodies naked or covered with scales, and lay eggs. The class of quadrupeds was soon limited to those which have the body covered with hair, and bring forth their young living. Modern naturalists adopted these two classes, under the names of oviparous and viviparous quadrupeds. At last came the celebrated George Cuvier, who rejected the class of viviparous quadrupeds, to found in it a new division which he called that of the mammifera, or animals which give suck to their little ones.

We are now in New Holland, and are observing, near Port Jackson, some animals sporting in the waves and among the reeds of a marsh. At a distance we should take them for otters, for they are of about the same color and size; like those, they swim gracefully, and cleave the surface of the water with surprising rapidity. But let us approach, and as we study these singular creatures, we shall pass from

surprise to surprise, for these are *ornithorhinqes* (*Ornithorhincus paradoxians*.) Their head is the most singular part at the first glance; the back of it is covered with short and glossy hair; the smallness of the eyes and the want of ears, as well as the general form of the skull, give it a little the appearance of that of the mole; but this head is prolonged in front into a genuine duck's bill, long, flat having its edges garnished with little transversal scales. Within this beak are found two tongues; one long, extensible, bristling with short and close hair; one short, thick, having in front two little fleshy tips. At the entrance of its throat are eight teeth, two at each jaw; but these teeth are without roots and composed of little vertical tubes.

The body of the *ornithorhinc*, (known among the inhabitants under the name of water-rats,) is elongated, almost cylindrical like that of a seal, covered with reddish hair, thin and glossy, terminated by a tail, short but flattened like that of a beaver; its legs are short; its fore feet provided with a membrane, which not only unites the claws, but reaches far beyond the nails, and the result of this unexampled peculiarity is, that the claws seem as it were merged in a sort of fin. In the hind feet the membrane terminates at the roots of the nails; but they have another peculiarity not less remarkable; they are armed, like the claws of a cock, with a long pointed spur, which the inhabitants say produces a venomous wound. You see that this ambiguous animal resembles at once a bird and a fish, though it be a quadruped. Its classification did not, however, embarrass our naturalists, and they placed it unhesitatingly among the mammifera, in consideration of its feet, its body covered with hair, and some other characteristics. But, alas! this *ornithorhinc* is a mammiferous animal which does not give suck—a viviparous quadruped which lays eggs! And now spend forty years of your life in studying the sciences to make a system! Besides, we know at present five or six species of animals similar to the one of which we have spoken.

Among fishes, there is one excessively common, spread over all parts of the globe, and which has equally made the despair of the scientific. It is the common eel (*Murana anguilla*, Lin.) All the researches which have been made to learn how it multiplies have failed. Whence then comes this animal which is caught in such abundance in the sea, in rivers, and even in the smallest streams? But here is a new fact which must also embarrass naturalists. Some years since, an engineer caused to be dug an artesian well in a village very distant from the sea, as well as from any body of water large enough to contain fish. The workmen dug it to some hundreds of feet; then, having reached an enormous depth, they withdrew their engineer's plummet. The water rose bubbling, reached the surface of the earth, darted into the air in a limpid and brilliant

Jet, and fell back again to earth under the form of a rain of little eels. Formerly, people would have exclaimed, "A miracle!" The engineer contented himself with picking up five or six, which he put into a phial, and sent to the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, where I have seen them. They differ in nothing from our common eels of the same size, which is about that of a quill, and are from five to six inches in length. Can the eel be a child of earth, like those fabulous animals of which the ancients have related to us such marvels?

Since we are upon the mysterious inhabitants of the bowels of the earth, I must show you one which, as well as the water-rat, gives the lie to science. Let us transport ourselves to La Carniole, and, provided with resinous flambeaux, penetrate those gloomy caverns whose sparkling stalactites are so much admired by mineralogists. Having reached the bottom of these humid vaults, our march will be suddenly arrested by a sheet of water, limpid as the purest crystal, and the distant sound of a cascade dies away in our ears. Such are the subterranean channels by which certain lakes of La Carniole communicate together. No living being can resist the sharp cold of these waters, for ever deprived of the gentle influences of the air and the light, except the proteus serpent (*Proteus anguinus*, Cuvier), which you see crawling slowly over the rocks at the bottom, or sometimes coming out and dragging itself over the micaceous sand of the banks.

The ancients believed in the existence of amphibious animals, that is to say, animals which could live equally well in the waters and on the earth, having an equal faculty for decomposing air and water to breathe. Our moderns have denied the possibility of such a faculty, because, they have said, the lungs are the only organs proper to decompose air, and the gills the only ones fitted to decompose water. As it is impossible that an animal should have at once lungs and gills, there is no amphibious animal possible.

Now let us examine the proteus, which we have caught in a cavern of La Carniole, and the first thing which meets our eyes is that it has lungs with which it decomposes the air when it comes out of the water and chooses to make itself a reptile, and gills, which form three pretty plumes on each side of the head, which serve to decompose the water whenever it pleases to live after the manner of fishes. Its body is eighteen inches long, and never larger than a finger. It terminates in a flat tail which serves at once as oar and rudder. Its muzzle is elongated, depressed, and its two jaws garnished with teeth. It is blind, for its excessively little eye is concealed beneath the skin. You will admire here the providence of Nature, which has deprived it of an organ entirely useless as long as it shall be condemned to live in the obscurity of these deep caverns; but it has given it germs to be developed in

case a geological revolution should throw it upon the surface of the earth. One would be tempted to believe that Nature had the same views in giving it its double respiratory organ, and four legs so short and small that they are almost useless, and that it is obliged to creep, after the manner of serpents.

The siren (*Siren Lacertina*, Lin.), which inhabits the marshes of Carolina, may be, perhaps, if we adopt this opinion, but a proteus, modified by the light of day and the element which it can no longer leave because of the heat of the sun. In fact, it differs from it only by its eyes, which are open, but which remain extremely small, and by its paws, still more obliterated, for only the forepaws remain, and so little that they are, so to speak, only rudiments. Its body is colored as that of all creatures exposed to the light of day, and from white it has become blackish. It has acquired strength, vivacity, size, and may, in these respects, be compared with an eel three feet in length. But its lungs remain, and its three gills still float freely on each side of its head. I give you this only as a hypothesis, which you may look upon as like those nursery tales I have alluded to above.

These two animals belong to the family of *Batrachia* of Cuvier, a family which presents the most singular phenomena of vital force. Let us look in the ponds and gutters of limpid water in the neighborhood of Paris, and see whether chance or good fortune will not furnish us with a subject for our observations.

Here is a lizard swimming gracefully in the pond of Anteuil; its body is a clear brown above, and of a pretty red beneath, everywhere studded with little round black spots; its head is striped with the same color; and the back of the male is adorned, but only in the Spring, with a beautiful festooned crest. This is the punctuated salamander (*salamandra punctuata*, Cav.) of the naturalists. It is upon it that we are about to make our experiments. Let us take this one, cut off one paw close to its body, and throw it into the little pond in your garden. A week afterwards we find the stump elongated, and presenting already an articulation about the middle, representing the joint. A few days afterwards this stump has assumed a more definite form, and we easily recognize the whole limb, which will soon exactly resemble the other. Finally, at the end of a month, more or less, according to the heat of the season, our salamander will have recovered his entire paw, absolutely like the others, wanting in nothing: muscles, nerves, veins, arteries, bones and ligaments, all complete. Let us see if we have exhausted this singular power of reproduction; we will cut off the paw anew; it grows again as on the first occasion, and as often as we please.

Let us cut off two at once; then three, then all four; the phenomenon of reproduction takes place as if we had cut off but one.

If we deprive it of one eye, the animal will

doubtless remain blind. This is nothing. See its eyelids, with which it shelters from contact with the air the frightful wound we have made, and which without opening, by degrees become prominent. Some fine morning, at the moment when the sun rising above the horizon throws upon nature its creative rays, the salamander, re-animated by a gentle warmth, makes an effort, opens its two eyelids, and turns towards the father of fruitfulness two eyes equally brilliant, and both reflecting the vivid light of day.

Since the eyelids have protected the miraculous formation of this new eye, let us again take out the eye; then with scissors cut off the eyelids. But behold, the wound covers itself with a white and purulent humor; this humor grows thicker, becomes a protecting membrane, which quickly acquiring strength is colored and metamorphosed into eyelids. The phenomena of reproduction no longer experiences any obstacle, and we have but delayed for a few days the formation of the new eye.

Our experiments shall now be made on a more essential organ, the brain. In man, as in all animals, the brain is the root of the nerves, and the seat of sensibility. The slightest lesion of this delicate part is followed by the gravest accidents, such as stupefaction, lethargy, paralysis and death. With a very sharp instrument we will open the skull of our salamander. Now let us empty its brain by means of a little ear-picker, and leave there absolutely nothing; we will see whether the accidents of which I have spoken above, will develop themselves progressively. Not at all. As soon as we restore the animal to the water, he continues to move about, to eat, and to fulfil all the functions of life as if nothing had happened to him.

How strong he is! Since we have not been able to kill him thus, let us end all at a blow, and cut off his head. The miracle of St. Denis was nothing to this. Our headless salamander moves tranquilly among the slime of the pond. Only his walk is uneasy, groping; for we see that he fears to strike the wound against surrounding bodies, and is careful, in order to avoid painful shocks, to move gently, and to feel with his forepaws. Every time he needs to breathe he rises to the surface of the water, and presents to the air his stump of a neck, just as the entire animal has just presented his nose. The air penetrates the lungs through the hole of the trachea, and the animal regains the bottom. But how does he eat? I cannot tell you. Probably the particles of organic matter, disseminated through the water, penetrate the stomach through the hole in his neck. What is certain is, that they live very well in this state, and have been preserved thus several months. But they have died by various accidents resulting from want of care, and we know not whether new heads would be formed. This is an experiment which may be easily made. The animal accustoms itself

readily to an earthen or glass vase, provided it be of a certain size, and the water changed every two or three days. You will see with astonishment that a short time after his head has been cut off, he will know his vase by heart and not strike against its sides.

## NEW PROSPECTS OF LUNAR CONQUESTS.

The earth's geologists and the moon have not hitherto been upon good terms. The sages have wooed the lovely goddess of the night both assiduously and ardently, but she has never yet looked upon them as she did on the shepherd Endymion during his dream on the heights of Mount Latmus. Their most earnest suit has received no other answer than cold and silent reserve. It is not surprising, then, that the slighted suitors sometimes break through the bounds of patience, and express their irritation and disappointment in opprobrious epithets and bitter words. An amusing illustration of this weak side of philosophy occurred at the Ipswich meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held in the year 1851.

An eloquent geologist, of high repute, there found occasion, under the show of paying compliment to the astronomer-royal for his presidential address, to speak of the moon as an "inconsistent jade, who never behaved as she ought, and who might be seen at one time threatening to reap down the stars with her ruthless sickle, and at another looking out derisively from the sky with a one-sided face." It is clear that no sage philosopher could, at years of discretion, have thus characterized the beautiful phases of the lunar aspect, unless his perceptions had been obscured, and his judgment warped by prejudice and angry feeling. We, ourselves, have no doubt that our guess is a shrewd one, and that "Rejected Addresses" were at the bottom of the affair.

But there is now strong reason for hoping that more intimate and amicable relations will soon be established between terrestrial sages and the moon. It has been determined that the suit of science shall henceforth be pressed discreetly, and in accordance with due and proper form. At the Belfast meeting of the British Association, a committee of "likely men" was appointed to the task of deliberating upon ways and means. This committee met in September, 1852, at the residence of Lord Rosse, and took a preliminary survey of the lunar face, from a cautious and respectful distance, through the great tube which his lordship kindly placed at their disposal for the purpose. This survey led to the framing of a well-considered plan for future operations, and the first-fruits appeared at the Hull sitting of the British Association, recently held. Professor Phillips there presented a drawing of the annular mountain Gassendi, as a model of the

form of delineation the band of confederated selenographers intend to adopt.

The professor stated, however, while exhibiting this sketch, that he had to communicate still higher promise of great results being soon attained. It will be remembered, that in 1851, Professor Bond, of Cambridge, United States, produced a photographic portrait of the moon, three inches across. That portrait was made within the tube of the Cambridge telescope, converted for the occasion into a photographic camera, by a lens possessing a diameter of fifteen inches. Since that period, a more sensitive material than M. Daguerre's plate of iodized silver has been discovered. By employing this substance, the iodized collodion spread in a thin film on a plate of glass, Professor Phillips has procured a very good image of the moon in five minutes, although the telescope he used had only a diameter of six inches and a quarter, and although the moon was at low southern altitude at the time. The professor has no doubt that the same result might be attained in one minute, instead of in five, when the moon is at its highest southern elevation in the sky.

But here again, if such a result was attained when a pigmy telescope of about six inches was used in the production of the picture, what might not be expected if Lord Rosse's giant instrument of six feet was engaged in the task! Professor Phillips has seen in this telescope a magnificent moon-image, six inches across, and so brilliant, that he is sure it would be able to stamp itself distinctly upon the film of iodized collodion, in fifteen seconds at the most; or even if it were again magnified to a diameter of twelve inches, by the introduction of proper optical apparatus, in one minute. But these photographic pictures are so exquisitely defined in their details, that they bear to be examined by means of amplifying lenses. The twelve-inch picture of the moon, sketched on iodized collodion, by Lord Rosse's telescope, might be magnified subsequently eight times at least, without the limit of increased distinctness being reached. Such a magnified view would present a map of the moon upon a scale of one inch to twenty-two miles, and in which the form and outline of an object really 105 feet across, would be projected with the utmost distinctness. Indeed, bodies only thirty-seven feet across, and, therefore, of the dimensions of ordinary houses, would be perceptible in it as specks; and since streaks are much more readily discerned by the eye than spots, lines not exceeding ten feet in breadth would be visible as lines. A photographic picture of the moon, drawn by Lord Rosse's telescope, and subsequently magnified by appropriate contrivances, would, in fact, present a delineation of the lunar surface, analogous to that which the physical maps now in use present of the county of Yorkshire when held at the distance of ten inches from the eye. It would indeed be a representation of the moon as it

would appear if seen from a distance of twenty-four miles instead of twenty-four thousand. The discomfited geologists may therefore take heart; their turn is assuredly coming. The existing president of the British Association has declared his conviction, that the details of the moon's superficial structure will very soon be more fully and accurately known, than either the geology or geography of our own terrestrial sphere.

It may, however, be asked why Lord Rosse's telescope has not been already converted into a photographic camera, under circumstances of such rich promise. The answer is, that a series of preliminary difficulties of a mechanical nature have to be overcome before an accurate picture of the moon can be secured upon a sensitive photographic surface. Every one knows how essential perfect repose and stillness in the subject are, when an accurate daguerreotype miniature is to be taken. M. Claudet, after arranging the drapery of the sitter with artistic care, pins a flower on one of the curtains of his magical light-chamber, in order that the look may be fixed upon it during the exposure of the plate; and, not content with this precaution, he then also plants the ends of a curved iron holdfast on each side of the head, to preclude the possibility of any lateral movement. But none of this care can be taken in the case of the moon. She laughs at M. Claudet's art as much as she does at the geologist's science. No holdfast can be made to fix her restless head; no flower has fascination enough to stop her roving glance. The instant her face is caught on the sensitive plate of the photographer's camera it is found that, from moment to moment, she is stealthily sidling along the sky. Observe how the end of a noonday shadow travels over the surface of the ground. Exactly in this way the moon's image travels along the photographic plate; and the consequence is, that every detailed feature within it is blurred in the direction towards which the picture is moving. Nothing can be done in sketching the moon until the camera is made, by some means or other, to accompany her movements as she glides through the sky.

In the practice of lunar photography, this end is attained by attaching the telescope, which is used as a camera, to a train of clock-work. The several parts of the apparatus are then so adjusted that the telescope keeps lunar time—that is, moves round precisely as the moon progresses in the sky. But even this proves to be insufficient where a very accurate picture is to be made, for the moon does not go evenly along amid the starry host. She is always either getting on faster and faster, or lagging back more and more. Her movement is an accelerating or retarding one, and she is also constantly shifting her position a little upwards or downwards on the celestial surface. Mechanical compensations must, therefore, be provided to meet all these causes of irregularity,

and these compensations must be severally adjusted to the exact behavior of the moon at the time selected for the operation. Now, it will be readily understood from all this, that a vast amount of ingenuity must be brought into play before even a small telescope can be enabled to keep the moon's company during a portion of one of her nocturnal wanderings, but how much more must this be the case ere a very large instrument can be qualified for the same erratic fellowship. Let it be remembered, that before Lord Rosse can carry out his purpose of fixing the lunar face by means of his great speculum, an enormous tube fifty-six feet long and weighing fifteen tons, will have to be converted into a sort of clock-hand, and carried with an accurately adjusted accelerating or retarding movement! This wonderful work will no doubt be accomplished, but there is no room left for surprise if the thing be not done as rapidly as the idea of its possibility has been conceived.—*Chambers's Journal.*

### HOPE.

Hope was a rosy maiden,  
With laughing, merry eyes;  
But she always shut them pretty close  
When storms were in the skies.

"Pho! pho!" she cried, "'tis but a sham,  
The sun is peeping out;  
He has only been inquiring  
What the moon has been about."

One day, she lost a treasure—  
"I'll find it," was the cry;  
"Or, if I don't, I'll do without,  
Or know the reason why."

Her little lambkin sicken'd—  
"Cheer up, my pet," she cried,  
"I havn't heard, these dozen years,  
Of any lamb that died."

The clouds at last have broken,  
And it's raining very fast—  
"Yes," sung the merry maiden,  
"Too heavily to last."

Her rosebud droop'd unkindly—  
"You naughty, little thing!  
But still I have my lovely birds,  
How charmingly they sing!"

The dead leaves lay by thousands—  
" 'Twould be very sad," said she,  
"But I see the green buds breaking out  
Upon the mother tree."

The coffin by the cradle  
Told the struggle that was o'er—  
Hope whispered in the mother's ear,  
" 'Tis but an angel more!"

Her bark upon the quicksands  
Ten thousand floods o'erwhelm—  
"Hope look'd above, 'This is the time  
For God to take the helm."

Death is standing by her pillow,  
She feels the icy kiss—  
She lifts her arms, "I go to God,  
Where Hope dissolves in Bliss."

### POVERINA.

BY JEANNIE DEANS.

An old mechanic lay upon his death-bed. He had lived an honest, pure and blameless life, and therefore awaited death with calm resignation.

He cast his eyes about him—the house was old, yet well built—it was filled with the comforts supplied by a moderate income. The lands were well tilled and rich in a Summer verdure.

The old man, as he thought how old companions had grown wealthy, built fine houses, and bought herds and jewels, smiled meaningly as he had done, when his old cronies cried, "Why, Hubert, man, thou must make more than thy expenses."

As the first shudder of death crept over his soul, he called unto his bedside three daughters, all young, fair and sensible.

"My beloved ones," he whispered, "I have passed my youth and later years in endeavoring to find the *best* way to live—I have found it in *moderation*. You, I cannot expect to be satisfied with my experience. You shall judge for yourselves.

"When I commenced to grow rich, I looked around me. Some friends had become wealthy in advance. They bought and built, added luxuries to comforts and replaced comforts with show. They were never satisfied; always grasping, hoping, wishing for more. I owned my farm. My business was prosperous. I founded a scheme I then believed the height of wisdom. I dug a trench in my cellar and placed therein all my overplus funds. It is astonishing how fast they multiplied; but I cared not for them. I had the means of living like my neighbors, and this rendered me satisfied.

"I feel now that this gold could have done much good in the world. I have retained bread from hungry mouths and clothing from suffering bodies. We have no right to hoard money; justice and right require that it be constantly passing and exchanging, that the poor may catch a glimpse of it, or the necessities it brings them. I leave to you, my children, the distribution of my earnings. Take it—seek ye each one the happiest life."

Soon after the old man expired.

His daughters truly grieved for so estimable a parent.

Three years after his death, they sate alone in the sitting room. The sun shone through the elm branches, and imaged a shower of golden coins upon the painted floor.

Reichen, the eldest, gazed upon them musingly.

"Sisters," she exclaimed, starting from a reverie, "the great wealth our father left us still lies buried in the earth. His last wish is unfulfilled. Let us this day choose our path and follow it. We can divide the gold, take

each her portion, and commence a search for happiness."

"I agree," replied Parnassa. "What say you, little one?"

"Our father's wish should be fulfilled," answered the youngest.

"Let us then make our choice," cried the enthusiastic Reichen.

"Commence then, thou art eldest."

"Well, I will seek the rich and fashionable, the lovers of fun and frolic, the leaders of mirth. They have always appeared to me happy as the day is long."

"And thou, Parnassa," said the younger.

"I will remain here in our old home. I will seek for knowledge and fame. Those whose name trembles on every lip with praise, must be supremely happy. I will exchange all my gold for a laurel wreath."

"Ochoose, our little one."

"I would try a lower path—a descent is often happier than an ascent. It is easier to rise than fall."

The sisters shook their heads and answered, "Thou hast chosen badly, Poverina. Reconsider, there is yet time."

But she smiled faintly and was steadfast.

All that week they passed in counting and dividing the gold; the next in making preparations for their departures.

One bright morning, Reichen, dressed in silks and jewels, stepped into an elegant carriage; her gold was in handsome trunks in the boot; a liveried servant held the reins, and another closed the door. As far as the other two could see her, her gay bonnet plumes waved in the air, and her laced pocket handkerchief fluttered a last farewell.

An hour after, little Poverina, in a grey hood and coarse blue gown, passed out on foot. She dragged behind her a little wagon filled with her share of the treasure, and covered ostensibly with carrots and cabbages for the market.

Parnassa watched the last fold of her dress as she turned down the hill, and wiping away her tears, cried, "Now for books, books," and went into the house, closing the door after her.

Ten years had passed since the sisters parted. The day had arrived upon which they had agreed to meet once more. In the old homestead all was unchanged, but that it looked grayer and more neglected. In the well remembered sitting room all wore a different aspect. Statues filled the niches, flowers breathed odors commingled—books lay upon chairs, tables and window seats—books everywhere. At a desk filled with writing materials, sat Parnassa, a laurel wreath was upon her brow; but that brow was livid, and the eyes beneath it dim and lustreless. Changes had been wrought on the finite here.

The door opened and a strange figure entered: a woman bowed and shrunk. Her still luxuriant hair was threaded with silver, and shone through the artificial ringlets. The rouge

upon her cheek and lip, the carefully pencilled eyebrow and richly fashioned robe, could not conceal the ravages of dissipation, or the meagre form, grown old before its time.

"Reichen," cried Parnassa.

"Parnassa," replied the mummy; and the sisters exchanged embraces in silence—too wonder-stricken for words.

At this moment, a little grey hood peeped in at the door. The face therein was fresh and youthful, the form round and the step elastic. Were not the cheeks much paler than of yore, the sisters would have thought that Poverina had not changed in the least since their separation.

"Sisters," she cried, hastening to greet them, "God has permitted us all to live to meet once more, blessed be His name!"

When they were composed, they seated themselves, and prepared to recount each their progress toward happiness during their ten years' search.

Parnassa, being the one who remained at home, and believing her life less eventful than her sisters, commenced—

"When my tears had ceased to flow at your departure, I came into the house, and taking a quantity of gold, sent it, with a list of books, by Gottlieb, to the city. By the next day, a large car of these valuables arrived. I had shelves placed around my room, and filled them. I then procured one thousand reams of paper, four gallons of ink and a huge box of pens. Thus supplied, I commenced writing and reading, leaving to Gottlieb and Hanna the domestic avocations. I spared myself neither time nor pains. I wrought early and late. I lost sleep, took no exercise, and scarcely allowed myself time to partake of my meals.

"When my first work was finished, with many hopes and misgivings, I published it. It pleased the public, that public whose name is legion, and whose voice is life or death. That public, so feared by a debutante author, was pleased to shower upon me golden opinions. They cried for my name. It was given. I was inundated with invitations and congratulations. I wrote again and again. I drank a full measure of fame; but in the empty goblet found no solace. I had worked, toiled, eight years for this laurel wreath; but when it became mine, and action was no longer necessary to secure it, life was all a blank page. Money filled the old vault in the cellar, but all was lonely. There was no one to love me; no one for me to love. Unsatisfied I lived—and longed to die, hoping, in another life, to find that rest I longed for. My health is impaired from constant sedentary habits and late vigils. I must now care as much for my ailing body as I have heretofore neglected it.

"I hope, dear Reichen, that your history will not be so sad in its termination. With me the belief lies that there is no happiness

on this earth. The endurance is here, the happiness in Heaven."

Reichen shook sadly her withered head.

"I drove far away from you, my sisters, to a distant city. I put up at the largest and most imposing hotel in appearance. The splendor of the interior of this house quite dazzled me. There were many articles that I did not know the use of, nor did I ever learn that they were put to any useful purpose. At the table, I met ladies in elegant attire. There was a preponderance of jewelry about them, and a want of appropriate selections for different forms and complexions. At the table, I was handed 'a bill of fare.' I think I am right in the term. There were many French words thereon, quite puzzling to one unacquainted with the language, but I managed to get through the courses very well until I arrived at the dessert. A gentleman beside me had a dish of a most delightful appearance, and I wished for some also. But, study my bill as I would, there was nothing that read as that appeared. I made, however, a bold stroke; and, pointing to an unpronounceable name, I requested a waiter to bring me some of *that*. It was a failure. I tried another and another; but, at length, frightened at the untouched dishes surrounding me, I desisted, and left the table.

"Having nothing to do but to amuse myself and assist many others, with whom I became acquainted, in passing the time as rapidly and giddily as possible, we walked out. I dressed as they did, in a most peculiar style. My robe of heavy silk dragged upon the ground. The day was muddy, and, to avoid being thrown down, I followed the example of those I met. I gathered my robe in my hands, displaying not only my elaborately embroidered skirts, but the new-fashioned gaiters then in vogue. I suspected, afterwards, that many of the ladies, accustomed to long robes, held them on high for the especial purpose of displaying their high-heeled Chinese junks; for they were so dear in price as to enable *ladies* only to purchase them. My bonnet was a Lilliputian, and stuck on to the back of my head with a wafer. My mantle was embroidered in Paris, and represented, in crimson thread, a family seal: a lion rampant on green fields, thirteen crosslets, and a turbot's head. I carried in my hand a 'lachrymal,' made of cobweb, just patented. Thus equipped, I walked or rode daily. Our carriages were made of a species of quicksilver, so shining and glasslike that they mirrored the poor, wretched beings who, with naked feet and shrunken forms, crawled by. I used to notice the poor much, when I first went there, but I imagine, afterward, they did not frequent the fashionable streets, for I do not remember of seeing them. Our coachmen we clothed in livery, with the most magnificent furs wrapped about them. Each one endeavored to surpass the others in equipage, and thus many mil-

lions were placed in the hands of wealthy financiers.

"Sometimes, a poor woman ventured to accost us, begging for aid; but most of the ladies would be so shocked at her want of manners, or knowledge of the language, that they frowned upon her in contempt. Some advised her to wear better shoes; but, when the half-frozen wretch asked how she could obtain them, cried—

"'Work, work! Is the woman crazy?'

"The wretched creature turned her eyes to Heaven, and passed on.

"I will give you an idea of our manner of passing time. We all rose late, and threw on a rich morning-robe and elaborate cap. The one who appeared in the greatest disorder was pronounced to be in the most charming dishabille. We talked over much gossip and nonsense at our meals, lounged in the parlor, looked at the late fashions, or read any work that was quite the *ton*, (for you know one likes to be thought literary without the trouble of being so.) I generally skimmed over the story, then I asked the opinion of those who had read it carefully and adopted their opinion, generally remembering the language in which it was given.

"At eleven we rode—called later—shopped. met at seven's to gossip, pulled over goods, and gave as much trouble as we could, consistently with politeness. Our afternoons were engaged in joyous amusements. Our evenings passed at the opera, theatre, or any other fashionable places. When any celebrity lectured, we heard him. But we liked only the stars that were fixed planets, those that were rising, or those likely to set, we never troubled ourselves about.

"Parties were our great abominations, yet we never missed one, and dressed ourselves in rivalry as well as our coachmen. We wore long trains in the evenings, and might have been taken for peacocks by a casual observer. Having been called 'angels without wings,' we determined to have them, (the wings.) Emulating mercury's cap, we wore our hair puffed out to the last degree, filling all the spaces with green-houses.

"Had the flowers bloomed *within* our heads, rose-leaves of thought and lilly-bells of charity might have dropped from our lips, equal to the 'pearls and diamonds,' of the fairy tale. Here we smiled and chatted, danced, sang, played cards, and drank wine, returning to our homes at a very late hour of the night.

"It is needless to say, my dear sisters, that in this happy life I enjoyed myself to perfection, at first. But, after awhile, quarrels ensued. One friend spoke evil of another; some were less discreet and prudent than I could have wished. I became fatigued—there was nothing new to engage in. I was restless and unhappy. As my health gave way my beauty faded.

"When our prescribed limit of time drew



near, I was not sorry to return to my childhood's home. No one regretted my loss. I had no friend. I am firmly convinced, that as in these joys I found not happiness, there is no such reality. It is a chimera of the brain. One imagines they have found it often, but time disenchantments them. As for me, I detest it. I have lost health in seeking it. There is nothing in the future for me. In the next world I shall find none of my best loved joys. I can look back upon nothing that gives me comfort. Life is a stubble-field—death a desert. Speak thou, Poverina."

"Be not disturbed, my beloved Reichen," cried the tender Poverina, embracing her.

"It is never too late to learn goodness. When I left thee, Parnassa, looking with tearful eyes adown the road after me, I, too, journeyed to the city. I hired a cozy room in a small, plain house. I hid my gold in the hearth, and started forth, ostensibly to sell my little produce. Ah, sisters, how many wretched forms I met; not unhappy with ideal wants, but the lack of *necessaries* staring them in the face—driving them, they knew not, cared not, whither, to drown them. I wished to help all, but I waited to look well. The little children cried to my heart the most imploringly—those sent by parents to steal or beg, beaten by them, if unsuccessful, and beveraged on poisonous drinks if they brought in gains; those who have no childhood, but were born old—old in cunning and guilt. These little fire-brands I plucked from the burning. I built a house for them, tore them from their unnatural parents. I employed poor but educated girls to teach and oversee them. Daily I added to my number. Then I took by the hand the erring and intoxicated. I pointed toward a ray of escape; I watched over them, and when the cavern of despair ceased to cover them, and they stood in the free air, *men and women*, they blessed God and wept.

"I walked with the poor; I was of them. I toiled, suffered, grieved, and endured with them. I could always relieve. God knows, how I should have felt had I been unable to do so! I had my own pleasures, too, which they had not. I read—passed stolen hours with intelligent friends—interchanged confidences and hopes. When labor was numbing to my faculties, I sought some congenial amusement. When my gold had vanished, more poured in. I received contributions, and with economy and judgment it sufficed. I tore myself with pain from my beloved ones, to fulfil our compact. I have a monitor here," she continued, placing her hand upon her heart, "who bids me prepare for a long journey. I, sisters, have found happiness on earth, in doing good, in constant occupation in following in the footsteps of Him, who has said, 'I was hungered, and ye fed me; naked and ye clothed me.' I have *lived*—I leave in the hearts of many my monument. I die in peace with all, assured

of becoming happier in the next world than in this."

Here lived the sisters, all awaiting the angel of death.

Parnassa, cold, haughty, and passive, received, in silence, his summons.

Reichen, peevish, fretful and despairing, gazed at her own image in his polished scythe, as she was mowed into the outer field.

Poverina, smiling, patient, and hopeful, hailed with joy the rustle of his wings, and rose, with a song of praise upon her lip, into the glorious light of Heaven.

Stockbridge, Mass.

## B E N E D I C I T E .

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

God's love and peace be with thee, where  
Soe'er this soft autumnal air  
Lifts the dark tresses of thy hair!

Whether through city casements comes  
Its kiss to thee, in crowded rooms,  
Or, out among the woodland blooms,

It freshens o'er thy thoughtful face,  
Imparting, in its glad embrace,  
Beauty to beauty, grace to grace!

Fair Nature's book together read,  
The old wood-paths that knew our tread,  
The maple shadows overhead,—

The hills we climbed, the river seen  
By gleams along its deep ravine,—  
All keep thy memory fresh and green.

Where'er I look, where'er I stray,  
Thy thought goes with me on my way,  
And hence the prayer I breathe to-day!

O'er lapse of time and change of scene,  
The weary waste which lies between  
Thyself and me, my heart I lean.

Thou lack'st not Friendship's spell-word, nor  
The half-unconscious power to draw  
All hearts to thine by Love's sweet law.

With these good gifts of God is cast  
Thy lot, and many a charm thou hast  
To hold the blessed angels fast.

If, then, a fervent wish for thee  
The gracious heavens will heed from me,  
What should, dear heart, its burden be?

The sighing of a shaken reed—  
What can I more than meekly plead  
The greatness of our common need?

God's love—unchanging, pure, and true—  
The Paraclete white shining through  
His peace—the fall of Hermon's dew!

With such a prayer, on this sweet day,  
As thou may'st hear and I may say,  
I greet thee, dearest, far away!

"ONLY FOR AMUSEMENT."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

What's that you're saying, miss? You, I mean, with the dark bright eyes and the smile hovering around the bed of dimples in your lips, like stray gleams of light. "Only for amusement, eh?"

The words come very musically from that little rosebud mouth, and the careless, coquettish toss of those brown ringlets, was certainly very bewitching. And so you have added another name to your list of conquests, and in order to gain this, you have for the last six months *been acting a lie*. You know you have, and that look of slandered innocence don't affect the matter one whit.

You meant to bring him to your feet; and you've done it. They said you couldn't—that his heart would be invulnerable even to charms like yours; and then you resolved, by fair means or foul, you'd achieve the thing. It was a hard matter at first though, wasn't it? But you smiled and sighed, you waltzed and walked, you beamed and blushed, you looked and languished, you flirted and fluttered, until at last you triumphed.

What glances—half-meek, half-melting used to steal up from under the corners of your drooping lashes—what smiles, sudden and subduing, used to flash across that pretty face of yours; what low, sweet replies used to drop from your lips! You don't wonder when you look in the glass, that the fellow couldn't stand it.

Then how you managed to get next to him in the cosiest corner of the sofa, pretending that your eyes were weak and couldn't endure the light; or out in the garden where the breeze travelled down the flower-ruffled paths, and the stars looked with their meek, seraph eyes upon you, for the heat of the crowded rooms always gave you a headache.

Then somehow you could never pin your shawl. Your fingers were so clumsy with your gloves on, and your bonnet strings were always getting into a knot that you couldn't disentangle without *his* assistance; and *would* he be so kind as to hold the *bouquet* of roses and geraniums you were going to send to that darling friend of yours? How your little rosy fingers glanced among his, as you wound the blue ribbon around the stems.

But I can't begin to enumerate the thousandth part of your doings and manoeuvrings, and you were so innocent, so childlike withal. Goodness! A gray-headed diplomatist might have envied your skill.

Well, the *dénouement* came at last, and didn't you behave admirably! What a look of cool surprise you managed to call up and how very courteously you informed him that you never dreamed of his intentions being serious, you sincerely hoped nothing in your conduct had given him encouragement, and you should

always entertain for him a very high esteem. Didn't he look *blank* though. But you don't quite like to think of the expression which overswept his face the next moment. Even *your* heart was smitten with momentary self-reproach.

And so he has gone to California, leaving his widowed mother and sisters to mourn the absence of their only son and brother. What's that you're saying? It's nothing to you. You're not responsible for his movements. Yes, you are responsible, too, responsible in the sight of high Heaven for the true, noble heart you have wronged and wrecked; responsible for the faith in woman's truth and affection, which you have destroyed; responsible for the dishonor you have done to your sex; responsible for the love you called into being "only for your own amusement."

Woman's smile will beam and her beauty brighten around his pathway again, and these may once more win his fancy, but from the story of that truth and constancy which is her chief ornament, he will turn with the sneer of the sceptic, for he will carry the memory of yourself, *the deceiver*, to his grave.

And oh! beautiful lady, believe me, when you stand at that Bar from whose judgment there is no appeal, and your life record is laid open in the light of the All-searching Eye, you will find that for all these things it will not avail you to reply, "*Only for amusement.*"

MODERN SCEPTICISM.

SOME OF ITS CAUSES AND ITS CURE.

In the childhood of the human race, religion is a spontaneous sentiment and intuitive perception, in which, as in a surrounding atmosphere, the mind unconsciously draws its breath, and has its being. In the broad sunlight and the drifting cloud—in the roar of cataracts and the roll of thunder, in the fitful whisperings of the forest-trees, and in the monotonous dash of the surge on the ocean-beach—the tenant of the primeval wilderness recognized a Presence and a Power which thrilled and awed his soul, and overwhelmed him with emotions that are the germ of adoration and worship. Such is the origin of a natural piety. It is the mind's instinctive acknowledgment of a kindred spirit in the outward universe. It is not the product of reasoning, for it is found strong and active, where the faculty of reasoning is hardly developed; but it lies deeply imbedded in those primitive tendencies of our nature, which all reasoning tacitly assumes and acts upon. Here is the hidden fount of faith, which must gush up within the man, and cannot flow into him from without. It is the interior sentiment which all religious teachers must appeal to and awaken, or their instructions will remain simple formulas—a mere rind of words without any core of vitality. It is the material, out of which the domestic affections, the

moral sense, and the usages of society, blending with the influences of external nature and stimulated by the inspirations of holy men and prophets—have elaborated all the various religious systems that have ever existed in intimate union with civilization—strengthening it with an energy of good, so long as any genuine faith subsisted at the heart of them—but withering, as soon as faith was gone, into hollow observances and senseless dogmas, the retreats of hypocrisy and corruption, prolific only of delusions that poison and cramp the soul. It has been the problem of ages—not yet completely solved—how to uphold this primitive faith—this faith in spiritual realities and omnipresent mind—in free and living harmony with the irresistible conclusions of science, the speculations of intellect, and the encroaching influences of material wealth.

On the hidden basis of this fundamental feeling, out of which faith in a Ruling Mind and a Divine government is naturally evolved, the activity of the speculative intellect has constructed a diversity of secondary doctrines. As these have been assailed and defended, religious controversy becomes, as it proceeds, predominantly intellectual, and retreats, at every step, further and further from the inner source of faith, out of which all vital results must issue. The devout fervor which was so strong in the early stages of the religious life, waxes faint and chill. Dry and intellectual natures, unable to behold any vital principle at work, begin to look on all theological questions as thorny disputes about words; and, yielding to the reactionary impulse of their time, turn away with absolute indifference from religion itself.

Collaterally with this, the sciences and arts usually make progress, and draw away the strength of thought from those spiritual elements of humanity, in the profound consciousness and earnest culture of which religion finds its nourishment and vigor. The accumulation of riches—the taste for luxury—the sense of elegance—the spirit of commercial enterprise—have the effect of weakening for a time the spiritual tendencies and aspirations of the soul. The high tone of ancient reverence is lowered. Self becomes too predominant in human aims. The ambition of personal distinction and social elevation takes the place of faith and a simple purpose of duty, as the guiding impulse of multitudes. Devout surrender of the heart to God is overpowered by the lust of human sympathy. Clouds of gold, rich, palpable and gorgeous, curtain round this little life of earth, and shut out the view of that distant shore, deep bosomed in eternity—to which the immortal spirit, when these pageantries are all dissolved, must take its silent and mysterious way.

Meanwhile, neither the solicitudes of wealth, nor the fascinations of voluptuousness, can banish all thought of spiritual realities. Ever and anon passing moods of inexplicable sad-

ness warn the worldly devotee that he wants the solace of an inward peace. He is conscious of a vicinity which outward things do not fill. He is a prey to mysterious disquietudes, and unaccountable apprehensions. If of a reflective turn, he feels himself lonely and desolate in the vast silence of a speechless universe.

Various are the expedients of unsettled minds, to still this inward craving for peace. To and fro they go in all directions, seeking rest and finding none. Some imaginative natures fondly retreat into the past, shaking the dust from old dogmas and old usages, and hoping they will inspire again the worship and trust of which they were once the object. Others take up some fashionable philosophy, and try to compound a religion out of its doctrines. Some again throw themselves into the fervors of fanatical excitement; dissolve reason in dreams and ecstasies; and exhibit to the contemptuous pity of sounder minds the revolting phenomena of arrogance and imbecility.

Such endeavors to lay hold of religion do not satisfy the conditions of the case, and cannot issue in a perfect peace. What course, then, must we take, to gain and secure this precious good? We must submit ourselves to the order indicated by Providence, and displayed in the experiences of the truly excellent ones of the earth.

This requires that we search and know ourselves, and deal fairly with ourselves. We must examine heart and life with an impartial eye. We must disguise no evil that we find lurking there. We must own it for what it is, and resolve to expel it. In aspiration and endeavor we must aim at the highest good which we can conceive, as the proper end and true glory of our being. By earnest and persevering efforts of this kind we will be purified in part, and silent affluxes of the Spirit of God will visit and refresh our souls. Let us cherish the persuasion, then, that we are in the mysterious embrace of a Father's love—that we dwell ever in the presence of a Spirit with which we may at all times and in all places have intercourse. This will be the beginning of religious life and peace; we will have prepared and spread the soil; and the seed we cast in will thenceforth grow.

Then it is of much importance that we cultivate the domestic and social affections. These will give richness and strength to religious veneration, and take a higher purity from it. Selfishness is the poison of a true devotion; love its only fitting nutriment. From the bosom of our homes ascends that ineffable sentiment which finds its loftiest object in God; and its final rest in Heaven. Not in the cells of anchorites or the joyless celibacy of the priest—but in the cheerful stir of the family life—in the generous charities which bind neighbors and fellow-citizens in one wide community of interest and endeavor—must we seek the discipline of that healthful piety which is the blessing and the consecration of our

earthly lot. The joys and sorrows of others—their successes and misfortunes—their sicknesses and trials—pervade life with a thrilling and ceaseless interest, and, far more than anything which touches ourselves alone, keep up strong and active within us the essential feelings of religion. The heart which glows with human charities, cannot in its depths be inde-  
vout.

Above all, we must give ourselves earnestly to duty. Scepticism often has its source in the torpor of the active powers. The dreamer comes at length to doubt almost everything. Let us resolve to work out faithfully what we perceive to be the Sovereign will, and a more lively sense of God's presence will spring up within us. We will taste His blessing, and feel His strength; and our supplications for guidance, sustained by renewed endeavors to do right, will bring an answer of quiet trust and steadfast faith to our heart. Knowing that the fierce conflict of good and evil throughout the Universe is appointed for wise and good ends, let us grapple with evil in all its forms. Let us make war with all our energies on falsehood, ignorance, oppression and vice. Let us throw ourselves heartily into this great and noble warfare; and all clouds and doubts will pass away. Our minds will be cleared of all darkness; and we will now see all things plain in the light of God.

P. P.

## "ONLY A BIT OF HARMLESS FLIRTING."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

That was all—was it, eh? How very complacently you speak it, my good sir, with that half-sneer curling your moustached lip, and that most approved twirl of your walking stick, which you learned with your Euclid last year.

And so it was "only a bit of harmless flirting," just by way of relaxation from your health-injuring studies, I suppose, when you sat night after night in the fire-shine of the pleasant little parlor, watching the blushes which drifted over the sweet, half-drooping face by your side? Nothing more than this, when you ringed those soft, flowing curls round your fingers, or your arm glided round the girlish waist, and the little trembling hand which was lifted with a deprecatory movement, was caught and held a half-unwilling prisoner in your stronger grasp? And then, (you remember it,) what low, sweet words you used to whisper in her ear, just before parting, as you stood together in the dimly lighted hall, and how full of grace and respectful fondness was the manner in which you bent down your lips to the fair young forehead!

And then (did you learn it by practising at your mirror?) what a language there was in your eyes, when the soft, dark ones of your companions were sometimes lifted to your own!

—a language such as your lips could never have spoken, for no words could recognize the love, the devotion which seemed telegraphed straight from your heart to your glances!

What charming moonlight rambles you used to have, too. How the light arm that lay on your own would tremble as you pressed it, and murmured sentimental scraps of poetry which you had gathered from Bryant and Byron, Longfellow and Landon! And I am not sure you did not at such times, for the moment, forget there was such a word as *flirting* in your vocabulary. There was somewhat in the serene, searching glances of those summer stars, somewhat in the white, solemn moonlight, which lay above and beneath you, that in spite of yourself, brought a gale of holier memories, a tide of higher and nobler emotions into your soul.

You haven't forgotten, either, those long summer afternoon rides, with the great, prayerful arms of the trees crossed above you—nor the twilights passed under the broad, vine-wrapped portico, nor the songs *she* sang you while you stood by the piano and turned over the leaves of her music, and solicited *one*, just *one* more of those exquisite little love lyrics of Moore's, saying with *that* glance of yours, and you know just the right time to give it effect, "that the sweet words would sound still sweeter if they came to your ear through the medium of *one* voice."

You know she loved you. There now, don't elongate your features with that look of innocent surprise or meek resignedness, just as though the idea had never entered your cranium, and the thought never tickled your vanity before. You know, I say that she loved you—that her heart would quicken at the sound of your footfall, and the blush that she could not conceal, flash into her cheek at the tones of your voice. You knew that during those long two years you were drawing tighter and tighter around the heart of your young and unsuspecting victim, the chains from which she could not release herself without suffering, which might be to her greater than that of death. Don't tell me your intentions were harmless, you never proposed, never told her you loved her, and all that sort of thing. You *did* tell her you loved her, aye, a thousand times you told this, by tone and deed, and look, just as emphatically as though your lips had sworn it.

And then, how calmly, how courteously at the last you said farewell to her, wishing her that life-time of happiness which *your* work had for ever blasted.

And now, sir, whatever be your social position, how broad soever be the lands of your fathers—how deep soever be the coffers of your gold, you have debased yourself and dishonored your manhood. Go forth into the world, and let your carriage be as proud, your air to woman as chivalric; your honor as untarnished as ever, but remember that the *stain is on your*

*soul.* You have done almost the foulest wrong to another that man can do. You have stolen, basely, deliberately stolen, the *one* priceless treasure of a woman's heart—its affections.

You have robbed her of her trust in human goodness and truth, and though, if she be a true woman, she will summon enough of pride to her aid, to hide from the world that never cicatrising heart-wound, its pain will not be the less terrible to be borne.

You have robbed another of the love and the confidence which should have been his, for *that* heart will never learn the sweet song of its youth again, and though the wife of his bosom, she sits in the shadows of his hearthstone, still, the fountain from which you took the seal, will never yield its fresh, sweet waters as before.

And, sir, for those words, "HARMLESS FLIRTING," under which specious name you have silenced the still small voice of your conscience, and beheld with cool complacency and exultation, the ruin you have wrought, write down deliberate heart-breaking, and remember that "for all these things, God will bring you to judgment."

### SEEING THROUGH AN OCULIST.

The following anecdote was translated from a French exchange for the "Northern Gazette," of Keeseville, N. Y.:—

Something of a farce was enacted at the office of a famous physician of this city, who owes a good deal to his reputation and cunning. A lady entered to consult him upon an affection of the eyes. Her sight was growing weak and dim, and the organ was suffering constant weakness. The lady used excellent language, dressed well, and bore every trace of high life.

"It is serious, very serious, indeed," said the M. D.

"Good gracious!" cried his patient, in alarm.

"I can cure you, madam; but it will be by a long course of treatment."

"What is the matter, doctor?"

"You are threatened with amaurosis."

The medical science has some names that make one shake in his shoes; and the lady did not understand this name which frightened her very much.

"What must I do?" she asked.

"You must place yourself under my care. You reside in Paris?"

"Ah, no, sir. I came expressly to consult you."

"I regret it, madam. The disease which threatens you must be treated with energy, and makes it necessary that I should see you almost every day."

"I must take apartments in Paris, then?"

"I advise you to do so. Constant attention will effect your cure, or I can promise you nothing."

The lady did as the physician recommended, and engaged a splendid hotel in the Chaussee

d'Antin; for, as the oculist had suspected, *she* was a lady of immense fortune.

Quite a while elapsed, during which the physician spared neither remedies nor visits. He was exceedingly attentive, and constantly recommending a thousand little prescriptions which he said would save his patient's eyes. But weeks passed by, and then months, and the much wished-for cure was still to come.

"When?" would the lady enquire.

"Very soon," the doctor would reply.—

"Wait a little longer," and he would place a new pair of colored spectacles upon her nose.

This treatment made the fair patient grow nervous, and one fine morning an idea popped into her head, and she formed a purpose which she resolved to carry into effect without delay. She encoined her head within a "shocking bad" black bonnet; drew a dilapidated dress about her; flung a miserable shawl across her shoulders; put old and clumsy shoes on her feet, and with a faded umbrella in her hand, started for her physician's office.

She had been careful to conceal her dark hair beneath bands of flaxen hue, and dye her eyebrows and keep her face half hidden within tufts of antiquated ribbons and artificials in her bonnet. A lover's eyes would have been deceived by the change.

Thus accoutred she went to the physician, who naturally enough let her wait for her turn. When it arrived she passed into his consultation room with trembling steps, while her bended form and faded garments bespoke her a quite poor old woman.

"What is the matter, my good woman?" enquired the doctor.

"Sore eyes, dear doctor," she replied, in a shrill voice.

"Let us see," he exclaimed.

"Look," she added, approaching him boldly, and thrusting her face into that of the doctor, who never dreamed of seeing his rich patient in such toggery. He examined the eyes and said:—

"Go home, old mother. Nothing ails you."

"What—nothing at all?" cried the lady.

"Certainly not. Don't I know what I say?" rejoined the physician pettishly.

"That's strange," was her observation, "for some people told me of something like ham—hammer!"

"Amaurosis?" interrupted the M. D.

"That's it," she cried.

"Nonsense," he exclaimed. "Your eyes are weak; that's because you are an old woman. That's all, and nothing can help them."

"That ain't what my doctor says," she observed.

"Your doctor's a fool then," he declared impatiently.

"Well, sir," she rejoined, in her natural voice; "you are that very doctor himself."

The chronicler of this Parisian episode adds that the oculist had no more visits to pay the lady, and she no bills for past attendance.

## THE ANGEL OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

*Concluded from page 286.*

## CHAPTER XVII.

Mrs. Beaufort, the widow of General Beaufort, a man of wealth who had attained considerable political distinction during his lifetime, was left with an only daughter, Edith, for whom she had large ambition. A very selfish and self-willed woman, she yet loved this child with an absorbing intensity rarely witnessed. Edith was a part of herself; and she loved herself in its reproduction in her child, with a largely increased vitality.

But very unlike her mother was Edith. In her, the milder, better traits of her father predominated, and this gave room for the acquirement, by such a woman as Mrs. Beaufort, of almost unbounded control over her. From the beginning, the most implicit obedience had been exacted; and as it was ever an easy sacrifice for Edith to give up her own will, the requirement of her mother came to be the law of her actions.

While Edith remained a child, the current of these two lives—that of the mother and daughter—flowed on together at the same velocity and in channels bending ever in the same direction. But there came a time when the surface of that gently gliding child-life began breaking into ripples; when the heart claimed its freedom to love what its own pure instincts regarded as lovely.

From the earliest time, had the thoughts of Mrs. Beaufort reached forward to the period when Edith's hand would be claimed in marriage; but not once had qualities of mind and heart elevated themselves, in the prospective husband, above family, wealth, and high position in the world.

As Edith grew up, and the pure young girl expanded into lovely womanhood, her personal attractions, as well as her station in life, drew suitors around her; but all failed to win their way into her affections. Among these was a Colonel D'Arcy, a man of wealth and station, who in everything satisfied the ambition of Mrs. Beaufort. Well-educated, accomplished, possessing a fine person, and a large share of self-esteem, Colonel D'Arcy, on approaching the lovely heiress, felt like Cæsar at Ziecla. But he came, he saw, and did not conquer. The heart of Edith was too true in its perceptions to make an error here. Utterly repulsive to her was this confident suitor. The sphere of his quality surrounded him like the subtle odor of a noxious plant, and her delicate moral sense perceived this quality the instant he approached. That he repelled instead of attracted her, D'Arcy saw at their earliest interview. This piqued his pride, and, in the first excitement occasioned by Edith's cool reception, he vowed that he would "win her and wear her."

It did not take long to satisfy the gallant colonel that the storming of a fort was an easier task than the storming of a heart. That of Miss Beaufort he found impregnable under all his known modes of warfare.

That the mother favored his suit, Colonel D'Arcy saw from the beginning; but a proud confidence in his own powers would not let him stoop to solicit her as an ally. Yet he had to do so in the end. Against their joint assault, aware, as he had become, of Mrs. Beaufort's influence over her daughter, he was certain there would only be a short resistance. Here again he erred. Edith unhesitatingly declared to her mother that no power on earth would induce her to accept the hand of Colonel D'Arcy, for whom she had the most intense repugnance. Never before had her daughter so boldly set at naught her will. The fiery indignation of Mrs. Beaufort burned fiercely for a time, and, in her blind passion, she did not hesitate to utter the maddest threats of consequences, if there was not an instant compliance with her wishes.

"I can imagine nothing so dreadful as to become the wife of that man," Edith would answer—shuddering as she answered—every intemperate appeal. And little beyond this did she say: for all her words, she knew, must fall idle on her mother's ears.

Meantime, at the house of a friend in the neighborhood, she met with a young man, named Percival, who was paying a short visit there. He resided in the city of B—, distant a hundred miles, where he was pursuing the study of law. He was poor, with few interested friends, and had the world all before him. At their first meeting, Henry Percival did not know even the name much less the social position of Miss Beaufort, and she was as ignorant of all that appertained to him. But, from the eyes of each looked forth upon the other a congenial spirit, that was seen and recognized.

The progressive steps of their intimacy we will not pause to relate. On the part of Percival, there was no design, in the beginning, to win the heart of Edith, and when he saw that it was his, and reflected on the wide disparity of their possessions, the discovery saddened his spirit, for he saw, darkening over both their futures, a stormy cloud.

On returning home to pursue his studies, he arranged with Edith for a regular correspondence, which was conducted for nearly a year, without becoming known to Mrs. Beaufort. At the end of that time he came back to Clifton, when he and Edith were secretly married. The precipitation of this act was caused by Mrs. Beaufort's acceptance of Col. D'Arcy in the name of her daughter, and the actual appointment of a day, some two or three months distant, when the nuptial ceremonies were to take place.

In order to free Edith from the martyrdom in which her life was passed, and to get for ever

rid of Col. D'Arcy, the young couple resolved upon this step. It was taken, and notice thereof at once communicated to Mrs. Beaufort, coupled with the intelligence that the bridegroom and bride would present themselves before her after the lapse of a week, and claim forgiveness and a blessing.

We will not attempt to describe the state of mind into which Mrs. Beaufort was thrown by this undreamed of intelligence. Her very life's love was assailed and threatened with extinction. No eye, but that of Heaven saw her, as, in the secrecy of her own chamber, she endured the wild conflict of passion that succeeded; but marks of the fearful storm were too plainly visible on her altered face, when she came forth in her stately composure.

The week passed, and then Edith and her young husband presented themselves. The first she received with icy coldness, the latter she overwhelmed with bitter denunciation and the most withering scorn.

"Come, Henry," said the young wife, laying her hand upon his arm, and drawing him away—"I will not hear you addressed in such language, even by my mother. You are my husband, and the wide world is ours."

There was a simple dignity, blended with unmistakable purpose in this, that confounded as well as surprised Mrs. Beaufort. Edith had already turned away, and was moving with her husband toward the door through which they had just entered.

"Edith! Girl!"

The voice of the mother arose almost into a cry of anguish.

Edith paused, and turning, looked back. Her face was colorless, and all its line rigid from excessive emotion; but it was resolute.

"I have cast my lot in life, and with deliberation, mother," she said. "You left me no other course. Death I could have met calmly, but not the destiny you assigned me. This man is my husband, chosen from all other men, and with him I shall go through the world. If you receive not him, you cannot receive me."

"Mad girl! Mad girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Beaufort, as she staggered back a few steps, and sunk upon a chair. "How have you flung to the stormy winds every dearest hope of my life!"

Edith left her husband's side, and going quickly to her mother, laid her hand gently upon her hot forehead, on which the veins were swollen into chords. The touch of that soft hand thrilled magnetically along every nerve. For some minutes Mrs. Beaufort sat entirely passive.

Ah! She could not live without her child; and never did she feel that truth more deeply or more painfully. Indignant pride would have flung her off and disowned her for ever; but intense love clung to her even as the drowning cling to a straw.

"Oh, Edith! My child! What have you done?"

As these words came almost sobbing from her lips, Mrs. Beaufort arose and went from the room with unsteady steps.

When, after the lapse of two hours, she rejoined Edith and her husband, it was to meet them with a kindness of manner that took both by surprise. Below this assumed exterior, Percival, who had a quick, penetrating mind, saw concealed a sinister purpose; but Edith, too happy at so broad a concession, believed that her mother had resolved to make the best of circumstances, which no act of hers could change. The first enquiries made by Mrs. Beaufort were in reference to the publicity which had been given to the marriage. On learning that everything had been conducted with the strictest secrecy, and that the fact was only known to one or two pledged friends, who were to be relied upon, she expressed much satisfaction, and at once proposed further measures of concealment for the present.

To these proposals, Percival and Edith, after some persuasion, were induced to accede; and at an early day the young man returned to B— alone, to enter upon the practice of his profession, he having been just admitted to the bar.

Six or seven months elapsed, during which time Percival had twice visited Clifton, arriving by arrangement, late in the evening, and not showing himself to any visitor during the brief period he remained. To both himself and Edith, this secrecy was growing daily more and more oppressive and repugnant, and it was only maintained through the powerful influence of Mrs. Beaufort.

About this time, a gentleman from New Orleans called upon Percival, and made him liberal offers if he would go to the South. This person's name was Maris. He had been in correspondence for some two years with Percival's legal preceptor, and at his instance made the proposition to which we have referred. The opening promised to be so largely advantageous, that the young man felt bound to accept of it. Previously to doing so, he repaired to Clifton to consult with his wife and mother-in-law. Edith made some feeble objections; but Mrs. Beaufort was so decided in her approval, that she acquiesced, and immediate preparations for departure were made.

For three months letters came regularly from Percival, whose residence was New Orleans. He spoke with animation of his opening prospects, and shadowed forth, in ardent fancy, a future of brilliant success in his profession. Then came a longer silence than usual—then a letter from Mr. Maris, announcing Percival's dangerous illness with a Southern fever. Two weeks more—weeks of agony to the young wife—and the terrible news of his death came, with mournful details of the last extremity. In the midst of Edith's wild anguish, a babe was born, the sweet little Grace in whom the reader feels so tender an interest. Around this event, Mrs. Beaufort



threw every possible veil of concealment, even going so far as to bribe to secrecy by most liberal inducements every member of her household that became necessarily aware of the circumstances.

Weak in body and mind—prostrate, in fact, under the heavy blow that fell so suddenly upon her, Edith became passive in the hands of her mother, and obeyed her, for a time, with the unquestioning docility of a little child. Even her mind, in its feeble state, became impressed with the idea of secrecy, so steadily enjoined by Mrs. Beaufort, and, in presence of the few visitors whom she could not refuse to see, she assumed a false exterior, and most sedulously concealed everything that could awaken even a remote suspicion that she had been a wife, and was now a mother.

Meantime, under all the disadvantages of its position, the babe was steadily winning its way into a heart that, from the beginning, shut the door against it, with a resolute and cruel purpose. Mrs. Beaufort could never come where it was, without feeling a desire to take it in her arms, and hug it to her bosom; and the more she resisted this desire, the stronger it became; until the conflict occasioned, kept her in a constant state of excitement.

A few weeks after the news of Percival's death was received, Colonel D'Arcy visited Clifton. On being announced, Edith positively refused to see him; and her feeble state warranted, even in her mother's view, the decision. He remained only a short time; but, on leaving, placed in the hands of Mrs. Beaufort an epistle for her daughter, couched in the tenderest language, and renewing previous offers of his hand.

Percival out of the way, Mrs. Beaufort was now more than ever resolved to compass this darling scheme of her heart—the marriage of her daughter with Colonel D'Arcy. The first step in its sure accomplishment was to get the child out of the way. But, how was this to be done? It was a fine, healthy child, more than usually forward for its age, and in no way likely to die speedily, unless—unless?—Did thoughts of murder stir in the mind of that proud, selfish, cruel woman? Such thoughts were suggested, and even pondered! But other thoughts, of disgrace and punishment, came quickly to drive them out. The abandonment of Grace was next determined upon. To effect this, she first induced Edith, who, from grief, sickness, and incessant persecution, had entirely lost her mental equipoise, to write a letter of acceptance to Colonel D'Arcy. Passive hopelessness left her a mere instrument in her mother's hands. For her acts, she was scarcely responsible. The letter of acceptance passed speedily from her, and went on its mission beyond recall. This fact of acceptance was a great power gained over Edith; a power that Mrs. Beaufort, seeing her vantage ground, used with a heartless rigor, that,

finally led to the cruel act of desertion already known to the reader.

For two weeks subsequent to Edith's return home, after placing the basket containing her babe, at the door of Mr. Harding—she had resisted all persuasion, entreaty and command of her mother to leave that task for another—she retained but little consciousness of surrounding circumstances. The trial proved too great; and her over-tried spirit sought protection and repose in partial oblivion. Slowly recovering, her first sane thoughts were of her babe; and, though she said nothing of her purpose to her mother, she was fully resolved, the moment strength came for the effort, to regain possession thereof, publicly acknowledge it and her marriage, and, if that sad necessity were imposed, go forth from her mother's house into the world, alone.

The meeting at Harding's, was quite as great a surprise to Edith as to her mother, but it was all the better, as giving occasion for the unqualified declaration of her future purpose—a declaration that, as has been seen, she was prepared to sustain.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

“If the heart is not satisfied, mother, life at best is a heavy burden.”

Mrs. Beaufort and her daughter were sitting together, on the day after their recovery of Grace, and talking calmly of the future. Hopeless of attaining her ambitious ends, the former had given up the struggle, so long continued. Even though but a few hours had passed since the unequal strife with Edith, she was becoming clearly conscious, that her course of action towards her child had been far from just, or humane—and that her position gave her no right to exercise so tyrannical an influence. No longer compelled, by her own selfish purposes, to cherish a feeling of antipathy towards Grace, she found her heart beginning to flow forth towards the lovely infant. Such was the nameless attraction possessed by the babe, that even with all her powerful reasons for wishing to annihilate her, if that were possible, Mrs. Beaufort had not been able to resist the sphere of her love-inspiring innocence. Now, when no barrier to affection reared itself, her heart turned towards the infant, and opened itself with eagerness to take her in. Quick to perceive the real change in her mother's feelings towards Grace, Edith placed the little one in her arms, and with a thrill of exquisite delight saw it drawn impulsively to her bosom. In that moment, the work of reconciliation was accomplished. Against the winning attractions of Grace, Mrs. Beaufort had striven, from the beginning, but never with perfect success. It was all in vain, that, to satisfy pride and ambition, she had cast her off; even in the separation, her heart had mirrored the babe's sweet image; turned ever and anon towards her; and yearned for her restoration. And now, when she came back to brighten, with

her seraphic presence, the darkness of their unhappy home, and no strong motive for thrusting her out remained, her heart leaped towards her, panting with its long-endured thirst to love, and receiving her therein with joy and gladness.

"Oh, mother," added Edith, as they sat together, each striving for, and feeling the way towards a truer reconciliation, "how vainly do we seek for happiness, if we seek it beyond the range of our own true wants. We must look inwards—not outwards. We must ask of our hearts, not of the world, how and where, and with what companionship we are to spend our life's probation. As for me, I desire nothing beyond my own home, and an entire devotion of all I have, and all I am to my child. If that will satisfy me, why should any one seek my unhappiness by dragging me into uncongenial spheres, or cursing me with associations against which my whole nature revolts with loathing. As for Colonel D'Arcy—I speak of him now, because you are better prepared to understand me than ever before—his friendship even oppresses me. But, when he seeks a nearer association—presumes to ask of me the love given but once and never to be given again—I am almost suffocated with disgust. Yield him my hand, mother! Never while I have strength to bind it to my side. I would brave a thousand deaths in preference. He is a bad man—I know it by the quick repugnance that fills my heart whenever he comes near me. Did he possess a single germ of true manliness, he would not pursue me after all that has passed."

A servant interrupted them by announcing that a strange man had called, and asked to see Mrs. Beaufort.

"What is his name?" enquired the lady.

"He wishes to see you a moment; but would not give his name."

"What kind of a looking man?"

The servant described him.

"Say that I will be down in a few moments." As the servant withdrew, the whole manner of Mrs. Beaufort changed. "It is Harding," said she.

Edith started, and turned pale, at the same time lifting Grace from her mother's arms.

"What is to be done? How did he find his way here?"

"We must see him," said Mrs. Beaufort, after a few moments of hurried reflection.

"Both of us?"

"Yes, Edith, both of us. And he must see Grace. Nothing is left, now, but to conciliate, and bring him, a certain degree, into our confidence. He and his wife proved faithful to the trust reposed in them. They loved our little Grace truly, and cared for her tenderly; and they must have their reward. There was a fine manliness about his conduct last night that raised him high in my estimation. I think he can be trusted."

"But he frightened me so, mother. He spoke so harshly, and seemed so cruel."

"Was he not right, Edith, in seeking to prevent our taking away the babe, strangers as we were, and refusing as we did to give any satisfaction as to our personality? He was right, and I approved his manly firmness at the time."

"I wish you would meet him alone, mother?"

"I do not think that will be best," replied Mrs. Beaufort. "We must not let him see that we are afraid of him. Our relations are very different from what they were last evening; and, if we show a consciousness of our real position, he will not be slow to perceive his own."

The room into which the carpenter had been shown was a large parlor, richly furnished, its six windows draped with heavy curtains of red satin damask. Around the walls were hung many pictures, among which his eyes soon recognized his two visitors of the previous night, Mrs. Beaufort and her daughter. The portrait of Edith had been taken some five years previous, and, while it still bore to her a striking resemblance, had all the innocent sweetness of gentle girlhood. As he gazed, with a kind of fascination, upon this pictured countenance, it seemed to change and grow life-like, and he almost started to his feet as he saw the eyes of dear little Grace looking down, with a loving expression, from the canvas. He was scarcely freed from the illusion when he became aware that footsteps drew near the door. Turning, he met the calm, dignified face of Mrs. Beaufort, and the pale, timid, half-frightened countenance of her daughter, who held the babe he had lost, closely drawn to her bosom.

"Mr. Harding!" said Mrs. Beaufort, speaking with entire self-possession, and giving her hand to the carpenter as she advanced to meet him. "So you have found us, my good friend," she added, "and it is, perhaps, as well. We had powerful reasons for desiring to remain unknown. Under the circumstances, this was hardly possible. You, at least, were not to be baffled in your search, as this early visit testifies. Sit down, Mr. Harding. We had better understand each other fully."

Harding was somewhat bewildered by the calmness of his reception. From the dignified countenance of Mrs. Beaufort, his eyes turned to the sweet babe that lay so closely drawn against the breast of its mother; as they did so, a softened expression passed over his rough face.

"Grace! Grace!" he said, tenderly, and, advancing, reached out his hands.

Edith moved off a pace or two; but the little one, the moment she heard the well-known voice, started up, and, with a glad murmur, fluttered her rosy fingers and leaned eagerly forward, while her whole face was lit up with a joyful recognition. Edith drew her back,

while an expression of anxiety and alarm dimmed her countenance.

"Let her come to me, ma'am," said the carpenter, in a respectful voice—it trembled with feeling.

Edith glanced towards the door, fearfully. Harding understood the meaning of this.

"You need not mistrust me, ma'am." He stepped to the door, and closed it. As he returned to where she stood, he continued, "Jacob Harding has gone thus far in life without a treacherous action, and he will not violate his honor now. Let her come to me; oh! let her come! Let me feel the dear one again in my arms, where she has lain so many, many times."

Mrs. Beaufort, seeing that her daughter still hesitated, took Grace from her arms, and placed her in those of the carpenter. As Harding received the precious burden, he clasped her, passionately, and spoke to her in the most endearing tones. The little one answered him with her sweet love-language, and even drew her tiny arms about his neck. How wildly he kissed her! Dim were his eyes as he restored her to her mother; and he spoke not, for emotion was too strong.

"I am foolish," he said, as he recovered himself. "It is not manly, I know; but that child has, from the beginning, softened my heart until it has become weak as a woman's. How you could ever have parted with her"—this thought restored his self-possession, and he spoke with something of a rebuking sternness—"passes my comprehension."

"And it passes mine! It passes mine!" murmured Edith, speaking to herself, as she bent lower over the babe, which the carpenter had restored to her arms.

"As for the past," said Mrs. Beaufort, she spoke with a calmness and self-possession that had its effect on Harding, "that must sleep, my friend, with its errors and sufferings, as far as memory will let it sleep. All I will say of it to you is, that I had ambitious views in regard to my daughter, which she frustrated by a secret marriage. The death of her young husband, a few months afterwards, and while I was yet able to prevent the fact from becoming known, revived all my ambitious hopes. The birth of this child I was able to conceal; and, moreover, succeeded in so overshadowing the mind of its mother, as to induce her, in a moment of partial derangement, to abandon it at your door—not yours by choice, but by accident. The rest you know. The mother's heart was too strong in my child. Her babe is again on her bosom, and there it must remain. Her grateful thanks are yours for the tenderness with which you have cared for the babe; and she will not let her gratitude, believe me, rest in her mind, a fruitless sentiment. For the present, all we ask of you is discretion. Let the knowledge of our personality in connexion with this matter, remain wholly with you and your wife. Of course,

the babe must now be acknowledged, and we shall proceed, without delay, to give public, indisputable evidence of my daughter's marriage. As to the abandonment of the child, with the circumstances attending it, if all becomes known in each minute particular, we shall suffer strong opprobrium. Very naturally, I wish to escape this myself, and especially to save my daughter from the charge of having abandoned to strangers, of whom she knew nothing, her own tender infant. Can we trust in your prudence? Will you not bind yourselves to us—you and your wife—by a new debt of gratitude?"

It was some time before Harding made any answer. His mind was bewildered by what Mrs. Beaufort said. Plain enough was it, that the angel of their household was to return to them no more; and the shadow already on his heart fell colder and darker.

"All does not lie with us," he remarked, scarcely reflecting on what he said.

"Why not on you?"

Mrs. Beaufort spoke anxiously.

"The dress-maker you saw at Mrs. Barclay's yesterday, directed my suspicions towards you."

"What!"

Mrs. Beaufort grew excited.

"Miss Gimp told me that you manifested a singular interest in us and the babe. I asked her to describe you, and knew you by the description in a moment. Therefore, I am here."

"Bad—bad. That is bad. I was imprudent."

Mrs. Beaufort spoke to herself.

"I have also seen Mrs. Hartley, of Overton."

The face of Mrs. Beaufort flushed.

"She knew you by my description."

"Well?"

"But refused to say who you was or where I could find you, unless I gave her my entire confidence."

"Which you?"—

"Did not," replied Harding. "Every thing was so much involved in mystery, that I chose to be discreet."

"That was well. But Miss Gimp. Does she know of what took place last night?"

"No one knows it out of my family, except Mr. Long, the school-master, whose prudence is altogether to be relied on."

It was now Mrs. Beaufort's turn to be silent. For many minutes she sat revolving in her mind all the difficult aspects of the affair in which she had become involved. At length she said—

"Mr. Harding, all we ask of you now is, entire silence to every one for the present, in regard to what has transpired. We will offer you no personal inducement to secure this, for that would be an insult to your manliness of character. But, you have laid us, and can still lay us, under a heavy burden of gratitude. May we trust you."

"As entirely as you can trust yourselves,"

was the unhesitating answer. "I see no good that can arise from bruiting the matter abroad. Why then shall it be done? But there is one thing I must ask?"

"Name it."

"The privilege for my wife of seeing the babe. Ah, ma'am! you know not how she loves it. For many weeks it slept in her bosom, until it has grown to be a part of herself. You know not her distress at its loss. Her eyes have been full of tears ever since. To us all, the child has been as an angel. Strife has ceased in its blessed presence, and the lowest murmur of its sweet voice has been a 'Peace, be still,' to the wildest storm of passion."

"Bring her here to-morrow," said Mrs. Beaufort, with a good will in her voice that betokened her earnestness. "We would send our carriage, but for reasons that need not be suggested to you."

"Yes; bring her over," added Edith. "I wish to see her and know her. She has laid my heart under a debt of gratitude."

Harding arose. "Once more let me feel her in my arms," said he, as he fixed his eyes lovingly on the infant.

The timid mother did not hesitate, but resigned to him the babe, that looked up fondly in his face, and smiled its sweetest smile.

"God bless you and keep you," Harding spoke with deep feeling. He could say no more. Kissing the pure lips and brow many times fervently, he handed the babe back to her mother. As soon as he had recovered his self-possession he withdrew, formally, saying that he would see them, in company with his wife, some time during the next day. A few minutes afterwards, he was galloping homewards as fast as his horse's feet would carry him.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

Though removed from them, as to bodily presence, the Angel of their Household still remained with the carpenter and his family. Not a member thereof, from the rugged father down to little Lotty, but saw ever before the eyes of their spirits, the dear young face that brought sunlight into their darkened dwelling; but they saw her with tear-moistened vision. She was no longer theirs in physical actuality; but present as in a dream that is never forgotten. Subdued even to sadness, the intercourse between the members of the family was marked by a tender regard, the one for the other. Each felt the other's grief at the loss of Grace, and desired to lighten instead of increasing its pressure. As for Lotty, since Grace left them, she had sought to win for herself that regard in her mother's heart which the stranger had occupied. She was too young for reflection—and only obeyed a heaven-inspired instinct. And, as she knocked at the too long closed door of her mother's heart, that door gradually yielded, until at last the rusty hinges opposed no resistance, and it swung wide open to take her in.

The intelligence brought back from Clifton, while it set the tears of Mrs. Harding to flowing afresh, because it extinguished all hope of the babe's restoration to her arms, relieved her mind greatly. There was a certainty about this intelligence, that settled the doubtful question of its fate. It was, and would be well with the child. Her love for it could ask no more—though her heart was bleeding from the separation.

To the eager questions of the children—"Where is Grace?" "Have you seen Grace, father?" "Isn't she coming back any more?"—Mr. Harding answered with as much information in regard to her as he deemed prudent, assuring them at the same time, that if Grace did not come to them again, they should go to see her.

During the evening, Mr. Long, the school-master, called to learn the result of Harding's visit to Clifton. To him, as a friend fully to be confided in, the carpenter related the occurrences of the day.

"She has been such a blessing, such a comfort to us," said Mrs. Harding, as they sat talking of Grace.

"God has given you many comforts, many blessings," answered the school-master, as he glanced meaningly towards her children, who were all present, quiet, half-wondering auditors. Andrew, over whom Mr. Long had already acquired great influence, was standing beside his teacher, proud of the notice and gratified with the kindness ever extended to him by his judicious friend, while Lotty, who had climbed into her mother's lap, was lying close against her breast, looking contented—even happy.

It was on the lips of Mrs. Harding to reply—"If they were only like Grace." But her conscience rebuked her for the thought ere it found utterance, and she remained silent. But she took the lesson to her heart, and as she did so, drew her arm involuntarily tighter around Lotty, who, feeling the pressure, looked up at her mother with a smile of love. In return, the soft cheek of the mother was bent down until it rested on the sunny hair of her child.

The school-master saw that he was clearly understood, and did not mar the good impression of his words by seeking to enforce their meaning.

On the next morning, quite early, Mr. and Mrs. Harding, accompanied by Lotty, started for Clifton. They had to pass the door of Miss Gimp, the dress-maker, on their way, and she failed not to discover the fact that the carpenter and his wife were riding out together, an event too note-worthy to be regarded with indifference.

"What does this mean? Where are they going?"

Such were her rather excited questions, as she laid aside her work and took her place at the window, to note the direction they would take.

"Over to Clifton? Hardly. Yes—I declare! If they haven't taken the road to Clifton. Ah, ha! There's something in the wind. I wonder if they can be going over to Mrs. Beaufort's. I thought I could see deeper into the mind of Mrs. Harding than she cared for. I was sure she knew more about Mrs. Beaufort than was pretended. But whose child is it? I'd give my little finger to know."

Unable to work with this mystery on her mind, Miss Gimp drew on her bonnet and ran over to see Mrs. Willits, the store-keeper's wife, for just a minute.

"Our carpenter is getting up in the world," said she, as soon as she could thrust in the words, after meeting her friend.

"So I should think," answered Mrs. Willits, who had seen Harding go by; "riding out with his wife at a time when other people are at work. My husband can't afford such indulgence."

"They were always a shiftless set."

Miss Gimp spoke with some indignation. She could not forgive Mrs. Harding for the impenetrable reserve she had thrown around herself at their interview on the previous afternoon—a reserve felt to be both a wrong and an insult.

"And will come to beggary in the end," said Mrs. Willits. "It was only last evening that I heard Mr. Grant going on about Harding at a great rate. It appears that he had promised to call over early in the morning to consult with him in regard to a job that Grant, the farmer, wanted done. Mr. Grant waited at home until dinner time, but no carpenter came. It made him terribly angry. He stopped at our store in the evening, and the way he talked about Harding would have done you good to hear. He gave it to him right and left, I can assure you."

"Didn't keep his promise with him?"

"Not he—Mr. Indifference or Mr. Independence, which ever you choose to call him."

"Mr. Shiftless, you'd better say."

"Well, Mr. Shiftless, then. And now he's playing the gentleman—riding out with his wife as coolly as if he hadn't lost a good job!"

"Mr. Grant won't have anything more to do him?"

Miss Gimp spoke with a kind of pleased enquiry.

"Not he."

"Serves him right."

"Of course it does. He said that early this morning he would go to Beechwood and engage a carpenter there; and he swore—for he was in a great passion—that if Harding starved, he'd never handle a dollar of his money so long as he lived."

"I don't blame him," said Miss Gimp.

"Nobody can blame him," responded Mrs. Willits.

"D'ye know," remarked the dress-maker, lowering her voice, and speaking mysteriously, "that in my opinion something more than a

mere pleasure ride takes them out this morning."

"What are they after? Where are they going?" enquired Mrs. Willits, brightening up at this intimation on the part of Miss Gimp.

"They took the road to Clifton, I'm certain."

"To Clifton? Well, what great and mighty business takes them over to Clifton, I'd like to know."

"Something about that child they've got, I'll venture my existence," said Miss Gimp.

"What of it?"

Mrs. Willits brightened up still more.

"I think I can guess where it came from."

"Indeed!"

"Of course, it is only guess work; but, in putting this and that together, you know, we often get very near the truth. I've been sewing at Mrs. Barclay's in Beechwood."

"Yes."

"You've heard of Mrs. General Beaufort, who lives in Clifton?"

"Yes."

"Well, I never knew it before; but she's the sister of Mr. Barclay."

"Is she?"

"Yes. And she came over to see her brother about something while I was there."

"Well?"

"One day, when all the family were out, she came into the room where I was alone, sewing, and made herself quite sociable. After talking around awhile, she asked me if I knew Harding and his family. I said that I did. Then she wanted to know what kind of people they were. Of course, I couldn't give them a very exalted character, and didn't. It was plain enough to be seen that she had some secret interest in them. Who first spoke of that little foundling baby, I can't now remember; but the moment it was named, I saw that she knew a great deal more about it than she cared me to guess. In order to bring her out, I spoke of Harding and his wife in the strongest manner—taking good care to say, that in placing that child in their hands, it was like putting a lamb among wolves. She grew uneasy and excited at this; so much so, that she clearly felt that she was betraying herself, and left me abruptly. That afternoon she went away, very unexpectedly to the family. Depend upon it, Mrs. Willits, she knows all about that baby."

"Why don't you go to see Mrs. Harding, and feel around her?" enquired the store-keeper's wife, who had become much interested in the dress-maker's gossip.

"I've been already," answered Miss Gimp.

"I came away from Mrs. Barclay's a day sooner than I intended, and on purpose."

"Ah? Well, what did you make out of her?"

"Nothing certain. I saw Harding and his wife, but they were as close-mouthed as ter-rapins."

"Did you speak to them of Mrs. Beaufort?"

"Yes; and it's just my opinion that they got

out of me all I knew, and didn't let me see below the surface of their thoughts. I was so provoked!"

"And so you learned nothing?" said Mrs. Willits.

"Nothing certain. But it takes sharper people than they are to hide things from my eyes. That both were greatly interested in Mrs. Beaufort, and knew far more about her than they chose to tell, was plain enough; and that their ride over to Clifton, this morning, is to see her, I do not in the least doubt."

"I shouldn't wonder at all," remarked Mrs. Willits. "Mrs. General Beaufort! That is news. Has she a daughter?"

"I don't know," replied Miss Gimp.

"Why didn't you ask Mrs. Barclay?"

"Just what I've said to myself twenty times over. I'm provoked to death at my own stupidity."

"How soon are you going over there again?"

"I can't tell. I don't think Mrs. Barclay will want me very soon."

"We must find out in some way."

"Yes, indeed. I'll not rest until I know all about it. You remember that Harry Wilkins saw a woman carrying a basket on the night the child was left at Harding's?"

"Yes."

"Very well. He told me that he's certain he saw the same woman, riding in a carriage, in the neighborhood of Clifton. Put this and that together, Mrs. Willits, and it isn't very hard to make out a case."

"I should think not. Depend upon it, you're fairly on the track. Harding isn't riding out, this morning, for nothing. Had they the baby with them?"

"That I couldn't see. I tried my best to look over into Mrs. Harding's arms, but her husband was on the side next to me, and though I got up into a chair, it was of no use. But I shouldn't at all wonder."

"I'll tell you how you can find out."

"How?"

"Just by running over to their house for a minute. Of course, nobody's at home but the children."

"That's it," replied Miss Gimp, starting up. "I'll go this instant." And she stepped towards the door.

"Don't forget to stop as you come back," said the store-keeper's wife.

"Oh! no. I'll be sure to call."

And Miss Gimp left with the sprightly step of a young girl of sixteen. In some twenty minutes, she returned.

"Well?" said Mrs. Willits, as she came in.

"No child there," answered the dress-maker.

"No? Indeed?"

"True as preaching."

"Where is it?"

Miss Gimp shook her head.

"Who was there?"

"Only Philip and Lucy."

"Couldn't they tell?"

"They couldn't, or wouldn't—which, I am at a loss to say. I never saw such mumm, stupid little wretches in my life."

"Did you ask them where their father and mother had gone?"

"Yes."

"What answer did they make?"

"Said they didn't know."

"They lied, I suppose—instructed by their parents."

"As like as not," answered Miss Gimp. "But isn't it dreadful to think of? Who can wonder they go to destruction?"

"Nobody. And so the child is gone?"

"Yes. No doubt they took it with them, this morning. But I'll find out all about it, by hook or by crook, see if I don't."

And with this assurance, the dress-maker, who had a good deal of work on hand, to be ready by a certain time, took her departure to renew her vain efforts at meeting her engagements. To promise was a part of her profession—and not to keep these promises to the letter, the other part. Having the interests of the whole neighborhood to attend to, it was impossible to be entirely punctual in such unimportant matters.

#### CHAPTER XX.

It was past midday when the carpenter and his wife returned from Clifton, each with sober but not troubled countenances. Their anxieties about the babe's welfare were fully satisfied; but they came back with the sad assurance that its sweet smile had faded from their home for ever—that an angel had departed from among them, and with it, they feared, the sweet, angelic influences that, in so brief a time, had made their desert to blossom as the rose.

A hurried dinner was prepared, and then Harding went to his shop, that had now been closed for nearly two whole days. It was his intention to go from there, immediately, to farmer Grant's to make arrangements about the new roof, which he had promised to attend to immediately. He was just on the eve of doing so when a neighbor stopped at the door, and said—

"Why, what's been the matter, Harding? I was about going over to your house, to see if you were sick or dead."

"I've had a little business to attend to, which has taken all my time for nearly two days," replied the carpenter; "but I'm through with it now, and at my post again."

"You've lost a job by it, I'm thinking," said the neighbor.

"How so?"

"I heard Grant abusing you right and left for not keeping an engagement, yesterday morning. He said you promised to come over and see him about a new roof to his barn; and that he waited in for you a greater part of the day. He was dreadfully put out, and, in the

afternoon, rode over to Beechwood, and engaged a carpenter there."

"Are you sure of that?" asked Harding, as his countenance fell.

"Very sure. I saw him riding over, myself."

"I'm sorry. If he'd known *why* I was unable to keep my engagement, he would not have acted so hastily. I was, this moment, about going to see him."

"It won't be of any use I can tell you. Why didn't you send him word that it was out of your power to see him?"

"I should have done so, but didn't think of it."

"And, what is more," said the neighbor, "Mr. Edgar was going to engage you to build an addition to his house; but Grant talked so strong about you—saying, among other things, that you were not to be depended upon—that he concluded to employ another carpenter. So you see, this 'little business' of yours has proved rather a bad business. But, good morning! I musn't stop here."

The neighbor departed. As he turned his back, Harding folded his arms, and, leaning hard against his work-bench, gave way to feelings of despondency, not unmingled with reproaches towards Heaven for the hardness, even injustice, of these cruel reactions.

"I've done nothing to merit this," said he, in partial utterance of his true feelings. "Nothing! nothing! Then why am I left without work, though my hands are strong and my heart willing? God never hedges up a man's way in one direction without opening it in another—so says the school-master—and so I began to think when Grant came with the offer of one job after I had lost another. But now the way that opened so encouragingly before me is closed, even before I had set my foot therein. I wonder in which direction it will now open?"

The bitterness of distrust was in both Harding's voice and countenance.

"There's no use in folding your arms and standing idle," said a voice, speaking within him.

"Of course, not. But what am I to do? There's not a single stroke of work on hand." The carpenter answered his own thought thus, speaking aloud.

"Do something—make something. There are lumber and tools in your shop."

As the inward voice said this, the eyes of Harding rested on a half-finished pine table, which he had commenced in an idle hour, and thrown aside for other work. It was suggested to him to complete the table rather than not do anything. This suggestion he resisted for a time, because he had no heart to work, particularly as the work promised no return.

"Finish the table. Somebody will want it."

The voice spoke again. With something like blind obedience to this inward monitor, the carpenter commenced working on the

table. The effort naturally relieved his mind from the heavy pressure under which it was bowed down. He felt better, but did not know why. He had yet to learn that in all useful work the mind rests with a degree of calmness; that there is a power in true mental or bodily labor, to sustain the spirit in doubt, pain or sorrow. Once engaged in his task, he pursued it with a natural ardor, and, at the end of two hours, a well-made table stood finished in his shop. He was looking at it with a certain degree of pleasure, when Stark, who had been very shy of him for some weeks, presented himself at the shop door.

"The very article I want," said the tavern-keeper, as his eyes fell on the table. "Is it to order, or on sale?"

"Three dollars of anybody's money will buy it," answered the carpenter.

"Enough said," returned Stark, drawing out his purse. "Here's the coin. I'll send my Tom over for it in half an hour. And, see here, Harding, if you've got time, I wish you'd make me two good, strong benches, about eight feet long. Some chaps got to sky-larking over in my house, last night, and smashed one all to pieces for me. How much will you charge for them?"

The carpenter took a piece of chalk, and figured up the cost of the wood.

"Two dollars a-piece," said he.

"Very well. Make them. How soon will they be done?"

"As I've nothing particular on hand, to-day, I'll get out the stuff this afternoon, and finish them sometime early in the morning."

"That will do." And the tavern keeper went his way, leaving three dollars in the carpenter's pocket, and his mind something easier. The stuff for the two benches was got out, and the work on both nearly completed by sundown, when Harding closed his shop and returned home. On his way, the gloomy, desponding state of mind returned. As he looked into the future, only a wall of darkness loomed up before him. His best customers had left him—the season was advanced—and no ground to build a hope upon, was under his feet. Mrs. Harding saw the heavy contraction of his brows as he entered, and it caused a shadow to fall upon her heart. Had the evil spirit, which the presence of Grace drove out, come back to him again? Alas! alas! if it were so? Yes, the evil spirit had come back, but, as yet, its power over him was small. It lay in his breast, as a live coal, and only waited for the fuel of excitement to kindle a blaze of destructive passion. Happily, that fuel was not supplied. There was nothing in his home to fret or disturb him. His wife spoke to him so kindly, that he could not but answer kindly, and the children were so quiet among themselves, that no cause of annoyance or anger existed in that direction. Still, he remained gloomy, and almost entirely silent.

"I don't know what is going to become of



us, Mary," said he, as they sat together, after the children had gone to bed. The gentleness and kindness of his wife's manner, had gradually subdued the state of irritability that threatened so much of evil; and now he felt like drawing nearer to her—letting her share his anxieties, and offer him her sympathy.

"Why do you say this, Jacob?" Mrs. Harding raised her eyes to the sober face of her husband.

"I haven't a stroke of work."

"How comes that?" The interrogation was so gently made, that it encouraged, instead of repressing confidence.

"Dear knows! I don't just understand it. To me, it seems very strange, that just now work should all stop, when there's not been a day before, in ten years, that I hadn't as much as I could do. I promised Mr. Grant to call yesterday morning about putting a new roof on his barn. But, you know why I couldn't see him. He got angry because I didn't keep my appointment, and gave the job to a carpenter over in Beechwood."

"That's only a single job," said Mrs. Harding, without seeming to be in the least troubled by the gloomy prospect before them. "You're a good workman, that every one knows. And I've often heard you say, that a man who does good work, never need fear but what he'll have enough to do."

"Yes, Mary; but look how far the season is advanced. Every good job that I expected, has gone into other hands, and I don't know a soul that now talks of building even a pigpen, this year. I feel completely disheartened. If we were only a little beforehand, I wouldn't feel so bad. But, we are not. Every thing is run down, and I haven't ten dollars ahead."

Just then some one knocked at the door. Harding opened it, and found a strange man, with a large bundle in his hand. His own name was inquired for.

"I am the person," he answered.

"Mrs. Braufort sent this letter to you"—handing a letter—"and this bundle to Mrs. Harding"—reaching out the package.

"Won't you come in?" said the carpenter, as he received the letter and package.

"No, sir. It is late, and I must ride over to Clifton, to-night."

The man departed, and Harding turned back into the house. Breaking the seal of the letter with unsteady hands, he opened it, and read—

"I wish to see you to-morrow. Come over early. If I am not mistaken, I can serve your worldly interests materially. I learn that you are a good workman, and faithful in the performance of whatever you may undertake. I am about putting up several outbuildings, and making some important alterations in my house. It is partly in reference to these matters that I wish to see you.

EDITH BRAUFORT."

Within this letter another, directed to Mrs. Harding, was enclosed.

"Oh, Jacob! Just see here!" By the time her husband had gathered the meaning of his letter, Mrs. Harding was in full possession of the contents of hers. As she thus exclaimed she held up two bank bills, each claiming the valuation of fifty dollars, while her face had a bright, joyful, wondering expression.

"Why, Mary!" ejaculated the bewildered carpenter, as he reached out for the letter of his wife. It read—

"Accept, dear madam, from one who can never forget, and never repay the debt she owes you, the enclosed as a first act of justice. Use it for yourself and children. Accept, also, a few small presents for yourself and them. I have talked much with my mother about you and your good husband since you left us this morning, and I think, if there is nothing to bind you to your present place of abode, that we shall soon have you near us. We are about making some extensive repairs, improvements and alterations in and around our home, and my mother thinks that your husband is just the man to whom she can safely entrust their execution. She desires him to see her in the morning. Urge him to come without fail.

Yours, with gratitude,

EDITH PERCIVAL."

"It is broad daylight, now," such were the carpenter's words, after sitting silent for some moments.

"The darkest hour is just before daybreak, you know," said Mrs. Harding, her eyes filling with glad tears.

"Providence never hedges up a man's way in one direction, without opening it in another. So Mr. Long said to me; and so I tried to believe. But, how can one believe with a mountain rising up in his path, and thick darkness on either side of him? I cannot."

"But let us not forget, Jacob," Mrs. Harding's voice was subdued, almost humble, "what more the school-master said in his kind and earnest talks with us."

"What did he say, Mary?"

"That the hedging up of our way in life, and the opening of new paths, are not for the alone sake of worldly good."

"Yes, I remember." The carpenter bowed his head thoughtfully.

"But, for the sake of heavenly and eternal good," continued Mrs. Harding. "How much he talked of our mental wants, and of our mental sufferings; and as he talked, did we not both see and feel that mere bodily wants and sufferings were nothing in comparison to these? The natural event of finding a babe at our door, which we received with reluctance, how much delight of mind it produced! Now, it was in Providence, as Mr. Long said, that the babe was so left at our door; and does it not seem, that it was so provided for, in order that, through this natural event, our spirits might become better and hap-

pier? Surely, we are all better and happier for the presence of dear little Grace among us."

"Have I not said so a hundred times, Mary?" There was light in the carpenter's face as he said this.

"And will we not all be better and happier, if we can be where our eyes, every little while, may look upon her angel face? Oh, yes, I know we will; for the sight of that face will lift our hearts upwards, and make us desire that spiritual innocence of which, as Mr. Long so beautifully said, she was the perfect bodily correspondent. And the desire will prompt us to resist the evils of our nature. And if we resist evil, you know, it is said, that it will depart from us. Dear husband!"—and as Mrs. Harding, animated with her subject, leaned towards him, and laid her hand upon his arm, the carpenter saw, as of late he had seen so many times, the sweet beauty in her face that had charmed and won his love in the time gone by—"Dear husband! Let us believe that the hedging up of your way in the old direction, and the opening of it in this, is not so much for the sake of worldly prosperity, as for the higher good of our spirits. Oh! is not peace of mind more to be desired than all earthly benefits? It is, Jacob—my heart—your heart, replies that it is. Let us, then, in accepting the earthly good, look still higher, and claim the better portion that may be ours."

"You are learning these wise lessons faster than I am, Mary," said the carpenter, with a tenderness of manner that went to the heart of his wife. "In the school of good I shall be, I fear, a slow learner. But, the apter scholar must have patience with my poor progress. I am hasty, moody, and passionate by nature, Mary, as you know too well. As you overcome, give me aid. If you can keep your heart in the sunlight, mine will not long remain under the cloud. If your sky continues serene, the storm will soon pass from mine. Try and remember this, Mary, and in my darker moods, bear with me. You will surely have your reward."

"And in my darker moods, Jacob," answered his wife; "and they will come, for I, too, am hasty and passionate, you must bear with me. Oh, let us help one another!"

The pledges and promises of that hour were never forgotten, as the brighter, happier future attested. On examining the package sent by the mother of Grace, it was found to contain various articles of clothing for Mrs. Harding and her children, besides a handsome vest pattern, and a dozen fine silk handkerchiefs for the carpenter. They were gratefully received, coming, as they did so timely, and under circumstances that did not make the gift a burdening obligation. Tranquil was their sleep that night, and the morning of a new day found them looking hopefully into the brightening future.

## CHAPTER XXI.

A month later in the progress of events, and we find the carpenter and his family residing in a small, neat house, on the estate of Mrs. Beaufort, happily relieved from all anxiety about the "bread that perishes," and surrounded with more of taste and comfort than they had ever known. Harding had already entered, actively, upon the execution of such work as Mrs. Beaufort first desired, and, thus far, was giving every satisfaction. Why should this not be? for he was quick and skilful in all the branches of his trade, and perfectly honest in the execution of whatever might be entrusted to him. All that could be done to make Mrs. Harding's new home a pleasant one was done by Mrs. Percival, who came over, almost daily, to see her, accompanied by her babe, whose visits to the carpenter's family ever seemed like the shining in of sunbeams. Grace was still the Angel of their Household, bearing back through her sweet presence to their bodily eyes, or, when absent, to the eyes of their spirits, the natural passions, which, like evil beasts, were striving to devour the innocent affection just born in their hearts, and which were daily gaining strength and beauty. Bright moments to Harding, in the day's circle of hours, were those in which the babe, borne in the arms of her nurse, came out to see him at his work. If he laid down his axe, his saw, or his plane, at such times, that he might take the happy little one, and hold her against his heart, who could blame the act, or deem him an idler from his tasks? Not a stroke the less was given for these moments of self indulgence, if we may call them by so cold a name, for they sent new life through the carpenter's nerves, and fresh vigor to his willing hands.

Only a few weeks were permitted to pass ere the public announcement of Edith's marriage was made, accompanied by such evidence to all interested friends, as removed even the shadow of doubt or suspicion. The fact of the babe's abandonment by its mother at the door of a stranger, was never clearly understood. That it had been in the carpenter's family was known; but, under what peculiar circumstances it came there, was a matter of question even to the neighbors of Harding. Beyond this narrow circle, it was taken for granted, that in order to conceal the marriage and birth of the child, Mrs. Harding had been selected as the nurse, and pledged to secrecy in regard to its parentage. Even among the carpenter's old neighbors, this theory finally prevailed, in consequence of its adoption by Miss Gimp.

"I always said," so the dress-maker gossiped, after having settled to her own satisfaction all the difficulties presented by the case—"that Mrs. Harding knew a great deal more about the child than she cared to tell. I said this in the beginning, and I've never altered my mind. You can't make me believe that people like the

Hardings would take a strange babe into their house, and treat it even better than one of their own, unless well paid for it. It isn't in nature; much less in the nature of such people."

And this solution of the matter was pretty generally adopted, thus saving the young mother that crushing odium which must have followed the clear annunciation of her act, even done as it was in a state of partial derangement.

Two months only had passed, since Edith was presented to her friends in her true character, when Colonel D'Arcy, not to be baffled in the pursuit of her hand, wrote her a long, earnest letter of sympathy and condolence; begging forgiveness at the same time for the ardor of his attentions at a period when she must have been bowed to the earth with sorrow—a sorrow of which he was "necessarily ignorant"—and asking the privilege of occasionally visiting at her mother's house as a friend. Not to leave the matter solely to her unbiassed decision, the gallant Colonel wrote also to Mrs. Beaufort, mentioning his letter to her daughter; and frankly saying to her, that, notwithstanding the secret marriage of Edith, and birth of a child, now that her husband was dead, he was ready again to offer his hand. Instantly, the smouldering ambition of this proud woman was fanned into a blaze; and, once more, she resolved to compass, if possible, the long desired marriage of her daughter. The acknowledgment of Edith's true relation—that of the widowed wife of an obscure, young adventurer—would, she had not doubted, at once settle all so far as D'Arcy was concerned, and this was why she strove so desperately to prevent its taking place. In consenting to publicity, she had abandoned her ambitious hopes. Now, they all started again into vigorous life. The hand of her daughter was yet deemed worthy of possession, even by Colonel D'Arcy—the marriage, so dear to her heart, might yet be accomplished—and she instantly resolved, that its failure should not be in consequence of any want of effort on her part.

The two letters came by the same post. Edith had just finished reading her's, when Mrs. Beaufort, the ardor of whose re-awakened purpose impelled to an immediate interview with her daughter, entered the room where she sat with the flush of outraged womanhood yet warm upon her cheeks.

"Is your letter from Colonel D'Arcy?" enquired the mother, slightly hesitating in the conscious conviction that the subject would be disagreeable.

"It is," was Edith's simple, yet firm response.

"He knows of your marriage?"

"Yes."

"May I see your letter?"

Edith handed the letter to her mother, who, after reading it, said—

"What answer will you make?"

"None," was replied.

"None! That will be uncourteous."

"He is entitled to no courtesy from me"—was the decisive answer, "and will get none."

"But, Edith!"—Mrs. Beaufort's face was flushing, and her eyes beginning to glitter.

"Mother!" Edith interrupted her—"what I have said to you, hitherto, about this man, was said from the heart; and I give it a repeated utterance, hardly repressing a cry of abhorrence. His very name is an offence; and his presence here, if you permit him to come, will be to me an outrage. I understand the hidden import of his glossing letter clearly; but he writes to me in vain. No—not even as a friend will I receive him. Mother!"

A hurried step was heard this instant in the hall, and Edith, checking the utterance of what was on her tongue, started, with eager eyes, and changing cheeks to the floor. With hands raised and partly extended, and her gaze rivetted on the entrance to the room, she stood, her ear bent to the sounding tread of a man's approaching feet. An instant more, and uttering wildly the cry—

"Henry! Oh! my husband! My husband!" she threw herself upon the breast of a tall, handsome, embrowned young man, who sprang forward to receive her, and catching her eagerly in his arms, covered her face with kisses.

"Oh! Henry! Am I dreaming?" sobbed the bewildered young creature, as disengaging herself partly from his arms, she gazed into his face, pressing the hair back with both hands from his ample forehead.

"Not dreaming, Edith, dear," he answered. "The dream is past—this is the glad awakening."

"My husband! My dear, dear husband!" And, fondly, Edith laid her head upon his bosom. A moment only it rested there: then, starting up, she caught him by the arm, and, drawing him towards a door that opened into an adjoining room, said—

"Come."

He followed, as she led.

"Look!"

They had entered, and were beside a cradle in which their babe was sleeping.

"It is ours, Henry!—our sweet, precious one! Our darling Grace!" And lifting it tenderly, she laid it in his arms.

As if a blasting spectre had met her vision, Mrs. Beaufort fled to her chamber at the sight of Percival, and was now hidden from all eyes but those of her Maker. She had fully believed him dead, and had rejoiced in his death; his sudden appearance, therefore, was as of one risen from the dead. His coming, too, just as old schemes, so long cherished, were about being reconstructed, to scatter all her mad ambition to the wind, seemed so like Heaven's mockery, that, with a crushed, helpless feeling, she shrunk into herself, and bowed her spirit in the bitterness of forced submission.

Two hours afterwards—Edith, who knew her too well to intrude during the time, had not even tapped at her chamber door—she came forth, and received the husband of her daughter with a degree of cordiality altogether unexpected.

"We believed you dead, Mr. Percival," said she. "Can you explain why we were deceived by false intelligence? Mr. Maris wrote to us first, that you were very ill, and, soon after, that you had died of a malignant southern fever."

"I was ill, very ill, for a time," the young man answered, "but not of a malignant southern fever. The physician at the hospital to which I was sent to die, and where, in Providence, I was permitted to recover, strongly suspected that I had been unfairly dealt by—some of my symptoms resembling in a marked degree the effects of poison."

"Poison!" Mrs. Beaufort looked startled as she gave almost involuntary utterance to the word.

"Yes; and I have now but little doubt that such was the case, for I learn, with no small surprise, that, after my reported death, Colonel D'Arcy renewed his offers for the hand of Edith."

"Colonel D'Arcy! what of him? What had he to do with your sickness?" Mrs. Beaufort's countenance became suddenly clouded.

"I know not that he had anything to do with it," replied Percival; "but, this I know, he was a friend of Mr. Maris, and visited him on the night I was taken sick. They drank wine together, and both urged me with such gracious kindness to take a glass of sherry with them, that I could not refuse. Colonel D'Arcy touched his glass to mine, and said, in a singularly altered voice, so it struck me at the moment—

"Your good health, Mr. Percival."

"I did not like the man, for out of his eyes an evil spirit had ever looked at me. On this particular occasion, that spirit seemed to glare upon me with a kind of malignant triumph. Soon after drinking the wine, I felt an unusual heat in my stomach, which gradually pervaded my system. My head grew heavy and painful, and my body hot and sluggish. On complaining of indisposition, Mr. Maris advised me to go home, saying that a few hours' rest would restore me. But, so far from that, I was in a raging fever all night, and early on the next morning, at the suggestion, as I afterwards learned, of Mr. Maris, I was sent to the hospital to die. An ordinary fever would have run to its crisis, terminating in favor of or against the patient, in a certain number of days; but the fever which had seized upon me was altogether different, and seemed as if it would never tire drinking at my vitals. When, at last, its fire abated, I was left so much exhausted that small hope of recovery was felt by either physician or attendants. It was more than two months before

strength sufficient to bear the weight of my body was gained. Then the life-current began to flow more freely; and a few weeks of rapid convalescence placed me so near to health that I ventured to make this homeward journey. Soon after I was taken to the hospital, a man, named Henry Percival, died in one of the sick wards. Mr. Maris, I suppose, took it for granted that my death was the one reported, and immediately communicated the fact to you."

For a considerable time after the young man ceased speaking, Mrs. Beaufort sat with her eyes upon the floor, evidently in deep and troubled thought.

"There's a dark mystery here," she said, at length, speaking partly to herself. "Mr. Maris, then, is a particular friend of Colonel D'Arcy?" she added, raising her eyes.

"They appeared to be very intimate. I often saw them together."

"It's a strange story." She again seemed speaking to herself. "And I can't make it all out. Colonel D'Arcy?—Mr. Maris?—poison?"

As Percival looked at her, fixedly, he saw a low shudder pass through her frame. A dark suspicion entered his mind on the instant, but he resolutely thrust it out; and, in doing so, he was but just to Mrs. Beaufort. If he had been dealt by foully, of which there was small reason to doubt, she was no party to the wicked deed.

A few days afterwards, Colonel D'Arcy, following up his letters with a degree of confident assurance, made a visit to Clifton, in order to throw the weight of his personal influence in the scale, and thus secure a preponderance in his favor.

Mrs. Beaufort, now that all blinding antagonism towards Percival was laid aside, and closer contact gave her a better view of his character and a clearer appreciation of his worth, began to find herself drawn towards him with a power of attraction, at first resisted, but hourly gaining strength. His intelligence was of a different order from that by whose glitter she had been attracted through life. It was not the obtrusive intelligence which is assumed for effect—illustrating only the pride of its possessor—but had in it a soul of moral wisdom—a beautiful humanity, warm with a higher life. Often, as he talked, she listened with something akin to wonder; and, as her eyes rested upon his animated countenance, she saw in it a manly beauty, caught from the inspiring soul, that compelled a half-reluctant admiration. Not unfrequently, at these times, would the face of Colonel D'Arcy present itself before the eyes of her mind with singular vividness; yet ever marred by an expression, well remembered as peculiarly its own, but now, as seen in contrast with the fine countenance of Percival, felt to be cruel, selfish and debasingly sensual. Almost with a shudder, at such times, would she close her bodily eyes, seeking to destroy the unpleasant

vision. It was on an occasion like this that the servant announced Colonel D'Arcy.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mrs. Beaufort, thrown entirely from her guard.

The name was repeated.

"Tell him that I will be down in a few minutes," she said, recovering herself.

For some moments the three looked at each other in doubt and irresolution. All of them knew well the object of his visit. Percival was the first to speak.

"Let us," said he, "go down together and receive him. He thinks I am dead, if he thinks of me at all. Should my suspicions be true. at sight of me he will be thrown from his guard and betray himself. Come! Let us go at once."

And he arose, moving on a pace or two in the direction of the door. Mrs. Beaufort and Edith followed, as if impelled by his will—the latter carrying Grace in her arms.

Side by side they entered the parlor where D'Arcy sat awaiting some member of the family.

"Colonel D'Arcy!"

Mrs. Beaufort inclined her body gracefully, and smiled upon her visitor with a bland smile. But he saw not the motion nor the smile, for his eyes were rivetted instantly on the calm face of Percival, who, with his young wife shrinking to his side and holding her babe against her bosom, looked at him steadily and sternly. Only for a moment did he stand in the attitude of astonishment assumed as the unexpected apparition confronted him—then, with a look of dismay and an exclamation of terror, he swept past the little group and fled from the house.

"I did not err in my suspicions," said Percival, speaking with entire self-possession. "He is guilty of having sought my life. Dear Edith!" he added, as he drew an arm around her, and pressed his lips to her pure forehead—"how thankful am I for your dear sake that his wicked purpose failed."

"My children!"

The arms of Mrs. Beaufort were flung suddenly around them both.

"My children!"

Her voice choked, and what she would have said further, remained unspoken. Pride could not suffer her to betray the strong agitation she felt.

There were a few moments of silence. Then she disengaged her arms, and turning from them, retired with slow and stately steps to her own apartments.

One scene more, briefly sketched, and the curtain must fall upon our characters.

A few months have glided pleasantly by. The nearer view that Mrs. Beaufort now had of the son-in-law accepted with such an intense reluctance, enabled her to see the higher qualities of mind with which he was endowed; as well as the sterling virtues already developed

in one so young. Her estates were large, and needed the intelligent care of a man who had some acquaintance with legal and landed affairs. This knowledge, the education of Percival had in a measure supplied; and his calm judgment and integrity of purpose were a guarantee for the rest that Mrs. Beaufort was very ready to accept; and the result involved no measure of disappointment.

So well pleased was she with our friend the carpenter, that she soon made a contract with him to remain as overseer on her estate, at a liberal salary.

It was a warm afternoon near the close of the ensuing May, that Mrs. Percival stepped across the broad green lawn that sloped gently from her mother's fine old mansion, and took her way to the pleasant cottage-home of the carpenter and his family, that stood only at a short distance. On entering, she found no one in the sitting room; but, with the familiarity of a friend who knows the awaiting welcome at all times, she pushed open the door of the adjoining apartment, when a sight met her eyes that made the blood leap warmer from her heart. A week before, had been born in that chamber, another babe; and it was to see the mother and enquire after her wants, if any were unsupplied, that Mrs. Percival had now come. She supposed that Harding was absent at work; but, this was not so. The fact was, scarcely an hour passed during each day, since the little stranger came, that he did not run in to look at its fair young face, or take it in his great, strong arms, and bear it about the room. He was sitting now near the bed, where lay his happy wife, with her face turned towards him and the babe; and he was holding the tender little one on his arm, and gazing with a look that could not be mistaken for love, down upon the sweet image of innocence. Around were grouped the children, and little Lotty, standing between her father's knees, was laying her white finger softly on the baby's cheek, and talking to it fondly.

As Mrs. Percival swung open the door, and at a glance comprehended the scene, she said, with a pleasant familiarity that her previous intercourse with them warranted—

"Ah! Nursing that baby again, Mr. Harding? Why, one would think you'd never had a baby in your house before!"

"We never knew the value of a baby," replied the carpenter, "until your's came to us and won our hearts. Ah! She was the Angel of our Household, and it was a hard trial to see her go forth never to return again. But God has given us another angel."

"And may she be dearer to you than the one you have lost," said Mrs. Percival, as she reached over and took the precious burden from the arms of Mr. Harding. "Have you chosen a name for it yet?"

Mrs. Harding glanced towards her husband. "It was chosen the hour of her birth," answered the carpenter.

"Is it Grace?"

Mrs. Percival smiled as she made the enquiry.

"No other name would express our love for her. Yes, it is Grace!"

"May she indeed prove, as I am sure she will, the Angel of your Household," said Mrs. Percival, with touching solemnity.

An audible "Amen" broke the stillness that followed: and, as we repeat the word, the curtain falls.

THE END.

## THE SLEEPING CHILD.

What a change is this! there's something we miss

Of innocence, beauty and glee;  
All scattered around, may the toys be found,  
And the kittens are frolicking free;  
But we hear no more little feet on the floor—  
Soft patting of little feet bare;  
Nor the calling voice, that made us rejoice,  
Our names had such melody rare!

Ah! the babe is at rest on its mother's breast.  
Come, now, while it yet is awake;  
And the darling sweet, with kisses will meet,  
The kisses we tenderly take.  
Weary of play, through the long Summer day,  
It turns from the merry, wild throng,  
And closely it clings to the folding wings,  
And lists to the lullaby song.

Now softly is hid, 'neath the fringed lid,  
The loving and languishing blue;  
So flowerets bright will close up at night,  
Oppressed by the slumberous dew.  
In repose so deep has the charmer, Sleep,  
Enfolded the beautiful form,  
That it seems like Death; but the blessed  
breath  
We feel on the rosy lips warm.

And a more divine and radiant sign  
Of the living spirit we trace,  
In the smiling gleam, which some heavenly  
dream

Spreads over the innocent face!  
By the smile we know, that sweet and low,  
The "angels are whispering" near;  
An invisible band doth about us stand,  
To keep away evil and fear!

Oh! sleeping child, with the face so mild,  
We think of the trouble and tears—  
The wrinkles of care those features may wear,  
In a few of these worldly years;  
And resolves anew, in our hearts rise true,  
And meekly to Heaven we pray,  
That our lives may be safe teachers to thee,  
To lead thee, in joy, on thy way.

To lead thee to go, where in purity flow,  
The bright, living waters of Truth;  
So thy placid brow shall keep, as now,  
Unswollen, "the dew of thy youth."  
And when I'me shall come, with the meted sum  
Of weary old three-score-and-ten,  
Thou shalt hear the song of the angel throng,  
And smile, in thy slumber, then.

QUEERIE.

## LEAF FROM A HOUSEKEEPER'S JOURNAL.

The unadorned truth of this "Leaf from Ellen Eyrie's Journal," will awaken recollections in the mind of many a housekeeper.

*Monday morning.*—Baby fretful through the night—just fallen into a sound sleep;—sleepy myself—six o'clock; time for a good housekeeper to be stirring. Bridget left last night at five minutes' warning, doubtless in consequence of a promise I had made her, to inspect the kitchen and premises during the day. Own health bad, having been confined to my room for several weeks, during which time Bridget has been sole mistress of the mansion. Repair to the kitchen—stove choked with ashes and covered with grease. Make desperate use of shovel and ash-pan, and strive to kindle a fire. Bad success—husband rousing himself, comes to my assistance. Fire burns—tea-kettle sought for, and discovered in the same state as the stove. After much time spent in reclaiming it, it is at length set down to boil. Coffee-pot filled with a black-looking liquid, and crusted with grounds of at least three weeks' standing. Coffee pot also reclaimed. Baby wakes, and cries to be taken up. Husband makes the coffee, while the baby is washed and dressed; then takes the baby, and begs the breakfast may be hastened, as his business is unusually pressing to-day. Cook the cakes, and set the table. Pantry closet minus two tea-spoons and one silver-fork. Table-cloth found half sunk in an uncovered pot of pickles. Sugar-bowl contains the dregs of a foreign substance, which closer examination, proves to be soft-soap.

Breakfast over—husband gone—baby sitting on the floor with a dipper to play with. Attempt to arrange the pantry. But find the confusion interminable. Baby tires of the dipper, and tattles along by the wall and chairs till she gets hold of my dress, and then screams to be taken. Let her scream till the breakfast things are washed, and then taking her on my arm, retreat to the parlor; fire burns feebly—coal-grate wants clearing—beds want making—parlors want sweeping and dusting—zincs, oil-cloths, and door-steps want washing—baby peremptorily vetoes all these wants—get nervous—sit down with the look of a martyr. And try to rock her to sleep—succeed, after a whole hour spent in the effort. Lie her down, and repair to the wardrobe—find it minus one black veil. Laundry closet at sixes and sevens, with piles of sheets, towels, and pillow-cases, astonishingly diminished. Attempt to repair the disorder and discover what is missing—am too exhausted to continue the operation—shut the door upon the muss, and crouch dizzily upon the sofa.

Ring, ring, ring—girl wants a place—stands with muddy feet on the front steps, and attempts to force her way in through the hall—black patch over her eye, and any quantity of

dirt over her dress—order her off. Restore the kitchen to order, mostly with the baby on my arm—repair to the parlor, rouse the fire, and rock the baby to sleep. Find brush and comb, and make an attempt at dressing. Rap, rap, rap—hair over my shoulders won't go—vain resolution. Open comes the door, and tramp, tramp, a slow, heavy step across the dining-room—door opens—a woman with a big cloak—basket of essences and cotton edgings, and as much mud as her shoes can carry. Tell her I want nothing, and bid her go—woman hesitates—repeat the “go” with uncommon emphasis, and she starts, closes the door, and is still. Hasten across the room, and open the door to see what she is about. Woman feigns a limp to excuse the slowness of her gait, and disappears. Follow her across the room, and bolt the door, to be rid of further intrusion. Sit down again with another effort at hair-dressing. Ring, ring—keep my seat—ring, ring, ring, ring—person goes away; look out and see a girl leaving—sorry—she may have come from the intelligence office. Baby wakes—take her up. Ring, ring, ring—set her down to cry, and go to the door this time. Ladies calling—entire strangers, whom my previous call found not at home. Feel mortified, and bow them awkwardly in, thinking all the while of my dowdy double gown and half finished toilet. Front parlor neither swept nor dusted, and without a fire. Back parlor bearing strong token of the baby's burn and other nursery accompaniments. Take the baby up and try to quiet her in vain. Ladies remain a few moments, during which nothing can be said, because the baby's strong lungs have monopolized all the air in the room. Make an apology and bow them out, conscious that apologies can never do away with first impressions.

Rap, rap—girl from the intelligence office—Irish—just over—can she cook?

“Indade, ma'am, and I can cook, if ye'll tache me, well enough.”

“But can you do nothing without teaching?”

“Sure, an' how would I?”

“Can't you make bread?”

“No more than a child unborn; but if ye'll show me how, I'll make it asy enough.”

“Why, have you never seen it made?”

“Niver.”

“But how can you have grown to your age without ever seeing any bread?”

“Indade, ma'am, at home it was mostly praties.”

“You can wash dishes and clothes, I suppose?”

“I niver thried; but if ye'll thry me, I've no doubt I'll do whatever I'm bid.”

“But what have you done all your life?”

“Troth, at home I was in the field or bog jist, from one year's end till another, cutting peat, or digging praties with the gossoons.”

I sit down and write a note, requesting them to send me something less ignorant than the present specimen, and bid her take it back with her to the intelligence office.

Seat myself once more. Ring, ring, ring—take no notice—if it is the girl I want, she must come round to the back door. Rap, rap, rap—perhaps she has; open the door—book agent, with a large portfolio of *highly illuminated* works. Tell him I do not wish to buy—book agent does not care for that—crowds his way in, and unloads his wares on the dining-table. Tell him sharply, that I have no time to look at them—besides having seen them at least a dozen times—book agent mutters something about politeness and goes.

Return to the baby—baby considerably out of patience—mother ditto. Ring, ring, ring—do not hear. Rap, rap, rap—go to the door, hoping to find a respectable girl this time. Spruce young man with a fine voice, bowing, and presenting a small bottle.

“Have you ever the toothache, ma'am? sure specific—cure it in two seconds—only twenty-five cents.”

“No.”

Attempting to close the door—another bottle.

“Perhaps you're troubled with corns, an undoubted”—shut the door in his face and retire.

Rap, rap, rap—girl wants a place.

“Come from the intelligence office?”

“No.”

“Lived anywhere before?”

“No.”

What can she do?—Everything. Tell her to call again in the morning—expect a girl from the intelligence office, and don't like to take one without a reference. See her speak to Mrs. W.'s cook as she leaves. Call to Ann, and ask what she knows about her. Says she is just out of the workhouse for stealing from her last mistress. Begin to despair of a good girl.

Another rap at the door. Chinaman wants to sell me a distorted tea-cup in exchange for my husband's best pants, with the privilege of stealing two or three vests while making the bargain. Shut the door upon him, half resolved to buy a big dog to answer such calls.

Nice looking girl passes the window as I recross the dining room—enters and hands me a note, saying, in a broad Irish brogue,

“Mrs. Hagan heard ye were wanting a girl, and sent me to yez with this. I was living with her several months, till my sister fell ill, and I was forced to leave to take care of her.”

“Well, Mary,” said I, after reading Mrs. Hagan's note, “did you do all Mrs. Hagan's kitchen work while you were there?”

“Dear me, that I did,” she replied, “and the chambermaid gone half the time, besides.”

“You think, then, that you can get along with my work, and keep things in order, do you?”

“Troth, an' I'd be sorry if I couldn't, with your little family.”

“Can you come immediately?”

“Sure, I'm come now.”

So Mary is set to work about the tea, while I retire once more to the parlor, glad to arrange things a little, and clear the clouds from my brow before my husband's return.



## HOME PICTURES FRAMED.

## OR, LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.

No. III.

Never laughed a gayer, sweeter girl in the woody shades of Sylvan Dell than the heroine of my story—Grace Harris. Little as a fairy, bright as a butterfly, and sweet as an angel, was our Grace, the village belle and village school-teacher. Her mother was a widow, and the avails of her daughter's labor helped to support the family of little brothers. Everybody said, if Grace could have the advantages that Deacon Hall's homely daughters had, or Dr. Pratt's, she would far excel them, for already she could write a better essay; and it was shrewdly hinted, by the old ladies of the Benevolent Sewing Society, that the occasional poems which appeared in the "Visitor," and simply signed "Sybil," were none other's than Grace Harris'. A truant blush, one day, betrayed her identity. The little troop of scholars were dismissed at noon, and, as they went bounding and skipping on the green-sward, Grace tied on her pink sun-bonnet and walked towards home, but just as she passed the village post-office the simpering young post-master threw her a late copy of the "Visitor," with a marked poem in it, "To Sybil." Her little heart bounded, and the surprise and blush that followed was a revelation.

Grace walked hurriedly on until she came to a clump of maples; then, flinging off her bonnet, she sat down in its tempting shade, and read the poem addressed to her. No wonder her little heart fluttered like a caged bird beating its trembling wings against the bars, for the words were warm and impassioned, and glowing with praise of her own sweet songs; but the simple signature, "Edward," gave her no clue to its author. Many times that afternoon was the thoughtful Grace seen with her eyes fixed on the floor, in a fit of abstraction, and her lips moving and whispering something to no visible person.

Poor human Grace! Flattered and elated with the tribute paid her, she wrote another and a sweeter song than had ever gushed from her young heart, and then followed another from her stranger admirer.

"He could not love me," mused Grace, as she looked into her little mirror, and saw no trace of that spiritual loveliness the poet-dreamer had invested her with. Then she looked at her red hands, both so familiar with the mop and duster, and her plain brown hair and cheap calico dress; and the tiny germ of vanity in her heart made her sigh and brush her hair back from her eyes, even though it was not near them.

The editor of the "Visitor" informed Grace that her unknown admirer was the only son of a wealthy planter in Kentucky, and that he desired visiting the Dell, purposely to see the girl whose songs had made such an impression on him.

"He worships genius like yours," he added; "but I trust he may not deprive us of our singing bird."

Very happily did the short, bright Summer glide away to the little teacher, whose routine of duties were varied by an occasional pic-nic, or quilting party, and many of the simple amusements that are enjoyed in the country and its nestling villages. A specimen of one quilting frolic is so closely inlinked with my story that it is entitled to a hearing.

Fan Ray came bounding into the widow Harris' little home, one evening, in September, her eyes and cheeks all aglow, with—

"Dear Grace! Kate Butler is to give a quilting party, on Thursday, and invite all the girls in the Dell, and as far south as the Cove, and over to Cedar Ridge, and even away up to Greentown, and she wants us all to wear white dresses and flowing hair, and we are to take tea in the woods on Table Rock! Oh! I am so glad!" and the gay Fanny clapped her hands and snatched a half finished poem from the writing-stand, where Grace sat, and capered around the room, holding it above her head.

"As I live, Grace Harris!" said she, stopping short in her pirouetting, and beginning to read the first lines of the song.

Grace blushed deeply as she caught the offending missive, and destroyed it.

"I'll not tell that you were—" but, before she could finish the sentence, a hand over the rosy little lips sealed them, and Grace drew her attention to the anticipated party.

"All to wear white dresses and flowing hair, and take tea in the woods?" said Grace.

"Yes," said Fanny, "won't that be grand; and the swing is to be put up in the barn; and the four farm horses are to be at our service; and then the skiff is lying in the Bend, newly oared, too!"

"I had rather, Grace, you would not wear your white lawn dress, if you are all to go racing like a parcel of wild colts," said Mrs. Harris, raising her glasses above the snowy frill of her cap, "for you know you have to work for all your own clothes."

"Why, mother, I can wear my old jaconet, even if it is low-necked and old-fashioned; a new pink ribbon will make it look quite pretty," said Grace, who was delighted with the novelty of the proposed party.

On Monday, before the great-expected Thursday, I do believe, from every clothes-line, for miles around, there swayed in the breeze, whitest of all the white washings, a snowy dress; and then, when Thursday morning came, the flaxen, and golden, and auburn, and red and black hair was let loose from curl papers, and allowed to flow over fair, and fat, and brown and bony shoulders, all just as the romantic Kate Butler had desired.

Kate was an only daughter, and the pride of her parents, and had just returned from Steubenville, where she had been sent to boarding-school. She was a good, true-hearted girl, and

the conventionalities of society had passed over her and left her the same wild, glad, free Kate that they had found her.

Her home was in a secluded nook, among dark evergreen trees, and, away in the distance, the tall, wavy pines seemed reaching from their rocky footholds up to the clouds. The beautiful stream of Clear Creek wound among the rugged hills, and a graceful bend in it was visible from Kate's residence.

The afternoon found them all gathered together in the spacious rooms of the old cottage among the pines, and it did one's heart good to listen to the merry gushes of laughter that rang out on the Autumn air. The quilting was quite forgotten, except by Deacon Wallace's girls, and Judith Weston, and Hannah Mills, and Mr. Gray's maiden sister Letty, who all worked as though their reputation was at stake. Letty declared she never could make merry after she saw aunt Polly Hughes die, and Judith thought if they came there to work why let 'em work, and not play. Good old auntie Butler said they might enjoy themselves as they pleased, she didn't care, for Kate had invited them more for their company than their work.

Fan Ray tied on auntie's big sun-bonnet, and winking slyly to those nearest her, they all followed her bounding steps to the great roomy barn in which was a stout swing that would easily hold nine. Then a noisy, laughing troop went down to the Bend, and gathered their white dresses up around them, and got into the skiff, and rowed down the stream, and in and out under the willows and pines that drooped their swaying limbs quite down to the water's edge, while Kate, who was passionately fond of singing, sang some of her sweetest songs in her own clear, ringing, bird-like way.

Kate and Grace plied the light oars with a skill well known to country girls, whose homes are near to streams, and after they had rowed far down to where it grew narrow, and where the rocks jutted, all mossy and strongly laced over with the clutching and finger like roots of the pines, and where it seemed a place for the gambols of the wildest goddess that ever haunted the forest recesses—just then, Grace dropped her oar and lightly sprang out, enraptured with the deep, unmarred beauty of the sylvan spot.

The little chain in the end of the skiff was thrown around a gnarled root, and the merry ones brushed the leaves from off the mossy rocks and seated themselves.

That was a picture an artist might yearn for! Grace was the crowning feature, sitting as she did, with her fingers interlocked in her rapture; her hair carelessly pushed away from her brow, and her "old fashioned dress" seeming the very garb appropriate. One arm was half hidden in the moss as she reclined, her eyes fixed upon the fleecy clouds and blue sky, and sombre trees reflected in the clear bosom of the stream.

"And who is Edward, the unknown lover of our Grace's?" said Kate, leaning over and gathering up a handful of curls from the bare shoulder of the dreaming poet-girl.

"If reports are true, we shall see him before this Autumn has passed away, and I should not wonder, judging from the fervor of his last production."

Just at this moment a boisterous laugh was heard, ringing and echoing among the hills, and a splashing in the stream caused the gay party to spring to their feet.

No wonder more than a dozen ha-ha's gushed from out the mossy nook from a dozen girl mouths, for there, scattering the foamy water at every step, came Fan Ray and Belle Gorbham on Mr. Butler's old farm-horse Ned, and right behind them was Lillie Burton and Jessie King on one of the bays, and bringing up the rear on quiet Doll was Em Bennett and Josie Reed and Cal Newman, all riding just like boys, with their horses' heads trimmed off with tufts of evergreen and tassels of pine.

"True as hounds on the track, ain't we?" said Fan, reining up old Ned, and ordering her file of horsewomen to stop.

I never saw such a ludicrous scene, and if all Bedlam had been let loose, there could not have been more noise and louder peals of laughter than we merry ones kept up for a few minutes.

"Where are the other girls?" said Kate, pausing for breath.

"Oh! they are working away like bees in a flower garden, commenting on indolent habits, and moralizing on the frailties of human nature, and our maiden friend Letty Gray is telling about the death-scene of her aunt Polly, and the time they all had the measles, and thinks likely the coming Winter will be the severest we ever had," said the mischievous Fanny, with a winsome dimple playing about her little rose-bud of a mouth.

Leaving our gay ones to rest or romp awhile, we will take up another feature in our "ower true tale."

"Oh! she must be an angel," for her songs are seraphic," said Charles Turner to his sister Ida, and he laid down a copy of the "Visitor," and thrust his jewelled fingers through his soft hair.

"Why, Charlie! I am astonished at your unbounded admiration of a stranger, who, perchance, is much your inferior in birth and education. I warn you not to rely too much on the mere matter of the lady's poetry, and perhaps give yourself cause to regret the unguarded warmth in which you speak of her," said his sister, as she affectingly reclined on a luxurious sofa, with the last novel lying open beside her.

"I could never be happy, Ida, unless one like the unseen 'Sybil' were my ministering angel. She is pure and gifted, and I intend to win her for my own. I shall be proud to introduce her as my wife, and I doubt not she will honor the

aristocratic circle in which she will move with grace and dignity. She must be lovely—so fair a gem cannot rest in a casket less fair," said Charles, rising and pacing the floor impatiently.

"How would you feel brother mine, if the peerless 'Sybil' was of plebeian birth, graceless and unlovely in person, and—"

Ida Turner, the proud heiress, heard only a "pshaw," and a hurried tread resounding on the marble steps of their beautiful mansion, and with a haughty curl of her queenly lip she rang for her maid to wheel the sofa nearer the window, and resumed her novel.

"I will put an end to this suspense," said Charles, knitting his fine brow with vexation, "and show Ida the fallacy of her opinions," and in a few hours Sambo and his young master were driving along in a handsome carriage with two spirited grays, to the steamboat landing.

"'Spose young mas'r's got some new notion in his head now?" soliloquized Sambo, as he drove back to the elegant mansion of his owner.

Charles and Ida Turner were the only children of a wealthy Kentucky planter, and no sacrifice had been spared in endeavoring to give them an enviable standing in society. Charles was a dreamer, unfit for the real and practical, and stern in life; his mental and physical energies never having been called into requisition. Poor Charles prided himself on his handsome face, figure and worldly attainments, and never did the high-spirited young Kentuckian once dream that his unknown enslaver was a poor village school-mistress, compelled to earn her own livelihood, and help support the family of fatherless brothers. And often too in the Winter months, if sewing was not to be obtained, Grace freely went out to service, doing all kinds of labor pertaining to housewifery, and little did Charles think that the poetess whose songs had unconsciously won his love, was in nothing save intellectual culture more than the clever cook in the kitchen at his own home. The proud aristocrat loving a menial, a village school-mistress, whose wide, little hands knew how to make nice biscuit and white loaves, and coats, and shirts and vests, and smooth the pillows of the sick and dying, and by their good works win warm blessings from warmer hearts! Never! he had rather court beggary than thus fall from his high estate!

Charles reached L—— and hired a conveyance to take him to the residence of the editor of the "Visitor." It unfortunately happened, or rather fortunately, that his road lay through the neighborhood of Sylvan Dell, and to save going a circuitous route, the driver went across the pine hills in an unfrequented road that lay directly across Clear Creek, and in sight of where we were all lounging, laughing, swinging and watching Fan prick old Ned and make him kick up in the water. Poor Belle pleaded piteously, as she was in danger of being thrown

off; and at the very moment Ned was kicking up, and Belle clinging round Fan's waist and threatening to fall off and be drowned, a carriage drove into the stream, while the burly driver with a "whoah," leaned out and loosened the checks, that the horses might drink.

A fair face was seen to look out with an expression of mingled surprise and pleasure, a face so fair that it seemed the sunshine had never beamed on it, or the winds ever played with breezy fingers in the soft auburn hair, that made it the more beautiful.

"Naiads and graces people this wild spot, it seems," said the stranger, in a low voice, but not so low that Fan's ready ear did not catch it up, and just as the carriage drove up the craggy bank on the opposite side, Fan sternly said to her clinging companion, "Now, Belle! if you don't kiss your hand to him, I'll prick Ned and make him throw you off."

Poor Belle saw the lurking devil in the hoyden's determined black eye, and with a desperate effort she performed the task very gracefully.

Then rose a united laugh, led off by one of Fan's merriest shouts.

There was much speculation as to who the fair faced stranger could be, and many hopes were expressed by the girls on horseback, that we should never see him again, and then we resumed our seats and oars and returned to the cottage.

Thanks to the sedate ones and the old maids, the quilt was half done, and the appearance of Table Rock was exceedingly inviting, for our exercise had given us a relish for the waiting supper.

We all sat down on the moss and leaves and the glossy winter-greens, and partook of the repast.

Letty Gray sat up very prim, and reprimanded Fan for her unlady-like conduct, and said when she was seventeen she was just as much of a woman in behavior as she was then.

Fan sat down her saucer of cream and berries, and while she unconsciously poised the little spoon on her dainty finger, she looked up into the yellow, skinny face, while her black eyes said as plain as talk—

"Was you ever seventeen?"

"Was it before you had the measles, Letty?" said Fan, with imperturbable gravity.

"One year lacking two months," she replied, without feeling the pointed sarcasm aimed at her.

After tea the brothers came with horses or wagons for their sisters; but we who had not more than two or three miles to go, walked home. Nothing transpired to mar the pleasures of that day, but little remembrances of it were left to many of us, in shape of unfortunate rents in our dresses, but that was deemed a natural consequence.

The following Monday morning Mrs. Harris and her children were at breakfast, when

Grace looked up into her mother's face, and said—

"Why, mother, I do pity Mrs. Wilson, for it is now quite three weeks since little Willie was first taken ill, and he has never allowed any one to take him, or do anything for him, except his poor, tired mother, until last night he came to me very willingly, and leaned his little head on my bosom, and let his hand rest in mine. Mrs. Wilson said she was so glad, for it was a great relief to her to move about and know that he was not fretting after her."

"I think," said Mrs. Harris, "I can get along with the baking to-day, and finish Nat's shirt besides, and let you spend the day with poor Mrs. Wilson. I have felt indebted to her ever since that Winter she let us have milk, and then you know how kind she was when your father died. I expect she would be glad to have you wash for her this week, for I don't see how they are to get along when she has to be bending over Willie's cradle half the time."

Mrs. Wilson was glad of Grace's kind offer to do the week's washing; and, in the evening after her task was completed, Grace kissed Willie's feverish brow, and when the poor woman's "God bless you, my kind girl!" fell on her ear, she felt that not for all the honors of this earth would she exchange the consciousness of having done good, and the wealth of happiness that the humble blessing carried home to her spirit.

Then Grace was not ashamed of the splashed gingham dress, or her bare, brown arms, and wide, red hands and plain face, for a blessed joy illuminated her whole being, and she tripped lightly home, with gratitude warming her heart towards her Heavenly Father, who had given her a good, little home and loving mother and brothers, and an appreciation of the true and beautiful.

She had reached home, and was seated on the low stool at her mother's feet with her long, rippling hair unloosed, and ready to comb, when a rap at the door startled her.

"I hope it is uncle Frank," said she, bounding to open the door.

"Is this the residence of Miss Grace Harris?" said a fine-looking young man, as he pushed aside a trailing honeysuckle that drooped down quite on his shoulder. The abashed Grace bowed, without raising her timid glance to his beautiful eyes again.

"Give her my card, then," said he, and the delicately gloved hand dropped one into the little palm that was half extended.

One simple word, "Edward," was on it, and Grace involuntarily started as her eye caught it.

"I am Grace Harris," said she, calling all her pride to her aid, and fixing her eyes full upon his face, for her woman's intuitiveness read all the haughty Southerner's pride in that one deep glance; but she extended her hand

kindly, as though she saw no dire disappointment portrayed in his blank astonishment. He merely touched it with the dainty tips of his fingers, as he looked on the rustic girl before him, seeming only to see the splashed dress and the plain, human face, and stout arms.

When Grace introduced her mother, he rose not from his seat, but gazed on the good, old mother's blue calico apron, full frilled cap, and neat neckerchief.

Oh! that was a dread awaking from the sweet dream that had followed him as his shadow, ever since he had first read her songs! He had pictured her a living angel, fairer than any woman his searching eyes had ever rested on—a willowy form—graceful and queenly, and a face fair as unsullied snow, and the bitter mortification almost prostrated every faculty.

In the evening he rose and said an engagement in L—— would deprive him of the pleasure of Grace's society, but that he should embrace the earliest opportunity of calling again. Grace drew the clustering vines away from the window, and looked after him until he was out of sight, and then she bowed her head on the sill, and lingered there long, forgetful, in her bitterness of heart that her fingers had tightened, and were crushing the greenest morning-glory vine, even though it was full of closed bells, that the morning, with dewy kisses, would open into full flower.

Her mother read a revealed secret in that gush of tears and the bowed head, and with her own eyes folding their lashes to crush the rising tears, and her lip trembling, she stole softly up to her darling young Grace, and pillowed her head on her bosom, and gathered back her lengths of hair, and kissed her brow, and called her pet names, and told her that they all loved her because she was a good girl. She told her, too, that she was happier far than though wealth and advantages had been hers, to make her proud and haughty, and less loveable.

"Won't my Grace be such a woman, now?" whispered the kind mother, hopefully, and then she drew the trembling little arm within her own, and led her out to the waiting tea-table.

That was Grace's first sorrow, but it left no misanthropic poison in her young, trusting heart, for she judged not harshly of others because of the conduct of one idle dreamer.

When the girls in the Dell learned that the object of their sport at the Clear Creek hills was the young Southerner, Fan Ray clapped her hands and wished outright that it had been him behind her instead of Belle, on old Ned. The twinkle in her dark eye made some wicked threats, but I will not repeat them, lest the language of a bonnie eye might be questioned.

His engagement in L—— must have been one of long continuance, or else Ida must have

teased him to death, for he never returned to Sylvan Dell again.

Grace is a very happy girl now, and does not regret her first glimpse at real life, and if you could look into her glad face, and listen to her ringing laugh, you would never dream that she had once looked from a vine-wreathed window after a tinselled puff of vanity, and bowed her head, and wept in bitterness of soul over her first sorrow.

ROSELLA.

*Sylvan Dell, Ashland Co., Ohio.*

## ITALY.

BY EDWARD COATE PINKNEY.

### I.

Know'st thou the land which lovers ought to choose?

Like blessings there descend the sparkling dew;  
In gleaming streams the crystal rivers run,  
The purple vintage clusters in the sun;  
Odors of flowers haunt the balmy breeze,  
Rich fruits hang high upon the vernal trees;  
And vivid blossoms gem the shady groves,  
Where bright-plumed birds discourse their careless loves.

Beloved!—speed we from this sullen strand  
Until thy light feet press that green shore's  
yellow sand.

### II.

Look seaward thence, and naught shall meet  
thine eye

But fairy isles, like paintings on the sky;  
And, flying fast and free before the gale,  
The gaudy vessel with its glancing sail;  
And waters glittering in the glare of noon,  
Or touched with silver by the stars and moon,  
Or flecked with broken lines of crimson light  
When the far fisher's fire affronts the night.  
Lovely as loved! toward that smiling shore  
Bear we our household gods, to fix for evermore.

### III.

It looks a dimple on the face of earth,  
The seal of beauty and the shrine of mirth;  
Nature is delicate and graceful there,  
The place's genius, feminine and fair:  
The winds are awed, nor dare to breathe aloud;  
The air seems never to have borne a cloud,  
Save where volcanoes send to heaven their  
curled

And solemn smokes, like altars of the world.  
Thrice beautiful!—to that delightful spot  
Carry our married hearts, and be all pain forgot.

### IV.

There Art, too, shows, when Nature's beauty  
palls,

Her sculptured marbles, and her pictured walls;  
And there are forms in which they both con-  
spire

To whisper themes that know not how to tire:  
The speaking ruins in that gentle clime  
Have but been hallowed by the hand of Time,  
And each can mutely prompt some thought of  
flame—

The meanest stone is not without a name.  
Then come, beloved!—hasten o'er the sea  
To build our happy hearth in blooming Italy.

## MAY'S BABY.

### A LEAF FROM NINA'S PORTFOLIO.

BY LILA M. LAIRD.

#### CHAPTER I.

Then Annie left me. I opened the letter and read it—a tiny gilded sheet it was, written closely down on every page. Dear May! her careless, blotted writing brought her vividly before me. In “the crooked Y's, and the crazy H's,” I seemed to see a little picture of the past. A village school-room, with its long, pine desks, and painted maps—a blotted copy-book spread open on the teacher's table, and over it bending many rosy faces; a slight, girlish figure, with long, shining curls, and tearful, blushing face, standing in the centre of the room;—looming up grim and dark before her was the tall form of “the master,” and I heard him say slowly and solemnly—“May Charlton, it has this day become my painful duty to disgrace you in the presence of your schoolmates, by exhibiting to them your copy-book. Your negligence and lack of progress are glaringly evident in the present specimen of your writing—in short, though its exhibition is disgrace sufficient for you, I cannot refrain from saying that your H's, N's, and Y's are like nothing human.” After which terrific announcement Master Norton sat gravely down, the rosy faces lengthened, and the fairy figure in the centre of the room hid her eyes, and burst into a violent fit of weeping. Poor May! when she came to her seat beside me, I, her most loving and sympathising cousin, Nina Grey, put my arms around her neck, and mingled my tears with hers, telling her amidst my sobs that her writing was not so awful, and vowing at the same time dire vengeance against Master Norton, which vengeance, by the way, was but in word, and not in deed. That evening as we walked home together, May talked long and earnestly about her trouble. She thought no mortal had ever borne heavier sorrow than hers.

“Such a disgrace to be reproved before all those village children; but I tell you, Nina,” said she, with flashing eyes, “I am determined that I never will learn to write nicely, just to spite Master Norton.”

And May kept her word most faithfully, as the blotted scrawl in my hands attested. How far away in the past those blurred and hurried strokes from a careless pen had carried me.

Almost two years May had been the wife of Pierre Verrian, one of the best and handsomest young lawyers in the West. I had never seen May since her marriage, for our homes were far distant.

But May's letter,—when Annie placed it in my hands, she said, laughingly—

“Nina, don't get wearied with May's praises of her baby—they are very fervent, but you know her enthusiastic heart.”

Yes! I knew it well, but I could scarcely restrain my smiles as I read. What did not May say about her baby in that letter! He had a mouth like a rose-bud, shining blue eyes, and such lovely silken hair, and the dearest little feet and hands, and his face was so fair and dimpled. Oh, Charlie was such a beauty indeed, he was more like a little cherub than a child of earth, and they were most afraid the angels would come down and take him home again. He was so smart and sweet, too. And I gathered this from my cousin May's letter. Never, since "mother Eve" sat beneath the tall palm-trees, and sang her first-born to sleep, had a lovelier baby opened its eyes on life than little Charlie Verrian. And Pierre and May were coming home speedily—that very week uncle and aunt Charlton were to look for the first time upon May's baby—their unknown, yet darling little grandson—and I would see May again. I almost wept for joy when I thought of that.

I found Annie in the library—she was reading, but she quickly laid aside her book.

"I am so glad, dear Nina," she said, taking May's letter from my hand. "I am so glad that Pierre and May are coming now, just when you are with us—how nicely timed your visit is, and yet without previous planning, for we did not know, until this letter came from May, that she would be with us this season. You and May love each other so much, Nina, it will be sweet for you to meet again; but, don't get jealous," added my cousin, with a smile, "should Pierre and the baby seem to encroach upon your rights; they make up May's world now."

"So it seems, and you have never seen little Charlie, then, Annie?"

"No; May's home is too far away for her to come often to see us. She has not been here since Charlie's birth, and he is almost a year old, now. My poor sister May! her very life is bound up in her husband and child. She fairly bows before them in the excess of her tenderness. Ah, Nina! when May worships these idols of clay, I tremble for her. You know grief has made me wise," and Annie glanced sadly at her deep mourning dress.

Dear Anna Wilmot! her widowhood had been truly bought with tears. Early in life she came back to the home-hearth, with a crushed and sorrowing heart—a widow and desolate—one only of her fair group of children left to her—and little Lucy was a pale, delicate child, ever watched with fear and anxiety. Uncle and aunt Charlton gladly threw open their pleasant and luxurious home to their sorrowing daughter, and Annie, comforted by their tender and loving sympathy, had grown calm, almost cheerful.

"Now, Lucy, run and feed your canaries, and then you can take that walk in the meadow with your grandpa;" and when aunt Charlton had kissed the little girl, and sent her from the room, she turned to me. "I don't

know, Nina, what we would do without our poor Annie and her sweet child. If they were not here we would be so lonely and sad; and though one of my blossoms is far from me, the other is left; and Annie will never go from us again; this house is her home and Lucy's, for their lifetime. Your uncle and myself are growing old, and we could not be happy now were both our children away, but May is coming so soon, now,—May and Pierre, and little Charlie," and aunt Charlton laid down her knitting with a pleasant smile. "I have such a yearning to see that baby—the child of my precious little May—but come here, Nina, I want to show you something," and the old lady led the way into her room; then she unlocked the wardrobe. "These are Annie's gifts and mine to May's baby," and aunt Charlton held up some exquisitely worked robes. "This necklace and armlets are from your uncle, so is this tiny blue hat, and the corals and bells. Oh, that is little Lucy's present to her unknown baby cousin," and my aunt replaced the beautiful gifts with no small care and pride; and Annie just then calling me, I left her bending over them.

What an excitement May's coming made at "Cherry Bank!" Every one was busy scrubbing and cleaning, polishing furniture, rubbing silver, putting down new carpets, and bringing fresh flowers from the green-house. The old house was one scene of bustle and confusion. As I passed the half open door, Annie saw me.

"Come in, Nina; I was just wishing for you. I want you to see how nicely everything looks. You know this is to be May's room, and I have taken especial care in its arrangement."

I saw that at a glance—from the new curtains which draped the wide windows, from the lofty, canopied bedstead, with its snowy pillows and rich silken quilt, down to the pretty vases which stood on the little ebony stand. Had Annie's skilful fingers been engaged?—all was her work.

"But here is something I never saw before. Why, Annie, how beautiful! where did it come from?"

"That cradle you mean. Ah, Nina, May and myself were rocked in it when we were babies. It has stood for a long while in the garret, but this morning I had it dusted and brought down for May's baby. Many a sweet sleep I hope he will have in it."

I lifted up the embroidered coverlet, and looked closely at the cradle. It was made of rich, dark wood, of antique form, and heavily carved: a canopy of lily-bells, roses and doves, exquisitely inlaid with ivory, ran along the top. Annie knelt down beside the cradle, and replaced the little quilt; then she buried her face in her hands, and I knew she was weeping. And I did not speak, but went quietly to the window, and stood there looking out. The sun was setting behind the blue hills, and his last rays fell upon the river like a golden path.

I pointed this to Annie, when she came and leaned her tearful face against my shoulder.

"There, Annie, you see all is not dark yet, though the sun is dying away; some pleasant gleams are left."

"Thank you for your comfort, Nina, but I must tell you why I wept. When I knelt by the cradle, I thought of my own lovely child who slept so often there, now lying in a far-away grave-land—my little angel Rose. And somehow or other, very sad fancies came in my head about dear May's baby! Now I am crying again; how foolish! Ah, Nina! I have learned to look on life with such mournful eyes."

#### CHAPTER II.

"Push the curtain back, Nina dear."

So I did, and aunt Charlton drew her rocking-chair closer to the window. Still she dropped stitches in her knitting—still the yarn would tangle.

"I don't know what can ail me, this evening," she said, letting her work fall on her knee; "my eyes every once and a while get really dim and misty, and my fingers will tremble. Very strange isn't it, Annie?"

Annie smiled; I did, too. We did not think it so very strange. May was coming home that evening. No wonder, then, aunt Charlton's skilful fingers forgot their cunning. No wonder her dear, warm heart beat just a little quicker.

But it was growing dark, and Morris lit the lamps and closed the windows. Annie and I lingered upon the piazzas. Aunt Charlton sent out shawls; she thought the evening air was cool: so we wrapped them around us, and sat down on the broad stone steps to listen for the carriage. Annie heard it first; away from the other side of "the ford," her quick ear caught the sounds of wheels.

"Run in, darling," she said to her little daughter, who just then came to her side, "tell your grandpa and grandma that aunt May is coming; I hear the carriage now in the lane." And Lucy flew off like an arrow from the bow.

Nannette and Morris brought out lights, and the other servants clustered round with smiling faces, for they all loved "Miss May," and were eager to welcome her home again. Uncle Charlton hurried down to the carriage as soon as it stopped, and May sprang, with a ringing laugh, into his arms; it changed into a sob directly after, though, when she flung herself upon her mother's bosom. What a tearful group we were! Why May and all the rest of us cried, I cannot exactly tell; I only remember what Pierre said as he brushed the tears from his handsome face—

"It is foolish to cry, isn't it, Nina? but really our happiness seems too great for smiles."

But May's baby? Be patient; he is here.

"Now, Winny," cried May, rushing up to the neat-looking servant-girl, and literally

dragging from her arms what seemed to be a great bundle of pink merino, surmounted by a little hat, "give me the baby. I must show him." And May, with her bonnet hanging half way down her shoulders, impatiently threw off Charlie's hat and cloak. "Go back all of you—I must show him in my own way. Will you sit down, mother?" Then May knelt beside aunt Charlton, and gently laid the little child upon her lap. "Here, mother, this is my baby—my sweet Charlie," and the tears came in her shining eyes, but 'twas only for an instant. "Look at him, every one—father, mother, Annie, and Nina. Yes, you too, Lue; tell me, is not my baby lovely? Laugh away, you teasing Pierre, but I know you think so, too."

And Charlie was lovely. His golden hair hung in tiny silken ringlets round his dimpled face, and his lustrous blue eyes were full of a dreamy beauty. He looked shy and grave at first when he saw so many strange faces, but when May bent over him, his coral lips parted with a sweet, bright smile. May caught him to her heart.

"Oh, Charlie," she said, "how could I live without you? Nina, look at him again."

May held up her pretty babe so proudly before, that, whilst I looked, I could not help but smile. I went back in memory to the evening when, in that very parlor, almost three years before, I had, for the first time, seen Pierre Verrian. May presented him to me with such loving pride.

"Cousin Nina, this is Pierre, my chosen husband; isn't he a prince?" at which question, Pierre looked down, and smiled. I blushed, of course, saying—"Yes."

"Nina is thinking of old times," said Pierre, seeing me smile, and guessing my thoughts. "She finds you are not much changed since then. Still the same charming, enthusiastic, boastful little—" But May put her snowy hands over his mouth, and ran up stairs after Annie and Charlie.

After supper, and when Charlie had been put to sleep, Pierre and May sat down to tell us of their plans.

"Pierre is going to be very good," said May, taking a low seat beside her mother; "because I have not been home for so long a time, he has promised to let Charlie and myself stay with you all winter. Just think of that, dear mother."

Aunt Charlton did think of it, and the thought was a sweet one to her, but she only answered by stooping down and kissing May's white forehead.

"But what will Pierre do?" asked Annie, looking enquiringly in her young brother's face. May's eyes grew tearful, but she was silent, so her husband answered for her—

"Ah, Annie! I have made up my mind to be very heroic and unselfish, and bear the separation from May and Charlie as bravely as possible; but I have so arranged my business



that I can well afford to spend some six weeks here now, and during the winter I can at least come twice to see May; then, in the early Spring, as soon as the weather gets mild, I shall come and take May and Charlie home; so the separation will not be so long."

But May went to her husband's side.

"I don't believe, after all, Pierre, I will let you go away from Cherry Bank, without me."

"Yes, you will my sweet little May; Charlie could not bear the exposure of such a long journey in cold weather; this will be his second winter, too, and you know it is important he should spend it in a warm climate."

When Charlie was mentioned, May grew silent. I recalled the little fellow's exquisite transparency and fairness of complexion, and this, with Pierre's remarks, made me ask the question—

"Is Charlie delicate?"

"Oh, no, no," said May, quickly, "but then he is so young and so precious. Nina, we like to shield him from every wind that blows."

For a few minutes Pierre looked grave—almost sad, so did May, but directly the shadow passed away. What a happy evening that was at Cherry Bank—every heart seemed so joyous, and May was as blithe as any fairy. She took her seat at the piano, and played and sang all uncle Charlton's favorite songs; whilst he, dear old man, leaning back in his arm-chair, dreamed with waking eyes that May was little May again—May Charlton as of yore. But the tall, manly figure by her side, joining in each chorus, with such a rich, mellow voice—who was that? Only young Verrian—May's lover, it is true: but it will be very long before he takes her away. Good uncle Charlton! now, indeed, you dream. He knew it, and he shook off the pleasant fancy with a sigh. May belonged to another. She was May Verrian, now, and she took her seat by the old home hearth, only as a visitor.

"Don't sing any more songs, May—they are very pretty, but they make me feel half sad. When I hear you sing, I dream and wish you were a child again, little May Charlton once more."

May left the piano, and going to uncle Charlton, laid her head caressingly upon his shoulder.

"Always little May to you, my dear, dear father."

Did Pierre look grave? May fancied so—at any rate she went to his side and stood there clinging to his arm. The action was eloquent, it said—"Be at rest, oh Pierre; in my heart arise no repentings, though I have given up all for you."

Uncle Charlton's eye followed May, and he smiled.

"That is the way of the world—cherished birds will choose mates and fly away."

But to this, I, Nina Grey, said what I now write.

"No, uncle, mine, it is not the way of the

world, but the way of the heart, the sweet chosen path in which the confiding affections of a woman's soul delights to walk."

The trust of woman is proverbial; giving up tried early friends for one of whom she knows comparatively but little, she goes forth with him from the home-roof, blending for ever more her interests with his. Some call this pure confiding faith, "woman's folly." Be it so. I am sure it is a folly upon which the angels smile, and nothing under the blue sky touches my heart half so much as this. I wonder if the men with their "clear, vigorous minds," fully understand this loving faith. I wonder if they are worthy of it—I wonder. Oh, I did not sit down to war with the "lords of creation," only to write a simple story about May's baby.

#### CHAPTER III.

"Charlie will look sweetly in this blue hat and these lovely dresses—this necklace and armlets are beautiful, too; so are dear little Lue's corals and bells. Oh, everything is exquisite, and you are all so kind and good to give them to my baby."

And May ran on like some merry child over her pretty presents.

"I cannot help smiling, May," I said, as she looked enquiringly at me. "You have not changed one iota since we were school girls together, just as impetuous as ever."

"So Pierre tells me, and sometimes I think I will be a child all my life. Indeed, Nina, nothing but some terrible grief will subdue me."

"God shield you from such, dear May;" but she did not bear me, she had bounded into the other room, where Winny sat with Charlie on her lap.

Directly I heard May calling, "Nina, come here."

So I followed her.

"Oh you mad-cap, May," said Annie; yet she laughed too.

May with her long fair hair unbound, and floating wildly down her shoulders, knelt before Winny; and Charlie was stretching out his tiny hands to catch the silken curls which swayed to and fro in the yellow sunlight. How the little fellow laughed and jumped; for him it was pleasant play, and Winny looked on with a quiet smile, as though such freaks were nothing new to her.

The dinner bell rang—still May lingered on her knees before Charlie.

"Do hurry, love," said Annie, laying hold of her arm, but May scarcely heeded the gentle admonition. And when the second summons passed unheeded, Pierre's ringing voice was heard at the foot of the stairs—"Have some mercy on me May, and don't keep dinner waiting any longer. I have been riding over the hills all morning, and I have come home just as hungry as a hawk."

May sprang to her feet when she heard that,

and quickly knotting back her curls, she darted down the stairs, followed by Annie and myself.

"Oh, Pierre, don't eat me," she cried merrily, putting up her pretty hands to his face. "I was only playing with Charlie."

Pierre smiled. "Just like you, child, May."

"But you would not have me change? You do not want me to grow grave?" asked May, clinging tightly to her husband's arm, and looking in his face so anxiously.

"Bless you, my May! no indeed. I would not have your light heart beat one throb slower."

May laughed joyously, so did Pierre; but Annie gravely walking behind them, looked down and sighed. Poor Annie! she could not forget how fleeting her own happiness had been.

Winnie looked up. "Oh, indeed, Miss Nina, I have an easy, pleasant life. Mrs. Verrian won't let me do half as much for the baby as I ought. She will dress him herself, and she often puts him to sleep:—sometimes I think there is no use in my staying there and being so idle; yet I love Mr. and Mrs. Verrian and little Charlie too well to leave them. But oh, Miss Nina, I never saw anybody love a baby the way Mrs. Verrian does Charlie. She sits and looks at him by the hour—I wonder if it is just right?"

And with rather a thoughtful look shading her face, Winnie turned away to pick up Charlie's playthings.

Was it right? Was it wise? May's idolizing tenderness for her child. I heard Annie and Pierre talking about it that evening, whilst May was singing for her father.

"Now, Annie, you can't persuade me that we love Charlie too well—dear little fellow, how can our hearts help worshipping him?"

"But what if your idol should be taken from you?"

Pierre started, and his fine face flushed deeply; then he sighed. "You are very grave, Annie."

"Yes, Pierre, but not too much so. I tremble for May's happiness and yours, when I see it so bound up in Charlie. And why? Oh, brother, because mine was once the same error, and how fearful was its punishment."

Then Annie spoke earnestly and tearfully of her own blighted happiness—her own heavy sorrows.

"Be wise, Pierre, take warning by me, and do not suffer May or yourself to build up idols of clay."

Pierre's warm heart was touched; he bent his head over Annie's hand, and when he looked up his dark eyes were full of tears.

"I thank you, dear Annie, for your kind interest in us, and I am sure all you have said is right and good—but, ah, it is hard for us to love Charlie any the less, and really I don't know that our love for our baby leads us to neglect any important duty. Perhaps May,"

—and here Pierre laughed and shrugged his shoulders—"No, I won't tell tales on her either. But here comes Charlie himself."

And as Winnie passed the window, he called her to him, and took the baby from her arms. Charlie, always so good and merry, laughed and clapped his tiny hands; then he nestled his sunny head sleepily upon Pierre's shoulder. And Pierre walking gently up and down the long parlors with his precious burden, pillowed on his breast, paused more than once before Annie, and said to her with a pleasant smile, "Look at Charlie again, Annie: now is it any wonder that we love him so dearly?"

Such days of peace and delight as those were at Cherry Bank; all of us so happy, from uncle Charlton down to little Lucy and Charlie. In the mornings we sat in the pretty breakfast room—*aunt Charlton with her work, and May close beside her, telling us pleasant tales of her Western home, and breaking off every now and then to peep at Charlie and kiss him as he sat on the cushions at her feet. Sometimes Pierre would read to us. And in the afternoon and evenings we had merry gatherings in the wide parlors. May would play whilst Pierre sang with her some sweet old ballad. Then Charlie in his rich embroidered robes, radiant in his baby beauty, would be carried about very proudly by Winnie for the company to admire, and uncle and aunt Charlton were so pleased and happy in those days, they seemed to have grown young again.*

"Now, Annie and Nina, I am afraid you will think me a sad heathen, but to tell the truth, I don't often go to church. I send Pierre in my stead—I cannot bear to leave Charlie so long; dear little fellow, it would almost break his heart should he awake and not find me by his side. Oh, how solemn you both look! Is it any crime for me to love my child?"

"Yes, May," returned Annie, gravely; "it certainly is when that love tramples upon duties high and holy."

"What do you mean, Annie?" asked May, starting from her chair and going to her sister's side. "What duties do I neglect? None to Pierre, I am sure: I love him too well to forget his happiness."

"Duties to your God, my May, to your never dying soul. You have no time to think of these things, you say. Ah, only because you have no love for them: your heart is so crowded with earthly idols, you cannot lift it up to aught higher and better—and only yesterday you told me you had scarcely any time now to read your Bible; but, Pierre sometimes read you a chapter or so when you were dressing Charlie. Ah, May, I would not check or dim your love for your child and husband, but I entreat you, do not neglect your God for them; love Him supremely."

May lifted up her face wet with tears, from Annie's lap.

"I know it is wrong, dear Annie, yet some-

how or other I cannot help but love Pierre and Charlie above everything else. I will try not to hereafter, but indeed they are the world to me."

"I know it, and I am grieved for you, my sister. Do you remember God's command? 'Thou shalt have no other Gods before me.' Oh, May, I am earnest with you, and so have I been with Pierre, for I love you both. I erred once even as you do now. May, you know how heavily I was chastened for it." And Annie wept.

May flung her arms around her sister.

"Dear suffering Annie!" and she pressed her lips again and again to Annie's brow.

In a little while Annie looked up.

"I will not say much more now, May, only I entreat you neglect your God no longer, lest one or both your idols be taken from you. Should Pierre or Charlie die. What?"

"Should Pierre or Charlie die!" and May sprang to her feet with a half scream; it would seem she had never thought of this, for she repeated the words wonderingly. "Should Pierre or Charlie die? Oh, Annie, in mercy never say that to me again."

Yet Annie had said it to her in mercy, for Pierre and Charlie were mortal.

May knelt down beside her baby, and kissed his dimpled face passionately.

"Should you die, darling, my heart would be broken!"

But Charlie laughed and murmured in his baby way, sweet sounds, and May laughed too, and her light heart quickly shook off its sorrow.

When Pierre came in soon after, so bright and happy looking, and took Charlie in his arms, May watched them with exulting eyes, and the glance which she gave Annie seemed to say—"Behold my idols, how firm and beautiful they are—they will not fall."

#### CHAPTER IV.

"Just four weeks to-day since we came to Cherry Bank. How time does fly! I have but two more weeks, May, to be with you and Charlie, and then I must set my face westward."

"No biscuits, Annie, dear, thank you. Oh, Pierre, you have quite taken away my appetite for breakfast."

And May sat balancing the spoon across her coffee cup with an exceedingly grave and thoughtful air.

Pierre looked sorry, but uncle Charlton laughed.

"Eat your breakfast, May, time enough to think of the parting when it comes; and by the way, when will Charlie's birth-day be here—very soon now, won't it?"

Wise uncle Charlton! how skilfully he chased away the cloud.

"Charlie's birth-day," answered May, instantly brightening up, "comes this day week, on Thursday, the 10th of November, then he

will be just one year old—dear little fellow, he is so smart and bright for his age."

"Uncommonly so. May. Why, doesn't everybody acknowledge Charlie to be a prodigy? He has been standing and walking alone this long while, and at creeping, no baby ever beat him; and let me see, the rest of his accomplishments are various. Here are a few. He can say 'mamma, papa, and Winny,' besides a host of pretty, unintelligible words. Then he can show how his grandpa reads the paper, and how tall he is. He plays peep with Lucy, pulls your curls, and not exactly admiring my nose, tries to drag it into better shape every time I take him. Anything else? Oh, yes, but the rest of Charlie's accomplishments are too numerous to mention!"

"For shame, Pierre," cried May, shaking her finger laughingly at him. "Charlie is very smart and good—you think so too, even if you do make so much fun. But about his birthday—now it must be celebrated in some way or other. Come, mother, Nina and Annie, lay your heads together and plan with me. I shall not ask father and Pierre, they will do nothing but laugh."

"Hear my counsel; have the cannon brought from Liston, and bonfires lit. What do you think of that, May?"

But she would not listen, and Pierre and uncle Charlton left the room laughing.

"Doesn't he look like a little angel, Miss Nina?"

Winny had caught something of her young mistress's enthusiasm, but I scarcely wondered at her question, when I stooped down and looked at Charlie. He was sound asleep, and his face and golden hair gleamed out from the dark canopy of the heavily carved cradle, like a pleasant ray of sunlight. Charlie's rosy little mouth was dimpled with a smile. He was very, very lovely, and with a murmured blessing, I knelt beside him and kissed his snowy arm.

What made us all at Cherry Bank love Charlie so dearly? Somehow or other he seemed to have crept into every heart! Dear May! how pleased she was when we told her she had not written one word too much in praise of Charlie in her letters.

"Well then, Annie, listen. Father and Pierre are determined to have their dinner party on Charlie's birth-day, and we will have our company in the afternoon and evening—a nice large party—everybody I know and love. Charlie shall wear the dress you gave him, mother, and those embroidered stockings, Annie, you worked, and the little white shoes which Nina made, and pearls shall be around his neck and arms. Oh, won't he look lovely?" and May's eyes sparkled as she spoke.

And preparations were quickly commenced at Cherry Bank for the entertainment of a large company on Charlie Verrian's birth-day. Neither trouble or expense were heeded in the

arrangements of this party. Aunt and uncle Charlton were giving it in honor of their baby grandson, and they were determined it should be brilliant.

I had promised May to stay by Charlie whilst she was gone—so I took my writing desk in her room—there Charlie lay in his cradle asleep. I sent Winny down stairs, telling her I would ring the bell if anything was wanted. After I had written awhile, I sat down by the window, and looking out upon the distant hills and gleaming river, fell into a sort of pleasant reverie. Still Charlie slept on; time went by, and the little French clock upon the mantel told the hour of five, and I watched with dreamy eyes the long evening shadows stretching over the lawn—the sun was slowly sinking behind the pines. But what ailed Charlie that he moaned and tossed in his cradle? I went to him. His cheeks were almost crimson, and when I touched the little hand which lay upon the silken quilt, I found it was burning hot. Charlie opened his eyes and looked at me—they were very bright, unnaturally bright they seemed to me. Poor Charlie! I knew he was very sick. When I spoke to him he would not smile, but hid his face in the pillow, asking in his baby way for “mama.” I rang the bell quickly.

“Winny, send aunt Charlton up, directly: something ails Charlie:” and Winny, sadly frightened, ran down stairs.

Aunt Charlton looked very grave when she lifted Charlie from the cradle.

“He seems so sick, Nina. I think his head must hurt him very much: he tosses it from side to side, and his hands—oh! feel them: they are scorching hot. Why, what can ail this precious baby?” and Winny was sent down stairs again to bid a servant hurry for the doctor.

In the midst of all this confusion, and whilst aunt Charlton and I yet bent over Charlie, the carriage drove up, and I heard May’s merry voice calling—

“Winny, Winny, bring Charlie here to see the horses.”

Then I got up, and went to meet May. May grew exceedingly pale.

“Charlie sick, and I away. Oh! Nina, what made me leave him?”

Pierre, scarcely less agitated, threw his hat and gloves upon the floor, and followed her. Annie lingered to ask me a few questions, and then we joined the anxious group in May’s room.

Poor May! she was hanging over her child with such tearful eyes, every once and a while turning to Pierre, and asking him if he thought Charlie so very ill: and Pierre would answer with a faint attempt at cheerfulness—

“Oh! no, May; I do not, but you know this is the first time Charlie has ever been sick, and I suppose that is the reason we feel so badly about him.”

But Charlie lay upon his mother’s lap,

moaning and fretting, often stretching up his hands and calling her; and, when she bent over him, he would turn away with a sad, restless cry.

“He does not know me, Pierre,” said May, her tears fast falling; “see, when he calls me and I speak to him, he turns away and cries:” and May leaned her head upon her husband’s shoulder, and wept bitterly.

And we all remembered how dull Charlie had been that day, often turning away from Lucy when she came to play with him; but we had thought he was only cross and sleepy.

Doctor Lee asked many questions, and then he quickly prescribed remedies so powerful and energetic in their nature as left me no reason to doubt that he was more alarmed about my little cousin than he chose to tell. Yet he encouraged Pierre and May.

“You have a very sick baby there, it is true, but he has naturally a good constitution, and I hope will get through this spell finely; so keep up your spirits.”

But to Annie and myself, Doctor Lee said, in the hall—

“This is one of the most violent and fearfully sudden attacks of brain fever I ever saw. Charlie has a strong constitution, though, and, poor child, all his strength will be needed in this struggle, but I hope we will save him:” and, with a promise to return soon, Doctor Lee left the house.

Charlie grew worse. Two days of sharp suffering, which wrung one’s heart to witness, passed—then dawned the third. May sat constantly by her baby’s side, refusing to leave him for scarcely an instant. How pale and wretched both she and Pierre looked. And when Charlie, in his feverish pain, would moan out their names, they would kneel so quickly beside him.

“Darling child, we are here.”

But he did not know them. He would turn away with a wailing cry which almost drove May wild.

And, now, how sad we grew at Cherry Bank. Every one was so anxious and troubled. May and Pierre were miserable. Aunt Charlton stayed always with them, and uncle Charlton was too restless and unhappy to be contented long in any place. Annie! Oh! how sad she was. She watched over May with a strange, touching tenderness. Was the veil lifted? Did she, indeed, look into the future and see the bitter cup which her young sister was to drink? It may be so: at least, she lingered by May with an almost painful anxiety.

Two whole days since Charlie’s fearful illness had begun: now it was the third, and the afternoon had nearly waned away. May smiled brightly.

“Go, dear Pierre, and walk upon the piazza. You need some fresh air, your face looks so pale; and Charlie is better now—we all think so; his little hands are cooler than they were.”

Pierre left the room for a while, and Charlie slept on.

"We think Charlie better within the last few hours, doctor. He does not moan and throw his head about so. Oh! there certainly is a change."

Doctor Lee took Charlie in his arms, and carried him to the window. He looked in the little fellow's face intently and felt his pulse for some minutes. Then he brought him back to his cradle, saying, very gravely—

"Yes, May, there is a change."

Doctor Lee left the room, quickly, but not until he had motioned Annie and myself to follow him.

"A change, indeed," he began. "Poor, poor May! before morning her darling will be dead. This change which has stolen over him is even now death, and—"

May opened the door suddenly, and came up to the doctor's side. The old man's lip quivered. He would have turned from her, but she grasped his arm.

"Doctor Lee, I know you do not believe Charlie any better. Tell me, tell me, then, what you really think."

"Can you bear to hear it? May, is your young heart strong?"

May grew deadly pale, but again she murmured—

"Tell me all, all."

"May, said Doctor Lee, gently, "at such a moment I dare not deceive you. Charlie even now is dying. Before morning your child will be at rest in Heaven."

No tears from May—no sobs—so still—so calm: could this, indeed, be her?

"Tell Pierre what you have just said to me, Doctor Lee. I am going back now to my baby;" then, with a firm step, she crossed the hall, and re-entered her room.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Put the pillow on my lap, mother. Now lay Charlie on it. Oh! darling, no other arms but mine shall hold you when you die."

And May smoothed back the silken curls from her child's forehead, shedding no tears—all the while so strangely calm. I shuddered to look at her.

Pierre drew a chair before his wife; and, sitting down, he buried his face in his hands.

"No hope, Lee?" said uncle Charlton, in a low, husky voice, to the doctor. "Do but unsay those words. Save this child—my poor May's baby—and I will give you all I own."

Doctor Lee shook his head.

"No power on earth can do what you ask, Mr. Charlton: but be calm, be calm."

Uncle Charlton moved away, sobbing like a child, and going to a dark corner of the room, sat down—he could not bear to see Charlie die.

We sat in the fading sunlight—a sad, sad group. The crimson flush had gone from Charlie's cheek. He no longer tossed and moaned upon the pillow. He opened and shut

his eyes half dreamily; but his breath came in quick, short gasps.

Nannette placed the lights on the mantel, and with her apron to her eyes went softly down stairs.

Such a hush—such a stillness as was in that room. What made May start and press her arm closely around her child? Did she hear the rustling of angels' wings, as they waited for Charlie?

Time went by. Still Pierre hid his face. Still May gazed upon her dying child. And now Charlie began to breathe more gently. His tiny breast ceased its quick flutterings. He opened his eyes.

"Will not my baby live?"

"Poor May! even now death is here," and, with a sigh, Doctor Lee turned away.

May shuddered. "Go back, death," she cried, wildly; "go back, and do not take away our darling."

"May!"—she turned towards her husband—"May, oh! love, be calm."

Pierre Verrian drew his hands from his face and looked intently at Charlie. So did May. And whilst the two thus gazed upon their dying child, he opened his eyes, stretched out his tiny hands towards them with a smile, and moved upon his pillow.

"Pierre, our darling knows us."

But Charlie's hands fell gently by his side, the little breast heaved quickly, the blue eyes closed. One faint sigh. How very still. Had Charlie gone to sleep?

Through my falling tears I saw it all—Pierre and May still bending over Charlie, the three mute and motionless; many weeping, kneeling figures in the room; Annie, with uplifted eyes and clasped hands, silently praying; little Lucy, pale and tearful, clinging to her mother's dress.

Doctor Lee lifted Charlie from May's lap, and laid him upon the bed. Then he gently pressed his hand upon the closed eyes, and walked away.

May got up from her chair, and knelt beside her husband. He drew her closely to his bosom, and they wept bitterly together; and one by one we left the room.

And Pierre and May Verrian were alone with their dead child.

#### CHAPTER V.

Two days of wretchedness, heart-misery and terrible gloom passed by. Then another morning's light shone on earth. It was the tenth—Charlie's birthday. Dear little fellow! he kept it in Heaven.

Rigid and motionless, Charlie lay upon the satin bed of his rosewood coffin; his golden hair swept back in silken ringlets from his sweet, pale face; his little form shrouded in the same lovely robe which May had laid out so proudly, not a week before, for that very day; the same pearls upon his snowy neck and arms; all as his young mother had plan-

ned it; but—but death had come. Yet no tears. Oh! May, the stream is crossed—the golden gates unlocked. Charlie's birthday is fairer and brighter than even your love could have made it. One little year on earth—an eternity in Heaven.

In no "grave-land far away" was Charlie Verrian laid. A lovely spot was chosen within the wide grounds of Cherry Bank, where the pines waved and the forest birds sung. There was Charlie's grave. And many came, that morning, to see May's baby buried—many who had been "bidden" for his birthday feast upon that very day. May received their tearful sympathy with the same strange calmness she had watched Charlie die, and when day after day went by, and she continued so fearfully serene, sitting in her room with a mute, tearless wretchedness, noticing and speaking to no one, Pierre and Annie grew seriously alarmed.

"I have said it before, Annie: my sorrow has crushed me to the earth. I have no tears to shed—no words to speak."

But at last the unnatural spell was broken. One evening, when May sat mute and wretched upon the sofa, she heard Winny singing, in a low, sad voice, a cradle hymn, one which Charlie loved, one with which she herself had often lulled him to sleep. A flush on May's cheek—a quivering sigh; then the tears rained down, and she threw herself in Pierre's arms.

"Oh! Charlie," she kept murmuring through her sobs, and it was long before her passionate grief was soothed.

When the time came for Pierre to return to his Western home, May would go with him.

"I cannot bear my husband to leave me now. No father, mother! My place is by his side. We will go back to our desolate home together; but I will come every year to see you—a sad pilgrim to my baby's grave. Annie, you will watch that precious spot for me. Let the flowers grow there, just as Pierre and I would do;" and Annie promised tearfully.

"I know repinings are vain," said Pierre, brushing the tears away, "but, Annie, they will arise. Struggle as I may against it, the memory of my beautiful boy, so suddenly, so terribly stricken down, will come back and fill my heart with the saddest yearnings for him and—"

Pierre's voice was smothered in a sob. May wept with him.

"Oh! Annie, you warned us of this dark hour. You told us to beware; and now, indeed, our idol has gone. Have you no comfort for us? But how wild is my question. Nothing can ever bring peace to our hearts."

"Yes, May," gently returned Annie, "the God whom you neglected, the God who has chastened you so heavily. He can pour into your aching hearts a sweet and perfect peace. Read His precious Word, my May," continued

Annie, placing in her sister's hands a richly bound Bible. "I have marked many promises for you and Pierre. Here alone can you find comfort for your sorrow, and this my own heart has proved."

May and Pierre took Annie's gift with tearful thanks.

And the morning came for Pierre and May Verrian to leave Cherry Bank. Poor May! how sad and sweet she looked in her deep mourning dress—her radiant beauty so subdued, so chastened. She went from one to the other with a kind of wild tenderness, even as if she wished to drown thought, but memory was powerful: and when May flung her arms around me, she said—

"Oh! Nina, Nina, six weeks ago I came to Cherry Bank so gay, so happy. Then Charlie was with me. I go away now, but—"

"But Charlie is in Heaven."

Pierre spoke these words very softly, but May heard them, and they fell soothingly upon her heart.

Winny, faithful Winny, her ruddy face grown pale and grave, went back with Pierre and May. She had loved and nursed Charlie, and they would not part with her.

Years went by, and again I sat by the hearthstone at Cherry Bank. But few changes there. Uncle and aunt Charlton, it may be, more stooped and feeble, a few more furrows on their brows—but that was all. Dear Annie Wilmot was as lovely and as placid as ever. Time seemed to have softened her sorrows. Her child was no longer little Lucy. She had grown up a tall, fair girl, with much of Annie's gentle loveliness about her.

Pierre and May Verrian were at Cherry Bank, that Autumn; not, indeed, so exultingly joyous as when I met them before, but serene and happy. The two pretty children, which now gladdened their hearts, they seemed to love—not so wildly as they had done Charlie, but more wisely. Ah! the lesson bought with such a fearful price was not forgotten.

"Yes, Nina," said May, raising her fair, thoughtful face to mine, "our punishment was just. We loved Charlie too well—better than our God. Do you remember how dear Annie used to warn us? I would not listen to her. I went on bowing down before my idol till it was shivered to the very earth; but all in mercy—all in mercy—for do you know, Nina, whilst my baby lived, I never thought of God? I shudder when I think how great was my sin. But, in the hour of trial, when earth failed us, Pierre and myself sought a comforter, enduring and faithful. We turned to God—such peace and strength He granted us. We love our children fondly, yet with fear and trembling. Can we now ever forget God's command? 'Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.'"

I knew where May was leading me, but I walked by her side in silence. Tears were in

May's eyes, yet she looked up with a beaming smile.

"Here, Nina, I learned a blessed lesson."

And, standing with May beneath the tall pines, I saw upon the fair white surface of that little tombstone a broken bud, and I read with misty eyes these two words—"May's Baby."

## THE WORKIES.

BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

I love the worn hand, and the honest bronzed face,

If the wear, and the bronze, come by earnest free toil;

I never yet thought a soiled shirt a disgrace,

If by cheerful hard labor it gathered the soil.

The weather-worn farmer, who brings me his store,

Finds ever a welcome, as free at my board,  
As I'd give to a father or brother, and more—  
I'm proud, for I feel that I'm dining a lord.

The cheerful mechanic, who whistling comes,

With his hammer and nails, his saw and his planes,

To aid the convenience or comfort of homes:

Oh! how can we thank him too much for his pains.

The shoemaker beating Saint Crispin's old song,

From me shall have ever a smile and a nod.

I'll join in the chorus and help him along,

As my children dance round me so cosily shod.

Our dear-working sisters; ah! what should we do,

If they in our labors and toil did not share?

Our comforts and pleasures in life would be few

If woman's kind hand did not lighten our care.

Every hand that works true, be the trade what it may,

Is aiding earth's progress in some way or other;

Wherever ye meet them on life's fitful way,

Oh! fail not to greet them as sister or brother.

'Tis the heart and the life make the man after all:

Not titles or honors, or houses or lands;

And he who is noblest, whatever befall,

Is he who works truly, with heart, head and hands.

That honor and fame, bought with silver and gold,

Is scarce worth its cost; for who owns it to-day

To-morrow may find that his stock is all sold,

And himself but a lump of contemptible clay.

Look up—when the drones of the hive flutter past

In their broadcloths and silks, though they sneeringly flout you;

They will have to acknowledge you master at last,

By asking your help—for they can't live without you.—*Illinois Journal.*

## ON THE TOBACCO PLANT.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

Tobacco (*Nicotiana tabacum*) is prepared principally from the dried leaves of this plant, and also from the leaves of several other varieties of *Nicotiana*. These dried leaves, having been previously moistened with molasses, are sometimes pressed into cakes, or beaten until they are soft, and then twisted into a sort of string. These preparations are used for chewing and smoking. Cigars are formed out of the dried leaves of the different varieties of *Nicotiana*, which are deprived of their medribs, and wound into a spindle form. The dried leaves and stalks of the tobacco plant are also ground into powder, baked and roasted, and formed into snuff, which is scented to suit the different olfactory tastes.

It is impossible to say to what accident the use of tobacco is to be attributed, but it is probable that it was first chewed by some half-starving savage, in the desperation of hunger, and its remarkable effects in allaying the cravings of appetite would be instantly appreciated.

In 1492, Columbus and his companions first saw the natives of Cuba smoking cigars; and since then this practice has rapidly spread over the whole civilized world.

In 1586, Sir Francis Drake introduced tobacco into England, and Sir Walter Raleigh and a few other great names rendered its use fashionable in the court of Queen Elizabeth, the courtiers priding themselves in apeing the practice of the hardy adventurers who had trod the wilds of Virginia.

A curious and well-authenticated anecdote is related of Sir Walter Raleigh. This celebrated man was accustomed to indulge in a private pipe, after dinner, which practice, from prudential motives, was concealed from the domestics about his establishment. Sir Walter would light his pipe, but, on hearing the footsteps of his servant man on the stairs, would lay it down. This man usually brought him a tankard of ale and a supply of fuel, and, after adjusting his room, left Sir Walter to his pipe and his meditations. On one occasion, the servant ascended the stairs unheard, and, opening the room, beheld to his astonishment his master enveloped in clouds of smoke, which he perceived issuing in copious volumes from his mouth. The poor man saw all, and the next moment Sir Walter got the contents of the tankard in his face, which were very innocently thrown there to check the progress of what appeared to the man to be a most dreadful infernal combustion. The whole household was immediately summoned to the rescue of their beloved master, by the affrighted servant.

The use of tobacco appears to have been at first strongly opposed by the governments of every country. In Russia, it was pro-



hibited, and the smoker was threatened with the knout for the first offence, and with death for the second.

Pope Urban VIII. fulminated a bull against the use of tobacco, but the anathema fell to the ground. The priests and Sultans of Turkey and Persia declared smoking a sin against their holy religion; but the Turks and Persians became the greatest smokers in the world. In England, James I. wrote a treatise against smoking, entitled "A Counterblaste to Tobacco;" but, instead of checking its use, it probably introduced it to the notice of many who would not have been aware of its existence but for this publication, and who afterwards became habitual smokers. The practice seems to have been only extended by the efforts which were made to resist its progress, even ladies indulging in it use.

We have an amusing proof of this in the following letter, written in 1700 by the humorous writer, Tom Brown:—

"TO AN OLD LADY THAT SMOKED TOBACCO

"*Madam*:—Though the ill natured world censures you for smoking, yet I would advise you, madam, not to part with so innocent a diversion. In the *first place*, it is healthful, and, as Galen rightly observes, is a sovereign remedy for the toothache, the constant persecutor of old ladies. *Secondly*, tobacco, though it be a heathenish weed, it is a great help to Christian meditations, which is the reason, I suppose, that recommends it to your parsons, who could no more write a sermon without a pipe in their mouths than the concordance in their hands; besides, every pipe you break may serve to put you in mind of mortality, and show you upon what slender accidents man's life depends. I knew a dissenting minister who, on fast days, used to mortify upon a rump of beef, because it put him, as he said, in mind that 'all fresh was grass:' but I am sure that much more is to be learned from tobacco—it may instruct you that riches, beauty, and all the glories of the world, vanish like a vapor. *Thirdly*, it is a pretty plaything. *Fourthly*, and lastly, it is fashionable: at least, 'tis in a fair way of becoming so. Cold tea, you know, has been a long while in reputation at court, and the gill as naturally ubers in the pipe as the sword-bearer walks before the Lord Mayor."

As an illustration of the truth of one part of this letter, we give the following anecdote of the celebrated Robert Hall, the most eloquent writer and preacher of the last century. This distinguished divine was completely enslaved by the narcotic weed, and was accustomed to compose his sermons whilst smoking. Having been requested by the leading members of another church to preach for them on an especial occasion, an unwonted number of pastoral duties left him only a little time for preparation. On arriving at the place, he requested to be allowed the use of a room and to

have a pipe and tobacco. The lady addressed expressed her regret that she had no tobacco in the house, and, as it was Sunday, of course, could not think of purchasing any. Then "give me the pipe and show me the room," said the preacher. His request was complied with. Mr. Hall, on entering the room, immediately sat down, and, placing the empty pipe in his mouth, desired to be left alone. The lady retired, highly amused with this piece of eccentricity: and Mr. Hall went on smoking and meditating until apprised by her that the congregation had assembled and were awaiting his appearance.

The ladies of Portugal and Brazil are habitual smokers, even at the present time; but, in other countries, the practice is generally discontinued amongst females.

Medical men are much divided in opinion as to the effects of the habitual use of tobacco. The evidence *pro* and *con* appears to be pretty equally balanced. But many physicians who speak favorably of its effects are inveterate smokers themselves, and, therefore, incapable of giving an unprejudiced opinion, whilst it is undeniable that it frequently exercises injurious effects on the digestive and secretory functions of many constitutions.

Tobacco is much cultivated in Virginia, Maryland and Kentucky.

## THE HEART OF PEARL.

BY MELTA.

It is not set with jewels fine,  
This precious, little heart of mine:  
No shining guerdon, rich and rare,  
To favored knight from ladye fair,  
In tournament, or banquet-hall,  
This gift so simple and so small.  
It was a fair and gentle girl  
Who gave to me this heart of pearl.

I met her in that fragrant land  
Of laurel bloom and silver sand,  
Where the sea rocks on sounding shells,  
Like the faint peal of wedding-bells—  
Where the low myrtle, clustering bright,  
With its red boughs, shines thro' the night.  
There, in that land, a fairy girl  
Flung on my neck this heart of pearl.

I met her when the dawn of youth  
Had laid its seal of hope and truth  
Upon her brow; nor weight, nor care,  
Had ever left a shadow there.  
Like a frail harp, her soul seemed strung  
With melodies for ever young.  
Beautiful maiden! dark-eyed girl!  
Who wore this simple heart of pearl.

Her sweet, young face reminded me  
Of twilight scenes in Italy.  
With its deep eyes of pensive brown,  
And the pure brow unlearned to frown—  
While the Madonna-braided hair  
Framed in the picture-beauties there.  
Such was she then, that angel girl,  
Who gave to me this heart of pearl.

## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Let us learn upon the earth those things which can call us to Heaven.

Bacon says, justly, the best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot express.

To place wit before good sense, is to place the superfluous before the necessary.

Pleasure can be supported by illusion, but happiness rests on truth.

Fortune does not change men, it only un-masks them.

No liberal man would impute a charge of unsteadiness to another for having changed his opinion.

Some men are called sagacious, merely on account of their avarice; whereas a child can clench its fist the moment it is born.

He is a wise man who learns from every one; he is powerful who governs his passions; and he is rich who is contented.

If you would be pungent, be brief, for it is with work as with sunbeams, the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn.

Right humanity taketh such a hold on the multitude of men, that you can move mankind more easily by unprofitable courtesies than by churlish benefits.

No man can possibly improve in any company for which he has not respect enough to be under some degree of restraint.

Happiness is a butterfly, which, when pursued, is always just beyond your grasp, but which, if you will sit down quietly, may alight upon you.

All clouds of sorrow are but the voices of angels, which are attuned to the deaf in ear and the hard in heart, that they may touch and make vibrate the chords of the inmost soul.

Love has often more influence than talent. The last appeals to the reason, the first to the affections—the last appeals to the intellect, but the first goes straight to the heart.

We should give as we would receive, cheerfully, quickly, and without hesitation: for there is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.

Sir Isaac Newton, at the age of twenty-five, discovered the new principles of the reflecting telescope, the laws of gravitation and the planetary system.

The richest genius, like the most fertile soil when uncultivated, shoots up in the rankest weeds; and instead of vines and olives for the pleasure and use of man, produces to its slothful owner the most abundant crop of poisons.

Nature loves truth so well, that it hardly ever admits of flourishing. Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty: it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve.

We are all creatures of one Creator—who has placed us upon this globe, and surrounded us with the means to sustain life and preserve health; or restore it when lost: and given us minds to investigate and ascertain the properties and effects upon our organization, of the various substances and elements within our reach and under our control.

Take the title of nobility which thou hast received by birth, but endeavor to add to it another, that both may form a true nobility. There is between the nobility of thy father and thine own the same difference which exists between the nourishment of the evening and of the morrow. The food of yesterday will not serve thee for to-day, and will not give thee strength for the next.

The modest virgin, the prudent wife, or the careful matron, are much more serviceable in life than petticoated philosophers, blustering heroines, or virago queens. She who makes her husband happy, and reclaims him from vice, is a much greater character than ladies described in romance, whose whole occupation is to murder mankind with shafts from their quiver or their eyes.

Property left to a child may soon be lost; but the inheritance of virtue—a good name—an unblemished reputation—will abide for ever. If those who are toiling for wealth to leave their children, would but take half the pains to secure them virtuous habits, how much more serviceable would they be. The largest property may be wrested from a child, but virtue will stand by him to the last.

The ties of family and of country were never intended to circumscribe the soul. Man is connected at birth with a few beings, that the spirit of humanity may be called forth by their tenderness; and whenever domestic or national attachments become exclusive, engrossing, clannish, so as to shut out the general claims of the human race, the highest end of Providence is frustrated, and home, instead of being the nursery, becomes the grave of the heart.—*Channing.*

“Beauty,” says Lord Kames, “is a dangerous property, tending to corrupt the mind of the wife, though it soon loses its influence over the husband. A figure agreeable and engaging, which inspires affection, without the ebriety of love, is a much safer choice. The graces do not lose their influence like beauty. At the end of thirty years a virtuous woman, who makes an agreeable companion, charms her husband more than at first. The comparison of love to fire holds good in one respect, that the fiercer it burns the sooner it is extinguished.”

## EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

**A MODEL LAWYER.**—Every profession can boast of some who have adorned it. A few weeks ago we presented for admiration and imitation some of the prominent features in the character of one who was remarkably exempt from the vices and delinquencies which appear so often in the class of politicians, and who soared so far above the level of the common herd in point of honesty integrity, and independence. We wish now to present a brief notice of one who was as much elevated above the mass of the profession of the law as our former example was exalted above the majority who devote themselves to politics, and office-hunting. We refer to the late Judge Sherman of Conn., now several years deceased.

Roger Minott Sherman was born in Mass., in 1773. He was educated at Yale College, where he was chosen a tutor in 1795. He studied law with the Hon. Simeon Baldwin and other distinguished men of that age, and was admitted to the bar in New Haven, in 1797.

He had practised law but a short period of time before his eminence in his profession was universally felt. His mind was of the highest order, and his character of great integrity and weight. He soon rose to the first rank in his profession. This rapid rise to eminence we are inclined to ascribe as much to his moral as to his intellectual characteristics. For in the practice of law his course was marked by the strictest integrity and conscientiousness. He has stated his principles thus:—"I have ever considered it as one of the first moral duties of a lawyer, and have always adopted it as a maxim in my own practice, *never to encourage a groundless suit, or a groundless defence*, and to dissuade a client from attempting either of them in compliance with his animosities, or with the honest prepossessions of his own judgment, and I ever deemed it a duty in a doubtful case, to point to every difficulty, and so far as I could, discourage unreasonable anticipations of success." He was distinguished for honesty, fidelity, truth; for general uprightness of character. On all these points his standard was high and severe. He could endure no deviations from this high standard.

May not one of whom all this may be truly

said be entitled to the name of *Model Lawyer*? We would that every village in the land had one or more such as Judge Sherman.

**A WORD FOR THE UNSUCCESSFUL.**—The world judges of a man by success or failure; and here, as in most other instances, the "wisdom of this world is foolishness," for it often happens that the very qualities that stamp the individual with the nobleness of true humanity, are those that least fit him for a successful struggle with men in the contest for wealth. Mr. George Hilliard of Boston, uttered a truth in the following sentences, that does honor to his head and to his heart; and we place them in our columns as worthy to be treasured in the memory:

"I confess that increasing years bring with them an increasing respect for men, who do not succeed in life, as those words are commonly used. Heaven has been said to be a place for those who have not succeeded upon earth: and it is surely true that celestial graces do not best thrive and bloom in the hot blaze of worldly prosperity. Ill success sometimes arise from a superabundance of qualities in themselves good—from a conscience too sensitive, a taste too fastidious, a self-forgetfulness too romantic, a modesty too retiring. I do not go so far as to say with a living poet, that 'the world knows nothing of its greatest men,' but there are forms of greatness or at least of excellence which 'die and make no sign;' these are martyrs that miss the palm, but not the stake; heroes without the laurel, and conquerors without the triumph."

So far as our observation goes, the preponderance of good qualities—we mean those that bring a man sympathisingly nearer to his fellows—that make him a better citizen, neighbor, husband and parent—is possessed in a larger degree by the unsuccessful than by those who have met with no reverses of fortune; and we presume that the observation of most persons runs parallel with our own.

**CAPITAL FOR YOUNG MERCHANTS.**—An old merchant recently retired from a successful business, which he built up from a small beginning, calls our attention to the following brief paragraph in the March number of Hunt's Merchant's Magazine, as containing invaluable suggestions to young men in business:—

"It is a consolation for all right-minded young men in this country, that though they may not be able to command as much pecuniary capital as they would wish to begin business with, yet there is a moral capital they can have, that will weigh as much as money with people whose opinion is worth having. And it does not take long to accumulate a respectable amount of this capital. It consists in truth, honesty, and integrity; to which may be added decision, firmness, courage, and perseverance. With these qualities there are few obstacles which cannot be overcome. Friends spring up and surround such a young man as if by magic. Confidence flows out to him, and business accumulates on his hands. In a few years such a young man is in advance of many who started with him. Moral capital is the thing after all."

How often do we hear young men, just starting in business, say—"Oh, if I had a little more capital, success would be certain." In most cases, success would be far more certain, if the moral capital, above referred to, were possessed in larger quantity. With this kind of capital, few who start in business need fail; without it, failure is almost certain, be the cash capital what it may.

**TWO PORTRAITS FROM THE CROWD.**—Charles Swain draws the following portraits, the originals of which we meet almost daily:—

"Some beings, wheresoe'er they go,  
Find nought to please, or to exalt,  
Their constant study but to show  
Perpetual modes of finding fault.

"While others, in the ceaseless round  
Of daily want, and daily care,  
Can yet cull flowers from common ground,  
And *twice* enjoy the joy they share.

"Oh! happy they who happy make,—  
Who, *blessing*, still themselves are blest!  
Who something spare for others' sake,  
And strive, in all things, for the best!

**FREAKS OF FASHION.**—The New York Sunday Times, in commenting upon the strange peculiarities of fashion which every now and then show themselves, mentions one, at present prevailing, that, to delicate gentlemanly ears—of such ears there are a respectable number, we are bold to say—is particularly unpleasant. The fashion is that adopted by a great many young ladies of "screeching" instead of talking, in conversation. "Any person," says the Times, "who has been unfortunate enough to be confined among five or six youthful and anxious waiters for 'beaux' for an hour or two, will understand our meaning.

Was ever such a cackling and giggling and screaming heard among well-behaved lasses before! each one bursting in upon her neighbor's speech, and striving to overpower her by force, and outrun her by velocity of tongue! each sentence commenced with a rush, and concluded with an indescribable exclamation, something like the syncope of a little screech! Fashion has assumed vulgarity as her latest oddity, and surely the force of fashion can no farther go! At any rate, it ought not, in that direction, or 'that excellent thing in woman' a soft voice, will soon be unknown."

**BROTHERLY KINDNESS TO THE ERRING**—A young woman, some time ago, entered a dry goods store and wished to look at several things, and among others at kid gloves. After looking at ribbons, laces, and sundry other articles, she made a purchase of some small matter for five or six cents. A gentleman in the store noticed that she had concealed one pair of the kid gloves which had been put on the counter for her examination. While the clerk was making change, the gentleman managed to notify the merchant of the theft. While many would have spoken very harshly and reproachfully to the young woman, or perhaps have charged her double for the gloves, a better spirit moved this excellent merchant. Wishing to speak with her aside for a moment, he told her that he was aware that she had yielded to a base temptation, and had taken a pair of gloves. She acknowledged her guilt, and would make any required compensation. But he would neither take the gloves back, nor take any compensation for them. Kindly and brother-like, he desired her to keep them as a warning, hoping that no such temptation would ever overcome her again. Who could have done anything more noble, or more likely to reform or save from future errors? \* \*

**A BOSTON NOTION.**—A correspondent of the New York Musical Review gives the following rather free description of what he calls a new Yankee notion:—"The Germanians now give rehearsals Saturdays as well as Wednesdays. These rehearsals are a Boston 'institution,' a Yankee 'notion,' decidedly. As a principal attraction, the orchestra play their best music at the rehearsals; but is it listened to? Decidedly not. The house is always crowded; and of the 3300 people composing

the audience 3001 are ladies. The remainder are members of the 'Shanghai Society,' and may be distinguished by corkscrew pants and bobtailed coats, a little feathery down upon their upper lips, and a 'love of a shawl.' About half of the women are in love with some member of the orchestra—those splendid creatures, with such elegant cravats, such spotless vests, and marvellously white hands, such magnificent whiskers, such Apollos in form, and such adepts in love as well as in music. One half of the remainder go to the rehearsals to meet some friend, and the rest go to see the fun. With such an audience, it would be wonderful if there were not some whispering, giggling, and carryings-on, not exactly appropriate to the concert room. The rehearsal is a regular *conversatione*, and everybody has a good time. That is what people go for; and those who want to hear the music had better stay away. We have a great many 'notions' here, in Boston, that are not so profitable or so pleasant as the afternoon rehearsals."

DEATH OF SERGEANT TALFOURD. — Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd, so well known as the friend and biographer of Charles Lamb, and as the author of "Ion," the "Tragedy of Glencoe," and other dramatic works, died recently in England, of apoplexy, at the age of fifty-eight. He leaves behind him a son, who inherits in a large degree his father's genius.

☞ Donald G. Mitchel (Ik Marvel) has resigned the Consulate at Venice. The fees of the office won't begin to pay expenses. When literary men are complimented by our Government with official stations abroad, it should not be after this beggarly fashion.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Planter's Northern Bride.* By Caroline Lee Hentz. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan, (successors to A. Hart.) The popularity of the various novels and nouvelles written by Mrs. Hentz, rests upon a firmer, purer and altogether superior basis to that of many of her cotemporaries. She uses no clap-net, she indulges in no mad flight of language; she does not deliver her heroes and heroines from impossible positions by the use of impossible means, and if we find her at times a little ultra-romantic and a trifle more sentimental than agrees with our sedate taste, we know that

her characters are in the main natural, and that her descriptions of social life at the South are transcripts upon the truth of which we may depend. "The Planter's Northern Bride" is perhaps the most ambitious work Mrs. Hentz has yet produced. It is, in our opinion, the most excellent. It is freer from her usual faults, and evinces a broader grasp and a more matured expression. Mrs. Hentz is intellectually progressive, and each succeeding novel gives us a higher sense of her powers.

— *Mellichampe. A Legend of the Santos.* By William Gilmore Simms. New York: Redfield. (For sale by Henry Carey Baird.) The frequency with which we have referred to the excellence of this uniform and revised edition of Mr. Simms' novels, and to the great and varied ability of their author, precludes more than an acknowledgment of the reception of this work, with the brief remark that it will be found of equal interest, and to exhibit equal power.

— *The Sunshine of Grey Stone. A Story for Girls.* By E. J. May. New York: Appleton & Co. (For sale by Henderson & Co.) This is the republication of a book which has already acquired some popularity in England. As a story written expressly for girls, as teaching duties and morals, and as carrying with it a certain quiet and pleasing interest, it may be safely recommended to American parents.

#### EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

—The French army is composed of very small men, the average height not rising above 5 feet 5 1-10 inches. They are wiry and sinewy men, encumbered with no extra flesh, capable of performing long marches and enduring great fatigue. The small stature of the men of the present day, in France, is attributed by some to the wars of the first Napoleon, which consumed all the tall men of the country.

—There is a general sentiment, both in this country and in Great Britain, strongly adverse to that licensed system of freebooting and murder, known as "privateering." Turkey has set the honorable example to Christendom of refusing to issue Letters of Marque; and we cannot but hope that England and France will pursue a like policy. As for Russia, nothing is to be predicated on her national honor or humanity. The European Times justly remarks that some of the darkest crimes ever committed on the general highway of nations, the sea,—dark as many undeniably have been—occurred during

the privateering mania, when murder and plunder were synonymous terms, and private individuals, who remained at home to pocket the proceeds of the nefarious traffic, sent forth their marine assassins to perpetrate crimes which would have disgraced fiends.

—The celebrated violin which Paganini bequeathed to his native city, Genoa, after having been for many years under lock and key, was recently brought again to "sight and sound," in presence of the syndic, of some municipal authorities, and of Signor Sivori, who identified the instrument, and exhibited its extraordinary powers. The church war, which has been carried on for some time, regarding the final sepulture of that extraordinary and eccentric *virtuoso*, is not yet brought to a close. So says the Musical Review.

—What next? Among the new patents announced is one to Adolphus Theodore Wagner, of Berlin, in the kingdom of Prussia, professor of music, for the invention of a "psychograph, or apparatus for indicating a person's thoughts by the agency of nervous electricity."

—We see it stated that the Abbe Roquete, of New Orleans, is engaged in translating the poems of Alice Carey into French, and that his version will be published in Paris in the course of the present season.

—Many people sleep with the head considerably elevated on the pillow. This, one of our medical journals pronounces a dangerous habit, and gives the reason thus:—"The vessels through which the blood passes from the heart to the head are always lessened in their cavities when the head is resting in bed higher than the body; therefore, in all diseases attended with fever, the head should be pretty nearly on a level with the body; and people ought to accustom themselves to sleep thus to avoid danger."

The spirit-rapping mania has reached Persia, and the spirits are doing their work at Teheran, the capital of the empire.

—A gentleman writing from Vienna, says:—"The 'Tischklopfen' (table-rappings) have also found their way to the imperial city, although they do not operate upon the slow and deliberative Germans in the same manner as they affect the more excitable Americans. On the whole, there is something in the 'Geisterklopfen' (spirit-rappings) which exactly suits the

transcendentalism of the Germans. A few days since, I had a long sitting with Bibesco, the oracle of those things in Vienna. I hear of no other results, good or bad, from the same than that a few fortunate lottery tickets have been bought after consulting the spirits, and that certain ladies, more than a 'thousand weeks old' (the German of sweet seventeen), have consulted them upon questions concerning their future."

—Mr. Dickens is about commencing a new story, in Household Words, with the title of "Hard Times." Recent examinations into the effects of English "strikes," it is said, suggested the story. It will be completed in five numbers.

#### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS FOR THE MONTH.

The steel engraving in this number—"The Sisters," needs no words of commendation. It is a picture that will at once please the eye, and suggest sweet thoughts to the mind.

The subject of our second engraving is taken from Goethe's "Faust." It illustrates the following passage:—

FAUST. (*MARGARET passing by.*)

"My pretty lady, may I take the liberty of offering you my arm and escort?"

MARGARET.

"I am neither lady, nor pretty, and can go home without an escort."

(*She disengages herself and exit.*)

FAUST.

By heaven, this girl is lovely! I have never seen the like of her. She is so well-behaved and virtuous, and something snappish, withal. The redness of her lip, the light of her cheek—I shall never forget them all the days of my life. The manner in which she cast down her eyes is deeply stamped upon my heart; and how tart she was—it was absolutely ravishing!

MEPHISTOPHELES enters.

FAUST.

"Hark, you must get me the girl."

MEPHISTOPHELES.

"Which?"

FAUST.

"She passed but now."

MEPHISTOPHELES.

"What, she? She came from her confessor, who absolves her from all her sins. I stole up close to the chair. It is an innocent little thing, that went for next to nothing to the confessional. Over her I have no power."

"The Matrimonial Tiff," it is plain to see, is no very serious matter; and will soon end in tears and smiles, throwing a rainbow of gladness on the receding cloud.

## DOMESTIC RECIPES.

**BAKED APPLE DUMPLING.**—Prepare a rich paste of sour cream and soda; roll them thin, cut them out and prepare the same as for boiling; place them upon tins and bake until the fruit is thoroughly done. To be eaten hot, with any sauce prepared.

**TO RENEW A BLACK COLOR.**—Black garments frequently lose their lustre and become brown by use. Their original color may be restored by making an infusion of logwood, and applying the liquor with a sponge, so as to saturate the rusty parts of the garment, when it may be dried and pressed off with a hot iron.

**TO MAKE CRACKERS.**—One quart of flour with two ounces of butter rubbed in; one teaspoonful of saleratus in a wine glass of warm water; half a tea-spoonful of salt, and milk enough to rub it out. Beat it half an hour with a pestle, cut it into thin round cakes, prick them, and set them in the oven, when other things are taken out. Let them bake till crisp.

**TO DRIVE AWAY RATS.**—A friend has just informed us of a plan he adopted to get rid of rats. His premises swarmed with them. He took a small fish hook, attached to a fine wire, and suspended on it a piece of cheese, letting it hang about a foot from the ground. One of the rats leaped at it and was hooked, and set up such a squeal, noise and rattle, that all the rest forsook him and fled. Not a rat remained on the premises.

**TO BAKE MEAT.**—In baking meat, see that the oven is of right heat, so as to bake quickly without scorching. Rub salt, and if desired, sage or other herbs upon the meat, and put it in the dripping pan, with water in the bottom, so as to absorb the juices of the meat which would otherwise be dried and burned upon the dish. Beef should be cooked "rare," other meats thoroughly. When the meat is taken up for the table, set the dripping pan on the fire, remove the extra fat, add more water and make gravy as for fried meat.

**GRAVIES AND FRIED MEATS.**—If fried pork must be used as an article of food, to some extent, do not suffer the drippings or fat to be ever placed upon the table for gravy. Turn it out, leaving but a spoonful or two in the skillet, then pour in water or milk, and thicken while boiling, with a little flour and water rubbed till free from lumps. With the addition of salt, this makes a wholesome and palatable gravy. Gravy should be made in the same way for all fried meats. Fried meats usually, however, absorb too much fat to be strictly healthful. Meats broiled on the grid-iron or baked in the oven, are more digestible.

**BREAD CHEESE CAKE.**—One nutmeg, one pint of cream, eight eggs, one half pound of butter, one half pound of currants, one spoonful of rose water, one penny loaf of bread, scald the cream, slice the bread as thin as possible, pour the cream boiling on to it—let it stand two hours, beat together the eggs, butter, and grated nutmeg, and rose water, add the cream, beat well, and bake it in small pans on a raised crust.

**CODFISH TOAST.**—Shred it in fine pieces, and soak it in cold water until sufficiently fresh, then drain it well, and stir into it a table-spoonful of flour, half a tea-cupful of sweet cream, and two-thirds of a tea-cup of milk, and one egg if convenient. Season it well with pepper, and let it scald slow, stirring it well. Make a moist toast, well seasoned, and lay it on the platter with the fish over it, and it is ready for the table, and is a nice dish. Made as above, without toast, is also good; with vegetables, butter may be used instead of cream.

**MEATS WARMED OVER.**—Cold meats need never be wasted, nor a half dozen useless cats and dogs kept to eat them. Most baked or boiled meats are good sliced neatly and put upon the breakfast table cold; and less meat is required in this form than any other. Or the meat can be sliced thin and fried in a trifle of fat till just warmed through.

Another excellent mode is, to cut the cold meat in mouthful pieces and warm slowly in the gravy left from the day previous, or if there is none, in water with a little fat, salt, and thickening, then dish up the meat and gravy all together.

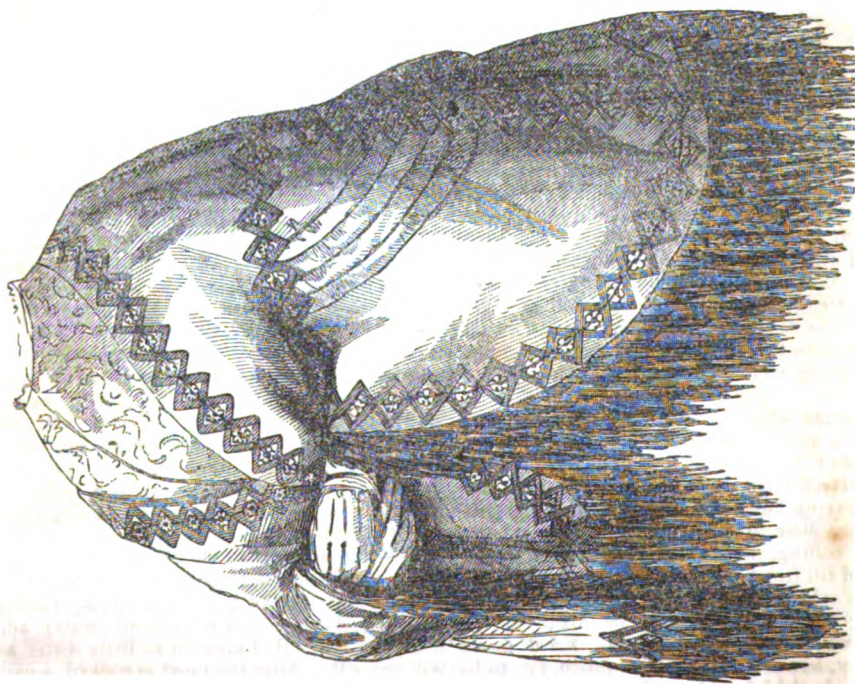
Or, a dish of hash can be made, by chopping the meat fine with an equal or greater amount of potato. Then warm the whole with milk, salt and pepper.

**BOILED MEATS.**—Boiled meats are healthful, but as much of their juices escape into the water, they are less economical than when baked, unless the water be saved for soups or other cooking purposes. To boil meat, drop it into water already boiling briskly—the albumen near the surface will thus be coagulated, and less of the juices will escape. Let the heat soon subside and the meat boil slowly, as the slower it boils the more tender it will be. Rapid boiling does not cook meat any more quickly, but tends to harden it.

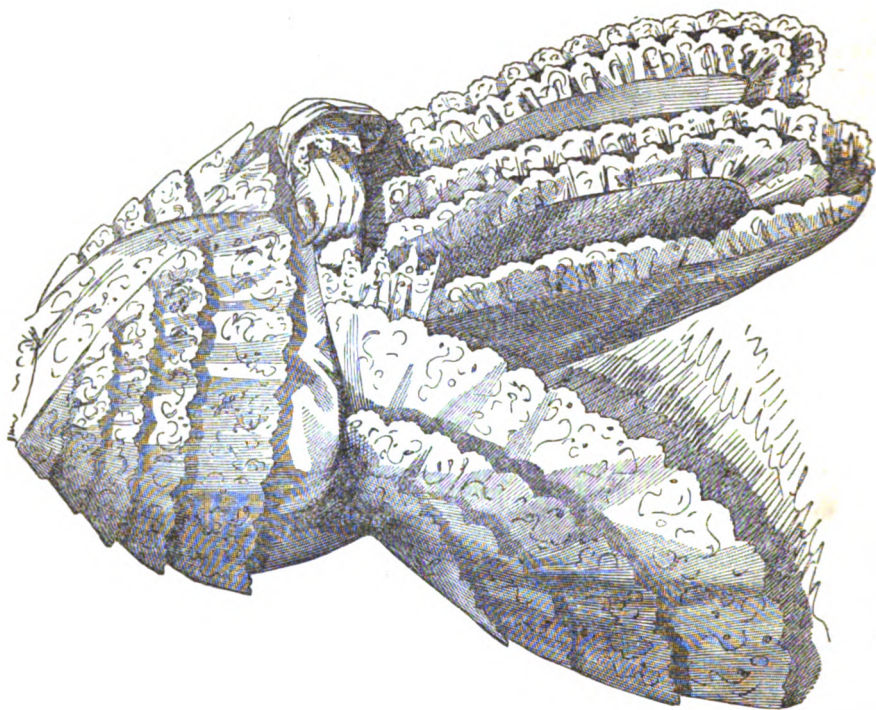
Hard water, or else water with a little salt in it, is considered preferable for boiling most kinds of meats and vegetables than soft, as less of the juices escape into the water. It is a good rule for all substances boiled for food, that they should not be suffered to stop boiling until it is done—if you wish to add water, add it boiling hot. Boil meat in as little water as will cover it. After the meat is cooked, a part of the liquor can be converted into gravy, and the remainder be left for soups and stews.



## MANTILLAS.



LE PRINTemps MANTILLA.—Lavender or pearl-colored silk. The yoke and point cut in one piece. The trimming is a rich fringe of the same color.



OAMILLA MANTILLA.—Light green silk, trimmed with Honiton lace.





## APPENDIX F









THE POULTRY-YARD.

See page 411.

# THE FLOWERS OF SPRING.

THE WORDS SELECTED FROM

GODEY'S LADY'S' BOOK.

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MISS G. A. A., BY JOHN G. WHITEMAN.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1883, by T. C. ANDREWS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

*Allegretto Grazioso.*

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Allegretto Grazioso'. The piano part features a delicate melody with many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes, creating a light, spring-like atmosphere. The voice part enters with the lyrics: 'I have seen them by the for - est shade, And by the sun - lit stream: In child-hood's walk in man - hood's years, they're min - gled in our dreams,'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words split across lines. The score continues with several more lines of music, maintaining the same tempo and key signature.



They are mingled, mingled in our dreams: And oft they win our mem - 'ry back, To some far - got - ten thing, To seek the joy our child-hood found A

mong the flow'rs of spring. . . A mong the flow'rs of spring, The flow'rs of spring, of springs.

D. C. for Sym.

And ah! they win us back in vain,  
 No after spring renews,  
 That gift of golden sunshine, which  
 Our hearts so early lose.  
 The sun-lit stream may murmur on,  
 The birds may gaily sing,  
 But friends we lov'd have pass'd away  
 Among the flow'rs of spring.



A RURAL SCENE.

# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA: JUNE, 1854.



FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

Mrs. Osgood was the daughter of the late Joseph Locke, and was a native of Boston, in which city she resided until her marriage with Samuel S. Osgood, an artist of distinction. A noted writer says of her in a critique, "Her personal, not less than her literary character and existence, are one perpetual poem. Not to write poetry—not to think it—act it—dream it, and be it—is entirely out of her power." Her first volume, "The Wreath of Wild Flowers," was published in England, during a visit to that country, immediately after her marriage. In the words of the critic already quoted, "There was that about the volume—that inexpressible grace of thought and manner, which never fails to find a ready echo in the heart." The next collection of her poems was published in New York a few years since, and was most favorably received by the public and the press throughout the country. A charming naivete, an exquisite simplicity, an inimitable grace, with, at times, a thrilling and

impassioned earnestness, are Mrs. Osgood's chief characteristics as a writer. A sister-poet pays her this just and beautiful tribute:—"With her beautiful Italian soul; with impulse and wild imagery, and exuberant fancy, and glowing passionateness, and with the wonderful facility with which, like an almond-tree casting off its blossoms, she flings around her heart-tinted and love-perfumed lays, she has, I must believe, more of the improvisatrice than has yet been revealed by any of our gifted countrywomen." Mrs. Osgood died in May, 1850.

From a volume of her poems, we take the following graceful effusion:

## THE DAISY'S MISTAKE.

A Sunbeam and Zephyr were playing about  
One Spring, ere a blossom had peeped from  
the stem,  
When they heard, under ground, a faint, fairy-like  
shout—  
'Twas the voice of a Field-Daisy calling to  
them.



"Oh tell me, my friends, has the Winter gone by?  
Is it time to come up? Is the Crocus there yet?"

I know you are sporting above, and I sigh  
To be with you, and kiss you:—'tis long since we met.

"I've been ready this great while—all dressed for the show;

I've a gem on my bosom that's pure as a star;  
And the frill of my robe is as white as the snow;  
And I mean to be brighter than Crocuses are."

Now the Zephyr and Sunbeam were wild with delight,  
It seemed a whole age since they'd played

with a flower,  
So they told a great fib to the poor little sprite,  
That was languishing down in her underground bower.

"Come out! little darling, as quick as you can!  
The Crocus, the Cowslip, and Buttercup, too,  
Have been up here this fortnight; we're having grand times,

And all of them hourly asking for you!

"The Cowslip is crowned with a topaz-tiara;  
The Crocus is flaunting in golden attire;  
But you! little pet, are a thousand times fairer—  
To see you but once is to love and admire.

"The skies smile benignantly all the day long,  
The Bee drinks your health in the purest dew;  
The Lark has been waiting to sing you a song,  
Which he practised in cloud-land on purpose for you.

"Come, come! you are either too bashful or lazy.  
Lady Spring made this season an early entree;  
And she wondered what could have become of her Daisy;  
We'll call you coquettish, if still you delay."

Then a still small voice, in the heart of the flower,

It was Instinct whispered her, "Do not go!  
You had better be quiet, and wait your hour;  
It isn't too late even yet for snow!"

But the little field-blossom was foolish and vain,  
And she said to herself, "What a belle I shall be!"

So she sprang to the light as she brake from her chain,  
And gaily she cried, "I am free! I am free!"

A shy little thing is the Daisy, you know;  
And she was half frightened to death, when she found

Not a blossom had even begun to blow!  
How she wished herself back again under the ground.

The tear in her timid and sorrowful eye  
Might well put the Zephyr and Beam to the blush;

But the saucy light laughed, and said, "Pray, don't cry,"

And the gay Zephyr sang to her, "Hush, sweet, hush."

They kissed her, and petted her fondly at first;  
But a storm arose, and the false light fled,  
And the Zephyr changed into angry breeze  
That scolded her till she was almost dead.

The gem on her bosom was stained and dark;  
The snow of her robe had lost its light;  
And tears of sorrow had dimmed the spark  
Of beauty and youth that had made her bright.

And so she lay, with her fair head low,  
And mournfully sighed in her dying hour,  
"Ah! had I courageously answered, No!  
I had now been safe in my native bower!"

## TASTE BEFORE EXTRAVAGANCE.

Somebody has said that a Parisian grisette, with a little tulle and ribbon, will conquer the world, while an English woman, with all her shawls, damasks, and diamonds, looks only like an animated clothes-horse. There is some exaggeration in this statement, but more wit, and still more truth. The women of France unquestionably have a better taste in dress than those of Great Britain or even America. In both our mother-country and this, there is too much of what may be called "snobbiism" in female attire. The ladies of Anglo-Saxondom seem to fancy that the more they spend on dress, the prettier they look. Accordingly one sees little women covered all over with lace, or buried in the middle of stiff brocade, or almost lost to sight under a puffing velvet cloak, with capes that expand on either side like gigantic wings. Or one beholds tall women, if such is the fashion, tricked out in tight sleeves, and striped silks, the costliness of the material being regarded, by the wearer, as sufficient compensation for the incongruity of the style.

A French servant girl even has better taste. She knows it is not so much the richness of the material, as the way it is made up, and the manner in which it is worn, that it gives the desired air of elegance. A neat fit, a graceful bearing, and a proper harmony between the complexion and the colors, has more to do with heightening female attraction than even American ladies seem particularly to comprehend. Many a wife looks prettier, if she would but know it, in her neat morning frock of calico, than in the incongruous pile of finery which she dignifies with the title of full dress. Many an unmarried female first wins the heart of her future husband, in some simple, unpretending attire, which, if consulted about, she would pronounce too cheap except for ordinary wear, but which, by its accidental suitability to her figure, face and carriage, idealises her youth and beauty wonderfully. If the sex, would study taste in dress more, and care less for mere expense, they would have no reason to regret it. At present, the extravagance of American females, in their attire, is proverbial. We wish we could say as much of their elegance in the same line.—*Ledger.*

# INTEGRITY.

There is a common maxim, generally attributed to Jefferson, that "honesty is the best policy." While this is true as a fact, the sentiment, as embodying a principle and motive for action, is most unworthy. It makes honesty a thing of calculation and speculation, and proportions its obligation to its profitableness. Men who adopt this principle make self-interest their ruling motive. And I contend that he who is honest simply because honesty is the best policy, does not approximate towards the real standard of virtue. For the moment it may appear that dishonesty would tend to his advantage, he would be a dishonest man. Suppose a young man has in his keeping the property of his employer; or suppose he is an officer in a bank, and has large sums of money under his control. An opportunity for embezzlement presents itself. He is tempted to be dishonest. He weighs the chances of discovery, and finally decides that they are too many to be risked. He knows that detection would be ruin, and therefore as there is a possibility of discovery, he concludes that it is better to resist the temptation. He therefore does not touch a dollar of the money. His accounts are all correct—his cash is all right. He has not defrauded another of a single dime. But is he an honest man? No; for all that keeps him from stealing is the *fear of detection*. Dishonesty commenced at the moment he began to calculate the chances of discovery, in case he should commit the crime. Is this consistent with real integrity? I do not say that the purest men do not feel the power of temptation—I do not say that there is never a struggle in the mind against evil courses. This is a world of temptation, and there are a thousand avenues to the heart which are thronged by thoughts of evil. And there would be no such thing as true virtue, if there were no temptations to assail and be resisted by the soul. But the battle must be fought and the victory won on higher principles than those of mere policy or self-interest, or the man has not attained to real virtue. The young man who is tempted to dishonesty must rally to his aid loftier principles than those of interest; he must be influenced by the great law of right and truth; he must be honest because *it is right*, and not because it is politic. Utility is not the standard of virtue. Policy can no more bind the tempted and passion-ridden soul of man to the path of stern integrity, than a silken thread can hold a mighty vessel at her moorings amid the heaving of the storm-tost ocean.

Be honest, then, young man, if you would secure that good name which is a fortune in itself—be honest on principle, and not from policy only. At whatever sacrifice of pride, of favorite tastes, of natural inclination; at whatever cost of ridicule, or reproach for your puritanical notions; in spite of the example of others, be strictly honest. Let integrity—open,

even-handed, lofty, beautiful integrity—be your constant guide. She will lead you in the paths of peace, of honor, and of success. But if you parley with temptation, if you swerve never so little from the high road of honest conduct, you are in fearful danger. You may better play with a hungry tiger, or rush into the horrors of the pest-house. Ruin is before you—a blasted character—a reputation wrecked—life's richest jewel flung away—eternity's brightest diadem trampled in the dust.—*Worth of a Good Character. An Address by Rev. E. P. Rogers.*

## TO A BELOVED ONE.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

Heaven hath its crown of stars, the earth  
Her glory-robe of flowers—  
The sea its gems—the grand old woods  
Their songs and greening showers;  
The birds have homes, where leaves and blooms  
In beauty wreath above;  
High yearning hearts, their rainbow-dream—  
And we, sweet! we have love.

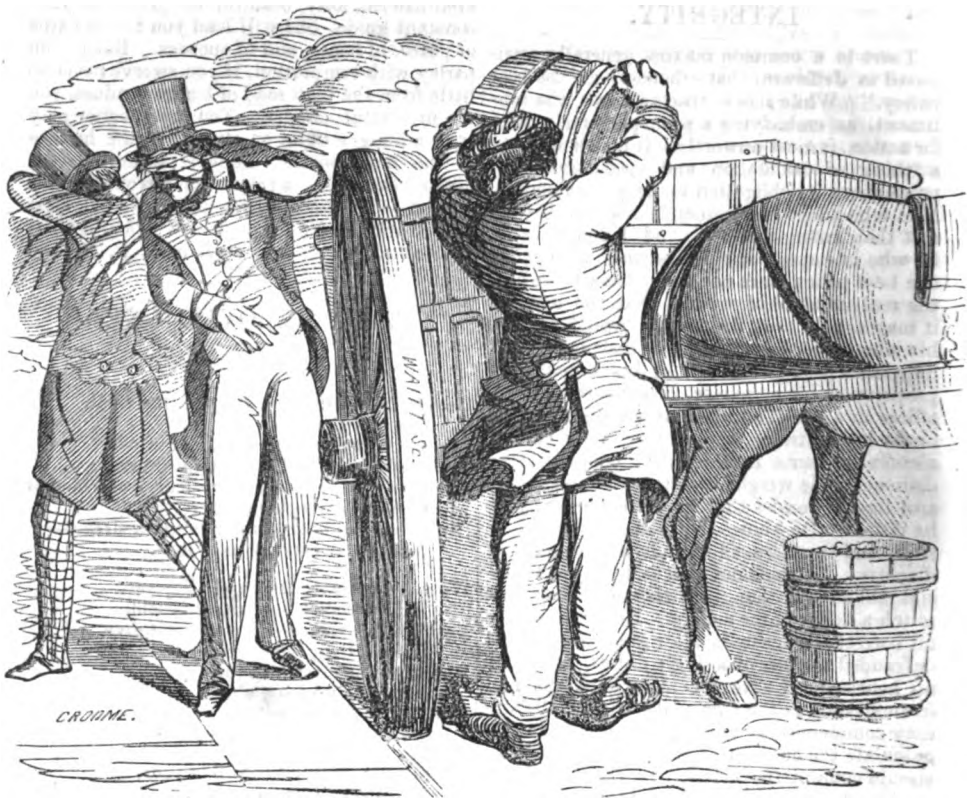
We walk not with the jewell'd great,  
Where Love's dear name is sold;  
Yet have we wealth we would not give  
For all their world of gold!  
We revel not in corn and wine,  
Yet have we from above  
Manna divine, and we'll not pine:  
Do we not live and love?

There's sorrow for the toiling poor,  
On Misery's bosom nursed:  
Rich robes for ragged souls, and crowns  
For branded brows Cain-cursed!  
But Cherubim, with claspings wings,  
Ever about us be,  
And, happiest of God's happy thing!  
There's love for you and me.

Thy lips, that kiss till death, have turn'd  
Life's water into wine;  
The sweet life melting thro' thy looks,  
Hath made my life divine.  
All Love's dear promise hath been kept,  
Since thou to me wert given;  
A ladder for my soul to climb,  
And summer up in Heaven.

I know, dear heart! that in our lot  
May mingle tears and sorrow;  
But, Love's rich rainbows built from tears  
To-day, with smiles to-morrow.  
The sunshine from our sky may die,  
The greenness from Life's tree,  
But ever, 'mid the warring storm,  
Thy nest shall shelter'd be.

I see thee! Ararat of my life,  
Smiling the waves above!  
Thou hail'st me victor in the strife,  
And beacon'st me with love.  
The world may never know, dear heart!  
What I have found in thee;  
But, tho' nought to the world, dear heart!  
Thou'rt all the world to me.



### THROWING DUST IN PEOPLE'S EYES.

There are many ways in which this is done—we mean throwing dust in people's eyes. In all the varied walks of life, from the leaders of political parties, down to the scavengers who clean the streets, a certain set of individuals find especial delight in the work. In most cases, it is the hand of self-interest that throws the dust, and persons are blinded in order that they may not see the false moves about to be made against them.

It generally happens that your dust-throwing fraternity are, in the end, pretty well understood; and those who have once been blinded manage, at least, to keep one eye clear, and fixed intently upon them. In a word, throwing dust may do very well for a time, but, like all evil work, it has its day and its hour. In the end more is lost than gained.

"Aping their better," but without motives of self-interest, and in the mere wantonness of ill-nature, your street scavengers manage to do a pretty large share in the work of throwing dust in people's eyes, and their mode of doing it is of the most liberal character. If the day happens to be windy, and you see one of this industrious fraternity approaching a box, barrel, or basket of dry coal ashes, take our advice and cross the street, for the moment

eschewing all dainty regard for flag-stone. In all cases of this kind, we are clear in the opinion that discretion is the better part of valor, and practice on the rule invariably. Even a soiled boot is better than dust in the eyes.

**THE IDEAL MAN.**—Every man has at times in his mind the ideal of what he should be, but is not. This ideal may be high and complete, or it may be quite low and insufficient; yet in all men that really seek to improve, it is better than the actual character. Perhaps no one is satisfied with himself so that he never wishes to be wiser, better, and more holy. Man never falls so low that he can see nothing higher than himself. This ideal man which we project, as it were, out of ourselves, and seek to make real—this wisdom, goodness and holiness, which we aim to transfer from our thoughts to our life—has an action more or less powerful on each man, rendering him dissatisfied with present attainments, and restless, unless he is becoming better. With some men it takes the rose out of the cheek, and forces them to wander a long pilgrimage of temptations before they reach the delectable mountains of tranquility and find "Rest for the Soul," under the Tree of Life.—*Theo. Parker.*



JOE DEADEROUT AT THE BRIDGE.

## 1 A RACE WITH A GHOST.

### A COUNTRY LEGEND.

BY H. MILNOR KLAPP.

"Grim reader! did you ever see a ghost?"  
No; but I've heard—"

Be it known by these presents that, at this very identical epoch at which we flourish, the Valley of Branch Creek, a small tributary to the Perkiomen, is actually haunted by the ghost of a light-horseman. Such, at least, is the report of Squire Lederach and Doctor Hel-flechtregger, who are both ready to back their affections—not by a wager, they are much too chary of pence for that—but by the legend which I'm about to relate. I shall give it *verbatim et literatim*, as we used to say at school, word for word, without the least flush of coloring—in fact, just as they are willing to vouch it occurred.

The light-horseman, who is nevertheless weighty enough to engage the serious attention of these worthy citizens, is, it seems, fond of galloping, on a moonlight night, from one ridge of hills to the other, but is most frequently met with in the middle of the valley, near a spot where an old, ruinous bridge crosses the creek. The Doctor had previously encountered him more than once on the roads, when paying a late visit to a patient, on a

calm Summer night, and, if his word is to be taken in testimony, had trotted his ancient Rosinante—which not "the buried majesty of Denmark" itself could frighten out of her pace—side by side with the phantom's nag, in quite a sociable yet silent way. He describes the ghost as a tall man, dressed in a trooper's uniform, rather worse for the wear, and mounted on a very pale steed, which, probably, in the flesh, had been a dark, iron gray. The ghost's face is almost concealed by his white beard and mustache, but he sits his horse in true military style, and wears a long sword at his side, and holsters, at his saddle-bow. On his head is a brass-mounted helmet, with a white horsehair plume hanging over the left shoulder. Of course, he never speak, unless spoken to, and then replies in a gruff hollow voice, challenging you to ride a race with him for a quart of schnaps. Nobody had been bold enough to take up the goblin's challenge, heretofore, but wild Joe Deaderout had often boasted, over his cups, that if he ever had the fortune to hear the offer made, and was allowed odds in the race, he would not "back down." Those who knew Joe best said he would keep his word, inasmuch as he had never been known to fear anything but hard work, from the time he was able to face the turkey-cock and turn the flank of the gander.



However, it was just after a severe political contest in the township of Lower Salford, that, one night, as the Doctor laid his head on his pillow, and under feint of a severe spell of somnolgia—the meaning of which he was slow to render, but which he had often made use of before to ensure a good rest, being, as he honestly declared, subject to attacks of this mysterious disease—just, I repeat, as he was slipping into a sound sleep, a sharp clatter of hoofs on the road before his house, instantly succeeded by a tremendous pounding at the door, and a shout like a warwhoop, caused him to leap out of bed with angry alacrity.

"It's wild Joe, and nobody else," thought he. "Hang the rascal! if I don't answer him, he'll storm the village, and beat the door in. Hillo! *was ischt?*" he inquired, raising the window.

"*Was ischt?*" echoed Joe, "yaw—well, that's a good one; *der duyvil ischt* to pay—the grosdaddy is gone dott."

"Yaw—well; if he is dead, what do you want with me?" said the Doctor, in some wrath.

To this challenge to metaphysical discussion, wild Joe made no reply, but, raising another Indian shout, pitched into the pannels with hands and feet as if resolute to effect a breach. This crude sort of reasoning, however, was very intelligible to the Doctor, and, accordingly, to save his door from a compound fracture which might baffle a consultation of carpenters, and his reputation from serious scandal, he desired Joe to desist, and he would dress and come down.

"Be quick then," answered Joe, and forthwith began to try his hand in a coquetish way at the posts of the porch, partly to relieve his impatience, and partly to give the beleaguered disciple of Galen a hint, that however slow he might be at labor or at driving a bargain, he was strongly in favor of quick work and short truces that night.

At last the door slowly opened, and, "Well, Joe," said the Doctor, in an apprehensive, inquiring sort of way.

"It's not well—so get your saddle-bags and jump on my mare."

"But what is the use," said the Doctor, "if the old man is gone?"

But Joe disdained to parley now that the object of his journey was before him. He pushed into the office, where he had been a hundred times before, and returning with the infallible saddle-bags, threw them across his mare's neck; then catching up the Doctor in spite of his struggles, he fairly deposited him in the saddle, jumped up behind him, and tearing the halter strap from the post, dashed off through the village at a gallop, to the dismay of a dozen faces, which were by this time thrust forth from as many windows.

On they went, helter skelter, down the hill towards the farm of old Deaderout, who, according to Joe's estimate of mortality, after

many faints, had now gone dead in earnest; the Doctor was too much occupied in keeping his seat for the first mile, to denounce his abduction as strongly as he could have wished, and Joe was too much excited at his success to listen; so, on—on they went in a cloud of dust, while a thunderstorm, which had been brewing all the evening over Stone Hill, was now coming up in the rear, like a thousand race horses—until on the rise of a second hill the mare suddenly shyed by a clump of cedars—Joe pulled her with a jerk—and lo! there was the light-horseman's ghost, mounted on his pale steed, and in the very act of making a military salute.

"Der duyvil!" exclaimed Joe, and dashed his heavy heels against the mare's side; but though in general, as quick on the spring as a steel-trap, she now refused to budge a foot.

The light-horseman also reined in on Joe's right side, where he sat stiffly in the saddle, looking steadily at the two awe-stricken specimens of mortality with his dim yet fiery eyes.

"Der duyvil!" ejaculated Joe again, desperately digging into the mare's ribs, while the Doctor muttered some half forgotten German prayer. The beast was too frightened to stir, and the ghost remained where he was as steadily as an iron statue. Joe now grew desperate, and spoke out like a perfect dreadnought, as he was, though his voice quivered.

"I say, mister—so much—*goot abend, was du wansche?* The old man's gone dott—"

"Rat the old man!" said the ghost in a hollow voice; "I'll ride you a race to the bridge for a quart of brandywine, the liquor to be left in a stone jug at the east end of the bridge, tomorrow, at midnight, if I win."

"And how if you lose?" said Joe, mindful of his former boast, and determined, though his hair stood straight, not "to be backed down."

"In that case," answered the light-horseman, in the same church-yard tone, "you'll find a stone jug of the right sort, on the last step of the Devil's staircase, at the same hour."

"What odd's will you give me?" said Deaderout, settling himself for a start, while the Doctor's teeth chattered audibly.

"To the foot of the hill, as you carry double weight, and no more," said the ghost; "but you must be quick, or the storm will drench you."

"Agreed," said Joe Deaderout, whose wild humor was now fairly afloat; "hang the storm! I'll start at the first thunder-clap."

"You won't have to wait long," replied the ghost; "here it comes!"

"Here's for it!" shouted Joe; "ha—y!"

The Doctor grasped the mane—the mare snorted and sprang forward, just as the dust and leaves came flying past in a cloud—the lightning glared in a broad, vindictive gleam around them, and a peal of thunder, fit to stun a monument, broke over their heads in

one rattling roar. Away they went on the wings of the storm-wind—dust—leaves—drops of rain—men and horse in one mad whirl; at the foot of the hill, the Doctor turned her head, and distinctly saw, by the light of a second flash, the pale steed coming after them at a terrible pace—through the air, as it seemed, her fore feet nearly on a line with his phantom frame, and the white plume streaming out behind, like the very signal of doom. The sight restored his voice in a twinkling; perhaps there was something in the picture which his excited imagination conceived to be slightly professional.

"Hurrah, Joe!" he shouted; "never say die—pay it into her sides—repeat the dose—stronger still, my boy—if we reach the bridge first we'll win."

But Joe needed no exhortations, and the game old mare, laying her ears back like a regular turf-horse, fairly flew. Up a steep hill they dashed and down the hollow, scattering the mud right and left as the wind suddenly fell, and the rain came down in a solid sheet, illumined by the vivid glare of the lightning. The Doctor looked round again, and lo! the white steed was gaining ground.

"Double the dose, Joe," he exclaimed, with frenzied anxiety, "he's coming up—don't scruple—desperate case!"

"Neck or nothing now!" ejaculated Joe, as he caught a glimpse of the poplars by the old bridge—"ha—y!"

"Ha—y!" echoed the goblin voice of the trooper close behind him, and the mare, by a frantic bound, as suddenly increased the distance between them.

"Good!" said the Doctor, "he lost twenty feet and more by that about; repeat the dose, Joe, try it again."

"Ha—y!" shouted Joe; and "ha—y!" the dismally prolonged echo came back to him; the ghost was plainly dropping behind. At that critical moment, Joe knew that the bridge was not fifty yards ahead. Another sildritch about and desperate plunge—the Doctor was straining his eyes for another flash, and Joe's blood warming up into triumph at the thought of beating a ghost on a horse-race of his own making—when just as a stride or two would have hurled them on the bridge, and decided the contest, a glare of light and a crash broke directly over them—the light-horseman shot past in the blaze—the mare shied and stood still—the Doctor flew over her head, down the bank, and Joe Deaderout, after retaining his seat for a single moment, as seen in the picture, reeled in the saddle, and fell heavily to the earth.

The morning sun was above the horizon, and the birds were singing cheerily on the boughs, when a farmer, coming down the road on his wagon, discovered Joe still lying in the mud, and the mare feeding by the fence. While staring at this unwonted sight, with visions of foot-pads and blunderbusses sitting in his

brain, the man was hailed by the Doctor, who had managed to crawl upon the bridge, but was too severely bruised by his involuntary somersault to move a step further. Joe was, with difficulty, awakened from his long swoon, and the twain placed in the wagon, and driven back to the village, which was speedily agape with wild Joe's wondrous tale. In spite of the Doctor's hints, he persisted in spreading the whole truth. Sooth to say, the story flew far and wide, until, as the Doctor had anticipated, after the ninth day the public fever had abated and re-action took place. In fact, many in the township, not excluding the doctor at the other end of the valley, did not hesitate to avow their private belief that the ghost was all stuff; what sort of stuff was not distinctly set forth; but it was slyly hinted that the race arose out of Joe's and the Doctor's exuberant joy at the recent success of their political schemes. One fact, however, must not be forgotten. A stone-jug, full of the host's best brandy-wine, the lost stake, was duly deposited by Joe upon the bridge, at the hour appointed, and the next morning it was gone.

## THE POULTRY-YARD IN ITS GLORY.

*See engraving.*

Our artist makes a fine display of the poultry-yard and its feathered denizens. In the background we see the poultry-house, surmounted with a steeple devoted to tame pigeons.

In the foreground, to the left, is the restless, fidgetty, Guinea-fowl, never easy and quiet; but always on the rapid move, like some nervous old maid on a washing day. Near her are the little bantams with feathered heels, and an important little strut, like a very short man trying to look tall. One of the pair is in the act of crowing, while the other is picking up a grain of corn.

Next to them is a pair of white Dorking fowls. The male is really a splendid fellow; and has some show of right in his proud air and fierce attitude. The madam stands dutifully near him, and looks in the same direction with her husband, as wives should.

Behind the male Dorking, is a noble specimen of the Turkey, in our opinion, one of the richest gifts of the New World to the Old.

Behind the turkey is a Malay fowl, a very serviceable species, as good poultry-raisers know. Beyond him is the fowl called, by courtesy, Silver Pheasant, with his beautiful markings and fine dashy crest.

Over all, towers the peacock, pride of the poultry-yard, observed of all observers, and consciously superior to all the common herd of barn-door birds.

When we go to live in the country, commend us to just such a well appointed poultry yard as this.



## LUNAR RAINBOW.

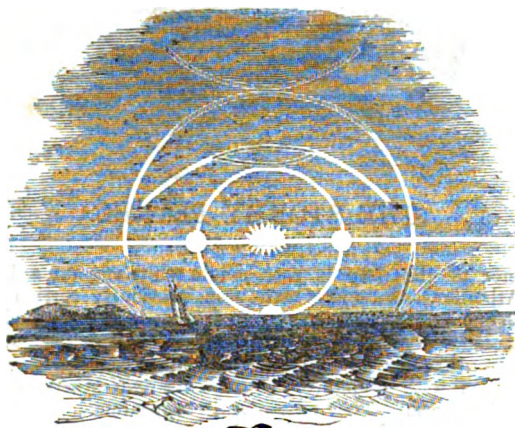
The principles which account for the formation of the rainbow explain the appearance of beautiful iridescent arches which have occasionally been observed during the prevalence of mist and sunshine. Mr. Cochbin describes a spectacle of this kind, noticed from an eminence that overlooked some low meadow-grounds, in a direction opposite to that of the sun, which was shining very brightly, a thick mist resting upon the landscape in front. At about the distance of half a mile from each other, and incurvated, like the lower extremities of the common rainbow, two places of peculiar brightness were seen in the mist. They seemed to rest on the ground, were continued as high as the fog extended, the breadth being nearly half as much more as that of the rainbow. In the middle between these two places, and on the same horizontal line, there was a colored appearance, whose base subtended an angle of about 12 degrees, and whose interior parts were thus variegated. The centre was dark, as if made by the shadow of some object resembling in size and shape an ordinary sheaf

of corn. Next this centre there was a curved space of a yellow flame color. To this succeeded another curved space of nearly the same dark cast as the centre, very evenly bounded on each side, and tinged with a faint blue green. The exterior exhibited a rainbow circlet, only its tints were less vivid, their boundaries were not so well defined, and the whole, instead of forming part of a perfect circle, appeared like the end of a concentric ellipse, whose transverse axis was perpendicular to the horizon. The mist lay thick upon the surface of the meadows; the observer was standing near its margin, and gradually the scene became fainter and faded away, as he entered into it. A similar fog-bow was seen by Captain Parry during his attempt to reach the North Pole by means of boats and sledges, with five arches formed within the main one, and all beautifully colored.

The iris lunaris, or lunar rainbow, is a much rarer object than the solar one. It frequently consists of a uniformly white arch, but it has often been seen tinted, the colors differing only in intensity from those caused by the direct solar illuminations. Aristotle states that he was the first observer of this interesting spectacle, and that he only saw two in the course of fifty years; but it must have been repeatedly witnessed, without a record having been made of the fact.

Thoresby relates an account received from a friend, of an observation of the bow fixed by the moon in the clouds, while travelling in the Peak of Derbyshire. She had then passed the full about twenty-four hours. The evening had been rainy; but the clouds had dispersed, and the moon was shining very clearly. This lunar iris was more remarkable than that observed by Dr. Plot, of which there is an account in

his History of Oxford, that being only of a white color, but this had all the hues of the solar rainbow, beautiful and distinct, but fainter. Mr. Buoke remarks upon having had the good fortune to witness several, two of which were perhaps as fine as were ever witnessed in any country. The first formed an arch over the vale of Usk. The moon hung over the Blouenge; a dark cloud was suspended over Myarth; the river murmured over beds of stones, and a bow, illumined by the moon, stretched from one side of the vale to another. The second was seen from the castle overlooking the Bay of Carmarthen, forming a regular semi-circle over the river Towy. It was in a moment of vicissitude; and the fancy of the observer willingly reverted to the various soothing associations under which sacred authority unfolds the emblem and sign of a merciful covenant vouchsafed by a beneficent Creator.



PARHELIA, OR MOCK SUNS.

Mock suns, in the vicinity of the real orb, are due to the same cause as haloes, which appear in connection with them. Luminous circles, or segments, crossing one another, produce conspicuous masses of light by their united intensities, and the points of intersection appear studded with the solar image. This is a meteorological rarity in our latitude, but a very frequent spectacle in the arctic climes. In Iceland, during the severe winter of 1615, it is related that the sun, when seen, was always accompanied by two, four, five, and even nine of these illusions. Captain Parry describes a remarkably gorgeous appearance, during his winter sojourn at Melville Island, which continued from noon until six o'clock in the evening. It consisted of one complete halo, 45 degrees in diameter, with segments of several others, displaying in parts the colors of the rainbow. Besides these, there was another perfect ring of a pale white color, which went right round the sky, parallel with the horizon, and at a distance from it equal to the sun's altitude; and a horizontal band of white light appeared passing through the sun. Where the band and the inner halo cut each other, there were two parhelia, and another close to the horizon, directly under the sun, which formed the most brilliant part of the spectacle, being exactly like the sun, slightly obscured by a thin cloud at his rising or setting. A drawing

of this parhelion is given by Captain Parry, who remarks upon having always observed such phenomena attended with a little snow falling, or rather small spicula or fine crystals of ice. The angular forms of the crystals determine the rays of light in different directions, and originate the consequent visual variety. We have various observations of parhelia seen in different parts of Europe, which in a less enlightened age excited consternation, and were regarded as portentous. Matthew Paris relates in his history:—"A wonderful sight was seen in England, A. D. 1233, April 8, in the fifth year of the reign of Henry III., and lasted from sunrise till noon. At the same time on the 8th of April, about one o'clock, in the borders of Herefordshire and Worcestershire, besides the true sun, there appeared in the sky four mock suns of a red color; also a certain large circle of the color of crystal, about two feet broad, which encompassed all England as it were. There went out semicircles from the side of it, at whose intersection the four mock suns were situated, the true sun being in the East, and the air very clear. And because this monstrous prodigy cannot be described by words, I have represented it by a scheme, which shows immediately how the heavens were circled. The appearance was painted in this manner by many people, for the wonderful novelty of it."



### THE STORMY PETREL.

This little wanderer of the deep is seen nearly all over the Atlantic Ocean, and is well known, under the name of Mother Carey's Chicken, to every seaman. By this brave but ignorant class of men, these harmless little birds are often regarded with prejudice, as ominous precursors of a storm. They follow the vessel for many successive days, picking up every morsel of animal matter which happens to be thrown overboard. A number of them will sometimes scramble for the same bit of food, suddenly checking their flight, whirling down to the water, balancing themselves on their wings, and pattering along the surface with their feet. "There is something cheerful and amusing," says Mr. Nuttall, "in the sight of these little voyaging flocks, steadily following after the vessel, so light and unconcerned, across the dreary ocean. During a gale, it is truly interesting to witness their intrepidity and address. Unappalled by the storm that strikes terror into the breast of the mariner, they are seen coursing wildly and rapidly over the waves, descending their sides, then mounting with the breaking surge which threatens to burst over their heads; sweeping through the hollow waves, as in a sheltered valley, and, again mounting with the rising billow, they trip and jerk sportively and securely on the surface of the roughest sea, defying the horrors of the ocean, and, like magic beings, seem to take delight in braving overwhelming dangers."

From the constant appearance of these birds at sea, at all times of the year, the sailors have an opinion that they do not, like ordinary and respectable birds, breed on land, but that they hatch their egg beneath their wings, while sitting on the water. This species of petrel, however, was found, by Mr. Audubon, breeding in great numbers on some small islands near Nova Scotia. They form burrows in the sand, often more than two feet deep, and lay a

single white egg on a little grass which has been previously carried into the hole. The nest is made in June, and by the beginning of August the young are able to follow their parents out to sea. Besides the present species, there are two others, which greatly resemble it in appearance, found on our coasts. All three sometimes associate in the same flock, and are indiscriminately named Stormy Petrels and Mother Carey's Chickens.

### PURITY.

This is an indispensable requisite to a good character. Purity of thought, of speech, of conduct, should be scrupulously adhered to by every man who desires a fair reputation. Ah! how many there are who call themselves gentlemen, honorable men, men of character and standing, who are guilty of offences against purity, which ought to exclude them from the society of the respectable and virtuous. How many young men, who think themselves fit company for the amiable, and pure, and lovely of the other sex, who ought not to be allowed to breathe the same air with our daughters and sisters, and who would not be, if they were thoroughly known by the community generally, as they are by a few. How many who, in the presence of women in our social circles, will flatter and compliment, with the most obsequious manifestations of respect, and in the most insinuating manner, who, among their male associates, will speak of women in the most disrespectful and insulting manner, with gross familiarity and unblushing coarseness. When I hear a young man indulging in coarse and depreciating expressions toward the female sex, or making them the subject of some vulgar allusion, or indecent double entendre, I put a mark upon him as not to be trusted. The highest respect and consideration for woman, is a mark of a noble character.

## OUR BABY MAY.

MR. EDITOR:—Among other things of interest, which I found in the April number of your Home Magazine, was a sweet little piece of poetry, headed "Baby May." I fully appreciated every line of it, for I, too, have a baby May, who is the "Angel of our Household," and who has called forth similar feelings from her mother's heart. I send you the following lines, not because of their merit, but because I would thus acknowledge to you the interest I take in reading your Magazine. Please excuse what errors you may find, as it is quite a new thing for me to rhyme:

When the wintry winds were swelling,  
Around our quiet happy dwelling,  
Came a tender little creature  
From the world of endless day;  
Claiming love in fullest measure,  
Which we gave to the sweet treasure,  
With the name of Florence May.

And, when came soft April showers,  
Giving life to Spring's first flowers,  
None surpassed this bud of ours,  
"So we fondly say;"  
With her brow of lily whiteness,  
Her blue eye of Heaven's own brightness,  
Baby May.

When with music woods were ringing,  
Waters gushing, songsters singing,  
Joy to every bosom bringing,  
All the Summer day;  
Sweeter far the songs she brought us,  
Than of birds, or gushing waters,  
Baby May.

Soon came Autumn's voices, sighing,  
While upon the cold earth, lying,  
Summer's bloom was fading, dying,  
Hastening to decay;  
Then a gale which chilled the flowers,  
Breathed upon this bud of ours,  
Baby May.

Rude December's blasts came swelling,  
Future lonely hours foretelling,  
Light seemed fading from our dwelling  
Fast away;  
Paler grew her cheek, and paler,  
Till we felt that life must fail her,  
Baby May.

But, there came a voice from Heaven,  
Peace unto our hearts was given,  
Darkness from our home was driven,  
Night was changed to day,  
Angel forms were bending o'er her,  
God had sent them to restore her,  
Baby May.

Now, her childish voice is sounding,  
Now, her merry laugh resounding,  
While her little heart is bounding  
Wild with play.  
Life with all its scenes of pleasure,  
Must be dark without this treasure  
Baby May.

When these mother's arms caress her,  
And to my fond bosom press her,  
Prayers I breathe, for Him to bless her

Through life's day,  
Who, in loving kindness gave her,  
Save from sin, from sorrow save her,  
Baby May. E. S. P.

## ENDURANCE.

Oh! we are quarrelous creatures. Little less  
Than all things can suffice to make us happy;  
And little more than nothing is enough  
To discontent us.—Coleridge.

It is astonishing to note how much wisdom, truth, eloquence, can often be compressed into a few little lines.

Those which you have just read are mean in amount, but ponderous in import. They are like an antique ring, set with diamonds, whose worth is almost fabulous. They impress like a picture, and convince like a sermon.

Thus it is with us. Covetous, yearning, ambitious, grasping, impious, we would seize upon the whole riches of earth—had but our puny hands the power—and make them tributary to our comfort and luxury. We snatch away the mitre and the crown—we would tear off the robe and the cowl; content to be our own rulers, our own priests, our own dispensers. And all this time we forget that the toll which is taken at the gate of Paradise is something besides gold.

The most opulent—as a general principle—are the most unhappy. Gain begets restlessness—fear—distrust. The rich man's coffers are full of sorrows. "What if I lose it?" is his constant query; a query that haunts his mind by day and by night—that rings in his urn ear amid his diurnal duties, and perches upon his pillow when it is dark. And yet, with all these discomforts, we sigh and plan for more.

Again—trifles of annoyance chafe us to madness. "Little more than nothing" throws us into a fever of discontent, and often of anger. We cannot brook the slightest attrition with trial—we cannot endure the momentary presence of a disappointment. We choose a path of blossoms—and the scratch of a single thorn maddens us to desperation. We demand only the easy and delightful—for their opposite we have no endurance. We seek to emulate Cleopatra, and dissolve pearls in our drinking-cups, just to show that we possess them. Heavens! but how men, now-a-days, do run away with themselves.

It is time that the wings of reflection were unfettered. They have been bound and cramped too long. The bird brings much prey in its talons, when its flights are unrestrained.

They are truly wise, who, when the dangerous proclivities of the heart and mind are pointed out, do straightway appropriate the admonitions, and abide therein. He who walks along the rocky margin of the precipice, because he will walk there, shall, at last, come to destruction.—*Buffalo Express.*

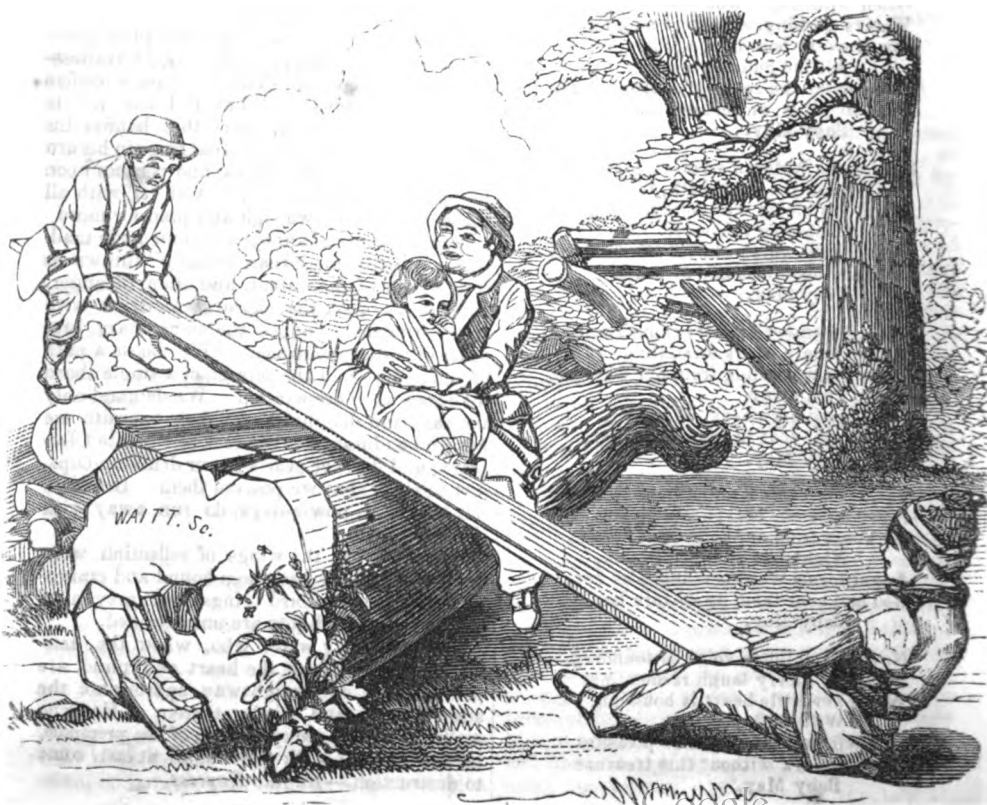




EVENING PRAYERS OF CHILDREN.

It is the hour when babes with angels speak.  
 . . . . . All young children, with bent  
 knees,  
 Eyes raised to Heaven, and small hands folded  
 fair,  
 Say at the self-same hour the self-same prayer.

And then they sleep. Ah! peaceful cradle sleep!  
 Oh! childhood's hallowed prayer! religion deep  
 Of love, not fear, in happiness expressed!  
 So the young bird, when done its twilight lay  
 Of praise, folds peacefully at shut of day  
 Its head beneath its wing, and sinks to rest.



SPORTS OF CHILDREN.



## LILLIEN; OR, THE FIRST WATCH.

BY ELIZABETH JESSUP EAMES.

"Wo for the watcher!"

All that Raphael ever dreamed of  
In his search for grace and beauty,  
Radiates in those faultless features,  
Full of lofty love and duty;  
Full of gentleness and goodness—  
Pure as Lillien's brow, and holy  
Dove-like eyes, serene, yet wearing  
Now a thought of melancholy!  
While the soft angelic mouth tells of a nature  
trusting, tender,  
Though the shadow of some trouble seems it  
sorrowful to render!

But one little month since Lillien  
Took the bridal vow upon her—  
Full of manly gifts and graces,  
Seemed the soul of him who won her:  
All fair hopes of happiness  
Were centred in possessing  
The spirit of that love, which made  
Her life's delight and blessing.  
Full of earnest grace he stood, that happy hour,  
beside her;  
Henceforth her comforter and friend, should  
weal wo betide her.

Ever and anon sweeps Lillien  
Back a mass of golden tresses;  
Close her dainty, snow-white ear,  
To the lattice pane she presses;—  
She has sat beside that casement,  
Till the twilight turn'd to even,  
Watching, one by one, the stars  
Beam forth on the brow of Heaven.  
Wide she parts the creeping flower-vines with  
her eager, trembling fingers;  
Pushing back the wreathed rose-sprays, where  
the silver moonlight lingers.

Far into the silent midnight,  
Lillien's restless glances wander  
With intense anxiety,  
For her strain'd eye seeth yonder,  
Something through the tree-shades moving.  
Cheek is flush'd, and heart is beating!  
While unto herself she keeps  
Tenderly one name repeating!  
Soon will be forgot—forgiven—what, but now,  
so sorely griev'd her—  
Wo! for human love and hope—the distance  
bath deceiv'd her!

Lillien's cheek is flushing—fading—  
Sadly move the hours and slowly,  
Still her vigil lone she keepeth  
With a patient love ever lowly.  
Heavily the silken lashes  
Fall upon those eyes so heavy,  
Watch-worn her poor head reclines;  
Darker grows the night—more dreary—  
Faint and fitful gleams the taper, like the hope  
within her bosom;  
But her trust in love sustains her—lovel thou  
tender, tenderest blossom!

Never yet had doubt arisen  
In fair Lillien's trusting nature—  
Fond, confiding, full and free,  
Was the love of that meek creature.  
But a strange and solemn boding  
Gradually now steals o'er her;  
While some vague and unknown evil  
Rises silently before her!

Is his way beset with peril! *this* her anxious oft  
enquiring,  
But no lightest word brings answer to her  
spirit's fond desiring!

Lonely Lillien! darker—heavier  
Grows the earth and sky around her,  
Wo for her—a shadow deeper  
Than the shades of night surround her!  
Still despair and desperate faith  
Watch for his return are keeping,  
Till in hopelessness she yields  
To a long and weary weeping;  
Piteously she asks herself—"Wherefore am I  
thus neglected?"  
Sudden fear, unwonted rising, is as suddenly re-  
jected.

Moon and stars have died away  
In the firmament above her—  
Cool the morning gales go by,  
Lillien's watch, at length, is over!  
Over—for she sees him coming—  
How her heart-pulse quickens!  
Ah! what fatal drawback now?  
What dim vapor thickens  
Round her sight, alas! *a first experience* is before  
her.

Oh, God! be kind!—once more to hope and con-  
fidence restore her!

Slowly, sadly, broke the knowledge  
Then, and in a calmer leisure;  
But that first night-watch might well  
The woes of years outmeasure!  
A day oft makes a destiny,  
For life lives in but little;  
Poor Lillien was doomed to prove  
Her strongest hope most brittle:  
For fatal was the truth she learn'd—"The wine-  
cup was his failing!"  
But common words these—yet they made her  
sum of life's bewailing!

Life no misery knoweth like this  
Vice, with other vices blended;  
God help the disappointed one,  
Whose dream on earth is ended!

WHAT IS A LETTER?—This question is an-  
swered by a poet, thus happily:

What is a letter? Let affection tell  
A tongue that speaks for those  
dwell;  
A silent language uttered to the eye,  
Which envious distance would in vain deny;  
A link to bind where circumstances part,  
A nerve of feeling stretched from heart to heart,  
Formed to convey, like an electric chain,  
The mystic flash,—the lightning of the brain—  
And thrill at once, through its remotest link,  
The throbs of passion, by a drop of ink.

## SUABIAN PARSONAGES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

A parsonage—what a sweet word for Suabian ears! There are parsons everywhere, it is true, and in other countries, too—they very likely do not dwell in caverns; but still I think that the real parsonages are only to be found in Suabia.

The word "parsonage" has an almost magic charm for every heart of a maiden, though it beat in the most elegant circles. The house itself need not be very modern nor superb, only right cosy, with a garden in front, and a grass plat behind, over which a quiet, green path leads to the church; and through the windows decorated with flower-pots, the pleasant lamp-light must shine, in the gleam of which the parson reads to his lady-love.

All parsonages, it is true, do not bear such a romantic character, and you must pardon me, if in introducing you to them, I should be obliged to show you some shady sides between the sunny ones.

But let the first that we enter be a right good and dear one; one which I guard in a thankful remembrance in my memory, and on which I love to dwell in my imagination. In thinking for a name with which to head it, I cannot find a more suitable one than

## THE CHEERFUL PARSONAGE.

Cheerful it certainly it was. It is painted of such a bright yellow color, and high up in the village, that you can see it from a great distance, promising a friendly reception to the numerous guests from the neighboring towns. And if you pass over the mossy old graveyard which now serves as a sporting place for the young and the chicken, how cheerfully it looks at you, surrounded with its clean yard! A tall walnut tree is at its right hand, so closely embracing the house, that you can pluck its fruit from the windows; a spacious garden stretches away towards the left, the green trees and bushes of which look inquisitively over the lowly yard buildings which are inhabited by the chicken of the house. With friendly barking and wagging of his tail, Ayor, the faithful dog of the house comes to meet you, and announces you to his master. A perfection of a dog he was; an ugly animal in one sense, but he seemed to have imbibed of the hospitable nature of the house, and jumped up at every guest from mere pleasure. We children could certainly never forgive his eating gooseberries like a man, but otherwise he was our good friend.

Poor Ayor! He had to give up his life as a dog-visitation, although the only crime of which his clever soul was guilty, consisted in his being eight years old.

But we cannot stay in the yard, let us enter the house. The first story consists of a large and high hall, in which, for the delight of the children, a large swing is hanging. In this

hall a beautifully painted verse adorns the wall, decorated with green pine-twigs. With this the villagers welcomed their pastor years ago, at his coming.

Now we will mount the stairs, from the top of which the friendly voice of the housewife has already bid us welcome, and step in the large dwelling-room, which answers for various purposes, and combines in it the uses of a parlor, study, dining-room and sitting-room. At the window the stately form of the minister was leaning, shrouded in a thick cloud of smoke, whence a pleasant hue of a blueish color diffused over the rest of the room. He was a steady and persevering smoker. (passionate is not the word for a man of his grave habits and sedate demeanor;) emitting his vapor as long as the day was long. Once only in an hour of deepest distress I saw his pipe extinguished. Now, however, he puts it aside for a moment, in order to bid his guests, with a loud and full voice, welcome.

All superfluous clothing having been dispensed with, we sit right cosily around the round table, and I should like to know him that would not have felt comfortable there. Every one felt himself safe from all running and noise, and each enjoyed the simple repast of coffee, butter, and fresh fruit, so much, as if he had expressly come here for the sake of this fruit.

No wonder that every one felt so easy here; for all guests, young and old, were welcome at all times, and there is no more pleasant and heart-warming feeling than that of being a welcome guest. You did not need to be afraid when pulling the bell, that you would call forth a violent opening and shutting of doors, or a loud conference in the kitchen before the door was open.

Saturday even, that day of domestic trial and discomfort, that awful purgatory before the entrance to the repose of the Sabbath, had lost its acrimony in the cheerful parsonage, for which reason it was most strongly visited on that particular day. And not only in clear daylight, the cheerful parsonage received its visitations, but it was also the goal for romantic moonlight excursions in bright winter nights, and a cup of warm tea and sweet cakes were relished with great appetite by these late comers.

The minister's wife was none of the over-busy women, although she administered the financial department of the house with great prudence and economy; her delicate health also would have objected to brisk and ceaseless movements; for which reason the parsonage never made that painful impression, as if all the people in the house were killing themselves, in order to make some coffee. There was no disappearance of the lady of the house for whole hours, interrupted only by a short and breathless reappearance for a few minutes; but all things went on as quietly as of their own accord. Even before the domestic management

passed into the hands of the daughter, Mrs. Parson, (as the German's say) sat quietly among her friends, with her red knitting basket, knitting a slowly progressing stocking, and listening attentively to her guests. On the other hand, she had her beaming eyes constantly fixed upon her husband, who was in her eyes the ne plus ultra of male beauty and symmetry, while he, on the other side, could not imagine anything more pleasing and perfect than his wife. Whether they appeared so to the eyes of other people, does not matter. Enough, that they themselves felt blessed in that belief. From the unfading happiness of this pair also, which filled them both with inmost satisfaction, an atmosphere of peace and happiness breathed upon every one that approached them.

A study the parson did not want. He enjoyed one for two whole days, but he could not stand it any longer.

"Why should I be elsewhere, when I can be with you?" he said to his wife.

Since that time he established himself with his pipes and books (in both of which he was not very luxurious) in the only dwelling room near his wife, and neither his mind nor his office have suffered in consequence. He has certainly not hatched out a new system of philosophy, nor has he studied Sanscrit and the Chaldean language, but he was a very intelligent man for all, and had a sound judgment of his own in all matters that were within the reach of science and of life.

His passion, besides smoking, was a game of chess; it was just the thing for his good, quiet old nature to look at the chess-board a whole half an hour, puffing away, ere he set his men in motion. Now and then he happened to be a little distracted, and thus he once entered a large company with a broom instead of his cane in his hand, with which he had cleaned his boots before the door. I can still see his astonished physiognomy, when he found his courteous greeting retaliated by a loud laughter.

The homilies and private audiences which the pastor gave to his peasants in their various circumstances of life, could only gain by the silent presence of the pastor's wife, who, knowing all about all things, inserted now and then the right word in the proper place; particularly zealous was she, when a husband was to be shown his duties, or a wife to be admonished to be patient and gentle. The pastor's sermons, which he never studied—of which his wife was very proud—glowed with the fire of simple truth, and never missed their aim; often they hit even much better than the best studied speeches.

The congregation lay very much at the heart of its pastor and his wife, and they regarded it with almost the same predilection with which parents look at their child, with all his virtues and failings, and they never could bear it when their village was run down in the neighborhood.

It is an undeniable fact that individual villages and communities, like entire nations and provinces, have their peculiar character, which gives rise to the many vexations and even bloody encounters between two neighboring villages. The village, also, in which the cheerful parsonage was situated—we will call it Vinedorf—was far-famed for the industry and economy of its inhabitants. They seemed to be able almost to make two days of one. Whenever there was unfavorable time for haying or harvesting, and when the whole crop in the neighborhood was destroyed, the Vinedorfians were sure to bring in their crops in the right season. When the Necar (the principal river running through the kingdom of Wurtemberg) threatened to inundate the meadows around its shore, and when the neighboring town people went to bed, lamenting, "Pity for the good manure which the Necar will take away to-night," the Vinedorfian meadows might have been seen covered with lanterns, in the light of which the inhabitants gathered up even the last straw of their manure. People certainly said about them, that a Vinedorfian never went home without taking something along not belonging to him, and that you might catch fish in their wine, because they christened it with Necar-water; but the parson's wife never owned up to this. On the other hand, she gloried that there was only one beggar in the whole large village; and he, too, was a very insolent one, for he criticized the bill of fare wherever he went, and scolded the women when they did not cook well. Once two strange beggar-children rung the parson's bell, and when we jokingly called to them that begging was not in fashion in Vinedorf, the good Mrs. Pastor lamented that we ought not to have done so, because they would certainly not come back again.

Although the parson kept aloof of all sects, he still esteemed the "still ones in the country," the Pictists\* of his place, very highly, and called them his best citizens; and he avoided, whenever he could, to offend them. Once the birthday of his youngest daughter was celebrated, and her young friends from town had studied and learned to play a moral drama from Weiss's Friend of Children, in order to surprise her with it. The minister's wife heard of the plan, and entreated us to make the representation.

"You know, children," she said, "for the sake of the weak brother!"

The parson's daughters, therefore, went to town, and the representation succeeded admirably. The actors and audience afterwards crossed the Necar, and quartered themselves

\* The Pictists are a sect of people, frequently meeting together in the evenings, for pious exercises. They have their rulers, who read to them and admonish them to walk in the right way. They are all out of this world, and only move in spiritual things. Dancing, theatres, fashion, modern literature, parties, etc., they consider crime and sin, indiscriminately.

at the cheerful parsonage, where they were regaled with a delicious rice-pudding. Our feast was celebrated, and the feelings of the weak brother were saved.

The village was distinguished from olden times as being very orthodox. When the old question in baptisms, "Do you renounce the devil," etc., was abolished, the Vinedorflans, on every baptism, petitioned the consistory that it would allow them to have the rite of baptism performed in the old way. Tired of these everlasting petitions, the consistory empowered the dean of the district to grant said petitions, which act the dean communicated to the parson of Vinedorf, with the following laconic words:—

"The reverend pastor of Vinedorf is herewith informed that the Vinedorflans may henceforth have the devil for 36 kreutzers (25 cents), by application at the dean's, in —."

All revolutions and noises abroad, all quarrels, envy and petty jealousies, which generally stir and spoil life in small circles, did not exist for the cheerful parsonage. All thorns and asperities of life were blunted and roughed off amid the peaceful influences of this happy home. If ever the parson spoke with his friends about the incidents of the times, they never could speak of the dread of an approaching storm, for the face of the minister's wife, ever cheerful and ever serene, would remark—

"Just wait a little, and you will see that all things turn out well, after all."

The love of the married pair ever retained its bridal freshness. Built upon a devout love to the Lord, it braved all the storms of married life, and thus proved experimentally the firm stability of true love. There was nothing artistic or sentimental in their feelings; rather something innocent and childlike. After thirty years of marriage, the parson's wife regarded her husband still with the same feeling of inmost delight, as on that memorable Christmas eve, when he offered to her his own worthy self for a Christmas present. He was a mere curate, then, but was unhesitatingly accepted. As the most tenderest of brides, her looks followed him, as long as she could see him from the window, when he left the house or she waited for his return. When she accompanied him during a walk, and returned sooner than he did, she carefully searched for his footsteps, and walked back in the same. Neither did she at all consider it a violation of her womanly dignity when she gave her hand to her husband, as often as it came into her mind, and said—

"I am very much obliged to you, indeed, that you have married me."

The parson, on the other hand, did not esteem her the less for it, but placed her very high, as his most precious gem. He also returned her tenderness in like measure, although in a less refined manner.

With studies and reading, the good Mrs.

P—— never troubled herself much, but she used her own clear eyes in going through this life. Her book was the heart and thoughts of her husband, and therein she never read in vain. Nobody missed classic or æsthetic education with her. Her domestic happiness and the excellency of her husband formed the inexhaustible topic of her conversation, with which, strange to say, she never tired anybody, because you felt yourself so completely transposed into the element of her happiness as into a warm life-giving atmosphere. Never the holy state of matrimony had a more ardent panegyrist than her. To see a newly married pair, or a tender bride and groom, were a great treat for her.

In this happy house, old, petrified hearts again caught life, and many a withered pair, under the influence of its loving sphere, again thought about kissing and giving a hand to each other, which ceremony generally only took place three times a year—on Christmas and on the respective birthdays of the husband and wife.

The young folks often laughed at this effusion of love among the old ones, but otherwise just acted as if they were at home. They knocked down nuts from the window, robbed the garden as long as there was anything to rob, told stories to each other in the rosy arbor, and at all times returned home happy and satisfied, accompanied by the obliging Ayor and the family of the parson to the brink of the river separating the town from the village.

Another still and friendly element dwelt in the cosy back room of the house—the venerable mother of the parson—the very picture of a pious, peaceful old age, and at her side her busy daughter, aunt Clara, the creating genius of the house, privy counsellor in all domestic affairs of importance, and educator of the growing daughters: for two young, living blossoms had sprouted from this happy union—two rosy daughters, the ornament of the cheerful home. The one grew up a restless, active Martha, a source of continual surprise for her quiet mamma, who was, one day, in the quality of a good pastor's wife, to issue a second, more richly illustrated edition of the parental happiness. The second, a tender and lovely bud, was not made for this world. In the years of her brightest blossom, her mild, blue eyes ceased to behold this earth. The dear child never thought that she would bring the first gloom into this happy home. Thy form, too, worthy parson, is no more leaning at the window, accompanied with bluish clouds! But in a cheerful parsonage I would lead you. Let us silently close the door, ere it grows dark within.

To enjoy to-day, stop worrying about to-morrow. Next week will be just as capable of taking care of itself as this one. And why shouldn't it? It will have seven days' more experience.

## CONVERSATIONS ON AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY E. KENNEDY.

## EARLY SETTLEMENTS IN AMERICA.

*Tommy.* I have a fancy, papa, to hear you talk about the first settlement of America, and how it came about. It seems to me I can always understand a subject best by hearing it talked about beforehand.

*Papa.* Well, what shall I say to you about America and its earliest settlement by white people? You don't want me to dwell, I suppose, upon the story of Columbus, do you?

*T.* No, sir, not so particularly, because I have read that again and again in Washington Irving's delightful book.

*P.* I think I know your wants and wishes upon the subject. You desire to know how the white man came to set his foot permanently upon these shores. This is your query, if I understand you?

*T.* Yes, sir.

*P.* You will hardly consider the voyages made by the Cabots, by Americus Vesputius, by Verrazani, or even by Goswold, in the light of settlements of this continent?

*T.* No, sir; I suppose not.

*P.* Nor the military expedition of Cortez to Mexico, in the year 1520, or the romantic adventure of Fernando De Soto, across to the Mississippi River, some twenty years afterwards. Neither of these, though extremely interesting in themselves, come under the peculiar distinction of *settlements*, and, therefore, we must pass them by with only this brief reference to the fact of their occurrence.

*T.* It was a good while from the time of the first discovery of the country to the period of its first actual settlement—more than an hundred years, wasn't it?

*P.* Yes; more than a century.

*T.* That seems curious. I should like to enquire about it, and examine into the reason of the thing. You always tell me that there is a cause for everything under the sun, and there must have been a cause for such a long delay.

*P.* We shall see. Who was King of England when America was discovered? can you tell? because it is necessary to keep the run of these English monarchs in order to understand the subject we are now talking about.

*T.* It was Henry VII., was it not? Yes, I am pretty sure it was Henry the Seventh, for he died in 1509. After him came Henry VIII., that dreadful king. He died in 1547, and was succeeded by his son, Edward VI., who was so very young and so very good. But he didn't live more than five or six years, and then came Bloody Mary, who burnt alive so many people on account of their religion, but she died in 1558, which made the people of England very glad, I have no doubt.

*P.* You have gone on pretty well. Now

the two next reigns have a most important bearing upon the settlement of America.

*T.* There were Queen Elizabeth, that great, that mighty monarch, from 1558 until 1603, and James I., from 1603 to 1625.

*P.* Sir Walter Raleigh, a brave, talented, and truly great man, first led the way to these shores with a design of making a settlement here. He was an adventurous navigator, and was quite a favorite of that illustrious queen in whose reign he lived. Returning to England, in the year 1584, he gave such glowing accounts of the beautiful American country which he had visited, that Elizabeth, out of compliment to herself as being a virgin queen, bestowed upon the whole country the name of VIRGINIA.

*T.* And that is the way Virginia got its name? Well, I shall remember that, surely.

*P.* Sir Walter Raleigh did more. He interested himself to have a small colony established. This was the first. The settlement was made upon Roanoke Island, on the coast of North Carolina, in the years 1585, 1586, and 1587, but it was not successful. A number of the settlers, becoming discouraged, returned again to England. Others—perhaps the greater part of them—perished. I have been told that, in the town of Raleigh, North Carolina, there is to be seen a small cannon, made of iron bars, and bound together by hoops, which was dug up, upon the island of Roanoke, some years ago, no doubt a relic of the olden time, and a very interesting one.

*T.* I suppose no other effort was made during the lifetime of Queen Elizabeth to send over a colony to America?

*P.* No other. Twenty years elapsed, and there was nothing done. Queen Elizabeth died in 1603, and was succeeded to the throne by the son of the lovely and unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots; this was James I. Early in the reign of this king two companies were formed—one the *London Company* and the other the *Plymouth Company*—for the purpose of making a good speculation in lands on this side of the great water.

*T.* Why, I thought it was to escape from persecution, on account of their religion, that the English people first came over, and made their home in America?

*P.* Yes, you are correct, if you say they were *among* the first, but it was not on account of religion that the very first leading impulse was given. In 1607, the first company of colonists came over—about a hundred of them—and they passed a short distance up a beautiful river, to which they gave the name of James River, after their king, of course; and, upon an island, some forty or fifty miles from its mouth, they began to build a town, called Jamestown, also in compliment to their king. You know about Captain John Smith and Pocahontas, and of the troubles and difficulties which the settlers contended against on account of the hostility of the Indians.

T. Oh! yes, I remember the story well, and how this poor Pocahontas, who so nobly saved Captain Smith's life, went to England, afterwards, having married young Mr. Rolfe, and that there she died. I think this was in the year 1616.

P. Other settlements followed soon after. The first one that succeeded the English settlement in Virginia was that made by the Dutch from Holland, upon the island where the present city of New York now stands. They called it "New Amsterdam," but afterwards the English people got possession of it, and they changed the name, calling it "York," after the brother of the king, who was the Duke of York; and as everything upon this side of the Atlantic ocean was so recent, they called it "New York," to distinguish it from the city of York, in England. But the landing of the Pilgrim fathers, in the year 1620, is the event next in importance to the first settlement of Virginia, which should claim our attention.

T. It was they who came over in order to enjoy a quiet on account of their religion; am I right?

P. Yes, in great part on account of religious persecutions at home; but all these early settlements in America were made very much upon the same principle which prompt men now-a-days to remove off to new countries—it was in the hope of bettering their condition. 'Tis true, they wished to be unmolested on account of their faith, and to enjoy such forms of religious worship as seemed to them to be best; and therefore they were willing to brave the dangers of the ocean, and the discouragements as well as the dangers of a wild forest life, such as it was necessary for them to encounter here in the wilderness of America. It was in the depth of Winter when they landed, and everything must have appeared cheerless and gloomy enough; but nevertheless they went to work and built themselves houses, and it was not long before it seemed to be like home to them, and they even called their new residence "New England," and their first town was "Plymouth," after the name of the town in England where they had sailed from. The name "Massachusetts," afterwards given, was an Indian name. The "New England settlement" became the most prosperous of all these early adventurers to the new shores of America. In progress of time the "Puritans," for that was the name given to them as a religious sect, spread themselves all along the coast to the Northward and Eastward of the Hudson River.

T. Maryland, I believe, was next settled. Who was it named for?

P. The land of Mary; that is of Henrietta Maria, the wife of Charles the First, for it was in his reign that the Roman Catholics, under Lord Baltimore, came over and made a settlement in this State, or "Colony," as, at that time, all the different sections of country as they came to be occupied were called. The

present capital of Maryland was not founded until afterwards, and took its name of Annapolis from "Anne," the Queen, and the Greek word *polis*, meaning city; that is to say, the city of Anne. The "Carolinas," North Carolina and South Carolina, took their name from the same king, Charles—*Carolus* being the Latin name of Charles. And "Georgia" was, of course, as you can readily perceive, the colony named in honor of King George the Second, the first settlement being made there about the time of the birth of Washington, which you know was in the year 1732.

T. And Pennsylvania?

P. Well, you know that William Penn, a Quaker, obtained a large grant of land from the king, Charles the Second; and coming over in the year 1682, with a number of Quaker people as settlers with him, he founded Philadelphia. The name of this city occurs in the Bible. You will find it as a place in Asia Minor, where one of the "Seven Churches" was founded. It means "brotherly love," and the name is of Greek origin. Pennsylvania, or Penn-sylvania, as we may divide the word, means the "woody country of Penn." *Sylvania* is the Latin for woody country.

T. There is still something that I can't help wondering at, and that is, how it happened that so long a time was between the first discovery of America and its first settlement—nearly an hundred years, wasn't it?

P. It was more than a hundred years from the first discovery by Columbus, until the permanent establishment of English settlers upon the banks of James River, in Virginia. You ask why this was; and I hardly know where to begin to make you an answer. It was a great event, that of the discovery of a new world—a world without any government, and where everything, houses and people, and towns, and even the very form of government, should be new, entirely new. Perhaps it was the greatest event of the world's history that has happened in modern times.

T. I suppose nobody in Europe suspected of such a thing as another continent of land upon this side of the great ocean?

P. O no; they had even but a very faint idea of the extent of the Atlantic ocean; did not know that it was three thousand miles in breadth—they presumed it might be a few hundreds. In fact, they believed honestly, the world to be flat, and that the sun truly travelled around it, or rather over it, commencing in the East and journeying onwards to the West. They little suspected, until Copernicus and Galileo taught them to the contrary, that the earth was round, like an apple or an orange, and that the sun was in the centre, whilst the earth, as a great planet, travelled around it.

T. I don't think the world could have been very wise.

P. The world in 1492 was not very well advanced in intelligence. What is called the

*revival of learning* had not yet taken place—I mean a revival from the ignorance of the “dark ages.” Printing had just been discovered; and that art had but a very few years before been applied to the production of printed books. As books became more plenty, men, of course, applied themselves to learning, and so read more; and it was thus the darkness of the intellect was driven out and men’s minds became more enlarged. It has been thought by those who look upon the world’s history with the eye of a Christian philosopher—by which I mean the regarding of this world as God’s world, He being the Author and also the Governor of it—I say, it has been thought that there was a design of Great Wisdom in this whole matter of the discovery and the settlement of America. If the settlement of the country had followed immediately, the mental and moral character of the people would have been of an inferior grade. Men’s minds were not yet opened and enlarged by learning, neither was the darkness as to religion yet removed. Not until thirty years and more after Columbus, did Luther begin preaching the great doctrines of the Reformation. In the early part of the seventeenth century, however, these doctrines of Protestantism had taken a deep root, and nearly all of the emigrants to America, at its earliest settlement, were of the Reformed faith. In this way the New World became essentially Protestant, as it remains to this day. The subject is one well worthy of further reflection, but we cannot pursue it at present. You may yourself take the hints here given, and carry them out with such ingenuity as you are able.

## MY SCHOOL-GIRLS.

Here they are at the old desks—bless them! Not the same, though, I talked to you about a year ago. Ah! those Hatties, Marys and Marias! Fanny herself, with the rest, have all grown erudite, and left for higher walks along the Hill of Science. Success to them. I wonder if they are ever naughty now, or stupid at their lessons? Not all school-girls are they now, however. One Ellen is making gowns in a shop close by. My poetical Althea, of whom I prophesied such wondrous things—a very prodigy she was for composition and the like, my wonder—now is somebody’s bride, I hear. To think of it! And she not fifteen until June. Alas, and alas! what a way the world has got of growing old! My sweet-voiced singing-bird, Maria, is at school among the angels. Add for that my heart is grateful. Her wild, impulsive, all-unguided nature had led her into many an unwary step, of which scandal had kept the register. Now, I know that voice never will grow harsh with evil utterances, as here it might so soon have done, and all the far-back promises that welled up from her heart to give to it its music, instead of withering and dying all unknown, will be fostered into bloom

eternal. Dear Maria! And yet another school-girl from our circle has left her old desk, and the place that we called hers, for that other better school.

One day last summer there was heard a sound of noisy shuffling feet along our ante-room, followed by a knocking that made everybody start. Lo, thereupon, came in a little stooping figure that seemed a very Meg Merriles in miniature; a little, ill-favored, dingy creature, with tangled locks and gloveless hands, yet with a something in her expression that changed the smile that might have passed around the room to a look of wonder upon every face. The stranger was smaller and younger, apparently, by years, than any one of all the hundred girls before her, but she came forward with an earnest, absorbed look that seemed forgetful of their presence.

“I have come to enter school,” she announced in a peculiarly clear voice, approaching me with the necessary bit of paper.

“But I think you are not qualified for our grade, my little girl. The committee have made a mistake. Besides, it is not admission-day.”

Such a pair of eyes as glanced up into mine!

“The committee were in the school below, this morning, and directed me to come,” the clear voice said mildly, and a strange, varying expression that glanced out from under the ill-kept locks, told of a presence such as never came within our doors before—a genius. The child had come like a flash of light. She took the seat assigned her, and the next moment was deep in her own untold thoughts, as unconscious of the strange neighborhood as was the torn book she had spread open on the desk before her. She was six years old—my youngest pupil ten. The girls watched her as they would have watched some strange show. No matter. Before the day closed the little creature had been tested with a row of girls in questions of a character they had drilled upon for months—problems in mathematics—and clear, ready, prompt she was in everything. There was no such thing as puzzling her. A new character had found place in the school. Days passed on, and up and up the strange thing went. There was no change in her appearance. She was solitary, untidy, and plain, but still a miracle. It was said she was fatherless, and the child of a poor widow, but she had a brain that made her sit like a queen in her rags among us. I do not know that she ever thought of herself—of her own little self, personally. She seemed unconscious of want, or care, or thought, save for the all-absorbing topics of the class. Still, to tell how she shot up from rank to rank, of her wonderful successes, is more painful than pleasant. Her very precocity must have been a disease. All at once, in the midst of those rare days, the little wonder sickened and died. I cannot think of that passing away, now, without a feeling of relief. Her course had been so un-



natural it seemed like a pleasant going to rest for the wearied child, after her little years of strife and toil.

But I am wandering. My school girls are at their desks, and bright faces are smiling up at me like a band of glory. Geography and spelling, good behaviour, and prim habits! I must look to them, for they are human, I must own, prodigies as they all are. A. P.

## THE DARKENED PATHWAY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"To some, the sky is always bright; while, to others, it is never free from clouds. There is to me a mystery in this—something that looks like a partial Providence—for those who grope sadly through life in darkened paths are, so far as human judgment can determine, often purer and less selfish than those who move gaily along in perpetual sunshine. Look at Mrs. Adair. It always gives me the heart-ache to think of what she has endured in life, and still endures. Once she was surrounded by all that wealth could furnish of external good; now she is in poverty, with five children clinging to her for support, her health feeble, and few friends to counsel or lend her their aid. No woman could have loved a husband more tenderly than she loved hers, and few wives were ever more beloved in return; but she has gathered the widow's weeds around her, and is sitting in the darkness of an inconsolable grief. What a sweet character was hers! Always lowly and unselfish—a very angel on the earth from childhood upwards, and yet her doom to tread this darkened pathway! If Heaven smiles on the good—if the righteous are never forsaken—why this strange, hard, harsh Providence in the case of Mrs. Adair? I cannot understand it! God is goodness itself. They say, and loves His creatures with a love surpassing the love of a mother; but would any mother condemn a beloved child to such a cruel fate? No—no—no! From the very depths of my spirit I answer—No! I am only a weak, erring, selfish creature, but—"

Mrs. Endicott checked the utterance of what was in her thought, for, at the instant, another thought, rebuking her for an impious comparison of herself with her Maker, flitted across her mind. Yes, she was about drawing a parallel between herself and a Being of infinite wisdom and love, unfavorable to the latter!

The sky of Mrs. Endicott had not always been free from clouds. Many times had she walked in darkness; and why this was so ever appeared as one of the mysteries of life, for her self-explorations had never gone far enough to discover those natural evils, the existence of which only a state of intense mental suffering would manifest to her deeper consciousness. But all she had yet been called to endure was, she freely acknowledged, light in comparison to what poor Mrs. Adair had suffered, and was

suffering daily—and the case of this friend gave her a strong argument against the wisdom and justice of that Power, in the hands of which the children of men are as clay in the hands of the potter.

Even while Mrs. Endicott thus questioned and doubted, a domestic opened the door of the room in which she was sitting, and said—

"Mrs. Adair is in the parlor."

"Is she? Say that I will be down in a moment."

Mrs. Endicott felt a little surprised at the coincidence of her thought of her friend and that friend's appearance. It was another of those life-mysteries into which her dull eyes could not penetrate, and gave new occasion for dark surmises in regard to the Power above all, in all, and ruling all. With a sober face, as was befitting an interview with one so deeply burdened as Mrs. Adair, she went down to the parlor.

"My dear friend!" she said, tenderly, almost sadly, as she took the hand of her visitor.

Into the eyes of Mrs. Adair she looked, earnestly, for the glittering tear-veil, and upon her lips for the grief-curve. To her surprise, neither were there; but a cheerful light in the former and a gentle smile on the latter.

"How are you, this morning?"

Mrs. Endicott's voice was low and sympathizing.

"I feel a little stronger, to-day, thank you," answered Mrs. Adair, smiling as she spoke.

"How is your breast?"

"Still very tender."

"And the pain in your side?"

"I am not free from that a moment."

Still she smiled as she answered. There was not even a touch of sadness or despondency in her voice.

"Not free a moment! How do you bear it?"

"Happily—as I often say to myself—I have no time to think about the pain," replied Mrs. Adair, cheerfully. "It is wonderful how mental activity lifts us above the consciousness of bodily suffering. For my part, I am sure that if I had nothing to do but to sit down and brood over my ailments, I would be one of the most miserable, complaining creatures alive. But a kind Providence, even in the sending of poverty to His afflicted one, has but tempered the winds to the shorn lamb."

Mrs. Endicott was astonished to hear these words, falling, as they did, with such a confiding earnestness from the pale lips of her much-enduring friend.

"How can you speak so cheerfully?" she said. "How can you feel so thankful to Him who has shrouded your sky in darkness, and left you to grope in strange paths, on which fall not a single ray of light?"

"Even though the sky is clouded," was answered, "I know that the sun is shining there as clear and as beautiful as ever. The paths in which a wise and good Providence has called me to walk, may be strange, and are, at

times, rough and toilsome; but you err in saying that no light falls upon them."

"But the sky is dark—whence comes the light, Mrs. Adair?"

"Don't you remember the beautiful hymn written by Moore? It is to me worth all he ever penned besides. How often do I say it over to myself, lingering with a warming heart and a quickening pulse, on every word of consolation."

And in the glow of her fine enthusiasm, Mrs. Adair repeated:

"Oh, Thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,  
How dark this world would be,  
If, when deceived and wounded here,  
We could not fly to Thee!

The friends, who in our sunshine live,  
When Winter comes, are down;  
And he who has but tears to give,  
Must weep those tears alone.  
But, Thou wilt heal that broken heart,  
Which, like the plants that throw  
Their fragrance from the wounded part,  
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

"When joy no longer soothes or cheers,  
And e'en the hope that threw  
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,  
Is dimmed and vanish'd, too,  
Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom,  
Did not Thy Wing of Love  
Come, brightly waiting through the gloom  
Our Peace-branch from above?  
Then, sorrow touch'd by Thee, grows bright  
With more than rapture's ray;  
*As darkness shows us worlds of light,  
We never saw by day.*"

"None," said Mrs. Adair, "but those who have had the sky of their earthly affections shrouded in darkness, can fully understand the closing words of this consolatory hymn. Need I now answer your question—'Whence comes the light?' There is an inner world, Mrs. Endicott—a world full of light and joy, and consolation—a world whose sky is never darkened; whose sun is never hidden by clouds. When we turn from all in this life that we vainly trusted, and lift our eyes upward towards the sky, bending over our sad spirits, an unexpected light breaks in upon us, and we see a new firmament, glittering with myriads of stars, whose light is fed from that inner world where the sun shines for ever, undimmed. Oh, no! I do not tread a darkened pathway, Mrs. Endicott. There is light upon it from the sun of Heaven, and I am walking forward—weary at times, it may be, but with unwavering footsteps. I have been tried, sorely, it is true—I have suffered, oh, how deeply! and yet I can say, and do say—It is good for me that I was afflicted. But, I meant not to speak so much of myself, and you must forgive the intrusion. Self, you know, is ever an attractive theme. I have called this morning to try and interest you in a poor woman, who lives next door to me. She is very ill, and, I am afraid, will die. She has two chil-

dren, almost babes—sweet little things—and, if the mother is taken, they will be left without a home or a friend, unless God puts it into the heart of some one to give them both. I have been awake half the night, thinking about them, and debating the difficult question of my duty in the case. I might make room for one of them—"

"You!" Mrs. Endicott interrupted her, in a voice of unfeigned astonishment. "You? How can you give place a moment to such a thought, broken down in health as you are, and with five children of your own, clinging to you for support? It would be unjust to yourself and to them. Don't think of such a thing."

"That makes the difficulty in the case," replied Mrs. Adair. "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. My heart is large enough to take both of them in; but I have not strength enough to bear the added burden. And so I have come around this morning to see if I cannot awaken your interest. They are dear, sweet children, and will carry sunshine and a blessing into any home that opens to receive them."

"But why, my friend," said Mrs. Endicott, "do you, whose time is so precious—who have cares, and interests, and anxieties of your own, far more than enough for one poor, weak woman to bear, burden yourself with a duty like this? Leave the task to others more fitted for the work."

"There are but few who can rightly sympathize with that mother and her babes: and I am one of the few. Ah! my kind friend, none but the mother, who like me, has been brought to the verge of eternity, can truly feel for one in like circumstances. I have looked at my own precious ones, as I felt the waves of time sweeping my feet from their earthly resting place, and wept bitter tears as no answer came to the earnest question—'Who will love them, who will care for them when I am taken?' You cannot know, Mrs. Endicott, how profoundly thankful to God I am, that He spares my life, and yet gives me strength to do for my children. I bless His name for this tender mercy towards me, when I lie down at night and when I rise up in the morning. I bear every burden, I endure every pain, cheerfully, hopefully, even thankfully. It is because I can understand the heart of this dying mother, and feel for her in her mortal extremity, that I undertake her cause. You have only one child, my friend, and she is partly grown. 'A babe in the house is a well-spring of pleasure.' Is it not so? Take one, or even both of these children, if the mother dies. They are the little ones who are born upon the earth, in order that they may become angels in Heaven. They are of God's kingdom, and precious in His eyes. Nurture and raise them up for Him. Come! Oh, come with me to the bedside of this dying mother, and say to her—'Give me your babes, and I will shelter them in my heart.'

So doing, you will open for yourself a perennial fountain of delight. The picture of that poor mother's joyful face, painted instantly by love's bright sunbeams on your memory, will be a source of pleasure, lasting as eternity. Do not neglect this golden opportunity, nor leave other hands to gather the blessings which lie about your feet."

That earnest plea was echoed from the heart of Mrs. Endicott. The beautiful enthusiasm, so full of a convincing eloquence, prevailed; and the woman, in whose heart the waters of benevolence were growing stagnant, and already sending up exhalations that were hiding the sun of Heaven, felt a yearning pity for the dying mother, and was moved by an unselfish impulse toward her and her babes. Half an hour afterwards, she was in the sick chamber; and ere leaving, had received from the happy mother the solemn gift of her children, and seen her eyes close gently as her spirit took its tranquil departure for its better home.

"God will bless you, madam!"

All the dying mother's thankfulness was compressed into these words, and her full heart spent itself in their utterance.

Far away, in the inner depths of Mrs. Endicott's spirit—very far away—the words found an echo; and as this echo came back to her ears, she felt a new thrill of pleasure that ran deeper down the electric chain of feelings than emotion had ever, until now, penetrated. There were depths and capacities in her being, unknown before; and of this she had now a dim perception. Her action was unselfish, and to be unselfish is to be God-like—for God acts from a love of blessing others. To be God like in her action, brought her nearer the Infinite Source of what is pure and holy; and all proximity in this direction gives its measure of interior delight—as all retrocession gives its measure of darkness and disquietude.

"God will bless you!"

Mrs. Endicott never ceased hearing these words, and she felt them to be a prophecy. And God did bless her. In bestowing love and care upon the motherless little ones, she received from above double for all she gave. In blessing, she was twice blessed. About them her heart entwined daily new tendrils, until her own life beat with theirs in even pulses, and to seek their good was the highest joy of her existence.

Still, there were times when Mrs. Endicott felt that to some, God was not just in His dispensations, and the closer she observed Mrs. Adair, the less satisfied was she, that one so pure-minded, so unselfish, so earnest to impart good to others, should be so hardly dealt by—should be compelled to grope through life with painful steps, along a darkened way.

"There is a mystery in all this, which my dim vision fails to penetrate," she said one day to Mrs. Adair. "But we see here only in part—I must force myself into the belief that all is right. I say *force*, for it is indeed *force-work*."

"To me," was answered, "there is no longer a mystery here. I have been led by a way that I knew not. For a time, I moved along this way, doubting, fearing, trembling—but, now, I see that it is the right way, and though toilsome at times, yet it is winding steadily upwards, and I begin to see the sunabine resting calmly on the mountain-tops. Flowers, too, are springing by the way-side—few they are, as yet, but very fragrant."

Mrs. Adair paused for a moment, and then resumed—

"It may sound strange to you, but I am really happier than when all was bright and prosperous around me."

Mrs. Endicott looked surprised.

"I am a better woman, and therefore happier. I do not say this boastfully, but only to meet your question. I am a more useful woman, and therefore happier, for, as I have learned, inward peace is the sure reward of benefits conferred. The doing of good to another, from an unselfish end, brings to the heart its purest pleasure; and is not that the kindest Providence which leads us, no matter by what hard experiences, into a state of willingness to live for others instead of for ourselves alone? The dying mother, whose gift to you has proved so great a good, might have passed away, though her humble abode stood beside the elegant residence I called my home, without exciting more than a passing wave of sympathy—certainly, without filling my heart with the yearning desire to make truly peaceful her last moments, which led to the happy results that followed her efforts in my behalf. My children, too: you have often lamented that it is not so well with them as it would have been, had misfortune not overshadowed us,—but I am not so sure of that. I believe that all external disadvantages will be more than counterbalanced by the higher regard I have been led to take in the development of what is good and true in their characters. I now see them as future men and women, for whose usefulness and happiness I am in a great measure responsible; and as my views of life have become clearer, and, I trust, wiser, through suffering, I am far better able, under all the disadvantages of my position, to secure this great end, than I was before."

"But the way is hard for you—very hard," said Mrs. Endicott.

"It is my preparation for Heaven," replied the patient sufferer, while a smile, not caught from earth, made beautiful her countenance. "If my Heavenly Father could have made the way smoother, He would have done so. As it is, I thank Him daily for the roughness, and would not ask to have a stone removed or a rough place made, even."

A friend having one of Colt's large sized revolvers in his hand, was asked—"Is that a horse pistol?" "No," was his reply, "it's a Colt's."

## ISABEL.

Inscribed to Mr. and Mrs. P. C.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

Once, within a tropic bower,  
Where there fell a blossom shower,  
Where were humming-birds and bees  
Flitting 'mid the odoriferous trees,  
Sank I half asleep;

On a mossy couch reclining,  
Of skilled Nature's sweet divining,  
While the breeze Æolian played,  
Nestling in the trellised shade,  
Rich with vines acreep—

Leaf by leaf the foliage turning,  
As some spirit-minstrel yearning  
O'er the trancing strains and new,  
From each emerald page he drew—  
Like to Heaven's own.

Thus reposing, listless, dreamy,  
Saw I, through a vista gleamy—  
Centre of a halo bright,  
Framed methought of astral light—  
Vision, such an one

I had deemed would never wander  
From the sphere of glory yonder;  
Or, winged hitherward, must lose  
Half the brilliance of its hues,  
Half its wondrous grace!

Gazed I on the lovely being,  
All my soul enrapt in seeing  
What no pen may well express—  
Seraph beauty's perfectness;  
Such, in form and face.

'Twas a blissful, brief ideal;  
Early woke I to the real;  
Nor could hush a sorrowing tone,  
For the precious lovelight flown,—  
Flown for aye, I said!

But, as one whose head is weighty  
With the round of winters eighty,  
Till his eyes no more may look  
On the firmamental book,  
In some lakelet's bed;

Yet, beholds it mirrored truly,  
Even thus I clearly, fully,  
From that visioned one apart,  
Found reflected in my heart  
Her delicious spell.

Aftertime, in earthly vesture,  
Else the same in look and gesture;  
To our home that cherub came;  
And is honoring this name—  
Darling Isabel.

From her eyes of heavenly azure  
Looks a soul in artless pleasure;  
Hair like waves on golden sands,  
Sweet a marble forehead bands;  
Dimpling roses dwell

On the velvet cheeks, where kisses  
Seal the measure of our blisses;  
On the rosebud lips the while  
Seems a May-time morning's smile—  
Such is Isabel.

Oh! to God, who us doth lend her,  
Prayerfully we do commend her:  
Keep her through life's devious way,  
Pure and gentle as to-day;  
All her griefs dispel.

Such as groan 'neath woe's oppressing,  
May she earn their heartfelt blessing;—  
When shall ebb existence's tide,  
Safely back to Heaven guide  
Our loved Isabel!

## TWILIGHT TALKS FOR CHILDREN.

BY EMILIE GRAHAM.

## DAY.

The soft, cloudless air, that in Summer smells  
so sweet of grass and flowers—the pure sparkling Winter air, brighter than Spring water—do you know what color the air is?

When you look up through the stainless sunlight, what lovely color do you see? Blue above you and around you: everywhere bright blue—and you call it the sky.

Suppose you were to say to a little fish at the bottom of the sea, "Look up, little fish, and tell me what color you see above you and around you."

The little fish, if he could understand and answer, would reply, "I see green, green everywhere"—for the water of the sea is green.

But if he were to call that green, "the sky," you would certainly tell him—"It is not sky you see, dear little fish, it is the beautiful green water over your head, with the sun shining through it." And you would be quite right.

So I say to you, that what you call the blue of the sky, is nothing but the beautiful blue air over your head, with the sun shining through it; for you live in a sea of air, a good many miles deep, just as fish live in water; only you are too heavy to float about in it, like a balloon or a soap bubble, and are forced to remain at the bottom, on the solid earth.

Our earth is covered all over with air, and rests in the middle of it, as a thistle-seed does in its globe of down; and while the earth spins like a great top, waltzing at the same time round and round the sun, the air moves with it, just as the thistle-seed and its down move together when the wind blows them.

The sun, shining into this great, clear ball of air, lights it up through and through, exactly as you have seen lamps in the street and the windows of houses, light up a fog on some misty evening; and when it is filled with sunshine, it is so bright that it hides the stars from us, as though a dazzling blue curtain were drawn between us and them. It softens the intense brightness of the sun's rays, and spreads them out over the sky and the earth, so that even shady places are filled with a gentle light.

Do you know what, if there were no air, you would see all day, and every day, over your head? A pitch-black sky, pricked with the

keen stars and the terrible face of the round, fiery sun on its journey from the eastern to the western horizon; but not one spot of all this broad, sunny blue that you can scarcely gaze up into now without winking.

Unless you happened to look straight at the sun itself, you could not tell, by anything in the sky, whether it were day or night. And on the earth it would be still worse, for, wherever the sun shone straight, its light would be so terribly bright that you could not look upon it; while every place where the direct rays of the sun did not fall—in your houses, for instance, and under the shade of trees—would be hidden in shadow darker than midnight.

Such great patches of fierce light, and black, gloomy, cold shade, would not be at all like the cheerful day with its blue sky and soft white clouds and golden sunsets. The pleasant, joyous, old-fashioned daytime, what should we do without it?

Perhaps you will think that I must be mistaken when I tell you the air is blue, since, in a whole roomful of it, you see no color—nothing at all beside the walls and the furniture of the room; but that is because the air is of so light and delicate a blue, that its color can only be seen when there are miles of it together, lighted by the sun or the moon.

If you were to dip up a glass, or even a large tubful, of sea water, it would appear to you quite colorless, and yet, when you look down into the deep ocean, from the side of a ship, you can see it is very green.

You have heard and talked all your life about "the sky;" still I dare say it has never once entered your mind to ask what the sky really is?

Do you know what it is? I will tell you. It is just nothing at all—nothing but a name.

I mean, that if you could rise from the earth and go straight up and up, through all the depth of the blue air, and out beyond it, and still up and up, where there is no air, you would never come to any *sky* for you to touch or break through; but would find only open space, quite silent and cold and dark, and empty, excepting for the wonderful stars, some nearer and brighter than others, some dimmer and farther off, about you on every side.

In old times, before people had such great telescopes to look at the heavens through, or any means of learning half that we know now, they thought that the stars were all at the same distance from us, and supposed them to be stuck, like bright-headed nails, upon the inside of a great hollow ball, or sort of monstrous bubble—and that grand bubble they called *the sky*.

The wise men who live in our days, however, have found out that these bright, tiny stars are—what do you think? Suns, like our own blessed sun, but oh! so far off—so very, very far off, that, although they are really hundreds and thousands of times larger than our

earth, they look like bright specks that you could cover with the end of your little finger.

Some are farther from us than others, twice ten times—a hundred times—a million times farther off; some, such a great way that they can only be discovered by the help of the most powerful telescopes; and, no doubt, beyond these are countless hosts which we shall never, never see through any glass that men can make.

Only one of them is near enough for us to feel its heat, and that is our own sun, who, out of his great heart, warms us and gives us light; covers our earth in Summer with trees and grass, and flowers; keeps the merry streams and rivers from hardening into ice; ripens the grain and fruit, and draws the mists up from the sea and the earth, to drop them again in dew and nourishing showers.

All this our sun does for us, and a great deal more beside; but our earth is not his only child. Oh no! he has other worlds to bless with warmth and light; and those other worlds we may call our brothers and sisters, for the sun, and they, and we, and our dear little moons, have a corner of space all to ourselves to work and play in to our heart's content.

All the rest of the stars (for these brothers and sisters of ours appear to us like stars too) are such a weary long distance from our little family of worlds, such an endless, unimaginable distance, that it takes away my breath even to try to think of it; and not one of all that golden swarm ever flies this way to see how our sun and his children and grand-children are coming on, or to bring us news of the strange things that happen in his own part of the sky.

If any of them were to come towards us, we should see them grow and grow into great hot suns, and perhaps we should discover that each one of them has worlds of its own which it blesses with cheerful daylight and flowery Summer time, just as this earth is blessed by our sun.

Perhaps, too, if we were near enough, we might see men and women upon those worlds, and dear little boys and girls whom God loves and takes care of, just as He does of us.

Oh! should you not like to know something about those little children? I should, so very much.

To be sure, we cannot tell for certain that there are really any earths there, because the suns themselves are so far, far away, that they look like mere little specks of light, even through the most powerful telescopes which have ever been made; but it seems quite natural to suppose that there may be worlds like ours, moving round them; for it is a great deal more likely, I think, that they should all have families of their own to take care of, than that they—such mighty suns as they are—should have been put up there, so far off, only that we might make telescopes to look at them through, and see nothing but little bright specks after all.

I am very sure that, if there are any such worlds, they must have plenty of children upon them, because there is nothing on our earth half so nice as the little boys and girls, when they are only good.

For my part, I hope the sky is full of them, and that the worlds they live in are as beautiful, and their Summer days as long, and their Winter days as bright and cheerful as ours, and their fathers and mothers just as kind and good. And I hope, too, that there is somebody there who loves to talk to them in the evening twilights, and to tell them all she knows about the suns and worlds that God has made, and to wonder with them whether our sun—which looks a tiny star to them—has worlds of its own to light and warm, and whether such comfortable, merry little folks as you and I live here.

## OIL UPON THE WAVES.

Benjamin Franklin—printer, ambassador, electrician, kite-flyer, republican, and philosopher in general—made some curious experiments on this subject; but it will be easy to collect numerous observations bearing on the matter in other quarters, before noticing Franklin's researches.

Pliny, in his *Natural History*, propounded a bit of wisdom, which was a standing joke for many centuries. As given in Philemon Holland's translation, it runs thus:—"All seas are made calme and still with oyle; and therefore the dyvers under the water doe spurt and sprinkle it abroad with their mouths, because it dulceth and allayeth the unpleasant nature thereof, and carryeth a light with it." But, by the eighteenth century, men had begun to believe much of this statement, if not the whole. It became known that the fishermen of Bermuda were wont to pour a little oil on the water of the sea, to facilitate that striking of a fish which is rendered difficult when ripples disturb the clearness of view. It became known, or at least reported, that the fishermen of Lisbon, when about to return into the Tagus, and when the surf on the bar was more than usually rough, occasionally adopted the plan of emptying a bottle or two of oil into the sea; thereby suppressing the breakers sufficiently, to allow a boat to pass in safety. It became known that in certain parts of the Mediterranean, divers (probably sponge, or coral, or pearl fishers,) did the very thing which Pliny had described, not for the sake of a stillness of the waves, but for the clearness of light beneath the surface of the water which results from that stillness. It became known that in the harbor of Newport, in Rhode Island, the sea was always smooth while any whaling vessels were in it; whence the inference, that the leakage from the barrels had mixed with the water which was from time to time pumped up from the holds of the ships; and that this

modicum of oil, spreading over the surface of the harbor, stilled the waves.

Besides these general reports—rumors which were more trustworthy than it is always the good fortune of rumors to be—there were many facts mentioned more precisely by travellers, and naturalists, and others. Pennant said that "seals eat their prey beneath the water; and, in case they are devouring any very oily fish, the place is known by a certain smoothness of the waters immediately above; a fact which the seal-fishers are very glad to store up among their items of knowledge." Sir Gilfred Lawson, who served long in the army at Gibraltar, ascertained that the fishermen in that place were accustomed to pour a little oil on the sea, in order to still its motion, that they might be enabled to see the oysters lying beneath, which were large and valuable, and were fished up with more facility by this aid. Sir John Pringle—one of the lights of the Royal Society in the last century—found that the herring fishers on the coast of Scotland could, at a distance, see where the shoals of herrings were, by the smoothness of the water over them; attributable, as he believed, to the oiliness of the fish. Count Bentinck, the Dutch Envoy at St. James's, we believe, showed Dr. Franklin a letter curiously illustrative of this subject; it was from a M. Teuguagel, narrating the events of a voyage in a Dutch ship in 1770, in the Eastern seas. Near the islands Paul and Amsterdam, the ship encountered a storm; whereupon, the captain, for greater safety in wearing the ship, poured some oil into the sea. M. Teuguagel was upon deck at the time, and he states that the plan succeeded in preventing the waves from breaking over the vessel. He adds, "As the captain overturned no more than a small quantity at a time, the salvation of their ship was due, perhaps, to four quarts of olive oil;" and he very naturally thought it worthy of inquiry whether other vessels might not be aided in a similar way by a similarly small quantity of olive oil.

Dr. Franklin took up this subject as he did many others of a useful character—and in the best of all ways—by actual experiments. In the year 1757, being at sea in a large fleet bound for Louisburg, he observed the wakes of two of the ships to be remarkably smooth, while all the others were ruffled by a fresh-blowing wind. The captain on being appealed to for an assignable cause, expressed a supposition that "the cooks had been just emptying their greasy water through the scuppers, which had greased the sides of those two ships a little."

Franklin at first thought that this must be a mystification—a tale for the marines; but, re-collecting Pliny's statement, he resolved, if an opportunity should offer, to try the experiment for himself in ever so small a way. Some years afterwards, being at Clapham, he determined to make an oleaginous experiment upon a large pond.

On a windy day, when the surface of the pond was rough, he brought a cruet of oil, and poured a little into the pond: his first experiment was not very successful, for he stood on the leeward side of the pond, and the wind blew the oil back again upon the shore; but, upon going to the windward side, he found that even a single tea-spoonful of oil produced an instant calm over a space several yards square, and that, spreading and spreading by degrees, it reached the leeward side, covering, probably, half an acre with a film of oil of exquisite tenuity.

Franklin bore the character of a truthful man; and when he describes this experiment with unmistakeable clearness in the *Philosophical Transactions*, we must not reject it merely because it is marvellous. He declares that this spoonful of oil made half an acre of water "as smooth as a looking-glass." Ponds are not yet banished from England, nor oil, nor cruets, nor tea-spoons; and it would not be a very difficult matter for a curiously-disposed person to imitate this experiment for himself.

Franklin repeated the experiment soon after at Ormathwaite, near Leeds, in the presence of Smeaton and Jessop, the celebrated engineers; and on another occasion he determined to try, somewhere near Portsmouth, whether he could lessen the surf on a lee shore, by means of oil. He selected a windy day, which gave the character of a lee-shore to the spot between Haslar Hospital and Gillkicker point. A long boat was anchored about a quarter of a mile from the shore. A barge plied to windward of the long boat, as far from her as she was from the shore, making trips of about half a mile each; oil being continually poured from her, out of a large stone bottle, through a hole in the cork, about as large as a goose-quill. A party of observers placed themselves on the shore, in a position to note if any change were produced in the surf by the action of the oil. Franklin did not find the effect upon the surf to be so great as he expected; but the persons in the long-boat could observe a tract of smooth water the whole length of the distance on which the oil was poured, gradually spreading in breadth towards the long-boat. This water was smooth, but not actually level. The swell continued; but the surface was not ruffled by wrinkles or smaller waves: and there were none of the waves called by sailors "white caps" (waves whose tops turn over in foam,) although there was abundance of this kind of wave both to windward and leeward of the oily space. A wherry, that came round the point under sail, in her way to Portsmouth, seemed to turn into that oily track by choice, and to use it from end to end as a piece of turnpike road.

It was not likely that a man such as Franklin would abstain from speculating on the cause of such curious results. There are two inquiries involved—Why does oil spread on water? and why, when so spread, does it still the wavy surface? If a drop of oil be put upon

a polished marble table, or on a looking-glass placed horizontally, it remains in its place, spreading very little; but when put on water, it spreads instantly all round, becoming so thin as to produce the prismatic colors for a considerable space; and, beyond the region of these colors, to present that peculiar blackness which optical philosophers know to be attributable to a film, whose thickness is to be estimated by millionths rather than by thousandths of an inch. It would appear as if a mutual repulsion took place between the particles of oil as soon as it touches water: a repulsion so strong as to act on other bodies swimming on the surface, as straws, leaves, chips, &c., forcing them to recede every way from the drop as from a centre, leaving a large clear space.

But then, even if we can explain all this by means of repulsion, how happens it that so thin a film of oil can still the waves? When air is in motion over water, with any of the degrees of velocity between a gentle breeze and a perfect hurricane, the air encounters a sort of friction in passing over the surface of the water, and it rubs up the water into wrinkles: these wrinkles grow and grow and grow, until they become big waves. Now Franklin supposed that, when a film of oil is on the surface of water, the air has nothing to catch hold of; it slips over the oil, as a greasy pig's tail would slip out of the hands of Hodge at a fair; it cannot wrinkle the oil, and it cannot wrinkle the water beneath the oil. True, there are slower and larger heavings, especially in deep water; but there are not the little crummings and rippings which surface of water usually exhibits. There are two phases or stages in this process. If oil be poured upon water already in a state of wavy undulation, it will not stop the deep, full wave: it will only kill the little undulations with which these greater waves are embroidered. If the oil be poured upon the weather-side of water only just beginning to be affected by wind, it may, says Franklin, stifle the waves at their birth: by preventing them from being even little, it may effectually prevent them from ever being large. Whether this theory be true or not, it is clear and intelligible, and deserves attention.

In the Great Pacific of Clapham Common, when Franklin poured the oil near the lee-side of the pond, he failed to obtain a mastery over the waves; but when he operated on the weather-side (the side whence the wind blows) he nipped them in the bud, and thereby prevented them from blossoming into waves.

This curious subject, so far as evidence is afforded, has been but little attended to since Franklin's time. And yet it is a good subject for water-girt people like ourselves to know something more about. We feel much inclined to propound a few questions, to induce a little thinking on the part of those whose thoughts are worth knowing. Do our captains and sailors at the present day know much about this oil-wave theory? Have their observations



tended to confirm or to invalidate the reasonings of the older observers? Would ten pounds' worth of oil save a thousand pounds' worth of damage to shipping in a harbor during a particular state of the wind? would some of our surf-lined coasts become more easily accessible to ships' boats by oiling them occasionally—as we would oil one piece of mechanism, to enable another to slip over it smoothly? Would the efforts of our life-boats to reach a stranded ship be facilitated by a keg of oil, taken out as part of the boat's stores, and used where the surf is heaviest? Do our fishermen ever now throw oil upon the waves, to aid them in determining where and how to make their onslaught on the fish? If we dip anything into a pond or stream from a fourpenny piece up to anything you please, could we render it visible and facilitate our search by the use of a little oil? When masons descend by a diving-bell to engage on hydraulic engineering work, could they—like the Mediterranean fishers—get a little additional light into their workshops, by oiling the water's surface? Might not a hapless wrecked ship, sunk in water, not too deep, be attentively and usefully espied from above, if the water's surface were rendered smooth by oil? When telegraph-people are laying down submarine wires, would their labors be facilitated by a little oil, either to render the voyage smoother, or to render the sunken wire more visible? All which questions we submit without presuming to anticipate the answer.—*Household Words.*

### CAVES IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

Doctor Kane, the American voyager, relates the following concerning the caves of the Arctic regions. Some of the bergs were worn in deep, vault-like chasms, to which a way was practicable to broader caverns within. In the crystal solitudes the echoes were startling. "A whistle—your own whistle—you could hardly recognize for the length and clearness of the ring; the clang of a ramrod was heard running down the whole length of an army in review; and when you spoke, your words were repeated through the motionless atmosphere almost as long as your breath could hold out to make them. I tried a hexameter we used to quote at home, and it came back to me in slow and distinct utterance, word for word. There is a certain cousin of mine, whom I remember annoying in our school days, for the dispatch with which he could say his prayers of a frosty night before jumping into bed. My cousin's entire ration of winter prayer, I thought would have been repeated to him by a single effort of these echoes."

A member of a Western debating club, wishing to display his proficiency in the languages, when moving for an indefinite adjournment of the club, said—"Mr. President, I move we adjourn *E pluribus unum.*"

### THE ROBINS.

We're leaving the old home, robins,  
To-morrow-morn in vain  
Your tiny bills shall tap for us,  
Against the well-known pane.  
I've thought all day how I might find  
(Weak fancy though it be)  
Some kindly spell to print our names  
On your bird memory.

Blithe children we were all robins,  
When long and long ago,  
You flashed on our delighted eyes  
Like rubies in the snow.  
How soon the new and precious pets  
Grow intimate and bold!  
And then the "Children in the Wood,"  
With family pride we told.

I fancied when a child, robins,  
Nay, more than fancied, felt,  
Because its name was Faery-Hill,  
That here the fairies dwelt.  
The lilies seemed their palaces,  
The roses royal bowers,  
Sweet homes and tiny cottages  
Were all the meaner flowers.

That myrtle—when 'twas set, robins,  
So fresh and bright were both,  
That tree and child, my father said,  
Were twins in healthy growth.  
The tree has flourished fair since then  
But I, I scarcely know  
The tint of my old flush of health,  
Which faded long ago.

You left me not for that, robins,  
But trustingly would lead  
To my sick-bed your chirping brood,  
From this weak hand to feed.  
I've thought that He who sent a bird  
To give the Prophet food,  
Through you sent many a gentle thought,  
To do my spirit good.

I would not take you hence, robins,  
To cage you in a room;  
I dread too much the city streets,  
To shroud you in their gloom.  
But when the Winter violets  
Spring 'neath your nesting-tree,  
You've seen me gather them so oft,  
Perchance you'll think of me.

I wish I knew who next, robins,  
Shall tend these gardens fair;  
And who of you, our pretty birds,  
Hereafter shall take care.  
I like to fancy little steps,  
Amid the bowers, and fain  
Would love the child who in their shade  
Shall dream my dreams again.

Goodbye then, once for all, robins,  
Where'er our lives we spend,  
We know they're folded in the hand  
Of One, our common friend.  
Yet shall this old home o'er us throw  
Its radiance to the last,  
Inlaying as with jewels pure,  
The present with the past.

## THE DILIGENCE.

Translated from the French.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

It was about the close of the month of September. After having fallen in torrents all day, the rain had at last ceased; but a thick fog concealed the horizon, and, although it was four o'clock, night seemed to have already come.

A clumsy diligence, drawn by four horses, was ascending, with difficulty, one of the steep declivities which separate Belleville from Lyons, and the postillions were walking on each side of the team, stopping every fifty paces to allow it to breathe. The travellers themselves had descended, on the invitation of the conductor, and were following, on foot, complaining of the horses, the rain, and the bad roads.

Two of them, who came last, suddenly stopped at the summit of the hill. One of them was a man of about fifty years, with a smiling and gentle air. The other, younger, had, on the contrary, careworn features. He cast his eyes over the country, half buried in the fog, and said to his companion—

"What weather, and what a year, cousin Grugel! The Saone has hardly returned to its bed, and here are the valleys inundated again."

"God save us, Gontran!" replied the man with the mild countenance. "The bow of promise may appear suddenly amid this deluge."

"Yes," resumed the other traveller, with a little irony, "I know that you have the mania of hope, James."

"As you have that of discouragement, Darvon."

"Am I not in the right when I see how things go on in this world? Where do you see peace, order, prosperity? I hear of nothing but fires, contagions, floods, murders. What the wickedness of men spares, the wickedness of nature annihilates; for even brutish matter seems to have an instinct of destruction. The elements are like kings—they cannot be neighbors without warring with each other."

"This is one side of things, cousin,—the gloomy side; but there is another, of which you never speak. Your eyes are always fixed on the volcano, smoking in the horizon, and will not turn towards the fields of ripe corn which are waving at your feet. Yet there is happiness in the world!"

"I know nothing of it," replied Darvon, in a tone of chagrin.

"But are not you yourself situated among the most favored here below?"

"It is the truth, James: and yet I have been unable to find, in all the wealth which has been granted me, peace and contentment."

"What have you to desire? You are rich, honored; you have a family who love you!"

"Yes," replied Gontran; "but my fortune has involved me in a difficult lawsuit, for which I have just made a third journey to Ma-

con; my good reputation has not prevented my adversary from saying abusive things of me through his advocate; and as for my family—"

"Well?" asked James.

"Well! my sister, with whom I had always lived so affectionately—I have just quarrelled with her."

"It will be a short quarrel."

"No, no; I am weary of settling her affairs without any profit. I have suffered too much in consequence of her unreasonableness."

"Think of her excellent heart, and you will pardon her."

"Oh! I know you always find some reason why I should bear my troubles patiently. You have a recipe for every wound of the soul; and, if I am provoked a little, you prove to me that I do wrong to complain that all is right here below."

"Pardon me," resumed Grugel. "There are in the government of the world things which wound me as well as you; but I am not sure of being able to judge of them correctly. Life is a great mystery, of which we comprehend so little. Must I confess it? There are hours in which I persuade myself that God has not afflicted men with so many scourges without an intention. Fortunate and invulnerable, they would have been hardened. Each one would have relied on his individual strength, delighted in his isolation, and would have been without sympathy for his species. Weakness, on the contrary, compels men to approach, to assist, to love each other. Sorrow becomes a bond of union; it is to it we owe the noblest and the sweetest sentiments—gratitude, devotedness, pity!"

"Very well," said Darvon, smiling. "Unable to prove that all is good, you wish to prove that there is good in evil."

"Sometimes," said Grugel, "be sure that the evil itself is not absolute. Science borrows remedies from the juice of venomous plants. Why not derive some benefit from misfortunes, crosses and passions? Believe me, Darvon, there is no human mineral so poor that some grains of gold may not be found in it."

"Pardon! I should like to know what could be found in our travelling companions," exclaimed Gontran. "Look, cousin, let us pass through the crucible these curious specimens of our race, which we proclaim the most moral and the most intelligent."

"It is certain," replied James, smiling, "that chance has not favored us."

"No matter, no matter," returned Darvon, whom his misanthropy rendered obstinate; "let us *disengage the gold from the mineral*, as you say. And, first, how many grains do you hope to find in the cattle-merchant, who goes there before us?"

Grugel raised his head and perceived, a few steps in front, the traveller pointed out by his cousin. This was a fat man, in a blue blouse, who was toiling with a heavy step up the ascent, gnawing a bone of veal.

"This is the seventh repast I have seen him take since morning," continued Darvon, "and the pockets of the carriage are still stuffed with his provisions. After he has eaten, he sleeps; then eats again; then sleeps again, in order to re-commence. He is not even an imbecile, he is a digesting machine. You have seen it yourself. It is impossible to draw from him a reply or any information."

"These are attentions of which our companion of the fur cap sufficiently relieves him."

"Ah! let us talk of him, and try also to *extract his gold*. He has made a part of our crew only since morning, and the conductor has already sent him from the *imperiale* to the travellers in the *coupe*, who have sent him to the interior. This makes only two hours that he has been with us, and he has told us his whole history and that of his family to the fifth degree. I know that he is called Pierre Lepré: that he has traded in provisions for the colonies, during twenty years, in the departments of the Saone and Loire, of the Ain, the Isere, and the Rhone, and that he has been married three times. This would be well enough if we must not also submit to his questions; but he is as inquisitive as talkative, and when he has finished his confession, he wishes that you should make yours to him. If you are reflecting, he talks. If you converse, he interrupts you. His voice is like a rattle perpetually in motion, and the sound of which, at last, distresses your nerves."

"Poor Lepré!" said Grugel; "yet he is a good man, at heart."

"He has one merit," replied Darvon; "it is that of being a restraint on Mademoiselle Athenais de Locherais; for we had almost forgotten this amiable travelling-companion, who, after having cried out that we must descend in order to lighten the carriage, remained in it, alone, for fear of wetting her feet."

"We must forgive her," observed James. "Isolation has accustomed her not to take care for others. She has a narrow heart."

"Narrow!" repeated Gontran; "you are mistaken, cousin; Mademoiselle Athenais de Locherais has an immense love—for herself! The entire world seems to have been created for her own use. She does not understand that anything can take place in it which does not in some way concern her. She is one of those gentle creatures who, when some one in the street cries 'murder,' turns on her pillow, complaining of having been awakened."

Grugel was about to reply; but they had reached the top of the hill, and the conductor was summoning the travellers to return to the diligence. He had just been met by a courier, who announced that the overflowing of the Saone rendered the passage to Villefranche impossible, warning him to take the right in order to pass the Niseran above, and reach Anse by a circuitous route. The diligence which preceded him, not having taken this precaution, had been surprised by the waters, and

it was said several persons had been drowned. This last intelligence was, fortunately, not communicated to the travellers; but, on learning the long circuit they were to make, all cried out.

"There is a curse upon us," said Gontran, already vexed at the tediousness of the journey.

"I foresaw the thing, sir," exclaimed, with volubility, Pierre Lepré, from whom the two postillions had just escaped, and who was now falling back upon his travelling companions. "I had been already told on the road that the Ardiers and the Vauzanne had overflowed their banks. It was even doubtful whether we could pass to Anse, where we should find the waters of the Azergues and the Brevanne. Which way are we to go, conductor? Shall we pass through the wood of Oingt? I know the mayor, a great, tall fellow, who is always smoking. But, apropos, tell us, shall we not stop before we reach Anse?"

"Impossible!" replied the conductor, hastily, "I am already eight hours late."

"Well, but where are we to sup, then?" exclaimed the fat cattle-merchant.

"We shall not sup at all, sir."

"I declare that I must take some broth," interrupted Mademoiselle Athenais de Locherais, in a shrill voice, putting her head out the window; "I always take broth at five o'clock."

"We have taken nothing since morning," exclaimed all the travellers.

"Enter, gentlemen," hastily resumed the conductor; "an hour's delay may prevent our arrival. A flood is not a thing to be trifled with, especially at night. I have no desire to see my coach drowned."

"Drowned!" exclaimed Mademoiselle Athenais. "This is horrible! We must prevent it. Conductor, I demand that you quit the valley. You shall answer for it to me, conductor. I will complain to the proprietors."

The diligence started, and cut short the speech of the old maid, who fell back into her corner with a lamentable exclamation.

James Grugel thought himself obliged to tell her that the circuit they were about to make led them away from the Saone, and thus placed them beyond the reach of danger.

"But where am I to get my broth?" asked the old maid, somewhat re-assured.

"We shall not stop until we reach Anse," returned Lepré; "the conductor has said so, and there is no knowing what road we shall find. Provincial roads, that is all we can say about it. And yet I know the engineer—he is a man of talent; his son was married the same day with my eldest. But we shall not arrive until to-morrow."

There was a general exclamation; most of the travellers had not eaten since the morning, relying on the repast which was usually taken at Villefranche, and Gontran was already proposing, with his habitual vivacity, to descend by force at the nearest village to order a supper, when the cattle-merchant exclaimed:

"A supper! I have one at your service."

"What! for everybody?" asked Lepré.

"For everybody, citizen. I can offer you three courses with a dessert, and a little cup of schnapps, besides."

As he spoke thus, he drew from the pockets of the carriage half a dozen parcels which he began to open, licking his lips; these contained provisions of every species, neatly enveloped, and carefully sealed.

"This will be a genuine feast," said Lepré, who had helped the cattle-merchant to take an inventory of his parcels. "Mr. —; pardon me—what is your name?"

"Baruan."

"Exactly! Monsieur Baruan how sumptuously you do fare."

"What is the use of being comfortably off," said the fat man, with a sort of pride, "if we do not have something good to eat? For the rest, these gentlemen and ladies can judge of my kitchen."

Grugel turned towards Gontran, and gave him a significant glance.

"Well!" said he, in an undertone, and with a smile, "here are the *grains of gold* which you seek."

"*Grains of gold!*" repeated Baruan, who did not understand it; "excuse me, what I give you there is a sausage with truffles."

"And these gentlemen mean that for hungry people they are worth gold," returned Pierre Lepré, laughing; "it is a figure, Monsieur Baruan. I have a son who has learned figures by studying rhetoric; he has explained the thing to me. But, pardon me. The lady must be served first."

The provisions were presented to Mademoiselle de Locherais, who turned them all over, and ended by selecting the most delicate, which she ate, complaining of the privations to which one is exposed in travelling. By way of consolation, Baruan offered her a cup of old cogniac; but Mademoiselle de Locherais uttered a cry of horror.

"Cogniac to me!" said she, with indignation; "for what do you take me, sir?"

"You would prefer cassis,\* perhaps?" objected the cattle-merchant, with a benevolent air.

"I do not drink cassis any more than cogniac!" proudly exclaimed Mademoiselle Athenais; "I never drink anything but water."

And turning towards Grugel, she murmured:

"Imagine this rustic! Offering me cogniac! as if the spices which he has made us eat were not enough to burn the blood! I am sure of being sick."

As she finished these words, she arranged herself in her corner so as to turn her back upon the cattle-merchant, rested her head on a pillow which she had brought with her, and fell asleep.

The diligence continued to advance with difficulty through roads full of ravines. Though

damp, the air was cold, and the night starless. Re-animated by the repast which the gastronomic foresight of Baruan had permitted him to make, Lepré recovered all his loquacity, and, although his travelling companions had long ago ceased to reply to him, he continued to talk alone, without troubling himself to know whether he was listened to.

This noise of words, the slowness of the progress, the darkness, the cold, had at last given all the travellers an impatient uneasiness which expressed itself every instant by yawns, starts, or stifled complaints. Darvon especially seemed a prey to a nervous irritation, which increased every moment. He had already opened and shut ten times the blind of the door, leaned his head towards the right, the left, backward, placed his limbs in every attitude which the narrow space permitted; at last, at daybreak, he found his patience exhausted.

"I would give ten of the remaining days of my life to be at the end of the journey!" exclaimed he.

"Here we are at Anse," replied Grugel.

"Faith, so we are," said Lepré, who had slept for an instant. "Hullo! conductor, how long do you remain here?"

"Five minutes, sir."

"Open the door; I can go and say good morning to the postmaster."

They opened it, and Baruan descended with Lepré to renew his provisions. Almost at the same instant the clerk approached, asking whether there were any places.

"One only," replied Grugel.

"How!" exclaimed Mademoiselle de Locherais, who had just aroused herself, "is any one else to come in?"

"A traveller for Lyons."

"But it is impossible," resumed the old maid; "we are already frightfully crowded, sir; your carriages are too small; I will complain to the proprietors."

"Ah! here is, doubtless, our new companion," resumed Grugel, looking out the door. "M. Lepré has already seized upon him."

"He is a soldier!" exclaimed Mademoiselle de Locherais.

"A sub-officer of chasseurs."

"And he is coming here! But why do they not oblige soldiers to travel on foot?"

"In such weather, it would be hard and fatiguing."

"Is it not their trade? These people are not easily fatigued. Public carriages expose one to odious associates! not to mention that all one's habits are disturbed! I am sure I shall be sick; to have nothing warm, to be compelled to spend the night without sleep, to be crowded—stifled! I do not understand why one of these gentlemen does not mount the impériale?"

"Notwithstanding the fog?"

"What does that matter for men?"

"Mademoiselle would, indeed, be less crowd-

\* A wine made of the black currant.

ed," added Darvon, ironically; "and it is a proposition which she may make to our new companion."

"Me! speak to a soldier!" said Mademoiselle Athenais, proudly; "I prefer to suffer, sir!"

"Here he is," interrupted James.

In fact, the sub-officer just then appeared, followed by the clerk with whom he was quarrelling. He was a young man of slight form, but whose freedom of speech and blunt manners shocked Darvon at first sight. He complained of the delay of the coach which he had been waiting for since the evening before, and abused the clerk of the office, whose replies were timid and embarrassed. At last the conductor having declared that it was time to start, he approached the door, and looked within.

"A magnificent assemblage," murmured he, after having cast an impertinent glance over the travellers; "if the *coupe* and the *rotonde* are as well filled. Ah! conductor, you have no women!"

"The insolent fellow!" muttered Mademoiselle Athenais de Locherais.

"Never mind," resumed the soldier, "in the country we must not be particular."

And he entered.

Gontran stooped towards Grugel.

"This completes our collection of absurdities," whispered he.

"Take care that he does not hear you," replied James.

Darvon shrugged his shoulders.

"Boasters have always inspired me with more disgust than fear," said he, "and this one needs a lesson in politeness."

Meanwhile Barnau had returned without Lepré. After having sent to the inn in search of the latter, and waited for him several minutes, the coach started without him, to the great joy of Mademoiselle de Locherais who hoped to be more at her ease. But this joy was of short duration; for the sub-officer, who had at first placed himself on the third seat, came and sat down beside her. The old maid hastily turned away, and dropped her veil. The young soldier turned towards her.

"It seems," said he, in a mocking tone, "that Madame is afraid to be looked at?"

"Perhaps so, sir," said Athenais, drily.

"I understand her reason," resumed the sub-officer; "but she may be easy—I will deprive myself of that pleasure."

And as he saw Mademoiselle de Locherais' movement of indignation, he continued—

"What I say is for her health, to permit her to breathe with her face uncovered, as air is sadly wanting in the box; we must let down the glass."

"I object to it," hastily returned Mademoiselle de Locherais; "my physician has forbidden me to expose myself to the morning wind."

"And mine has forbidden me to stifle," replied the young man, reaching out his hand to open the window.

But the old maid exclaimed that the window was on her side, that she had a right to keep it closed, and appealed to the other travellers.

As little disposed as Darvon was in favor of Mlle. de Locherais, he thought it his duty to defend her, and the result was, between him and the chasseur, a discussion which would have become violent had not Grugel given up to the young soldier his place by the window.

The sub-officer accepted it with a bad grace, preserving a sullen irritation towards Gontran.

Now the reader has already perceived that the predominant qualities of the latter were neither resignation nor patience. The annoyances of the journey had increased his irritability, so the misunderstanding which had already broken forth between him and the chasseur was several times renewed with increasing sharpness, until a last occasion made it degenerate into a quarrel.

Some light parcels had been placed by Darvon in the netting suspended from the top of the coach; the sub-officer pretended that they were in his way and demanded their removal. Gontran refused.

"You are determined to let them remain there?" exclaimed the soldier, after a discussion which insensibly became animated.

"Determined!" replied Darvon.

"Well! I will throw them out the door," returned the young man, reaching out his hand towards the net.

Gontran seized this hand.

"Take care what you do, sir," said he in an altered tone; "since you have been here you have tried everything to make me lose patience; as soon as you entered you assumed the privileges of tyranny and abuse; but learn that I am not the man to submit to it."

"Is this a threat?" asked the soldier, casting a disdainful look on Gontran.

"No," interrupted Grugel, uneasy at the turn the discussion was taking; "my cousin only meant to observe—"

"I do not accept observations from insolent fellows like him."

At this moment loud cries were heard, and the diligence was overtaken by a post-chaise covered with dust. Mademoiselle de Locherais put her head out the window.

"What a pity!" exclaimed she, "it is M. Pierre Lepré who has overtaken us; we shall be full."

As soon as he had reached the coach, the colonial commissioner jumped from the post-chaise, and presented himself at the door which the conductor had just opened.

"Ah! this is the way you start off without waiting for travellers!" exclaimed he, furiously.

"I called you three times," objected the conductor.

"You should have called six times, sir; twelve times; you were very sparing of your words. What does it cost to speak? I could not leave the postmaster while he was explain-

ing to me the misfortune which happened to the diligence yesterday; for you do not know, gentlemen, that the diligence which preceded this was drowned."

"Drowned!" repeated all voices.

"All right," interrupted the conductor; "enter."

"It is not all right," returned Pierre Lepre; "everybody is in consternation."

"Enter immediately I beg of you."

"And what will our families think when they hear of this disaster?"

"Make haste."

"I was about to have obtained the particulars, when some one came to inform me that you had started without me."

"And we shall do so again," said the impatient conductor.

"Well!" exclaimed Lepre, hastening to enter. "I have had enough of this post-chaise; here I am, conductor, be off!"

The commissioner was overwhelmed with questions, and he related all that he had learned; then, interrupting himself, according to his habit, on recognizing the sub-officer, he exclaimed:

"Ah! this is the gentleman I had the honor of seeing at Anse."

"The same," replied the chasseur.

"I am delighted to meet you again," said Lepre. "I am a friend to all soldiers; I should even have served myself if a substitute had not been found for me."

He was interrupted by Mademoiselle Athenais, who had just perceived that his clothes were wet.

"It is that confounded fog," said he, wiping them with his handkerchief.

"But you should not have entered the coach in such a state," resumed Mademoiselle de Locherais with a dissatisfied air; "when people have wet clothes, they should remain outside."

"To dry them?" asked Lepre, laughing; "thank you! I have had enough of it; then my driver was drunk; he had almost driven his post-chaise into the river; that would have been bad, unless some brave man had been at hand to fish us out. Such a thing has happened. Three years ago, in the time of the great inundation, a workman saved alone five persons who were drowning in a carriage near La Guiliotiére."

"We know all about that," said Grugel. "since my cousin was his most intimate friend."

"Indeed!" asked the chasseur.

"And owed his safe to the devotedness of that young man."

"Oh! all the particulars of that act are admirable," continued Darvon with warmth; "the affrighted horse had borne the carriage to the strongest part of the current; the crowd were gazing from the shore without daring to attempt to give assistance; there was no longer any hope for the five persons in the carriage."

"Bah!" interrupted the chasseur, "there

were perhaps some who knew how to swim and who could have extricated themselves."

Gontran disdained to reply.

"The carriage was beginning to sink," continued he, "when a workman appeared in a little boat which he steered with difficulty in the middle of the Rhone; three times it was on the point of being upset. The persons standing on the shore cried out to him: 'Do not go farther; land, you must perish.' But he did not listen, advancing always towards the carriage, which he at last reached by dint of courage and address."

"And good luck," finished the soldier.

"Undoubtedly," resumed Grugel, who had noticed Gontran's movement of impatience; "but only people who have hearts have this good luck."

"It was a noble act," interrupted Mademoiselle Athenais de Locherais, "and one which should have been profitable to its author."

"Pardon me, madame," said Darvon, "the workman doubtless judged that the true recompense of our generous actions is in ourselves; for the people once saved, he retired, declining to receive anything or listen to thanks."

"Pardieu! he would have looked well to have received pay!" exclaimed the sub-officer.

"And does no one know his name?" asked Lepre.

"Pardon me: his name was Louis Daroc."

Lepre turned towards the young officer.

"But that is your name!" exclaimed he.

"This gentleman's name!" repeated all the travellers at once.

"Louis Daroc," said the commissioner; "I asked him at Anse, while we were conversing at the inn, and besides I saw it on his portmanteau."

"Well! what then?" asked the chasseur laughingly; "certainly that is my name."

"Can it be!" interrupted Gontran; "and you are—"

"The unknown in question; yes, gentlemen, there was no need of telling it, but there is no occasion to conceal it. I entered the service a week afterwards, and my regiment set out for Algiers, so that the citizens of the carriage and myself lost sight of each other; but I hope to see them again during my stay in Lyons."

"I will take you to them!" said Darvon, extending his hand to him; "for I hope we shall be friends, Monsieur Louis."

"We?" repeated the soldier, looking at Gontran with hesitation.

"Ah! forget all that is past," returned the latter; "I am ready, if necessary, to acknowledge that I was in the wrong."

"No," interrupted Daroc, "no! it was I who was hasty, and I am sorry for it, on my word. A foolish soldier's habit, you see. Because we are not afraid, we wish to show it on all occasions, and to play the hero; but in reality we are kind-hearted; so here is my hand, sir."

He cordially pressed the hand of Gontran; Lepre as cordially pressed his own.

"You are a true Frenchman," said he, "and among Frenchmen there should be a good understanding. Enchanted to have made your acquaintance, Monsieur Louis Duroc. But, apropos, do you know that it is very fortunate that I obliged you to tell me your name, (which you did not wish to do, by the way?) But for me, no one would have known your work."

"That is just!" returned Grugel, looking at Darvon: "if the gentleman had been less talkative, this explanation would not have taken place, and but for this, my cousin would have mistaken the character of M. Louis. You see that chance seems to have taken pains to support my theory, and that the honor of the day is mine."

As he finished these words, the carriage stopped; they had arrived.

On descending, the travellers found the office full of relatives or friends who were awaiting them. The misfortune which had happened the evening before was known, and had occasioned great anxiety for their safety.

At the moment when Darvon set foot upon the ground, he heard his name pronounced, and turned; it was his sister, whose uneasiness had made her forget their quarrel, and who sprang toward him with cries of joy.

They embraced for a long time without speaking, but with eyes moist with tears; and when they looked at each other, when they took each other by the hand and smiled, they were reconciled.

As they left the office together, they encountered their travelling companions. Barnau and Lepré saluted them; Louis Duroc renewed his promise of calling to see them; Mademoiselle Athenais de Locherais alone passed without looking at them, only occupied in taking care of her baggage. James Grugel then turned towards Gontran.

"There is the only exception to my doctrine," said he, pointing to the old maid. "All our other companions have more or less won our favor; the gourmand by having procured for us a supper; the talkative man by revealing to us a useful secret; the quarrelsome man by giving us a proof of his generous bravery; but of what use has been the cold selfishness of Mademoiselle de Locherais?"

"To make us feel the value of devotion and tenderness," replied Gontran, pressing his sister's arm: "ah! I adopt your system, cousin; henceforth, I will believe that there is a good side to everything, and that we need only seek in order to find the vein of gold."

Friendship is a vase which, when it is flawed by heat, or violence, or accident, may as well be broken at once; it can never be trusted after. The more graceful and ornamental it was, the more clear do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state. Coarse stones, if they are fractured, may be cemented again; precious ones never.

## LOVE ON.

Another year is past and gone,  
A wider streak of gleaming gray  
Waves down my hair, and yet I say,  
"Have patience, weary heart! Love on."

Love on through sorrow-cankered years,  
And count each hour of joy a gain  
Snatched from a dreary lapse of pain,  
Through hours of pleasure, nights of tears.

Love on through hope and through despair,  
That changeful o'er our being pass,  
As sunlight on a woodland's grass,  
And never let love die of care.

Love on, unless an anchorite  
Thou wouldst live for thyself alone,  
Encinctured with a cynic zone  
That darkens every noon with night.

And when another year is gone,  
Though still thy hope be unfulfilled,  
The wisdom from the past instilled,  
Will bid thee of thyself—"Love on."

## A PARABLE FOR CHILDREN.

The following parable, translated from the German of Krummacher, illustrates a very important truth. We extract it from the National Magazine:—

On a fine Autumn day, Richard was keeping his twelfth birthday. He was the son of kind and pious parents, who had given him a large number of presents of different kinds, and had allowed him to-day to invite a party of friends.

They were playing together in the garden, in which Richard had a small garden of his own, with flowers and fruit trees in it. On the garden wall there were growing some young peach trees, which were bearing fruit for the first time. The fruit was just beginning to ripen, and the red cheeks were showing through the delicate bloom which covered them. They looked so beautiful that the boys began to long for them.

But Richard said, "My father has told me not to touch these peaches; for it is the first fruit which the trees have borne. I have all sorts of fruit in my garden. Let us all go away, or we might be tempted to pick them."

Then the boys said, "Why should we not taste them? To-day you are king of the garden, and no one else. Besides, is not this your twelfth birthday? You are a year older to-day. You don't mean always to be a child in leading strings, do you? Only come into our garden! No one tells us not to pick things there."

But Richard said, "No; come with me. Father has told me not to touch them."

Then the boys answered, "But your father will not see you; and how is he to find it out? If he asks you, you can say you know nothing about it."



"Fie!" replied Richard, "that would be a lie, and my cheeks would turn red and soon betray me."

Then the oldest said, "Richard is right. Just listen; I know another way. Look here, Richard. Let us pick them; then you can say you did not do it."

Richard and the others agreed to this. So they broke off the fruit, and shared it.

As soon as it was getting dusk, the boys went home. But Richard was afraid to meet his father; and, whenever he heard the house door opened, he was frightened, and began to tremble.

At last, his father came; and, when Richard heard his footsteps, he ran, as quickly as he could, to the other side of the garden, where his own little garden was. But his father went and saw how the young trees had been stripped, and called—

"Richard, Richard! where are you?"

When the lad heard his own name, he trembled still more from fear. And his father came to him, and said—

"Is this the way you keep your birthday? and are these the thanks I receive, that you rob my trees?"

But Richard replied, "I have not touched the trees, father. Perhaps one of the boys did it."

Then his father took him into the house, and placed him in front of him in the light, and said—

"Do you still want to deceive your father?"

And the boy turned pale, and trembled, and, with tears, confessed the whole. But his father said—

"From this time you are never to go into the garden again."

With this, his father left him. But Richard could not sleep all night; he felt miserable as he was lying in the dark; he could hear his heart beat; and, whenever he was falling asleep, he was frightened by dreams. This was the worst night of his life.

The next day he looked pale and wretched, and his mother began to grieve for the boy. So she said to his father—

"Look how Richard is taking it to heart, and how low-spirited he is. The locking up of the garden is a sign to him that his father's heart is locked against him too."

The father said, "That is what I wish. That is the reason that I locked up the garden."

"But, then," said his mother, "it is so bad a beginning to the new year of his life."

"It will, for that very reason, be the happier afterward," was the father's reply.

After a few days, the mother said again to the father—

"I am afraid of Richard's despairing of our loving him again."

"There is no fear of that," replied the father; "his own guilty heart will assure him of the contrary. Hitherto he has enjoyed our

love. Now let him learn how to know and admire it, that he may recover it again."

"But," said the mother, "does not it seem to him now to be somewhat serious and stern?"

"That is true," answered the father; "for it appears as justice and wisdom. But let him learn in this way, through the consciousness of his sin, to fear and honor it. And in due time it will appear to him again in its original shape, and he will again, without timidity, call it love. His present trouble is a proof that he is sure to do this by-and-bye."

Some time had again passed by, when Richard came one morning out of his bed-room, with a quiet but serious face. He had put together, in a basket, all the presents which he had ever had from his parents; and he now brought the basket and put it down before his father and mother.

Then his father said to him, "What does this mean, Richard?"

And the boy said, "Father, I don't deserve your kindness, so I have brought back the presents. But my heart tells me that I am beginning to be a new child. So pray forgive me; and take me and everything you have so kindly given me."

Then the father folded his child in his arms, and kissed him, and wept over him. And his mother did the same.

## THE GRUMBLE FAMILY.

[Mr. Wordsworth, in a recent number of his excellent *Youth's Cabinet*, makes the following admirable hit]

What a number of members there are belonging to the Grumble Family! One meets with them almost every day of his life. They seem to scattered all over the world, though they have such a striking family resemblance, that you can tell one in an instant wherever you encounter him. It has sometimes seemed to me that the Grumble family have an especial passion for travelling, inasmuch as we so often meet with them in hotels, steamboats, and railway cars. I never go away from home, as far as Boston, or Albany, or Philadelphia, without coming in contact with a score or more of them, who appear as if they considered the great business of men and women consisted in grumbling at each other. I don't know when I was ever more thoroughly out of patience with this family in general, and sundry members of it in particular, than I was the other day, while on my route to Philadelphia, by way of the Camden and Amboy line. By this route, as most of my readers know, we go first down our beautiful New York bay, around Staten Island, to Amboy, where we take the cars across the State of New Jersey, to Camden, and thence cross the ferry to the "City of Brotherly Love." It is one of the finest trips imaginable. That part of it, especially, which is by water, is charming in the extreme.

All along the shore of the little elbow of water, which surrounds Staten Island, are beautiful residences, nestled down amid the forests and hills of this romantic island. The boat is fitted up in the finest style, for such an excursion. It really seemed to me, the other day, while we were gliding along in sight of so many attractions, that a man, whether travelling on business or pleasure, could hardly help enjoying this trip. But, alas! some of the Grumble family were on board, hunting after some game to grumble at. They never take a book, or magazine, or newspaper along with them, seeming disposed to keep the mind as much as possible disengaged, so that it can the better keep a sharp look-out for something worth grumbling for. For a while, this sort of game was unusually scarce. A few of the family near me in the saloon had to content themselves with some little mutterings of discontent touching the weather. But when we were seated at the dinner-table, then all the representatives of the family on board were in full cry. The dinner did not suit Mr. Grumble, nor Mrs. Grumble, nor Master Grumble, nor Miss Grumble. They did scarcely anything but pick flaws in it. They made quite a hash of it between them. All of the Grumbles agreed there was nothing on the table fit to eat; and all of them, as far as my observation extended, revenged themselves on those sinners who run the Camden and Amboy line, by eating as much of the miserable dinner as they conveniently could. One of them grumbled at the stewed oysters, declaring they were "cooked to death," at the same time that he emptied upon his own plate the entire contents of one of the dishes containing oysters, calling lustily as he did so, for more. For my part, although I have been called somewhat particular in regard to my *cuisine*, I got along very well. The dinner was quite good enough for me. I have seen better dinners, it is true, where there was a greater variety, and served up with greater pretensions. But I am sure, if the whole continent had been laid under contribution to furnish that table, I should not have eaten my dinner with a keener relish. It was good enough; and why should a man wish for anything better than that? Besides, granting the dinner was rather inferior, why can't the Grumble family see that grumbling don't mend the matter a whit? It in fact makes things worse. In this case, it detracted from my own enjoyment while eating.

"Waiter!" said one of this genus sitting near me, "you black rascal! why don't you bring me that broiled chicken? I ordered it half an hour ago."

"If the gentleman will look before him," said the waiter who had been addressed in such choice language, "he'll see the dish I put by the side of his plate in a minute after it was ordered."

And so he had. I noticed the fact myself.

But Mr. Grumble had been so busily at work on the contents of his already over-loaded plate, for fear, as I presumed, that he was in danger of not getting the value of his half dollar, that he had not noticed the advent of the broiled chicken. No doubt you charitably suppose that this gentleman nodded an apology to the waiter whom he had so rudely and so unreasonably addressed. But he did no such thing. He kept on eating, without lifting his eyes from the plate. Your gentleman grumbler never descends so far from his lofty vocation as to make an apology. He has too much work on hand of quite another kind. By the way, this was the same Mr. Grumble who stormed—I will not use a harsher word, though I might do so with veracity—at the clerk, when he came to collect the fare for dinner. And what do you suppose he stormed for? Simply because the clerk declined taking a bill which he believed to be a counterfeit. It was the man's business to have bought his ticket for dinner at the captain's office, in which case the clerk could have compared the bill with the descriptions of counterfeits in the bank-note detector. But he had not done so, and now he grumbled because the note was not received in spite of the clerk's suspicions.

After dinner, Mrs. Grumble got herself into a perfect fever, because the chamber-maid insisted on removing two or three huge hand-boxes from the saloon.

"But, madam," said the servant, mildly, as I thought, "this is the rule of the company. I didn't make it. My orders are, not to let any baggage come into this room, and I must obey them."

The reply to these remarks was anything but complimentary to the innocent chamber-maid or the directors of the Camden and Amboy Company. The lady finally carried her point, I believe, the girl preferring rather to make Mrs. Grumble's case an exception than to raise a tornado by removing the boxes. But who does not see that the lady was wrong in the matter? The rule was a good one. It was made for the convenience and comfort of the passengers. The ladies' saloon is not a baggage room. Why should Mrs. Grumble exercise her vocation on this topic?

A gentleman, who must have been a cousin of this Mrs. Grumble, undertook to advocate this lady's cause.

"My dear sir," said I, "you have plead pretty well, I must say, considering you are on the wrong side."

"Maybe, sir," said he, slightly offended, "you are in the pay of the monopoly?"

"No, sir," I replied, "you guess wide of the mark there."

"Then why do you stand up for them?"

"Because, in this matter I believe they are right and this lady is wrong."

"Well, for my part, I don't mean to uphold

such a system as this monopoly. I believe it is a selfish concern, and I'm not afraid to say so."

"I don't think the Company are immaculate myself. They would be a wonderful set of men if they were. But pray, sir, don't let us grumble at anything they do for us, simply because they do it, without stopping to inquire whether it is well done or not. If we do, I'm afraid they will say, 'There's no use trying to please travellers. We can't suit them, when we do the best we possibly can. They are perpetually grumbling; and we might as well let them grumble to their heart's content.'"

It does seem to me, sometimes, that the American public is especially prolific in grumblers. I came across a man, not long since, on my way from my country residence to the city, who called the conductor of the train all manner of hard names, because, the day before, he did not wait a minute or two for him, but left him running toward the station. The conductor informed him that his time was up, and he had no authority to wait a second for any person. The grumbler—a well educated man, who had seen something of the world—admitted that the train did not leave the station before its time; but railed at the conductor and the Hudson River Company, because, though he, Mr. Gambler, had waited for them many and many a time, they would not wait, now and then, for him. What unreasonable people this Grumble family are!

## THE CLOUD.

Translated from the German of Reineck.

One hot Summer morning, a little cloud arose from the sea, and, like a blooming, playful child, looked through the blue sky, and over the wide earth, which for some time had lain sad and languishing from the effect of a long drought.

As the little cloud sailed through the heavens, she looked on the poor people below, working in the sweat of their brow, and suffering from fatigue, while she was free from care and toil, and was borne along by the light breath of the morning.

"Alas!" said she, "if I could but do some good to the poor people there below—something to lighten their labor, to soothe their cares, to supply food to the hungry, to refresh the thirsty!"

And the day went on, and the cloud grew larger; and, as she grew, the hopes of men were turned towards her.

But on the earth the heat still increased. The sun glowed and scorched, and beat on the heads of the laborers till they were near fainting; yet they must work on, for they were very poor.

They cast a look of entreaty towards the cloud, as if to say, "Ah! you can help us!"

"Yes, I will help you," said the cloud; and

immediately began to descend gently towards the earth.

But now occurred to her what she had heard in the bosom of the ocean, when a child; namely, that the clouds found death whenever they sank too low, and came near the earth.

For some time she descended, and allowed herself to be carried hither and thither. At length, she stood still, and said, boldly and joyfully—

"Men, I will help you, happen what may!"

This thought made her suddenly gigantic, strong, and powerful. She had never even thought herself capable of such greatness. She stood over the earth like a beneficent God, and raised her head, and spread her wings over the fields. Her splendor was so great that man and beast shrank from it; the trees and grass bowed their heads; but all saw in her a benefactress.

"Yes, I will help you!" continued to cry the cloud. "Receive me! I die for you!"

It was a mighty purpose which she therein executed. A bright light shone through her, thunder roared, undying love transpired her, and she sank to earth dissolved in a flood of rain. This rain was her deed: this rain was her death; in it she was glorified. Over the whole land, as far as the rain spread, arose a bright bow, made of the finest rays of the sky. It was the last visible manifestation of her great, self-sacrificing love. In a short time, it also disappeared, but the blessing conferred by the cloud upon suffering and relieved man long remained.—*The Schoolfellow.*

## EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS OF A RECLUSE.

### THIRD EXTRACT.

Think of it. Good and truth. What our understanding comprehends, and our heart desires. Do you not perceive that they are all?

Truth, because it flows immediately into the understanding, is distinctly seen, and all that relates to it we can grasp, and, with logical square and rule, measure the length and breadth thereof. But when we would search into the mysteries of feeling, it is as if a soft and formless mist only floated before our eyes, baffling in its dreamy fluctuations our most searching glances.

Yet, although we "rather feel than see the beating of her heart," and must be content to do so, through time, and through eternity, it none the less truly does beat, and sends out, with every throb, its life-streams through all the fibres of our spiritual frame.

There exists, however, a perfect, unbroken analogy between Truth and Love (or Good) so that from the laws by which we clearly perceive Truth to be governed, we may confidently argue upon the nature of Good—just as in twin rainbows we know, from the clearly defined outline of one, where to draw

the limits of the other softer, more uncertain form, which our eyes constantly lose.

I believe no persons are so thoughtless as to believe when it is given them to understand some new truth, that the truth is their own, or created at the moment of their first perceiving it; for the simplest of us must know that all truth is from the Lord, and that it existed before ever He had formed the earth or the world, just as it exists to-day; and we should as soon think of appropriating to ourselves the fathomless depths of light that burst upon our uplifted eyes through some torn cloud, as of imagining that one least ray of the diviner light of truth could be the birth of our own minds.

But nothing is more common than for us to forget that our hearts are the mere receptacles—not the creators—of good affections, just as our intellects are the receptacles of truth; and that for every trembling emotion of love, as well as for every wise thought, we have to thank Him who is the fountain of all life to His creatures.

The obscurity in which good is wrapped, in comparison with truth, is shown by the prevalence of the belief that we shall, after entering the other world, continue to increase eternally in wisdom (which is generally regarded rather as knowledge), while virtue is looked upon as a sort of *cul de sac* at the end of which we shall some day arrive, there to sit down in a glorious state of perfection. And what is perfection? We cannot be said to be perfect in any acquirement until we have possessed ourselves of all that appertains to it; therefore, as the forming of an angelic character consists in the acquisition of goodness, an angel cannot be said to be perfect until he has acquired the whole, or infinite good, which is for ever impossible, even to the highest angel of the celestial heaven. Or does a perfect angel mean one who is developed to the full extent of his capacity?

But men are not formed like the beasts of the field, capable of being instructed and developed to a certain extent, and no farther. The very humanity, the beauty and glory of our nature consist in its endless yearnings, and equally endless capability of development.

It is bad enough to think of coming to a stand-still at all, and of calling it "perfection;" but worse to separate good and truth, supposing it possible that we should continue to acquire the one, after we have ceased to progress in the other.

That Divinest Good, that "Father in Heaven" whom our lips are not pure enough to name, nor our thoughts to reach—shall we ever, through all eternity, cease to acknowledge ourselves, before Him, most imperfect? cease beseeching Him, with humble prayers, to give us each day our daily bread? And will He quench our thirst with spiritual waters, and leave us starving for the bread of life?

Would it be beautiful, even were it possible, to be so disproportionately wise? or is not bet-

ter to be good and simple, even as a little child? If the use of wisdom in leading us direct to beauty is wonderful and heavenly, its use in leading us to goodness is unspeakably higher, more divine, and must always remain so. Thus it is the delight of truth for ever to serve love, and of love for ever to be led by truth, and the joy of both that they should dwell together in unity.

Do you not perceive that this abstract marriage is the real, divine, first cause and type of that union of the "like unlike," to unravel whose deep mystery the philosophers of olden time dreamed so wildly of our pre-existence? Think of it; and then forms that at first sight seem so fantastic and unreal, will soon grow distinct, and show themselves to be things good for simple, every day use.

## ENGLISH SPORTSMAN.

When an American reads in an English newspaper that Mr. Smith, or the Right Hon. Mr. Brown, shot one hundred and thirty brace of partridges on a specified day, and so many hares, rabbits and pheasants to boot, he forms a good opinion of the gunnery of the gentleman named, and very naturally too; but, as there is a marked difference between hunting in England and the same sport in the United States, some account of the English system may not be uninteresting to a portion of my readers, and may serve to correct certain erroneous impressions the said readers may entertain respecting English shooting. It may not be generally known that the animals and birds which are, by law, preserved as game in England, are comparatively tame, from the fact that no persons but those of a privileged class are allowed to hunt them, and that only at a certain season; consequently, they become accustomed to man during the remainder of the year, and seldom take fright when he appears; and, therefore, when the hunter or sportsman make his advent at the fall of the leaf, he finds but little difficulty in dealing death among the feathered tribe. He comes prepared with pointers and setters, whippers-in, and game-keepers, who drive the devoted birds and animals from their covert, and then the work of destruction commences. The hares can hardly be kicked into a walk, and generally sit on their haunches, with their eyes agape, wondering what is going on; while the eager and delighted sportsmen raise their guns, and, at the distance of ten or twelve feet, fire at the astonished and affrighted victims, who appear thunderstruck, and sit wondering what all the noise and excitement is about, little dreaming that they are the cause. The partridges and pheasants are better able to get out of the way than the hares and rabbits, for they generally take to the wing; but, as they scarcely ever rise until the Nimrods are near enough to knock them over with the butt end of the gun, there is but little credit

due sportsmen for marksmanship. Some of the young gentlemen I met were smoking cigars at the same time that they were waiting for the game to appear; and one particular individual did "murder most foul, strange and unnatural" upon a poor wretch of a hare that happened to be roused up before him. The animal moved slowly out of the grass, made one or two springs to the distance of about fifteen or twenty feet, when, as it turned to look back, the sportsman sent the contents of his gun into it, and was congratulated by his companions upon the "*excellent shot!*" I was looking over the fence at the time, and laughed aloud at the feat the youth had performed, and thought that it would have been strange if he had missed the unlucky animal; for the merest boy could have killed it with a gun, under the circumstances, and any man could have knocked it over with a club without difficulty, and saved the powder and shot. The lacqueys who attend the sportsmen are seldom licensed to kill game, and content themselves with driving it into the meshes of their employers, without enjoying the pleasures of a shot, that being the exclusive privilege of the master, and never assumed by the man.—*Moran's Footpath and Highway.*

## MARVELS OF THE MICROSCOPE.

The telescope and the microscope have greatly enlarged the domain of human knowledge. As these instruments have been improved from time to time, the material creator has, as it were, extended its limits, for multitudes of objects unknown before have been brought into view with every new improvement. As these instruments undergo additional improvements we shall, doubtless, have new worlds revealed to us, and still more subtle and minute forms of beauty and of vegetable and animal organizations, showing the unlimited range and amplitude of creation. The depths of ether have, without doubt, worlds which no existing telescope has yet descried; and there are objects and forms of existence so minute as to have eluded as yet the prying optical powers of any microscope hitherto manufactured. "The telescope," says Dr. Chalmers, "enables us to see a system in every star; the microscope unfolds to us a world in every atom. The one shows us the insignificance of the world we inhabit; the other redeems it from all insignificance, for it tells us that in every leaf of the forest, in the flowers of every garden, in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the stars of the firmament."

The discoveries which have been made by the microscope are so marvellous as to be almost beyond the bounds of credibility. We shall confine our present sketch of some of the marvellous discoveries elicited by the use of this instrument to such as have been repeatedly observed by reliable persons, and which

have been confirmed by an abundance of testimony.

It is in the animal kingdom that the microscope has disclosed the most wonderful phenomena; and insects and animalcules have been the principal objects which have been made the subjects of observation. These observations have made known to us a new world, a new region of animal life, replete with marvels wholly beyond the reach of unassisted vision.

Under the solar microscope, the *mosquito* assumes the dimensions of an animal several feet in size, with large expanded wings like those of our largest birds, and exquisitely beautiful; with legs of prodigious length and singularly jointed, and with long antennæ projecting from the forehead, and a curious proboscis. The animal is thickest all over with hairs. Each wing exhibits a silky texture of exceeding fineness, interlaced with fibres so as to form a delicate network; and the whole surface of the wing is resplendent with most beautiful colors. The proboscis, though finer than a hair, contains, we are told, six lancets, very sharp and barbed on one side. We wish the microscope or the microscopists could make the discovery of the use of these very sharp and very annoying lancets. We have often wondered what the use of these animals with their six lancets could be. Doubts have even visited us sometimes, and found a temporary lodgment, in relation to their having any *beneficent use* whatever. We have not decided, however, that they have no such use; but are inclined to think that they were sent to scourge the inhabitants of marshy districts for their neglect in not draining and clearing out their swamps and bogs. But to return. The eye of the mosquito is a most curious piece of workmanship. It is composed of an almost infinite number of hexagonal pieces, each furnished with a separate lens, the whole appearing like a fine network, which appearance has caused such eyes to be called *reticulated*. All two-winged or dipterous insects, as flies, have such eyes. The number of lenses in the eye of a horse-fly have been estimated as high as 7,000; those in the eye of a dragon-fly at 12,000; and those in the eye of a butterfly at 17,000. Here, again, we are puzzled to determine the use of such a complicated structure; puzzled when attempting to ascertain the purpose of Providence in making the eyes of flies, mosquitoes and gnats of such marvellous complexity. The only thing that we know that goes towards solving the mystery, is the fact that the eyes of insects do not turn in their sockets in different directions as ours do; and this being the case, the power of vision in all directions, which we have by merely changing the direction of the eye, is provided for in these animals by increasing indefinitely the number of lenses, and so setting them as to enable them to look in all directions at once.

The *spider*, which is so generally an object of disgust and aversion, is an object of no small

interest under the microscope. He has eight glassy black eyes, two on the top of the head looking directly upwards; two in front to see ahead; and on each side a pair, one directed forward and laterally, and the other backward and laterally, so that this wily savage can look all around at once, watching for his prey. The spider has eight legs, with three joints in each, thickly set with hairs, and terminating in three moveable claws, which have little teeth like a saw. The weapon with which it seizes and kills its prey is a pair of forceps situated in the front part of the head, which the spider can open and extend at pleasure. In each claw is an opening through which it is supposed this insect injects a poisonous fluid into the wound it has made—a poison fatal not only to flies, but even to human beings, as one or two cases of recent occurrence have lamentably demonstrated.

Under a good compound microscope, the wings of *butterflies* of the most common varieties are converted into objects of gorgeous beauty. They are seen, also, to be covered with scales. These are what appears as a fine dust upon a finger which has just touched a butterfly's wing, and which under the microscope are seen to be perfect scales. It has been estimated that there are tens of thousands of these scales upon a single wing. The butterfly is furnished with two pairs of wings, which are larger in proportion to the body than the wings of any other insect. This, it is supposed, renders it the more easy for them to sustain themselves a long time in the air, it being the instinct of these beautiful animals to be almost constantly upon the wing. As butterflies derive their nourishment wholly or mainly from liquid substances, they are supplied with a long, flexible sucking tube, which they can thrust into the cavities of flowers, where they obtain what is called honey-dew. This long tube, to give it flexibility, is composed of an exceedingly great number of wings, and appears, under the microscope, as large as, and yet more complicated than the trunk of an elephant. The eyes of the butterfly are of the most wonderful structure. They are of the reticulated sort, of which we have before spoken, and contain many thousand separate lenses, or what may be called eyes set in a particular direction.

Of animalcules, or little animals so minute as to be wholly invisible to the naked eye, the revelations of the microscope are most marvellous. Water in which bread, flour, black pepper or almost any vegetable or animal matter is infused, soon becomes full of these minute animals. Some of these are so minute that millions might be contained in a single drop of water, and hundreds lying side by side would not reach across a fine hair. They move and dart through water with great rapidity, and the larger pursue and devour the smaller. They seem well supplied with muscles, as they accomplish motions in a more nimble and

sprightly manner than the larger animals. Their shapes are sometimes monstrous, but frequently agreeable or even beautiful. Their forms are exceedingly various; some linear, some triangular, some cylindrical, some circular, some elliptical, some globular, and some coiled up like a serpent.

If any one should wish to indulge his curiosity farther in relation to these animals, he will find abundant information in "Adams on the Microscope," or "Mantell's Thoughts on Animalcules."

The few examples which we have given of the marvellous revelations of the microscope cannot fail, we trust, to excite new emotions of admiration of the Great Architect of the Universe, who has filled the minutest atom as well as immeasurable space with proofs of His infinite Contrivance, Power, Wisdom and Goodness.

## A LIFE EXPERIENCE.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

"After a firm religious belief, which some one has mentioned as most to be desired, could I choose," said Emily Hartly, "the quality of mind I should covet, would be that peculiar self-complacency with which some persons are blest. Everything they do has merit in their own eyes, and they are always on good terms with themselves."

"Were I disposed to envy one the possession of anything, it would be this self-satisfied feeling, for self-reproach makes the chief misery of my life."

"It is well," said Mary Iverton, the young lady addressed, "to feel compunction for our failures in duty; there would be no progression else. Our uneasiness of mind in this respect, warns us that we are not in the right path, and prompts us to return to it. Still there is a morbid state of mind, a diseased conscientiousness perhaps, in which we dwell so exclusively and painfully on trivial errors, as really to retard our improvement, and multiply the evils we lament."

"Yes," said Emily, "I have myself suffered in this way, and, as you say, to such an extent as to hinder my progression."

"From being confined to one set of ideas, and having a little to direct my mind, at one time I fell into a habit of dwelling on my own failures and weaknesses, till they loomed up before me large and terrible, magnified by the mistiness that enshrouded my faculties, and finally pressed me down with such a nightmare weight, as to weaken my energies, and increase the failings I deplored."

"How curiously are we constituted, and how little we know of our own natures; and mentally and morally, as well as physically, suffer from this ignorance. The faculties of the best balanced minds are liable to be jarred from their nice accord; and indeed where are those

in which all work in harmony, each in its proper place and proportion?

"How much we need mental physicians to assist us in adjusting them rightly. I have endured much suffering in this way, and brought on myself many evils that might easily have been avoided, had I given as much time to the study of my own system, and the proper orbit of my faculties, as to learn that of other worlds, which, after all, was no great concern of mine, or should at least have been a secondary one. It was strange to me now on looking back, that so many years of my life should have been employed in acquiring knowledge of this sort, to the exclusion of that more immediately important to myself, and having a more direct bearing on my happiness—stranger that those so much older and wiser, should have been the advisers and directors of such a course, untaught its inconsistency by their own experience.

"I felt an inkling of the absurdity of this even then, but too little confidence in my own judgment, to oppose it to that of those to whom I looked up as my betters.

"I learned by slow degrees to regulate my mental and moral machinery when it became deranged. At the time to which I have referred, though I have a natural love of system and order, and of beauty and fitness in everything, I did not observe it, permitting the affairs over which I had supervision to fall into confusion, enduring much uneasiness and suffering in consequence, but seeming powerless to prevent it.

"I have a sense of the value of time which would make me desire that not one moment should pass unladen with good report, but I seemed to be borne helplessly on its current, permitting many precious hours to glide by, in which I had invested neither pleasure nor profit.

"I desire harmony, and would so adapt myself to persons and circumstances around me, as to cause no jarring or friction in the social machine, but I felt myself going counter to this, drawn as by an invisible power. One of the greatest enjoyments of life for me, is promoting the happiness of others in any way that may present itself; and with those with whom we have daily intercourse, these are immeasurable, yet with a yearning to bestow and receive sympathy, I wrapped myself in an icy reserve that seemed to preclude it. My voice lost its melody, and became dry and husky; my motions deprived of ease and grace, assumed angularity; my very chirography was stiff or irregular, seeming to take on a new character. These things are strange mysteries, imperfectly understood, and well worth study. My thoughts, which had been wont to be of things beautiful and peaceful and lovely, were sometimes pervaded by dark images, and shadows veiled their beauty. Thus in various ways I violated my love of beauty and fitness and order, wishing, and striving ineffectually,

to adjust myself in accordance with true harmony, till, by looking into myself, by slow degrees I was enabled to return to it."

## FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

**THE MANCHANOEL TREE.**—There is in the West Indies a tree called the Manchanoel. It is a beautiful tree, with fresh green and glossy foliage. Its blossom is also very beautiful, and it bears a fruit—a very fragrant, yellow apple. But hidden beneath all this beauty, in juices and exhalations, is a most virulent and deadly poison. If the fruit is eaten, it produces instant death; and if its sap falls upon any part of the skin, it raises sore and burning blisters, both dangerous and painful. The Indians formerly used the juice of this tree to dip their arrows, in order that they might poison the bodies of their enemies.

**THE BUTTERFLY FLOWER.**—There is a plant, growing in the tropical regions, which bears a flower almost exactly resembling one of the largest and most beautiful of the butterfly species. It has large, painted wings, spotted and curiously variegated. Its body is covered with a soft, silky down, similar to that upon the insect; and the whole appearance of the flower is so wonderfully like the butterfly as to completely deceive the eye at first sight.

**FOOD IN THE DESERT.**—A French naturalist exhibited specimens of a curious product of some of the African deserts. It looked like particles of cork, of various sizes, light and spongy. When placed in the mouth, and chewed, it seemed like a rough, tasteless meal; but it is capable of being made into a very nutritious and palatable bread. In the morning, it is seen, for miles and miles, covering the desert sand, in the shape of a small mushroom, or moss, which has grown up in the night. It must be gathered before the sun is high, for his beams seem to melt it away so completely that not a trace of it remains. In a few hours the plenteous supply entirely disappears. It can be preserved for some time, by drying; so that the traveller can supply himself with a sufficiency to sustain him while travelling over tracts of country where it cannot be procured.

**THE TROCHILUS.**—When the crocodile comes to bask in the sunshine, on the banks of the Nile, he is greatly annoyed by small insects of the gnat species, called *Bedella*. They fly into his huge mouth, and fasten upon his jaws and tongue until they are quite covered. He would have no means of getting rid of this annoyance, if it were not for a little bird, called the *Trochilus*. This bird is constantly preying upon the *Bedella*, and is always in search of them. It is also the only one which does not instinctively fear and shun the crocodile. She flutters familiarly about him; and when he lies on the sand, with his immense jaws distended, and infested with *Bedella*, in



she flies, and soon clears his mouth of all troublesome insects. He never shuts his mouth without giving her timely warning, by certain muscular movements in his throat.

**THE STICKLEBACK.**—There is only one species of fish known, which builds a nest with as much precision and regularity as a bird. It is called the Stickleback, and inhabits pebbly streams of fresh water. The male fish has all the work to do of building the nest and taking care of the eggs and young ones. He first selects a proper spot in which to build his nest. Then he goes abroad and collects, in his mouth, all the straws and bits of grass or leaves, which are floating upon the stream, and brings and heaps them up where he has decided to build; but, as the materials are light and liable to drift down the stream, he takes the precaution to bring sand, also, to deposit on the first layer of his nest, and thus hold it in its place. In order to make his building materials adhere together, he presses his body against them in a slow, vibratory manner, in order to paste them by the slime that exudes from his skin. When the nest is pretty well advanced, the fish, in order to see if it is strong enough to resist the action of the stream, agitates the water with his fins, making small waves beat against it; and if he observes that any of the straws are moved, he plasters them down again, and heaps on more sand. In this manner, he continues until his house is finished. The door is then made by repeatedly thrusting his body through the walls till a round hole is made. J. A. A.

## CANDELABRA.

Candelabra were objects of great importance in ancient art. They were originally used as candlesticks; but, after oil was introduced, they were used to hold lamps, and stood on the ground, being very tall, from four to seven feet in height. The simplest candelabra were of wood; others were very splendid, both in material and in their ornaments. The largest candelabra, placed in temples and palaces, were of marble, with ornaments in relief, and fastened to the ground. There are several specimens in the Museum Clementinum, at Rome. These large candelabra were also altars of incense, the carving showing to what god they were dedicated. They were also given as offerings, and were then made of finer metals, and even precious stones. Candelabra were also made of baked earth, but they were mostly of elegantly wrought bronze. They consisted of three parts:—1, the feet; 2, the shaft; 3, the plinth, with the tray, upon which the lamp was placed. The base generally consisted of animal's feet, ornamented with leaves. The shaft was fluted; and on the plinth often stood a figure holding the top, generally in the shape of a vase, and on which rested the tray. The branching candelabra

are valuable as works of art, and also those where the shaft is formed by a statue, bearing a torchlike lamp, and each arm holding a plate for a lamp. Another kind of candelabra is called *lampadarii*. These were in the form of pillars, with arms or branches from which the lamps hung by chains. In the Museo Etrusco Gregariano, at Rome, are forty-three candelabra, of various forms, which were excavated at Cervetri. Some have smooth, and some have fluted shafts, and on which is represented a climbing animal, a serpent, lizard, weasel, or a cat following a cock. Sometimes the shafts bear a cup, or branch into many arms, between which stand beautiful little figures, or they have plates rising perpendicularly above one another. They generally rest on the feet of lions, men, or stags, or they are supported by figures of satyrs, &c. Some candelabra are in the form of a human being, bearing a plate in the outstretched hand; and sometimes the pillar is supported by carytides. The most curious specimens of candelabra, as respects form and workmanship, are those excavated at Pompeii. These are all of bronze; and that they were employed for domestic purposes is proved from the representation on an Etruscan vase, of one which serves to give light to the guests assembled round a banquet table. They are slender in their proportions, and perfectly portable, rarely exceeding five feet in height. It is to be observed that none of the candelabra, hitherto found, exhibit any appearance of a socket or a spike at the top, from which an inference of the use of candles could be drawn.

## THE DEACON'S ORDER.

A pious, but illiterate deacon, in a certain town adjacent to Worcester, Mass., gave to the coachman a slip of paper, upon which, he said, was written the name of a couple of books, which he wished him to call for at Mr. A——'s book store. The driver called at the store, and handing the memorandum to a clerk, said:

"There's a couple of books, which Deacon B. wished you to send to him."

The clerk after a careful examination of the paper, was unable to make "head or tail" of it, and passed it to the book-keeper, who was supposed to know something of letters; but to him it was also "Greek." The proprietor was called, and he also gave the thing up in despair; and it was finally concluded best to send the memorandum back to the deacon, as it was supposed he must have sent the wrong paper. As the coach arrived at the village inn, the driver saw the deacon waiting on the steps.

"Well, driver," said he, "did you get my books to-day?"

"Books! no; and a good reason why, for there couldn't a man in Worcester read your old hen tracks."

"Couldn't read 'riten? Let me see the paper!"

The driver drew it from his pocket, and passed it to the deacon, who, taking out and carefully adjusting his glasses, held the memorandum at arm's length, exclaiming, as he did so, in a very satisfied tone:

"Why, it's as plain as the nose on your face! —'To S-A-M Bux'—two psalm books!" I guess his clerks had better go to school awhile!"

And here the deacon made some reflections upon the "ignorance of the times," and the want of attention to books by the "rising generation," which would have been all very well, if said by somebody else.

### HOME-SICKNESS.

Where I am, the halls are gilded,  
Stored with pictures bright and rare;  
Strains of deep melodious music  
Float upon the perfumed air:—  
Nothing stirs the dreary silence  
Save the melancholy sea,  
Near the poor and humble cottage,  
Where I fain would be!

Where I am, the sun is shining,  
And the purple windows glow,  
Till their rich armorial shadows  
Stain the marble floor below:—  
Faded Autumn leaves are trembling,  
On the withered jasmine tree,  
Creeping round the little casement,  
Where I fain would be!

Where I am, the days are passing  
O'er a pathway strewn with flowers;  
Song and joy and starry pleasures  
Crown the happy, smiling hours:—  
Slowly, heavily, and sadly,  
Time with weary wings must flee,  
Marked by pain, and toil and sorrow,  
Where I fain would be!

Where I am, the great and noble,  
Tell me of renown and fame,  
And the red wine sparkles highest,  
To do honor to my name:—  
Far away a place is vacant,  
By a humble hearth for me,  
Dying embers dimly show it  
Where I fain would be!

Where I am are glorious dreamings,  
Science, genius, art divine,  
And the great minds whom all honor  
Interchange their thoughts with mine—  
A few simple hearts are waiting,  
Longing, yearning for me,  
Far away where tears are falling,  
Where I fain would be!

Where I am, all think me happy,  
For so well I play my part,  
None can guess, who smile around me,  
How far distant is my heart:—  
Far away, in a poor cottage,  
Listening to the dreary sea,  
Where the treasures of my life are,  
Where I fain would be!

*Household Words.*

### THE JOKING CLERGYMAN.

Rev. Dr. Byles was the original compound of religion and mirth, conspicuous in the latter part of the last century, in New England. With a good heart, a mind of stable principles, and a decent reverence for his holy office, he nevertheless possessed a buoyant and general flow of spirits, constantly running over with puns and witty conceits. He maintained his connection with his (the Hollis street) church, for forty-three years. He was a hale yet aged man when the Revolutionary war began, and in his political predilections leaned toward the royal side.

In May, 1777, it was deemed necessary to arrest him as a Tory. He was ordered to be put on board a guard-ship and sent to England. Subsequently the sentence was changed to confinement in his house. A sentinel was kept before his door day and night, whom he was wont to call his "observ-a-tory." At the last, the vigilance of the Board of War relaxed, and the sentinel disappeared; after a while he was replaced, and after a little removed altogether.

The Doctor used pleasantly to remark, that he had been "guarded, regarded and disregarded." Once the Doctor tried to have the sentinel let him go after some milk for his family: but he was firm and would not. He then argued the case with the honest but simple fellow, and actually induced him to go after the milk, while he, the Doctor, kept guard himself! The neighbors were filled with wonderment to see their pastor walking in measured strides before his own door, with the sentinel's gun at his shoulder, and when the story got abroad it furnished food for town gossip and merriment for several days.

The Doctor had rather a shrewish wife; so one day he called at the old distillery that stood in Lincoln street, and accosted the proprietor in these words:

"Do you still?"

"That is my business," replied Mr. Hill, the proprietor.

"Well, then," said the Doctor, "I should like to have you go and still my wife."

He served rather an ungallant trick upon this same good lady at another time. He had some curiosities, which people occasionally called to see. One day two ladies called. Mrs. B. was then "in suds," and begged her husband to shut her in a closet while he exhibited his curiosities. He did so. After exhibiting everything else, he said,

"Now, ladies, I have reserved my greatest curiosity to the last," and, opening the door, he exhibited Mrs. B. to the ladies.

There was an unseemly "slough of despond" before his door in the shape of a quagmire, which he had repeatedly urged the town authorities to remove. At last two of the town officers in a carriage got fairly stuck in it. They whipped the horse, they hawed and geed,

but they could not get out. Dr. Byles saw them from the window. He stepped out into the street. "I am delighted, gentlemen," said he, rubbing his hands with glee, "to see you stirring in the matter at last!" The "sore in the ground" was healed soon after.

## LETTER FROM MRS. DENISON.

**THE FRUITS OF DEMERARA.**—Will you have pineapple or orange? or, perhaps, some of these yellow-streaked bananas, with a few lemon apples, of so delicious a flavor that you fancy they must have been the identical forbidden fruit that tempted our original, grandest of grand-mamas to forfeit her high estate for the sake of such luscious flavor.

The long, thick plumes of the cocoanut tree stream almost into the window at which I write. Suppose I bid yonder chocolate-colored coolie, in his one, picturesque cotton garment, pick you some of its fruits. Up he goes—his long arms glistening like polished mahogany, his turbaned head thrown back—faster, higher—there he is, at last. He gathers one of the swelled nuts, "shins" down like a school-boy, and lays it before us.

Now, let me tell you, it is not at all like the tough, oily thing you get at home. It is young, fresh and tender. Were it hard, "*we West Indians*," ahem!—should not consider it worth eating. The shell is opened by a small incision, large enough to admit a spoon, the milk poured out—sweet as ambrosia or choicest nectar—the pulp—that is so like rind with you—eaten with a spoon. There you have the cocoanut in all its delicious flavor.

Don't be bashful, pray; here are "star apples," like enormous grapes—purple and luscious looking—ver sweet and delicate; here is the guava, which, when you have acquired the taste, you will consider most delectable fruit. Shall I help you to those beautiful crimson pomegranates? or had you rather lunch on those more richly flavored mangoes? I assure you, you will return to them. Here are sappalilloes, also. Some do not love them, but they are sweet and very healthful. Taste of this "sour sep,"—what is it like? Fine lemon ice-cream; I thought you would say so. Sprinkle it with white sugar; take it on the tip of your silver fork, and it will melt in your mouth.

Or, if you are tired of the sweet fruits, here is yam roasted, yam boiled, yam fried, any way good and safe eating—plantain hot from the fire—put on salt and butter, and you have something a touch above Indian corn. Here, too, is the cassava, in thin, delicate slices, toasted brown and buttered; one of the most palatable of dishes.

Don't start! that is one of our house birds; now he is away again—now perched on the window-sill. Observe what beautiful feathers! what a bright, yellow breast! He is never harmed here—allowed free ingress and egress

—I don't know why. See how near he flies to Jocko, who grins and splutters on his house-top, and would fain get him within his clutches.

You are delighted with our trees; so am I. The stately palm, the full-foliated mahogany-tree, with its dark pear-shaped fruit; the graceful cocoanut, lightly bending to the wind, as if craving its blessing; the crimson-crested oleander; the mignonette, not dwarfed as at home, but sprinkled, like snow-blossoms, all over the thick branches of a beautiful tree, the hibiscus, with its varied shades; the glossy lime, all decked with emerald drops; the golden orange, flecking the deeper green; immense shaddocks, that would make a Frenchman shrug his shoulders and "duck" his head; the lemon-apple, with its glorious passion-flower and satin leaf; the profile tree, whose curious leaf of brown and pink discloses the outline of the human face divine in various parts.

The houses, too, are they not pretty? each shut in by trees, and surrounded by delightful gardens; the streets all wide and regular, here and there shaded by the bamboo tree. Speaking of that, leads me to dwell for a moment upon an arched pathway we saw lately, made of the bamboo, the branches being twined so artfully overhead, that they look like the cunning workmanship of nature.

Listen to the birds. On every hand their simple melodies ascend to Heaven. There is one, on the edge of yonder twig. His head is thrown back, and the liquid notes pour out and fall, like incense, on the dewy dawn. Look! how his crimson breast swells with the rare tones; see his wide, green beak, the tremulous motion of his delicate frame; surely, O God! in wisdom hast Thou made them all.—*Olive Branch.*

## THE TURN-PIKE BOY AND THE BANKER.

It was during a panic, some years since, that a gentleman, whom we shall now call Mr. Thompson, was seated, with something of a melancholy look, in his dreary back room, watching his clerks paying away thousands of pounds hourly. Thompson was a banker of excellent credit. There existed, perhaps, in the city of London no safer concern than that of Messrs. Thompson & Co.; but at a moment such as I speak of, no rational reflection was admitted, no former stability was looked to; a general distrust was felt, and every one rushed to his banker's to withdraw his hoard, fearful that the next instant would be too late, forgetting entirely that this step was, of all others, the most like to insure the ruin he sought to avoid.

But to return. The wealthy citizen sat gloomily, watching the outpouring of his gold, and with a grim smile listening to the clamorous demands on his cashier; for although he

felt perfectly easy and secure as to the ultimate strength of his resources, yet he could not repress a feeling of bitterness as he saw constituent after constituent rush in, and those whom he always fondly imagined to be his dearest friends, eagerly assisting in the run upon his strong-box.

Presently, the door was opened, and a stranger was ushered in, who, after gazing for a moment at the bewildered banker, coolly drew a chair, and abruptly addressed him—

"You will pardon me, sir, for asking rather a strange question; but I am a plain man, and like to come straight to the point."

"Well, sir?" impatiently interrupted the other.

"I have heard that you have a run on your bank, sir."

"Well?"

"Is it true?"

"Really, sir, I must decline replying to your very extraordinary query. If, however, you have any money in the bank, you had better at once draw it out, and so satisfy yourself; our cashier will instantly pay you;" and the banker rose, as a hint for the stranger to withdraw.

"Far from it, sir; I have not a sixpence in your hands."

"Then may I ask you what is your business here?"

"I wish to know if a small sum would aid you at this moment?"

"Why do you ask that question?"

"Because, if it would, I should gladly pay in a small deposit."

The money-dealer started.

"You seem surprised. You don't know my person or my motive. I'll at once explain. Do you recollect, some twenty years ago, when you resided in Essex?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, then, sir, perhaps you have not forgotten the turnpike-gate through which you passed daily? My father kept that gate, and was very often honored with a few minutes' chat with you. One Christmas morning, my father was sick, and I attended the toll-bar. On that day, you passed through, and I opened the gate. Do you recollect it, sir?"

"Not I, my friend."

"No, sir; few such men remember their kind deeds, but those benefited by them seldom forget them. I am, perhaps, prolix; listen, however, only a few moments, and I have done."

The banker, who began to feel interested, at once assented.

"Well, sir, as I said before, I threw open the gate for you, and, as I considered myself in duty bound, I wished you a happy Christmas. 'Thank you, my lad,' replied you, 'thank you, and the same to you; here is a trifle to make it so;' and you threw me a seven shilling piece. It was the first money I ever possessed, and never shall I forget my joy on

receiving it, or your kind smile when bestowing it. I long treasured it, and, as I grew up, added a little to it, till I was able to rent a toll myself. You soon after left that part of the country, and I lost sight of you. Yearly, however, I have been gaining on. Your present brought good fortune with it. I am now comparatively rich, and to you I consider I owe all. So, this morning, hearing accidentally that there was a run on your bank, I collected all my capital, and have brought it to lodge with you, in case it can be of any use; here it is, sir—here it is;" and he handed a bundle of bank notes to the agitated Thompson. "In a few days, I'll call again;" and snatching up his hat, the stranger, throwing down his card, immediately walked out of the room.

Thompson opened the roll; it contained £30,000! The stern-hearted banker—for all bankers must be stern—burst into tears. The firm did not require this prop; but the motive was so noble that even a millionaire sobbed—he could not help it. The firm is still one of the first in the city of London.

The £30,000 of the turnpike-boy is now grown into some £200,000. Fortune has well disposed of her gifts.

#### THE BOOK OF PROVERBS.

What a book it is—that of the Proverbs! Forget that we were ever obliged to repeat them mechanically in our childhood, read them as they stand in all their breadth and richness of their meaning, with our better experience of life, and nothing short of utter astonishment and admiration will be our feeling. Such gems of wisdom in such golden settings, from one who lived and died before the name of wisdom was known among the nations from whom the world's sages have since sprung! What shrewd perception of human character under all conditions and moods—what comprehensive exhibition of life in its whole compass, and of Divine Providence in its moral aims and sure rewards and punishments—what counsels to frugality, industry, moderation, prudence, benevolence, peace! What varied illustrations from man and beast, nature and art! How terse and polished the style! How condensed the thought! To think of reading the little book through in a day would be folly, although its lines may be run over in an hour. Each line is a sermon, and gives food for new reflection every time we recur to it.—*Rev. Samuel Osgood's "God with Men."*

It is a true observation that whenever gratitude is absent from a heart, it is generally capable of the most consummate baseness; and, on the other hand, where that generous virtue has a powerful prevalence in the soul, the heart of such a man is fraught with all those other tender and endearing qualities which constitute goodness.

## HOME PICTURES FRAMED.

## No. IV.

## THE WIFE'S ERROR.

Cousin Edith and her friends, Mittie and Sallie Harman, came from their beautiful city home to our village, last Autumn, to visit a few days with us, and go out among our hills on a nutting excursion. Now, everybody knows that it is rare sport to go out into the Autumn woods when the leaves are rustling and falling with every breeze, and the girls thought so, too, and were delighted to wear great sunbonnets and thick shoes and calico dresses, and open their mouths when they laughed.

We took our little baskets on our arms and started, telling aunt Patty to have dinner ready precisely at noon. That golden Autumn day was a day of harvesting to us out among the yellow-leaved chestnut trees, for the tiniest stir among the branches brought down a shower of brown nuts all ready to be gleaned into our waiting baskets.

Cousin Lee went with us, but he was so smitten with the dear, little, bright-eyed Mittie, that it seemed all the pale student wished was to help her over the logs and pull the branches away from her path. To show his dexterity, though, he drew down a grape vine that was hanging full of purple clusters, and, as the frost had ripened and sweetened them, we all sat down in a low, leafy spot, where a cool spring of water trickled out from under a chestnut tree, that bore the largest nuts in all Sylvan Dell, and ate of the grapes while we rested.

A little breeze tilted the wide-brimmed hat that Lee wore, and carried it off among the drifting leaves, several yards from where we sat.

"Please, Eda, you get it for me," said Lee, "for you know I had to get this grape vine down, so you could have some of the clusters."

Edith ran, and as she leaned over to pick it up from where it had blown, under the root of a tree, her hand crushed strangely on something that rustled not like a drift of leaves withered, but with a hollow, ringing sound.

"So much towards my housekeeping," said she, with a startled look and a dry laugh, as, brushing away the leafy heap, she drew out a dingy, little copper kettle, which had apparently been so long exposed to the Summer and Winter weather, that it was a mere shell. She had broken it when she leaned over to reach the hat, and, after looking at the old relic a moment, she threw it down and thought no more of it.

When we started to go to the Chestnut Ridge, to finish filling our baskets, Mittie and I were left behind the other girls, for the free, glad ones started off on a race to see which would reach the big rock first on the hillside opposite to us. We walked slowly, Mittie,

and Lee, and I, and as we passed the old copper kettle I turned it over with my foot, saying it was strange how it got there, and how it happened to lie hidden so long, for I had visited the old chestnut tree at least every Autumn since my childhood, and thought I had explored every nook and cranny in the whole neighborhood of Sylvan Dell. Just as I turned it over, my eye caught a soldering of lead, where the bail had been fastened in, and there, in characters coarse enough to have been the work of a country blacksmith, was the little word, "Una," cut rudely in the adhering lead.

"Who was Una, I do wonder?" said I, with animation. "Oh! I'll ask my aunt Patty, for she knows everything."

Lee and Mittie had a good walk and talk all to themselves, for my thoughts had taken wing and flown to the shadowy realms of ideality, flying hither and thither in search of an unknown Una. I thought of the white-winged angel, Truth, and with the little name I linked it in with Youth, and Beauty, and Purity, and, until the time our footsteps were turned homewards, I knew not whether I dropt the ripe nuts into the basket on my arm or not.

When we reached home, aunt Patty had dinner waiting; but far better than dinner were the words in reply to my inquiry about Una.

"Ah! yes, auntie can tell you just who Una was, and will, by-and-by, when you are all rested and I am ready to sit down and talk to you."

After we were all still and listening, aunt Patty took her knitting work, and settled her little, self in the big rocking chair, put the white ball in her pocket, the yarn around her finger, looked to see if it was precisely at the seam stitch, and then—blessed model as she was of the best aunt we had—she began to tell us of the story that the little copper kettle had brought to light.

"Let me see—I believe it was the same Summer I was nineteen," began aunt Patty, "that I first became acquainted with Mary Parker. Her father was a minister; and, as the minister's daughter, Mary considered herself rather better than the other girls, whose fathers were farmers and mechanics. We all wore straw and gingham bonnets, while Mary's was a sky-blue silk with gay trimmings of flowers and ribbons. Her dresses, too, were better than ours, and her educational advantages had been far superior; and it was not strange that she won the attention of all the young farmers in the parish where her father preached. This seemed to be the aim of all her wishes. There was one young man, worthy and intelligent and a devoted Christian, whom her father loved, and this had emboldened him to address the vain and coquetish daughter of his esteemed pastor.

"We never could understand how it was the

meek-hearted, plain, pious James Gilmore found favor in Mary's eyes, and won her for his bride.

"They were wed in church; and when we looked on the dashing, brilliant bride and the meek one who had chosen her from all the world, our hearts sank within us, and we foreboded evil, even on that happy bridal morning.

"James took his young wife to his little home on the hillside, and a very pretty home it was, too. Mary seemed to love it, for the fairest flowers that were to be obtained bloomed about it, and a leafy network of vines interlaced and twined all over it, and hung in festoons about the little windows and doors. A thriving young orchard reached half way up the hill; and everything looked so cheerful and home-like, that even a stranger, passing, would pause and cast a lingering look at the little home which betokened a woman's exquisite taste.

"James was such a proud, happy father when he became one; and as a gift from the hands of God did he look upon the fair, little twins—a son and daughter.

"Alva and Una were the sweet names their mother gave them. She said Una meant truth; and I cannot remember what the name of Alva did mean, but it was something very pretty and expressive.

"When the little pets were five years old, their grand-father Parker died, and a new minister was soon installed in his stead; but very unlike good old pastor Parker was the eloquent, young Mr. Clinton. Faultlessly neat in his attire, his fine face and figure captivating, and his eloquence of that smoothly-flowing, winning style, which had never been heard in the backwoods' homes of Ohio, it is not strange that he won all hearts and drew all affections towards himself—their new pastor.

"Some of the old folks did shake their heads sadly when they saw him mingling among the gay ones in a ride down the stream, and coaxing the girls to sing some the finest old Scottish ballads, or a sparkling roundelay, or tilting the skiff to frighten timid Ella Leland, but then it was quite forgotten on the next Sabbath when they assembled in their log meeting house on the woods close to it, and listened to his sweet, pleading voice, sweetest in prayer, and to the great duties that make up the life of the Christian, and saw his dark eyes all dewy with tears; then they forgot all their fears in their love and admiration of their pastor.

"Truest and best of all his friends was James Gilmore, while Mary looked upon him with a feeling akin to idolatry. When the pastor was to call and take tea with them, she almost flew to the cupboard and cellar, and pantry, and made more preparation than if her mother and all the good ladies of the Dell were to visit her, and then by the little mirror would she

linger long, smoothing and fixing her wealth of golden hair, that it might show off her sweet, dignified countenance to the best advantage. Then a simple white flower was linked in with the pin that fastened the white crape 'kerchief which was James' first gift' on their bridal morning.

"Mary's was a witching face, with the innocence of childhood and the beauty and sweetness of the woman combined.

"But a shadow was stealing into the mid-sky of this cloudless Summer picture of domestic life. The minister called her 'sister Mary,' and seemed to love the beautiful children, and would often call and walk out with them and fill their little hands with the fairest wild flowers that bloomed in the meadows and woods. One evening, after he had spent an afternoon in the quiet little home, and James had gone out to burn the brush heaps in the clearing, the children put on their hats and leaned on his knees without speaking, except in whispers to each other.

" 'You have quite spoiled my little ones, dear brother,' said Mary, 'for I see by the anxious expression of Una's eye that she wishes to ask you to take her out walking, and see how uneasily Alva twirls his hat, with the lisping word 'please,' ready to drop from his tongue!'

" 'Let us all walk out this fine evening then,' said Mr. Clinton, 'for I do think there are so many mossy nooks and grape-vine bowers and enchanting spots about your home, that would be enough to tempt one to forego even the duties of life to drink in their freshness and beauty.'

" 'Where the lilies grow! where the lilies grow!' said Una, clapping her hands and looking up into her mother's face.

"When they went through the clearing, James said that he was sorry that he could not accompany them, but he had deferred burning his brush-heaps so long, that he must do it then while the evening was so still, and not a breeze stirring to blow the sparks away.

" 'You need not hurry yourself, Mary,' said the kind husband, calling after them, 'for I will drive home the cows and milk them.'

" 'You must be a happy wife, Mary,' said the young pastor, as he assisted her over the new fence, 'happy in the possession of such a kind husband, who seems only to study your comfort and happiness.'

" 'He is very kind and good,' she replied; 'and all I regret is that his mind has not been better cultivated. Yet, as the companion of my life, and the father of my sweet children, I love him, but—'

"Mary, the wife and mother, was still the coquette, and as she spoke she drew her bonnet over her face and stooped down to cull a bunch of white violets that grew at her feet. The children in their joyousness had bounded up the hill, and were resting with their hats swinging on a low hawthorn beside them, their

little faces rosy and moist after the race up the hill.

"But what, Mary?" said the pastor, in a low tone. "You know you can confide all your thoughts to me without fear of betrayal, and now, while no ear hears my voice but your own, I will tell you that I have often thought yours an unequal marriage. James is a good man and a Christian, but your beauty and intellect, and fine taste are not appreciated by him, and they are jewels thrown away, if wasted on him. There is no kindred tie binding you together;" and he heaved a deep sigh as he took the little tuft of violets from her hand and placed them in his bosom.

"Then as they slowly walked on, he talked long and low in his musical way to Mary.

"When they reached the place where the lilies grew—it was a pond, with the fair flowers lying on the water like a great flock of white swans,—it was no wonder the glad Una had clapped her hands with delight, for it was a beautiful spot, shut in by large trees that stretched their boughs out over it as if in protective blessing. The pastor culled the whitest, some in full flower, and others budding, with their long spiral stems and rich glossy leaves attached to them. Then he twined them around Una's bare arms, and let the flowers rest on her plump neck and shoulders, and her blue eyes sparkled as she felt their cooling touch on her warm neck and bosom. Then he told her she looked like a flower herself, a sweet queen-flower fit to bloom in Heaven.

"She and Alva sat down by an oak and made wreaths to put on their hats to wear home, and win a smile and a kiss from their father.

"I think the pure white lily would contrast beautifully with the delicate tint of the rose on the cheek of Una's mother," said Mr. Clinton, as he twined the long green stem of a fragrant snowy one among the rich braids of Mary's hair, and permitted the flower to rest upon her flushed cheek. He arranged it tastefully, then smoothing her hair back from her brow caressingly, he looked earnestly into her eyes, as if to read the secret that was hidden in her soul, and was as surely unfolding itself as were the lily buds upon the water before her. She felt his warm breath on her cheek, felt her own heart throbbing wildly, the sweet words 'dear Mary' fell on her ear from the lips which the next moment imprinted a first, long kiss on hers.

"Oh Heavens! it is an evil omen!" hissed the young minister through his teeth, as he compressed his lips painfully; for there, on Mary's cheek, was the white lily crushed and broken! He raised it in his hand, but the freshness and snowy hue were gone.

"When they walked home she leaned on his arm, and the little ones ran on laughing and prattling, delighted with their flowers and wreaths.

"James met them at the door, and when they entered, the lamp was burning, and the Bible and other good books were lying on the

stand, waiting until the family group assembled, that the evening's reading might commence. Mary generally sat and sewed until bed time, while James read aloud; but this night she complained of weariness and wished to retire early. Slumber did not visit her eyes for a long time, for in the great tumult of new and troubled thought, she lived over the past few hours, calling to mind the words of the young pastor. Oh! she had little need to recall them, for they had burned their way into her heart, and she never could forget them, had she so willed it.

"He had not said he loved her, but he had said that only one like her could win his love. Poor Mary! she strove not against temptation—forgot to pray for strength and guidance, forgot she was a wife and mother, in listening to the glowing words of the winning tempter!

"Tempted thus, her thoughts revolted from the great love of the pure-minded James.

"Often did the young pastor accompany Mary and the children in their rambles that Summer, and her trusting husband dreamed not of the woe that was yet in store for him, growing out of these same pleasant walks.

"A change came over Mary, and she began to neglect her little household, and the morning and evening service in which she assisted, and she took no more delight in telling fairy tales to her children, and singing them the songs she had learned on her father's knee in her own infant years.

"One evening after the children were dreaming in their little bed, and James had read until he was weary, Mary told him after he had retired, and the room was quiet, she wished to write a letter to his sister Hannah, and invite her to spend the Autumn and coming Winter with them. That was just what James had been wishing, but he thought the high-spirited Mary and the meek little Hannah would not be happy together, and he had forborne proposing it to her.

"Spoken just like my own Mary," said he, with delight, as he kissed her shadowed brow, and then retired, that she might have the opportunity she craved. That kind, little caress from him had stirred the pure fount in her bosom, and she wept as she wrote the note to Hannah.

"The import was that Hannah would be a mother to her injured children, and a comforter to poor James.

"Then she wrote one to him that no mortal eye save his own tearful ones ever looked upon. She then stole softly to the bedside of the twin sleepers, and looked upon them, and wrung her hands in mortal agony. There they lay, their fair faces shaded by their yellow hair, and their soft, white bosoms rising and falling in their sweet and easy slumbers, and their bare arms resting on the white quilt. The mother clasped her hands, the words, 'Father, let this cup pass from me,' were ready to fall in a whisper from her pale lips, but a thought of



her erring conduct rose up before her like a hideous spectre, and she pressed her hand on her lips to break the words whose utterance she deemed sinful and sacrilegious.

"The wail of sorrow would hardly be pent-up in the mother's heart when she leaned over and kissed for the last time the sweet faces of her innocent babes, but she heard James stir uneasily in the curtained bed that occupied the opposite side of the chamber, and pressing her lips closely together to smother the rising moan, she shaded the lamp with her hand, and glided from the room.

"Lost Mary! lost wife and mother! She drew her wedding ring from her finger, and wrote Una's name on a tiny slip of paper, and twisted round it, then she cut a wavy tress of her girlish, golden hair for Alva, and laid beside the ring and letters, and sinking on her knees, she buried her face in her hands while her little form of grace shook with controlled emotions. She rose after a brief prayer, and looked all around the home that was her own. She saw the Bible, the cradle, the children's playthings, her books and plants, and then as she moved towards the door, something was under her feet, and she casually looked down. It was the little shoes and red stockings of her guileless baby sleepers, and then the wretched mother clasped her hands and bowed her head, murmuring—'How sorely I am tempted; how can I give them up, my darlings, my all! and yet I have sullied their names and made myself unworthy to be called by the holiest of all earthly titles—mother! May God forgive me,' said the sorrow-stricken Mary, as she placed her hands, for the last time, on the old Bible that lay on the stand.

"Just then there was a spark of hope, a gleam of safety springing to life in her bosom, when the woodbine at the window rustled, and she saw a white hand among its leaves. The old love, deep and strong, and all-absorbing, returned like a sweeping tide, and filled her breast, and then, with a step light as a playing breeze, she left her home and all that was once dear to her.

"Clinton had grown impatient, and it was his hand that had drawn aside the vine, and looked within. He hurried to meet, her, and held her to his bosom a moment, while he whispered—

"My own dear Mary! your great sacrificing love shall be rewarded, and may God forget me if I permit it to return to you bitter ashes."

"She leaned heavily on his arm until they reached a carriage that was waiting. Her clothes had been secreted among the elder bushes in the edge of the meadow, and Clinton had removed them to the carriage an hour previously.

"It is needless to enter into a detail of their escape, and of the sorrowing and hopelessness of the bereft ones. The manly fortitude of James gave way when he found he was alone,

and when he saw the touching mementoes, and read the notes; but that strength which God gives the Christian, and the kind words of his good sister Hannah, soothed the pangs of grief occasioned by the conduct of his young wife.

"Aunt Hannah was one of the very best women in the whole world, and she taught and cared for the motherless ones only as their dear, devoted aunt Hannah could.

"There was great tumult in Sylvan Dell, when they found their beloved pastor had left them under such circumstances, but the church met as usual, and when they had no pastor, James would read a sermon, and then close by a feeling exhortation.

"Poor James was forgiving, and none ever heard him speak of his lost Mary, save tenderly, and in the language of kindness. He did not linger long until he became too good for sinful earth, too pure and heavenly-minded, and then when the Divine Maker saw His own image reflected in him, He took him to Heaven.

"Aunt Hannah laid aside the ring and bright tress, and heeded the last words of the erring Mary as much, or more, than if she had breathed them to her with her last breath before the spirit took its flight, instead of the body.

"It was in one of their childish rambles after nuts that Una had lost her little copper kettle that her uncle Will, the blacksmith, had cut her name on. Hannah had often looked for, but never could find it, and she was sorry, for it held just as many peaches, or plums, or berries, as she wanted to stew at one time.

"Una grew to be as handsome as her mother, but the dower of beauty had proved her mother's ruin, while to Una it only made her more loveable, combined with her excellent good sense, judgment, piety, and cultivated intellect. Alva was like his father, and of both children, though left alone at an early age, it was exemplified that God is a father to the orphan.

"Aunt Hannah died long ago, and both Alva and Una are wed, and living in their own homes."

Here Aunt Patty happened to look up at the clock, and then with a start of surprise she put by her glasses and knitting, saying—

"Now, Rosa, you must show the city girls what fine melons we raise out in the country, while I get tea ready."

Just as we climbed over the stile into the melon patch I heard Lee ask Mittie something, but I guess I will wait, and not tell what it is until I am ready to frame another of my Home Pictures.

ROSELLA.

Sylvan Dell, Ashland Co., Ohio.

"Sammy, my son, how many weeks belong to the year?"

"Forty-six, sir."

"Why, Sammy, how do you make that out?"

"The other six are Lent."

## MY BAND OF YOUNG IMMORTALS.

BY MRS. S. A. WENTZ.

This delicious Spring morning has broken over the earth in its fresh glory, awakening, we know not what! Something indescribably entrancing! Something that human words have never been able to record, lovely and poetic as have been the thousand breathings we have listened to from gifted spirits. Surely in every breast, on such a morning as this, there is a blossoming world of sweetness that cannot express itself—the stammering lips of clay are miserable mediums now, when the air is full of poetry, and every breeze whispers a prestige of our coming life in Heaven. The robins murmur their rich, love-melodies as they build their nest under the eaves. They warble out the pent-up music that is overflowing the human soul! Yes! now, even the aged heart must kindle with the belief that youth has not departed; it is imprisoned, waiting to spring into liberty when the earth-bands shall be unclasped.

Now must all believe with Swedenborg, that "angelic language is thought speaking;" for the delicious hope of one day giving freedom to the soul-world, is thrilling to the bosom's core. Sweet and gay abandon! even now it is lightly tripping its measures through my being, and sending a laughing defiance to the whole world. God made the glorious earth, and gave us hearts to enjoy it; then wherefore be for ever trimming thought and deed to suit prim proprieties in human shape? I ween, the gravest and primmest would love sometimes to forget their cares and give their thoughts a dance, and be saucy to their heart's content, and say to everybody with hearty good will, "I am as good as you are, and I will do as I please just now, therefore"—and forgetting any more arguments, the wild heart would pour out its gushing melody—the thoughts with rushing wings that soften the air in which it breathes, and light up the chambers of its imagery with a brilliance from home—from Heaven; it bathes in pure fountains. Not now does it lie weeping near the spring, unable to quench its thirst! Immortal yearnings! intense aspirations! Yes! they shall all be answered! Strange we ever questioned it. We take grim fate by the hand, (the identical fate we almost died over yesterday) and say—"Oh, do just as you think best, we have had a little vision, and we have ascertained that everything is coming out beautifully!"

But whither is our pen wandering? We have not opened as we intended to, about "The Band of Young Immortals," consisting of nine little damsels, Sunday scholars, who have been under our edifying instruction some four years—at least most of them have. Very orthodox children they are; and if conscience were not very stern upon this point, we would tell you

the most beautiful little story you ever heard, about their liquid eyes, enchanting smiles and rose and lily complexions, that every Sunday morning nearly witch us out of our seventeen senses, as we go into church.

But "truth is stranger than fiction;" there is not a perfect beauty among the nine. This declaration is made from motives of profoundest prudence, as the Immortals are great readers, and might happen to see this production, and we are not willing that the awakening of their vanity should lie at our door. Lest we should be tempted to embellish too much, we will copy an exact conversation with them from our diary. It was so naive and refreshing we could not consent to forget it.

*Monday.*—The lesson yesterday was in Luke, "Strive to enter in at the straight gate," &c.

After hearing the lesson, I went over it as usual, to draw from it some truth that might reach their hearts. They understood that the road was beset with temptations and allurements, and difficult to keep.

I asked them if they knew that at the end of the way, there were gates of pearl leading into the city, with streets of gold.

"Streets of gold!" repeated Carry Penton, in great surprise, and the young faces gathered closer around me.

"Oh!" said Jessie Slocum, my little daisy, my blue-eyed innocent: "and people go to California to get gold, when there is plenty of it in Heaven, that they can have just by being good."

"It speaks of the streets of gold in the Revelations," said I, turning to the twenty-first chapter, and reading aloud the description of the Holy City, which John saw when he overlooked it from the mountain. They listened with smiling, eager, joyful faces when I came to the wall of the city, made of jasper, sapphire, emerald, topaz, amethyst, and all manner of precious stones. I spoke of these jewels as they had seen them in rings, &c. No fairy tale ever elicited more pure, ardent delight. "And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

"Oh! won't it be beautiful?" exclaimed Helen Orosby, who was at the end of the seat; her imagination and heart were aglow; she leaned over and listened with a smiling rapture. I thought of what was read in the morning service, "And the Day Spring from on high hath visited us!"

"But now," said I, "let us see who will enter into the city."

"And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life."

"Maketh a lie!" repeated Helen, a shadow falling upon her face. "Can't you go there if you have ever told a lie? I told one a few weeks ago! Can't you?"

"You can if you repent of it, and never do it again."

"What do you do to repent?—how do you do it?" And Helen pressed forward in her eager hope.

"Pray God to forgive you, and resolve never, never to do so any more!"

"I'll tell you what I'll do," she said, as an angel flashed the thought into her soul, "I'll tell the little girl I told the lie to—that's what I'll do, I will, I will!"

"That is the right way to atone," I answered, and I could have clasped her to my heart for the strong, earnest spirit within her. Curiosity now appeared among the Immortals.

"Who was the little girl, Helen? who was she?"

Helen was silent.

"Let Helen do as she pleases about telling," said I; "it is not exactly honorable for you to urge her to tell. If she explains all to the little girl, that will be enough."

"It was Agnes Bradford," uttered Helen, with a burst of frankness.

All eyes turned to Agnes, and her orbs opened with a world of wonder; but she kept the door of her lips, resolved to play an honorable part.

Helen's enthusiasm rose. "I'll begin now. Oh! how I wish I had some one, all the time, to remind me of being good. I am afraid I shall forget."

"You've got your conscience," suggested Agnes.

Helen's unsatisfied look showed that she thought her conscience was a pretty forgetful one; but presently she said, smilingly—

"I thought Heaven was one great room!"

"Oh! no, it is a world; the Holy City is a very small portion of it. This world is made after the pattern of Heaven, only *there* everything is so very beautiful. There are mountains there, for St. John stood upon one when he saw the city. It says here that 'the gates shall not be shut day nor night;' so, if we get there, we shall be in freedom to walk out of the city."

Here delighted glances were interchanged. Carry Penton said—

"And we can go in the woods among the trees."

"And have pic-nics," suggested another.

"Do people live there in families?" inquired Helen.

"Yes; the Lord says, 'In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you.' So there are mansions there, and there must be families living in them."

"Wasn't it kind in Him," asked Helen, "to die for us, and to prepare such a beautiful place for us?"

"Yes, indeed. Think how much we lose by not being good. The Lord wants us to come to Heaven so much. Do you all say your prayers, every night?"

Each answered an earnest "Yes."

"I almost always think of the resolution you gave us, one week, a long time ago," said Carry. "You said, every night, when we knelt down to pray, we must think how good God is, and how beautiful Heaven is. I remembered that resolution longer than that week."

Helen said, "I pray, every night, that God will forgive my sins."

"But that will not do you much good, unless you think over what you have done during the day; and if you have done a wrong thing, pray God to forgive that, and to help you not to do it again."

My little daisy spoke—

"I remember one time, I guess it was two years ago, I asked sister Lucy if she said her prayers, every night. She said 'Yes;' and I said I didn't know what people said them for, I didn't see any use in it; but I asked her to tell me every time I forget them, and I would get up and say them, and I have done so ever since."

"Perhaps," said I, "some kind angel put it into your mind not to forget them."

"Carry," said Mary Miller, "do you remember, last Winter, one cold night, we both forgot our prayers, and we got up and said them?"

"Oh! yes; wasn't it cold?"

"Sometimes it is *so* cold," said Alice Williams, with a shiver; "but it is better to say them."

"The other day," said Carry, "I was talking to little Nelly about Heaven and God's works. I often do, and she said she didn't believe God did any work in our house, because Bridget did it all. Nelly says her prayers to me, every night, and she often asks me to tell her about God. Sometimes I am not very patient with the children; I get so tried with them; they ask so many questions when I am busy."

"Then," said I, "for your resolution, this week, be tender and gentle to them."

"Oh! I will."

"Because you know those two little creatures have no powers of their own, as you have. Little homeless beings they would have been, perhaps, if your parents had not taken them in; and, Carry, they have no one but you to talk to them about God. It seems as if Providence has given you a mission to them. Will you do all you can to lead them to Heaven?"

"Oh! yes," and a holy strength beamed from the child's earnest, reverent face.

Little Nelly is the child of a servant in the family, whose intellect is somewhat disordered. The other protégé of Carry's is a little creature, seven or eight years old, who is to become a "help," when she is old enough.

"How I wish I had a little sister to take care of," said Alice Williams; "I can't do anything."

"You can try to have a kind influence over your school-mates. Did you keep your resolution, last week, to give up your own pleasure to theirs, sometimes?"

"I don't know."

"I guess she did," answered Helen Crosby, "because, before school-time, she and I got a high seat by the window, one day; and some of the other girls said they wished they had it. Alice jumped down in a minute, and said, 'Oh! my resolution! my resolution!' and we let the other girls have the seat."

"That was really doing well," said I; "it was keeping the resolution in the manner I wished you to. You will certainly be little Christians if you study each other's happiness."

"Oh! one time," said Agnes Bradford, "I was talking to little Willie Graham, and he said he wasn't going to run after God, but if God came after him, he'd go with Him. The children laughed and said, considerably, 'He is so little, he didn't know any better.' And one time," continued Agnes, "I slept with my cousin. She was a young lady, and oh! I couldn't bear to say my prayers before her. I waited and waited, and finally I said, 'Cousin, do you say your prayers, every night?' and she said, 'Why, Agnes Bradford, to be sure I do.' So I said, if she did, I could."

"And oh! 'Mrs. W——' said Carry, "that time you stayed at our house, how I did dread to say my prayers before you."

"What! that time when you used to laugh so heartily, I had to put my hand over your mouth to keep you from disturbing the invalid in the next room?"

"Yes, ma'am, that very time; I dreaded it at first."

Dear Carry! how little I had understood the struggles in her childish soul; how little dreamed that duty to her was looming up as a gigantic difficulty; that the darling little head that nestled to mine had been debating with itself, and had conquered by its moral courage.

Yes! the Dayspring from on high visited us yesterday, and beamed from the children's faces—how much more they said, their young hearts, open as the day before me! When I went out of church, I was just behind Carry, who had her proteges each by the hand, and was bending over to Nelly, saying, "What is it, dear?" in a voice so tender, so loving, it sounded like an angel's song. She was leading them to Heaven. Glancing round, down at the side of the church stood Helen Crosby, with her arm around Agnes Bradford's neck; they were apart from any other children, and Helen was evidently explaining about the life she had told. How many beautiful, heavenly hopes swelled my heart, as my fancy ran forward to the future awaiting those children! the influence for good that they might exert! Will they indeed walk the earth as angels, fulfilling their mission? Will they all tread the courts of Heaven? God grant it!

The next Sunday "little daisy" said the moment she took her seat,

"Oh, Mrs. —, I have been thinking about Heaven all the week, and I thought the pattern of a dress wasn't as pretty as the dress itself, so I thought Heaven must be a great deal prettier than this world! As soon as I get good enough, then I don't care how soon I die!"

"But wouldn't you like to live so as to help other people to become good? then there would be more beautiful angels."

I am now telling the children "The Angel of the Household," as a reward for perfect lessons; for five Sundays every little damsel has had an excellent lesson; as soon as the explanation is over, they draw a long breath, and there is a momentary fluttering of their wings as they draw very close together, saying—

"Not one of us has missed; we can have the story, can't we?"

Methinks, if Mr. Arthur looked in upon the intensely interested faces, he would exclaim with Byron—"I awoke one morning and found myself famous!" Lucy Slocum thinks it was such a pity that Mrs. Harding did not put Aunt Edith Beaufort and her daughter up stairs, then they could not have escaped with little Grace. Helen thinks the only consolation we can derive from Grace's abduction is, that she did the family so much good while she was there. We know that there are many excellent Christian people who would object to having children entertained in Sabbath-school hours by any stories except Bible narratives. It is well enough to have the latter narratives learned by heart, and made as interesting as possible, but they are soon exhausted. The single object we have to gain, is to reach all the purest sympathies of a child, to kindle an enthusiasm for what is good and heavenly—to strike the heart and captivate the imagination, so that religion becomes a most lovely and alluring reality, well worth all our efforts. We can remember in our own girlish days, that our most sorrowful objection to religion was, that it was so unromantic; it seemed ready to nip every blossom of the heart, so cold, so awe-inspiring, that we used to think we would enjoy ourselves as well as possible for a great while, and then prepare for martyrdom and death when we had reached the venerable age of thirty. We would spare little children such experiences, springing, as they do, from a false idea of God and religion—we should teach them that nothing is more full of freedom and sunshine. Would it were in our power to sweep away thousands of mysterious question-books that torment the innocents without enlightening or refreshing them. Many good teachers have we had in our childish days, whose faithful teachings have been prized. But we would deliver the world from one specimen we had, although we fully believe that it was her true wish to do good: the other scholars managed to stay at home very often, so that frequently I was the only

scholar; my heart died within me always at this discovery. Miss P—— wore a tremendous bonnet, of a coal-scuttle shape; on these melancholy occasions I was enveloped in it, and scared to death by seeing her eyes only a finger-length from mine, and there she talked to me so solemnly about preparing for my exit from the world, that I could have died on the spot, if thereby it would have hastened my exit from the bonnet. After this terrifying exhortation was over, she made me get down on my knees, shut my eyes, and pray, when I was so mad, (as the children say) I could hardly speak for choking. There was I, praying like a saint, and probably all the scholars looking at me with wonder, and dying with laughter. What good did it do me? was it not enough to make me think religion a very distressing price of business? Oh! Miss P——! you have probably forgotten that unfortunate little girl, but she will not forget you to her dying day. Thousands of times has that scene come before her, every time with a fresh resolution that no child should ever have such memories through her. No! rather will she sit at the feet of the little ones, and gather in their innocent treasures of thoughts, their warm dreams of Heaven, and their ardent aspirations for purity. A world of faults they have, as their progenitors had before them, but there is a pure rill of holiness flowing through the soul of a child; they need to hear about God's love, it is their heart's best delight. Wo be unto us if we stop this rill of holiness, instead of guiding it to the River of Life. Let us ever strive to connect love and beauty with truth, the memory of religious instruction with enjoyment. Let us take away from religion the long face that caricatures it—let us remove from tender feet the stones that wounded us! let us show that we believe we have really found the "pearl of price," the flower of life, and that it will develop all the love, poetry and sweetness that God has hidden in the human soul.

Ah! among the blessed reforms of the day, God be thanked that the Sunday-school is not forgotten, but there is still vast room for improvement. Would that this little record of children's thoughts might tempt even *one* heart to devote itself earnestly to a band of Sunday scholars! Trials and discouragements might at first depress the heart, often depress it, but the star of hope would at length rise high in Heaven, and out of all the good we have striven to do, oh! how vainly, sometimes, few efforts would reward us so well as the little seeds we might have planted in youthful hearts.

A genius, out West, was invited to take a game of poker, but he refused, saying:—"No, I thank'ee. I played poker all one Summer, and had to wear nankeen pants all the next Winter. I have no taste for that amusement since."

## THE WATT FAMILY.

[We extract from "Minnie Hermon," just published by Miller, Orton & Mulligan, the following sad history. It was written, says the author, Mr. Thurlow W. Brown, "with a throbbing nib, and its truth sealed with the endorsement of a tear."]

In Rhode Island, many years ago, there lived a wealthy family by the name of How—their worth and standing equal to their worldly means.

With a morning sky unclouded, and light with hope, the accomplished and favorite daughter of Major How married an estimable young man by the name of Watt, a gentleman of high integrity, honor, and irreproachable private character. His future was full of promise, and he took his young bride to a home of happiness and affluence.

The customs of the day stealthily fastened a love of wine in the system of young Watt, gathering strength while the victim dreamed not of danger. Indeed he would have laughed at the idea of danger to a man of his mind and position. The current swept beneath with a swifter tide, while he beat the waves with feebleness. It was long before Bertha Watt realized the fall of her heart's idol. Day by day brought the fearful truth to her mind, until the heart-crushing conviction fell like a stunning blow upon her happiness and hopes. She was not the woman to complain. Proud of the world's opinion, but meek and gentle, she suffered alone with her tears, hiding the ragged iron in her soul. Bertha had none of that sterner stuff in her nature which rallies as the storm beats down hope after hope; but alone with her babes, her shrinking and trusting spirit, as mild as the sky of Summer, suffered on. The young cheek paled, and the light grew dim in the eye. She would not, for a world, have spoken to her high-minded and sensitive husband of the dark vice which already left a broad shadow of coming ill at their hearth-side.

In their new home, near Lake George, in York State, the almost-despairing wife and mother hoped that her husband would escape many of the baneful influences of the society he had been accustomed to move in. The hope was vain. The drinking usages of pioneer life, though less refined, were none the less general and fatal. And besides, step by step, Watt had lost much of his chivalric pride of character—his manhood was degraded. The crater kindled within him, was burning out every sentiment of his better nature. He became familiar with coarseness and vice, gambled without hesitation, and was often in a state of shameful intoxication. His business was neglected and his temper soured; he spent most of his evenings at the tavern, and when at home was sullen and harsh, or broadly abusive.

Darkly the days dawned at the neglected

hearth, and darker still their evenings. The unkind word and constant neglect, were wringing to agony the heart's every fibre, and unseen tears, scalding with sorrow, were wearing deep channels in the pale and wasting cheek. The pure smile and winning way of the babe, or the witching laughter and prattle of the older children, had no power to win a parent from the embrace of the tempter. Home, and its circle, was deserted for the bar-room; the wife and her treasures, for the cup and the boon companion. The trail of all his ruin was broadly alimed from the threshold to the hearth, and there Want and Despair sat amid the domestic wreck. No resource of the mother could long keep her loved ones from going forth in rags. The appeal for bread, made in the silvery voice of trusty childhood, was answered with a curse, and from the barren board, the recreant husband and parent went forth to steep his soul in deeper potations. The child that once crawled upon the knee and threw her light arms over the shoulders, and with stainless lip kissed the bearded cheek, now shrunk away and hushed its half-sad mouth at the dreaded approach.

—And thus an idolized parent's returning tread was the herald of sorrow and tears, and his darkening form a shadow upon every joy which, like pale flowers, still sprang up on the wintry waste.

From carelessness when drunk, the dwelling was fired, and the family driven from their beds into the snow of a winter's night, one of the older girls leaping from the chamber window just as the flaming roof fell in.

After this fresh calamity, the family removed to Cherry Valley, and still again to — county.

In the haggard and sottish drunkard, none would have recognized James Watt. He was ill-tempered and abusive in the extreme; quarrelsome, reckless and profane, and outraged nearly all the proprieties of life. At times, he would earn money fast, but to spend it in one prolonged debauch. Not a penny ever went for the support of his family.

Mrs. Watt and her children existed from day to day, no one knew how. The children and herself were in rags. Silently and in secret, for tears provoked the harsh word or blow, she wept away her life. With a languid step and a vacant stare, she moved about, hoping for the long rest of death, yet dreading to leave those who now alone bound her to earth. Late at night she toiled, and the morning found her without rest. With a compressed lip, she bore the sharp gnawings of hunger, that her babes might not want for bread, and still the moan of the famished one would often pierce the lacerated heart like heated bars. She was yoked to a living corpse, and as she listened to the snoring of the drunkard in his slumbers and smelled the stench of the consuming fires, she could look down into a once manly heart, now a seething crater, where all

her earlier and brighter hopes lay smouldering in charred and blackened ruins. The lips it had been her pride to greet were flaming with rum and the wanton's loathsome kiss. As she felt new life throbbing in her bosom, she locked her wasted fingers together and prayed to die.

—Ill-fated Bertha! there was dark ending of life's Summer day after so light a morning!

Summer was fading into Autumn, and the leaves were already falling. Within a miserable tenement, Bertha Watt was fading away. Few ever entered the pauper dwelling, and with her children to watch her, she journeyed downward to the dark valley. A few were charitable, and the family were saved from actual starvation. Desolate and cheerless the room and the couch of the dying; more desolate still the stricken heart, as she looked around upon a group of ten, who were doubly bound to her by the ties of years of common suffering. Yet, blessed God of the poor! Hope lit her torch at the waning flame of life, and pointed sweetly away, over the misty realm of sod and slab, to one of happiness and rest.

As the sharp wail of her tears broke upon the night's stillness, Bertha Watt lay silent in death. The crushed and broken spirit of the meek and injured sufferer was free from its wasted temple, and far out upon a shoreless sea!

They said she died of consumption. Aye, consumption of the heart—its hopes, like drops of blood dripping away, through the long night hours of rayless years. Hidden away, and unseen by the public eye, are such triumphs of the scourge as these, and thickly written in the history of its progress, as are the leaves upon the forest in Summer time.

—And there is a place where the weary and the heavy-laden shall find rest!

A wide world for the worse than orphans! Rum had not yet sufficiently ravaged their home. From the grave of the wife and mother, James Watt went back to the bar-room, more abandoned and shameless than ever. Rum had burned out the image of her who stood with him at the altar, a trusting and a happy young bride. He never gave his family a thought. Penniless, fireless, and breadless, gathered the stricken group where a home had been. While the earth was still fresh upon the mother's grave, the rumsellers came with their executions, and stripped, under a stringent law, the very bedding which that mother, in all their misfortunes, had retained, as the gift of her girlhood's home. But another blow came. The imbruted father sold the cow, and with the proceeds left the village with a boon companion, and squandered it in dissipation.

Two older sisters fought hard to keep the family circle unbroken. The father returned to curse them. They whom he once loved; and who loved him with all the holy intensity of child-love in return, learned to hate him, and as he went from the dwelling, prayed in hearts fearfully old in grief, that he never might re-

turn. And in a land of Christians, James Watt had that dealt out to him for his money which demonized his manhood, and made him desert and hate his own flesh and blood, and fostered hatred in return! Slowly the sacred ties which bound parent and child were withered and broken, under the scorching fires of the bowl.

Money exhausted, the father returned. The elder daughters toiled in a factory, its bell starting them from feverish slumbers, and its walls a prison to their drooping frames. Every Saturday night, the father would demand the wages of heart and brain-aching toil, and spend the money for rum with his companions on the Sabbath. And many a day did the children gather around the rickety table, with bran bread its only dainty, a jug of rum upon the shelf, and a drunken father snoring upon the floor.

—The children, who had committed no crime, went hungry and ragged, that the licensed robber might have his plenty!

Darker yet gloomed the sky over the Watt family. As per poor laws of that day, the younger children were *struck off at auction*, and put out to be kept by the *lowest bidder*, while arrangements were made to seize the others, and from town to town drive them back to the county they came from. One child-sister, of four years—a sweet child in rags, whose tiny hands never wronged a being on earth, and who never knew why she was a pauper—found cold-hearted keepers, and in the winter time died in the entry way upon rags for bedding, and *covered with vermin*, no mother's hand leading her into the shadowy land, or sister's kiss warming upon the chilly lip. The blue eye, which had known little but tears, turned upward to a Christ kinder than men, and glittered with frost in the clear morning sun.

The grave lies between the two worlds. The winter sod shut the infant victim beyond the reach of the scourge, and she wept for bread no more.

## FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

**THE PREACHING MONKEY.**—There is a curious animal, a native of South America, which is called the preaching monkey. The appearance of this animal is at once grotesque and forbidding. It has a dark, thick beard, three inches long, hanging down from the chin. This gives it the mock air of a Capuchin friar, from which it has acquired the name of the preaching monkey. They are generally found in groups of twenty or thirty, except at their morning and evening meetings, when they assemble in vast multitudes. At these times, one of them who appears, by common consent, to be the leader or president, mounts to the top of the highest tree which is near, and the rest take their places below.

Having by a sign commanded silence, the orator commences his harangues, consisting of variously modulated howls, sometimes sharp and quick, and then again slow and deep, but always so loud as to be heard for miles.

The mingled sounds at a distance are said to resemble the rolling of drums, and the rumbling and creaking of carts with the wheels ungreased. Now and then the chief gives a signal with his hand, when the whole company begin the most frightful chorus imaginable, and with another sign silence is restored, and he goes on with his chattering. The whole scene is described as the most ludicrous, and yet the most hideous that the imagination can conceive.

**THE SIXTH SENSE OF THE BAT.**—The animal senses are usually considered to be five in number, viz: smelling, hearing, seeing, tasting, and feeling. But besides these, bats are endowed with a sixth sense, which enables them, during flight, to avoid obstacles without the aid of sight. The celebrated naturalist, Spallanzani, long since found, by experiment, that bats, deprived of sight by having wax placed over their eyes, still avoided obstacles as perfectly as they did with their entire sight. More recently, others have confirmed the truth of this curious fact, by various and repeated trials; and it has also been found, that the destruction of hearing, as well as of sight, made no difference in this respect, but that without the exercise of either of these senses, the bat would fly through apertures just large enough to admit it, without touching. In the course of these experiments, numerous small threads were drawn across the rooms at various angles, and still the blind bat, flying about in every possible direction, never touched one of them, even by accident. M. Jardine supposed that this sense was lodged in the expanding nerves of the nose, but several species want this peculiar nerve. Others had believed that the peculiarity in question depended on the vibration of the air, which, striking against the impediment, returned a sound by which the bat was warned of its direction. But since it was found that deafness made no difference in the facts, naturalists have proposed no theory to account for this curious circumstance.

## A MODEL CHOIR.

Being in Boston a few weeks since, and having an hour at the close of a busy day, I ventured to make a call on a gentleman whom I have several times met at musical conventions, and to whose instructions I have often listened on these occasions with great interest—Mr. Geo. Jas. Webb. I found Mr. W. at home; he gave me a cordial reception, but was just about to start to go to a choir meeting, whither he invited me to accompany him. I was glad to avail myself of the opportunity, for I have the charge of a choir in the town where I reside; and I



thought I might, at least, get some useful hints from one who has attained such eminence in his profession.

My call had detained Mr. W. a little, so that we did not arrive at the lecture-room or vestry of the church until a few minutes after the usual time. As we entered the door, we saw the choir in two divisions, or rather a double choir; the one being seated on the north, and the other on the south side of the aisle, at a distance from each other of perhaps twenty or thirty feet. The members had already taken their appropriate seats, and were waiting for their leader; the ladies were without bonnets, and of course the heads of the gentlemen were also uncovered.

Mr. W. pointed us (myself and a friend who was with me) to convenient seats, speaking in a whisper, as if he had come into an assembly where the most perfect order and propriety of conduct were observed; he then proceeded immediately to his own seat; merely bowing a recognition as he passed between the two choirs. Seating himself at the piano-forte, at distance of perhaps thirty feet from each choir, he named the page in a book with which the members were furnished, and played over one of the chants; after receiving his directions, the north choir sang the chant in unison to the syllable *la*; some corrections were made in the manner of singing, and the south choir also sang over the chant in the same way. Afterward each of the choirs, in its turn, sang the same chant in the four regular parts, and finally the Psalm to which the chant was adapted, was sung by the two choirs respectively, and with solemn and devotional effect. Two or three other chants, together with the scriptural selections to which they were adapted, were treated in like manner.

This occupied half an hour; a recess of a few minutes followed. The choir-members did not leave their places to romp about the room; nor was there loud talking and laughing, such as I have often seen, and such as, I am ashamed to say, has been often witnessed heretofore at my own choir-meetings. The members met, exchanged their salutations; conversed pleasantly, yet with low and gentle voice. Mr. W. went round during the recess and shook hands with the members present. After a few minutes—not more than five—the singing was resumed, and now two or three anthems were performed. Criticisms were made by the conductor, and errors in style, etc., corrected; time and tune had been already provided for, so that in these they seemed to require no further instructions.

Another half hour passed quickly away, and the meeting was closed. I have never before attended a choir meeting where such order and strict propriety of conduct prevailed; it was a lesson which I shall not forget, and one from which I have already derived much benefit. On my way home, I asked myself, what is the philosophy of this? How is it that this which

I have witnessed this evening is such a model for a choir meeting? Think ye that these people are so much better than others? After having taxed my ingenuity for an answer, I came to the conclusion that the state of things I had seen is to be attributed mostly to the course pursued by the leader himself. His deportment is always most unexceptionable; he respects himself, and hence others respect him. He is always gentlemanly, always pleasant, always serious, and always attentive to the great object of the meeting. He does not draw attention to himself, he does not boast what he can do, or how much he knows of music; nor does he entertain his choir by singing songs or playing the piano for their amusement, but he *teaches*. He does not indulge in loud talking and laughing; he does not chew tobacco, or wear his hat in the room, or spit on the floor, as some less civilized people have done heretofore. In short, his conduct being that of a gentleman, the members of his choir are also gentlemanly and lady-like in their deportment while together. So, I said to myself *then*, and I would say to other choir leaders *now*, behold the power of example!—*Cor. of N. Y. Musical Review.*

## MAIDEN MEDITATIONS.

### No. VII.

BY CULMA CROLY.

"She staid at home, she spun wool."

Such is said to have been the epitaph upon the tombstone of a Roman matron, in the classic ages; accounted, then and now, a most honorable one. Is a remembrance like that really sufficient to hallow the memory of a friend, a mother, a wife? How much of soul is involved in the operation of spinning wool? Is woman's mission and character to be measured by the yards numbered on her spindle or distaff, rather than by the web of loving influences she weaves around her home, or the golden thread of heart and intellect running through her words and actions?

If so, steam and water-power are her successful rivals; they have robbed woman of her crowning glory; they can spin faster, and weave more firm and elegant fabrics than the most nimble and delicate fingers.

For my part, I should like to know what that matron of antiquity did besides spinning. Perhaps her object was to lay up a hoard of pelf, from the sale of her yarn, or to be known as the smartest of Ansonian spinners. And who knows how many times her husband had to be put off with cold victuals for his dinner? how many rents he was obliged to conceal in the folds of his toga? how many boxes on the ear her boys and girls received per day, because she would not fail of performing the "stunt" she had given herself? Perhaps scolding was a constant accompaniment to the hum of her wheel; such things are not uncommon.

There are few notable housekeepers who are not able to scold; and some appear to consider it as important a branch of their calling as cooking or cleaning house.

Where the floor wears an ever-fresh polish of soap-suds, the energetic urchins of the family cannot splash through the tempting mud-puddles with anything like peace of mind. Where the mother's heart is bent upon filling bureau drawers and wardrobe-shelves with her own handiwork, demands for bread-and-butter and clean faces are apt to be met with something which bears a great resemblance to a "continual dropping on a rainy day."

Just think of Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, to whom it was nothing that she could guide kingdoms and their rulers, while Arachne presumed to excel her at the distaff. They quarrelled, of course; and words came to blows; to a blow that crushed poor Arachne into a dusty corner, and doomed her there to spin cobwebs, through all time.

"She staid at home, she spun wool," sounds better than this, "she gadded abroad, she spun street-yarn," or this, "she spun scandal with her neighbors across the garden-fence;" which might appropriately be reserved for the demise of some individuals of the present generation.

But there may have been more in the epitaph than we read. The motive ennoble the act, and the solitary spinner may have been a heroine indeed. In those days of undeveloped mechanical arts, it may have reflected great credit upon a woman, to expend her energies on the clothing of her family. But in these days, what shall be done with the powers left dormant by newly-found physical agencies? If spinning wool is done better by steam than by female hands, the motive is gone, and with it, the honor of the action.

Water, the gases, steam and electricity and all other powers, wholly, or only in part, discovered, have, and shall have their work; be it gossiping among the nations with telegraphic garrulity, or setting tables and chairs a dancing to the music of "mysterious rappings." But steam and electricity have no soul; they are only useful tools; they cannot love, hate, think, rejoice, or sorrow. These shall always be left for the prerogatives of human souls. And it is a great thing to live in these ages, when material forces are so well unfolded as to leave free play for the intellectual and spiritual faculties in man and woman.

What heights of heavenly observation might have been reached, long ere this, had the soul of man always kept at its proper pace, far in advance of physical science! "We know a great deal about this life, and we have heard a little about another," people will say with quite a self-satisfied air. Shame on us, to be wise in the knowledge of shadows, and ignorant of the things that are shadowed; and more shame that we are content with such wisdom!

Always must we be weaving the three-fold

web of thought, feeling and action. If the work of the past is taken out of our hands, it is because there is some better work for us to do, and not that we may hang our hands in idleness, or amuse ourselves with the gossamer of reverie.

Willing or unwilling, each is preparing, more or less skilfully and diligently, a thread for the warp of life. It behooves us to spin for ourselves a strong and even one, that the whole web may be perfect and beautiful in its finish.

## ANECDOTES OF BIRDS.

**ANECDOTE OF TWO PARROTS.**—A curious old story is told in Captain Brown's book, without any clue to its date; its ludicrous tendency being the temptation to copy it here:—A tradesman, who had a shop in the Old Bailey, opposite the prison, kept two parrots, a green and a grey. The green parrot was taught to speak when there was a knock at the street door; the grey whenever the bell rang; but they only knew two short phrases of English. The house in which they lived had an old-fashioned, projecting front, so that the first floor could not be seen from the pavement on the same side of the way; and, on one occasion, they were left outside the window by themselves, when some one knocked at the street door.

"Who's there?" said the green parrot.

"The man with the leather," was the reply, to which the bird answered—

"Oh! oh!"

The door not being opened, the stranger knocked a second time.

"Who's there?" said green poll.

"Who's there?" exclaimed the man. "Why don't you come down?"

"Oh! oh!" repeated the parrot.

This so enraged the stranger, that he rang the bell furiously.

"Go to the gate," said a new voice, which belonged to the grey parrot.

"To the gate?" repeated the man, who saw no such entrance, and who thought the servants were bantering him. "What gate?" he asked, stepping back to view the premises.

"New-gate!" responded the grey, just as the angry applicant discovered who had been answering his summons.

**ANECDOTE OF A ROBIN.**—The Gardener's Chronicle affords a curious instance of the effect which education will produce on a robin; and I suspect many similar instances might be brought forward. A gentleman (says the narrator of the story) informed me that a friend of his was possessed of a most wonderful bird, that he should much like me to see and hear. I went at an early day to view the prodigy. On entering the house and presenting my card, I was at once ushered into the drawing-room. I there saw two nightingale

cages, suspended on the wall; one of them, with a nightingale in it, had an open front; the other had a green curtain drawn down over the front, concealing the inmate. After a little discourse on the subject of ornithology, my host asked me if I should like to hear one of his nightingales sing. Of course, I was all expectation. Placing me beneath the cage, and drawing up the curtain before alluded to, the bird above, at a whistle from his master, broke out in a succession of strains that I never heard surpassed by any nightingale. They were, indeed, surprisingly eloquent. "What a nightingale!" ejaculated I. The rapid utterance of the bird, his perfect *abandon* to the inspiration of his muse, and his indifference to all around him, caused me, involuntarily, to exclaim, with Coleridge—

"—That strain again!  
Full fain it would deley me."

And so it did. I stood riveted to the spot, knowing how seldom nightingales in a cage so deported themselves. After listening some time, and expressing my astonishment at the long-repeated efforts of the performer—so unusual—I asked to be allowed a sight of him. Permission was granted; and I saw before me—a robin. This bird had been brought up under the nightingale from his very earliest infancy, and not only equalled, but very far surpassed his master in song. The robin retained no one single note of his own whereby the finest ear could detect him; and this paves the way to still more singular discoveries hereafter.

**ANECDOTE OF A RAVEN.**—The following interesting account of a raven's preference for a canine companion is given in the *Saturday Magazine*:—The latter was a large otter-dog, and was kept chained up in a stable-yard, where the raven began by occasionally snatching a morsel from the dog's feeding-pan, before he had finished his meal. As this was not resented, the raven always attended at meal times, and occasionally took away a scrap in his beak, beyond the reach of the dog's chain, and then return with it, play about, and hang it on the dog's nose, and, when the poor beast was in the act of snapping it up, dart off with it. At other times, he hid the morsel under a stone, beyond the length of his chain, and then, with a cunning look, mounted upon the dog's head. He, however, always ended by giving the dog the largest portion, or the whole of the scrap thus played with. The life of this raven was saved by the dog, who, seeing the poor bird nearly drowned in a tub of water, dragged his heavy kennel till he could put his head over the tub, when he took the raven up in his mouth, and laid him gently upon the ground, where he soon recovered.

**ANOTHER.**—One day, a person, travelling through the forest to Winchester, was much

surprised at hearing the following exclamation, "Fair play, gentlemen! fair play! For God's sake, gentlemen, fair play!" The traveller looking round to discover from whence the voice came, to his great astonishment, beheld no human being near. But hearing the cry of "Fair play" repeated, he thought it must proceed from some creature in distress. He immediately rushed into that part of the forest whence the cries came, when, to his astonishment, he beheld two ravens combating a third with great fury, while the sufferer, which proved to be a tame one belonging to a gentleman in the neighborhood, kept loudly vociferating "Fair play," which so interested the traveller, that he instantly rescued the oppressed bird.

## THE BABY'S THOUGHTS.

BY AUNT LUCY.

"I wonder what the baby thinks!  
Just see how wide awake she lies,  
And crows at me, and stares, and winks,  
With laughing wonder in her eyes."

I'll answer for her, little girl—  
"Whose can it be, that smiling face,  
With hair like sunshine in a curl,  
That hangs around my nestling-place?"

"At three months old, I've much to learn,  
For everything looks strange to me,  
But then I know enough to turn  
To all the brightest things I see.

"Red roses on the curtain grow.  
Once, when 'twas up, I saw a star.  
I wonder, black-eyes, if you know  
How many pretty things there are!

"Now don't you wish you weren't so tall?  
Then you'd live in a cradle, too,  
And talk to shadows on the wall,  
And think you heard them talk to you.

"Bnt, then, I couldn't spare you, dear;  
For when I wake from cozy dreams,  
And that great sun goes by so near,  
You kiss me, like his warmest beams.

"I guess that you and mother, too,  
Are pieces broken from the sun.  
No: she's the sun, a sunbeam you,  
For when 'tis dark, you both are gone.

"I lie here, guessing, every day,  
What you, the sun, and roses be.  
A little world 'tis where we stay,  
But large and grand enough for me."

There, little girl! your pleasant face  
Will give the baby thoughts like these.  
Then let no frown your brow disgrace,  
But be the loveliest thing she sees.

## THE THREE TAPERS.

## AN ALLEGORY.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Little Ama was playing on a soft grassy slope at the entrance of a cave, full of dark arches that seemed to grow broader and higher as they receded into the subterranean dimness before her. Other children were playing with her among the many pretty flowers that grew around, and watchful eyes and careful hands kept the weeds and thorns from troubling them; and the white, warm sunbeams of morning glided over the slope, dancing like the soft fingers of the children, among the flowers.

Little Ama was so happy in her baby sports that she had never thought of looking within the cavern, until one day she heard a sweet voice close beside her, whispering—

"Go into the cave, Ama, and see whither it will lead thee!"

"Who speaks to me?" said the little one, as she looked around, expecting to see a very lovely face joined to so sweet a voice. She saw no one; but the same voice answered,

"I am thy life-angel, and will go with thee."

And she felt herself lifted up, as if with wings, and borne onward.

The descent into the cave was still green and flowery, and light from the sunny entrance poured far within. So Ama flitted lightly along, till the vista suddenly opened wider from a lofty, vine-wreathed arch, and she paused to look onward with doubt and wonder. She saw her path wind through the arch, and then lose itself in a thin mist which clung to the sides of the cave, out of which strange, new objects loomed up everywhere. How should she find her way through the mist?

As she looked and wondered, a smiling maiden approached her, lifting a taper which threw the colors of the rainbow upon every object within view. Vines with golden blossoms and purple fruit clung to the rocky walls, and crystals hung from the roof, glittering with different hues at every movement of the taper; and the mist rolled itself away in a rich, bright cloud, that rested in the distance, seeming to promise something brighter beyond.

Ama looked up into the maiden's face.

"How beautiful!" she murmured to herself. "It must be my life-angel!"

But the maiden was silent. She only lifted her torch with a smile, and pointed forward.

A bright ray of rainbow light fell upon some blossoms not far off.

"I will have them," said Ama, "for I never saw any so splendid before."

And she ran on to gather them. But they seemed to lose their beauty when in her hands, and some hidden briars that grew up with them scratched her so badly that she cried out with the pain.

"Don't cry so. I know where there are prettier flowers," said some one to her, in a

gentle tone. And Ama saw a little girl, whom her cries had brought to her side, trying to disentangle her dress from the briars, and holding out a hand to lead her away.

"My name is Lili; and I am going through the cave too, if I can find the way. So let us go together."

Ama was very glad to have a playmate and companion; so they went on happily together, and the maiden glided before them, gilding everything with the rainbow-light of her taper.

Presently they came to a stream which had long been seen sparkling in the distance. As they bent over it, they saw that it was full of dazzling gold-fishes, darting about like living jewels in the water. So the children stopped to watch them, and Ama, who always wanted to grasp at every bright thing she saw, stooped down and plunged her hand into the water to catch them. But they darted away quickly enough, and Ama, in her eagerness to obtain them, fell into the stream.

Lili, who had stepped across, for it was only a narrow rivulet, drew her out, wet and sobbing, and her white robe dripping with mud.

"Who would have thought it?" she murmured; "in the torch-light it seemed to run bright as gold, and pure as crystal; and now see how dirty I am! Lili, I am ashamed to walk with you now. I have had enough of this cave. I want to go back to the children I used to play with in the sunshine."

And as they sat upon the bank to rest, and looked back to the path by which they had come, a venerable man appeared, who also bore a taper; but its light was blue and pale, and cast no ray onward, while it seemed to brighten, the farther backward it shone, until it blended with the sunlight at the entrance of the cave.

"See! how bright it looks, though so far away. I can almost recognise the little ones among the lilies. Let us go. Lili; the good old man looks sad, but I think he knows where my life-angel is, and will lead me to her."

"No, no, Ama, we cannot return. The old man looks mournfully at us, because he knows we cannot return. And see how bright it is, now that we have turned around. I know of a fountain, quite near, where you can wash the mud from your robes, and all will be well again."

So Ama and Lili arose, and went to the fountain among the rocks. The stream that fed it came from an opening high up in the cavern roof, so high that only one gleam of the sky could be seen. Ama was weary and sad, and she complained of the darkness and the rough rocks; but Lili said to her—

"You can hear the fountain play. Now look up, and you will see that there is light!"

And Ama looked up at last, and saw the pure spray sprinkling her soiled garments, and beside the fountain a maiden, oh! far more beautiful than the one with the rainbow torch;

and she, too, held a taper that threw a still, white radiance around, and steadily grew clearer and brighter the higher it shone. In its light, the fountain, as they could see, looked like a sheet of white, falling sunbeams. And Ama stood under it until every foul spot was washed out of her robe.

Then they went on again, and Ama whispered—

“Do you see? She comes with us, the glorious maiden. Ah! Lili, perhaps she is my life-angel, or yours!”

And Lili smiled and answered—

“I have seen her before. She often holds her taper to show me the way.”

“Then why,” said Ama, “do not I see her, too?”

“Because,” said Lili, “you prefer the rainbow light to the white one, which, therefore, seems dim to you.”

“See if I do not hereafter follow the maiden with the white taper, wherever she leads me,” rejoined Ama.

Here the cave began to grow narrower, and doors opened into it on either side, and people called to them from the chambers within to come in and furnish themselves with food and clothing for the rest of the way, which they assured them would be sometimes far more rough and dreary than that over which they had passed. Ama would have decked herself with useless finery, and filled her wallet with sweetmeats instead of bread; but her wiser friend Lili interfered, and assisted her to obtain what she really needed, so that at length they were both tolerably equipped.

Just as the cavern began to widen again, they passed by a half-open door, which was almost concealed by a bush of red, fragrant roses. As Ama ran up to pluck one, a cunning little face peeped out, gay with smiles and golden curls, and said—

“Come in, I have something for you!”

“Pray, do not go,” said Lili. “Look at those black letters which the light shows so plainly upon the door—Enter not.”

But a ray from the rainbow torch had reflected strange splendor from some unseen object within, and Ama did not heed the warning, but ran in, and the door closed upon her.

Lili waited long without, after having called in vain to her friend to return. But there was no answer, until, at length, she heard a deep groan. She tried to open the door, but could not; so she called aloud for help. And very soon the maiden with the white taper approached, and with the first ray that fell upon the door it flew open, and Ama lay beside it, weak and bruised. Lili lifted her tenderly, and led her away into the pure light, without a question; but when Ama had regained a little strength, she told her tale, of her own accord.

She said that the room into which the strange little creature led her was hung with gilded pictures, and lighted up with many twinkling torches, that glanced like fireflies

over the walls and ceiling. Many fantastic forms were seated around a table loaded with ripe, tempting fruit; and, with eyes full of wicked laughter, they beckoned her to sit down among them. They placed rosy apples before her, and bade her eat. She tasted one, and found it full of ashes. Her companions pretended to pity her, when they saw that she was choked by the ashes, and offered her some black, juicy-looking cherries. But these were so bitter that she could not swallow them; and when she rose in disgust to return to her friend, her tormentors threw off their disguise of smiles, and pelted her without mercy with the deceitful fruit, and then ran away, the wild, dancing lights going out with them, and she, bruised and sickened, had not strength to escape.

“Indeed, Lili,” she said, “I never could have got out again, but for you.”

“And I could not have helped you, Ama, but for a magical ray of that white light that fell upon the door and opened it. See, the maiden holds it for us still; and she points to the fountain. Your robes are dusty and stained, and will have to be washed again.”

“The fountain, Lili? did we not pass it long ago?”

“And have you not observed that we have never been out of the reach of its spray? or, at least, it has always been in sight. There is something very wonderful about that fountain; I think its waters could not be scattered so far, unless they fell from a greater height than we know of.”

When Ama’s robes were cleansed again, they walked on. And now the way began to divide into a great many roads and footpaths, and they hardly knew which to take.

Ama was disheartened and weary on account of her troubles, and looked wishfully back towards the green and sunny opening now so far away. But the gray-headed man held up his pale taper, and though the distance shone with a delicate beauty in its azure radiance, he shook his head mournfully, and she knew that she could not return.

Then the smiling maiden with the torch of rainbow-light glided before them, and showed a wide, smooth path, bordered with hedges of fragrant, blossoming shrubs. Birds with glittering plumage were singing there, and butterflies and sportive animals were all around.

“Come,” said Ama, “we shall not find a pleasanter road.”

But Lili stood still, and bade her look at a narrower path, upon which the calm maiden was throwing the white light of her taper. It was steep and rocky, and though there seemed to be birds and flowers there, they did not look so brilliant, from where they stood, as those upon the other road.

“It is the safest way, Ama,” said Lili, “for it leads upward, as we must go, of course, to get out of this deep cave. That smooth road is beautiful in the rainbow-light, but it soon

ends in a cloud, and we cannot see whether it lies upward or downward. Besides," she added, as Ama seemed unwilling to remove her eyes from the bright, broad way, "you know you promised to follow the maiden with the white taper; and oh! I think we are almost through; for just then I saw its rays melt into a beam of dazzling beauty, far up the narrow road."

Then Ama blushed and arose; for she had been looking behind her, and the light of the blue taper made the door in the rock, overhung with roses, appear very distinct. But as they walked hand in hand up the path, guided by the white rays, she said, complainingly—

"I do not see why that rainbow-light makes everything so lovely, if it is not to be followed. And I think I must be near-sighted, for I could not see any beam shining down among these steep rocks."

"And I," said Lili, "could not have seen it but for the white taper, which, you know, makes distant things very near. And I do not see why we should have anything lovely—any light, or any flowers, down in the cave underground. But here they are, and let us be grateful for them. Look, violets and lilies on this mossy bank; and that lake, how quiet and clear! Let us sit here and rest awhile!"

Now while they sat there, talking very lovingly, a black giant came up to them suddenly, and seized Lili, and carried her off without once noticing the shrieks of the frightened Ama. For hours she lay weeping on the ground, hoping her friend would return, but she did not. At last some one lifted her up, and she saw the maiden with the white taper pointing up the path, which now seemed to lead directly to the roof of the cave. She looked up and saw Lili's face encircled with a snowy halo; and in a voice that sounded like far-away music, she heard her say—

"Ama, my father wanted me at home, and sent one of his strong servants to bring me. My father's palace is up among the sunny hills, and you will soon be here yourself, if you keep in the path, for it leads straight home!"

The face vanished, but Ama saw that the white beams of the calm maiden's taper all met in a bright spot where it had disappeared. So she kept her eyes fixed upon it, and followed the maiden, never turning aside; though many voices called after her, and new paths opened for her in every direction.

And one evening, when she was weary with climbing the rough rocks, she came to the mouth of the cave, where a fearful chasm yawned between her and the bright hills and pearly palace that stood bathed in snowy light beyond. As she looked longingly over, she heard wings fluttering; and felt herself borne gently across the chasm, as when she entered the cave. Then a fair angel embraced her, and said—

"Thou canst see me now; I am Love, thy Life-

angel. I led Lili to thee, and will lead thee to her again. And I will teach thee, among these glorious hills, why it was better in the earth-cavern to follow the white torch of Faith, than the rainbow-light of Hope, or the dim taper of Memory."

## GUARDIAN ANGELS.

They are with us—Guardian Angels—  
Spirits of celestial birth,  
Convoys from the heavenly portals,  
Bringing peace and joy to earth!  
They are with us! ever—ever  
Floating in etherial space,  
Fanning, with their unseen pinions,  
Every breath of heavenly grace.

When the storm cloud darkly gathers,  
When the mad waves wildly roll;  
When the tear-drops of our anguish  
Flood the portals of the soul;  
When the sunshine wanes in darkness,  
And the clouds of light are scattered;  
When love's star forbears to glisten,  
And our earthly hopes are shattered,—

Like the dove, with branch of olive,  
Gliding o'er the dreary waste,  
To our weary, burdened spirits,  
Thus with smiles of peace they haste;  
Like the foam-crest on the billow  
Sailing o'er the restless deep,  
Thus they re-entwine our heart-strings,  
And their ceaseless vigils keep!

When the parting words are spoken,  
And the tears of anguish fall,  
Then they gather up the pearl-drops,  
Give back hope-tints for them all.  
When the heart with sacred pleasure  
Sparkles like a festal cup,  
Then within their rainbow censors  
Swift they bear the perfume up.

Sometimes there are others near us,  
That, with stealthy, noiseless wing,  
Shade our spirits till within them  
Is no trace of noble thing;  
Blessed watchers! how they hasten  
In the strength of holy might,  
And through Him who granteth succor,  
Triumph in the good and right!

Glorious forms of angel vision!  
Dreamland spirits bright and pure!  
Messengers of sweetest solace,  
To life's last end firm and sure;  
What would be this earth without them  
But a darksome way at best!  
Like the lone dove should we wander,  
Seeking for a place of rest!

Guardians of poetic beauty,  
Spanning o'er unfathomed space;  
Who shall dare deny their mission?  
Who dispute their mystic place?  
Blest are they, who at transition,  
When all earthly helps remove,  
With such envoys pass o'er Jordan,  
To elysian realms of love!

CAROLINE ELLEN.

South Reading, Mass., April, 1864.

VARIETIES.

When is a lady not a lady? When she's a little sulky.

Ill temper puts as many briefs into the lawyer's bag as injustice.

Why is rheumatism like a glutton? Because it attacks the joints.

Why are bachelors like the natives of Oey-lon? Because they are single he's (Oingalese.)

There are two things which you should not borrow—trouble and a newspaper.

Sam Slick says—"I don't like preaching to the nerves instead of the judgment."

You may prescribe only one scruple of medicine for a sick man, and yet he may have a hundred scruples to take it.

A man of philosophic temperament resembles a cucumber—for although he may be completely out up, he still remains cool.

The Chinese have a saying that an unlucky word dropped from the tongue cannot be brought back by a coach and six horses.

A man who lived much in society, said that his acquaintances would fill a cathedral, but that the pulpit would hold his friends.

There is a young lady boarding at the Troy House, with feelings so fine that she can't sleep if one of the feathers stand on its edge.

An urchin being sent for a cent's worth of Maccaboy snuff, forgot the name of the article, and asked the man for a cent's worth of make-a-boy sneeze.

"What are you writing such a big hand for, Pat?"

"Why you see my grandmother is daf, and I'm writing a loud letter to her."

An extreme testotaller of our acquaintance has declared his inability to sympathize with Turkey, for fear of being accused of an adherence to the Porte.

An author unknown achieves the following remark:—"The entrance of a single woman of talent into a family, is sufficient to keep it clear of fools for several generations."

A Frenchman wishing to speak of the cream of the English poets, forgot the word, and said "de butter of the poets." A wag said that he had fairly churned up the English language.

An absent-minded editor having courted a girl and applied to her father, the old man said—

"Well, you want my daughter—what sort of a settlement will you make? What will you give her?"

"Give her?" replied the other, looking up vacantly, "Oh, I'll give her a puff."

"Take her," replied the father.

VOL. III.—No. 6.

Young ladies, don't let the keys of the piano forte make you forget the keys of the store-room, or the enlightenment of your understanding prevent you from inquiring the price of candles.

Inconsistency—condemning a boy to prison for stealing a handkerchief, and yet allowing a wealthy shopkeeper, who has been convicted several times of using false weights, to get off with a small fine!

"Jim, does your mother ever whip you?"

"No; but she does a precious sight worse though."

"What's that?"

"Why she washes me every morning."

A Western editor thus fills up a blank in a column:—" 'Twas the dead of night—an awful silence reigned—the stars cast their soft rays from the dome above. Young Lucius was not to be intimidated, though he was that night to peril his life—column full."

A gentleman dined one day with a dull preacher. Dinner was scarcely over, before the gentleman fell asleep; but was awakened by the divine, and invited to go and hear him preach. "I beseech you, sir, excuse me, I can sleep very well where I am."

Somebody writing to the West Chester Examiner, relates the following retort upon a wag, who, for the amusement of a crowd, was holding a scriptural confab with a colored preacher.

"Why, Charley, you can't even tell who made the monkey."

"Oh, yes, I can, massa."

"Well, who made the monkey?"

"Why, massa, the same one made the monkey that made you!"

"Doctor," said an old lady the other day, to her family physician, "kin you tell me how it is that some folks is born dumb?"

"Why, hem! why certainly, madam," replied the doctor; "it is owing to the fact that they came into the world without the power of speech!"

"La, me!" remarked the old lady, "now jest see what it is to have a physic edication; I've axed my old man more nor a hundred times that ar same thing, and all that I could ever get of him was, 'kase they is.' "

"So you are going to qualify the Governor?" said Mrs. Partington, as she reached over the railing in the Senate chamber, and addressed the member who sat nearest to her. He assented.

"Well," said she, with a proud look at the Bennington drum and gun, "I think it would have been a good deal better if you had seen that he was qualified aforehand." There was a wisdom equal to four of Webster's comprehensive Dictionaries in her look as she said this.



## EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

**THE OLD MASTERS**—The term "masters," as applied to the elder European artists, may be used in a strictly literal sense. They have proved masters in taste for centuries, and still exercise their prerogative with a kind of tyrannical sway. The servility of modern artists, and lovers of arts, to those old illustrators of Scripture history—these worshippers of the heroic and the mythological—in too many instances resembles that of a slave to his master.

For our part, we never were able to conjure up a particle of enthusiasm for one picture in a dozen copied from the "old masters," while, in some of the humanizing creations of modern art, wherein beauty of form blends sweetly with a higher moral beauty, we can find a pure and elevating pleasure. We regard that as a perverted taste, which finds higher enjoyment in the mere skill of the artist, than in the subject of his pencil. The limb may be faultless, the attitude vigorous and bold, the malignant expression of the countenance so fiendlike, as to be a half insane imagining of Lucifer himself; but the picture is but an outrage upon the beautiful, and a blemish on the wall, if these be its chiefest attractions.

Let us break loose from the thralldom of those "old masters," and suffer modern art, emancipated, to come to us with its high ministry of the beautiful. Our artists are rising above the old, baleful influences, and are only waiting for the people to get freed from the tyranny of picture dealers, whose interest it is to depreciate our native artist, and laud the "masters." On this subject, a correspondent of the Tribune, writing from Florence, makes some sensible remarks:—

"There are a number of our countrymen here, some of whom are spending the winter, and others making flying visits. Several of them are expending their surplus money in the purchase of works of art. Some, with discrimination and taste, as well as liberality and patriotism, are giving commissions to American artists. But by far the greater number, influenced by a fashionable admiration for the old masters, a desire to possess, even in diminished copies, sometimes little more than caricatures, some relic of the past—an ambition to say that their pictures as well as their furniture and dress are of foreign manufacture; or,

doubting their own taste, are guided by that of their courier, who is always ready to recommend the painter or dealer from whom he receives the largest commission, are buying copies or doubtful originals of the multitude of unheard of artists of the past. So madonnas, and martyrs, and saints, and altar pieces, and embodied superstition of all kinds, are covering the walls of our houses, which out to be adorned with works of our own time—breathing the spirit and genius of the present, or looking onward to the future. I know that it would be hard to convince such persons that better pictures can be bought at home than in Italy—that one landscape of Durand, or Cropsey, or of Kensett, are worth all the copies of Salvator Rosa, or of Claude, that they can collect in Florence or in Rome—that one good illustration of American history, from the pencil of White or Leutze, is more to be prized than a dozen copies of saints from Guido, or madonnas from Raphael; and we shall still have to suffer this inundation of bad copies, and our own art will still continue to languish for want of the support that it deserves. But it is to be hoped that a better time is coming, and that the influence of the past, its superstitions, its worn-out systems of government and religion, and art, which is their offspring, will cease to control our new world. We ought to be ashamed of our vassalage to the taste and superstitions of the Old World, and declare our independence therefrom as we have already done from her politics."

**RUSSIA.**—We have referred, under the head of "New Publications," to the work—"Russia as it is," by the Polish exile, Count Gurowaki. Better material is to be found in this volume, for acquiring a clear idea of Russia's condition and resources, and the social influence of her institutions, than in any other work probably extant. In summing up the author's views, the New York Tribune presents the following exceedingly interesting view of Russia's destiny as a nation, and the progress of revolutionary elements among her people:—

In the opinion of Count Gurowaki, not only the soil and the serf, but the whole nation tends toward the attainment of freedom. The present restraints with which Russia is now bound in the anacrona folds of despotism, can-

not endure for any considerable space of time. The people are even now awakening to the consciousness of their wrongs, and are wounded to the quick by the galling oppressions under which they suffer. Whatever may be the future revolution of Russia, it will come from within—it will bear a character of its own—instead of being the result of external influences or excitements. The nation is full of fermenting elements, and their ebullition daily extends and becomes more intense. At present, Russia hovers over Europe like a lurid cloud on the brightening prospects of freedom. She gives a powerful support to retrograde interests, which otherwise would, ere long, have to breathe their last. But a momentous change is in preparation. No doubt, Russia must undergo a long process before she can accomplish her internal revolution, and enter broadly the apprenticeship of freedom. According to all the laws of historical development, Czarism was a necessity for Russia. It condensed the empire into a unit. It gave it a compact form, which no convulsion is able to dissolve. This violent cohesive action will cease; but the combining elements of the body will hold together. Czarism has fulfilled the task of the pioneer in opening the unfathomed solitudes of Asia; spreading broadcast the seeds of Russian domination; preparing foundations for the future; though at the bloody cost of engrafting her empire on ruined nationalities. But Czarism has nearly run out its course. Its terrible mission is completed.

In spite of external appearances, its power is on the wane. It was necessary for Russia to undergo the process of formation, but it was for the benefit of the whole Slavic race. The time for a new evolution has arrived. It has already taken place in the consciousness of the people. It will next break out and become a palpable fact. A new system will be born, more congenial to the life of the people, more in harmony with the spirit of the age. Like the great processes of nature, in the epochs of creation, the influences which are to produce the regeneration of Russia will be gradual in their workings. The old formation will slowly yield to the action of a new spirit. Silently, and unseen, it will penetrate all the fibres of the people, when a deep, heaving commotion will complete the change and shake the national foundations from their accustomed place. The old, decayed and worn-out elements will be swept away in the storm, which will be succeeded by new forms of beauty and life. Such a social revolution is imminent for Russia, and with her for the whole Slavic family. The emancipation of Russia is an essential condition of the emancipation of Europe, and thus of the future harmonious and progressive activity of the European world.

This is the bold and significant conclusion to which this volume tends, with a certain epic unity, from its commencement to its close.

**LADIES OPPOSED TO TEMPERANCE.**—A correspondent, from a thriving town in Texas, says that the "Sons of Temperance flourished there for a time, went down, again renewed their charter, but went by the board again," and adds:—"The principal reason was, our ladies did not favor the cause of temperance. Their influence was, in many instances, directly in opposition. They prepared brandied fruits, cordials, and egg-nog at Christmas times, and occasionally gave wine parties, by which means many were enticed away from their good resolutions."

Now, ladies of the afore-mentioned town (we would not like to print the name thereof in this connexion), you deserve to be well scolded—we will not say to have drunken husbands, sons, or brothers, for that would be a terrible retribution, indeed. Your opposition to temperance cannot arise from anything but thoughtlessness, or ignorance of the direful curse of intemperance; and yet ignorance is but a poor excuse for becoming tempters, where ruin of body and soul may be the awful consequence. We question if there be many towns, in these United States, of which it can be said that the ladies thereof stand in the way of sobriety. The one from which our correspondent writes must surely be the single exception. That it will long remain so, we are unwilling to believe.

**THE NOBILITY OF RUSSIA.**—Next to the Czar in the social scale, stands the Russian nobility, the strongest prop of the absolute throne, and the immediate instrument for the execution of the imperial will. In the legal meaning of the term, the nobility, according to Count Gurowaki, are the only class that really enjoy personal rights. This, however, is with reference only to the lower classes of the population, for with reference to the Czar, it is nothing more than a temporary concession.—Whatever laws are enacted, or even temporarily observed, the Czar is above them. He is the living law, and observes the written one only so far as he condescends to do so. In principle, and in reality, he possesses more absolute, unbounded, uncontrolled power over the whole nobility, as well as over any separate individual noble, high or low, rich or poor, titled or not, counting his ancestry by centuries of pure succession, or new-made yesterday, than the same noble possesses over his own

serf, and even over his real property. But Czarism sustains the nobility in its position respecting the rest of the nation—and by oppression, the throne and the aristocracy are fatally, unremittingly wedded to each other. The whole body of the nobility, according to the above authority, is either hereditary or personal. Hereditary nobility has six divisions. 1st. Those descending from a line of illustrious ancestors, without possessing written documents, and those ennobled long ago by the sovereigns. 2d. Military nobility, or those who acquired their title by military service. 3d. Those deriving their rights from the eighth class in the public service. 4th. Foreign families whose nobilian rights are recognized in Russia. 5th. Titles, as princes, counts and barons, bestowed by various sovereigns, without reference to the antiquity or recent origin of the family. 6th. Old well-born families, who can prove their rights by documents.

An hereditary nobleman can marry one of any other class, even a serf, and may still enjoy his privileges, and can transmit them to his children. But, if a woman of noble birth marries below her caste, she may still enjoy her rights, but cannot bestow them upon her husband or children. The Roman Catholic clergy, and also some of the members of scientific and architectural boards, may enjoy the rights of personal nobility. By personal nobility, is meant a rank similar to the English knight, who cannot transmit his right to his children. Still the children of personal nobles enjoy the privileges of respectable private citizens. A nobleman can erect manufactories of every kind upon his own estate, without being obliged to enter a guild. He can carry on trade freely and export his own products. He can erect boroughs with periodical fairs and market day. The mines, fisheries and water power upon a nobleman's estate, are his own absolute property, and are free from any demands of royalty. Count Gurowski states that those from the lower classes who have reached by service the position of hereditary nobility, cannot buy and acquire these landed estates where they or their ancestry have been serfs to the third generation. Personal nobles cannot possess estates with serfs. If the privileges of nobility are lost by pre-emption or judgment, they cannot be recovered, except by military service.

The following are some of the privileges of nobility, as a body. They alone can possess real estate and own serfs. They only can hold offices, civil and military; thus giving them the general government of the empire. Only their children can be admitted to the public institutions for education, at the cost of the State. Only they can enter the Universities. They are exempt from corporal punishment and other infamous sentences. If a noble is found guilty of a crime by a court, and is condemned penally, he is *disnobled*, and expelled from his caste, after which the sentence is executed. Lastly, no direct or personal taxes can be required from the nobility or from their estates.

The author, to whom we have referred, closes a chapter on the nobility of Russia, in the following strong language:—

“The position of the nobility is to be sincerely pitied. They wish and aspire for something better, and still are fatally condemned to the worst. They are continually placed between two fires. That of Czarism it receives in full, while it is loathed by the other classes. Among the noblemen many are sincerely ashamed of being the scourges of despotism, and the extinguishers of light, the propagators of darkness, and the principal tools for the destruction of liberty at home and abroad.

Half willingly and half by fatal compulsion, the nobility shares in the saturnalia of despotism, still receiving the master's first lashes on its humbled head. Before history, and the genius of humanity and of Russia, it stands impeached for having with its own hands worked out the moral and intellectual debasement of the nation. The burghers, the peasantry, the serfs, see and feel in it their immediate oppressor. They see, feel, and experience that malversation, venality, corruption, and all the most abject impurities which still stamp the government and the administration, are the exclusive doing of the nobility, she being the exclusive holder of all higher and lower offices. The real genuine people find their caste every where in the way. It surrounds them as by an insurmountable wall, compressing pitilessly their practical every-day life, as well as every better, loftier impulse of the mind. The nobility have even drawn a line of separation in the social intercourse between themselves and the clergy, who to a certain degree form a separate class, but who on account of their calling, have some approach to education, not only clerical, but partly of a more general kind.

As we have already observed, the caste of nobles has almost exclusive access to the existing means and resources of education; the admission to them of other classes is exceptional, and, on the whole, rather accidental. Thus the nobles have absorbed for their own benefit all the

means and rays of the civilization existing in Russia, and they alone enjoy the possibility and the right to give utterance to an intellectual life. They have possession of the arena of culture, and they are presumed to represent it—to hold and to spread the light from the sacred beacon. But the glimmer in which they shine is a cold and blinding mist, or a deceiving mirage. It is superficial, swimming on the surface, like a will-o'-the-wisp. What the real, genuine manifestation of Russian civilization may or will be, can only be appreciated and fairly judged when the whole people shall be admitted to the sanctuary, when the now latent intellectual powers shall blaze in their genuine warmth and brilliancy—when the concrete Russian mind will conquer activity, life, and boundless development.

Suspended between good and evil, between light and darkness, between life and death, irritated and exasperated by the feeling of their social annihilation, by that of moral nothingness, and by the certainty of material and financial exhaustion, the greater part of the nobility are torn inwardly by violent and desperate, but impotent rage. They cannot unite with the people against the common oppressor, as the people distrust and even despise them, and would neither answer nor follow any appeal they might put forth. Full of hatred for Czarism and the Czar, they still uphold him with one hand, while digging with the other their common grave. If the social existence of the class is not to expire contemptibly, it must finally light the purifying flame. Thus it will open up the future, but, at the same time, will itself be consumed by the sacred fire, and perish socially in *the work of initiation.*"

**WORTH OF A GOOD CHARACTER.**—We have, from Mr. William S. Martien, an excellent address to young men on the "Worth of a Good Character," delivered to the young men of Augusta, Georgia, by Rev. E. P. Rogers, D. D. Many of the hints, suggestions, exhortations and warnings contained therein are of inestimable value; and all young men, into whose hands it may happen to fall, should ponder them deeply. We have marked a number of extracts, but can now only find space for the following, in which "truthfulness" is set forth as the chief element—the very foundation-stone of a good character:—

"It is," says the writer, "the keystone of the arch of real worth. It inspires confidence in any man to know that he is scrupulously faithful to the truth. For want of this, every other element of virtue is vitiated and shorn of its beauty and strength. No truly great or good man ever lived in whom this trait was not prominent. It was the marked peculiarity in the character of the youthful Washington that he would not tell a lie; and how much of

his moral greatness, in which he stands so pre-eminent among men, was traceable to this source! Truth is the brightest jewel in the young man's crown. He that is unwilling to prevail, to misrepresent, to garble, to pervert; he that scorns to deceive, and, with a modest firmness and a manly frankness, always speaks the simple truth, commends himself at once to the respect and admiration of all the wise and virtuous. I take it upon me to say, that there is not a counting-room, in this city, where a young man could apply for employment, where it would not be one of the very highest recommendations that he was a man of truth. He may be a perfect novice in business, he may not possess brilliant talents, he may be awkward in person and unpolished in manners; but let it be known that that young man is a truthful man, that there is no deception, no falsehood about him, that he comes right up to the mark in all he says, and that his word is never to be doubted, and that young man has a sure passport to the confidence of the community. And he who can command confidence can command success. On the other hand, let him be attractive in person, and of accomplished manners; let him be thoroughly versed in business transactions; let him have energy, enterprise, talent and tact; if there is a suspicion as to his truthfulness, it is a mark upon him, as damning among all honorable business men as the mark of Cain. He cannot be trusted, and men have no use for a person they cannot trust. Set it down, then, as a fact that to make for yourself a good name you must be a man of truth. You must shun everything like falsehood or deception. You must reprobate *white lies*, for the whitest is black enough to stain your character."

**RUSSIAN PRIESTS.**—There are two classes of the clergy, in Russia—the white or secular, so called from the color of the dress they wear, and the black or monks. Of the last, the Eastern Church has only one order, instituted by St. Basil the Great, one of the primitive fathers of the Oecumenic Church. From among the white clergy, who must be married, the curates are taken, as are the other ranks of the hierarchy below the rank of bishop. All bishops must be unmarried and monks. The members of the white clergy must be married, or, at least, engaged before receiving the final consecration. But they cannot marry twice, and, on becoming widowers, are obliged to enter a monastery; or, as the phrase is, "Be shorn into a monk"—as the white clergy wear their hair and beard long. The priest makes, of course, a most devoted husband, and takes the best possible care of

his wife; for, if he loses her, the loss cannot be supplied. It is, therefore, proverbial among the people to say, "As happy as a priest's wife." The clergy in Russia form a class somewhere between the nobility, the bourgeoisie, and the people—inferior to the first, and superior to the two others.

#### EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

—The strongest form for a given quantity of matter, is a hollow cylinder.

—Permanent magnets are now made of cast-iron, by means of an electric current. The only difficulty consists in tempering the metal. They must be tempered at a bright red heat.

—Successful experiments have been made in England, in cooking by gas. Baked meats were done in forty-five minutes, water boiled in four minutes, and all with the very little expenditure of thirty cubic feet of gas, costing eleven cents.

—While boring the Artesian well in New Orleans, the auger struck upon the trunk of a cypress tree 150 feet below the surface of the ground, and also below several beds of firm blue clay, one of which was thirty feet in thickness.

—A new planet was discovered almost simultaneously at Bishop's observatory, in London, and at Radcliff's, in Oxford. It is situated between Mars and Jupiter, making the twenty-eighth of the group of asteroids, supposed to be the fragments of a large planet that once existed between these primary planets.

—The whole cost, per annum, of teaching music in the Boston public schools is only \$2,500. "We commend this fact," says the N. Y. Musical Review, "to the consideration of those who fear that music in schools will cost too much. It will, we think, effectually dispel the spectral illusion that now dampens their ardor."

—A correspondent of the "Scientific American" cautions the public against the use of pails for holding water, which are painted on the inside, as the oxide of lead, with which they are painted, is a dangerous poison. "Last week," he says, "having occasion to take a drink of water from a painted pail, which had been in use for some months, I was convinced from the taste of the water that it had taken up a portion of the paint; and having analysed

the water, I found it to contain a very minute quantity of it, sufficient, however, if a large quantity of the water were taken, to produce these fearful diseases peculiar to lead poisonings."

—Some ill-natured critic says that "it has recently been discovered that it is necessary for ladies who wear wafer-soled shoes, to have from ten to fifty dollars' worth of furs around the neck and wrists, in order to maintain a uniform heat of the system."

—Christianity was introduced into Russia from Byzantium, and principally by the action of the Byzantine emperors and their daughters, who, by marrying the savage Ros, as the Russians were called by the Byzantine historians, tried to soften their dangerous neighbors. Generally, it was through the women that Christianity was introduced, and spread among the northern races.

—During the reign of Charles I. of England, a country-girl came to London and hired herself to carry beer from a warehouse. The brewer liking her looks, took her into his family as a servant, and soon after married her. When he died he left her the bulk of his property. She was recommended to Mr. Hyde, as a skilful lawyer, to arrange her husband's estate. As her fortune was large, Hyde, who was afterwards Earl of Clarendon, married her. Their daughter was the wife of James II., and mother of Mary and Anne, queens of England.

—In the earlier days of his literary life, the late Professor Wilson composed with remarkable rapidity. Mr. Gillies, who enters into the subject in his "Memoirs of a Literary Veteran," says that Wilson very decisively maintained that any man in a state of tolerable health, and disposed for literary amusement, might write an entire number of Blackwood in the course of two days! and adds—"Mr. Wilson had then a rapidity of executive power in composition, such as I have never seen equalled before nor since! But, as he would do nothing but when he liked, and how he liked, his productions, whether serious or comic, might all be regarded as mere *jeux d'esprit* and matters of amusement." At that time, Lockhart considered sixteen pages of Blackwood, in not very large print, as an ordinary day's work, easily done.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

—Mr. Willis P. Hazard, 178 Chestnut street, has published a timely treatise on Horsemanship for the ladies, entitled "The Lady's Equestrian Manual," in which the principles and practice of horsemanship for ladies are thoroughly explained, to enable every lady to ride with comfort and elegance. The book contains fifty illustrations, and should be in the hands of every lady who wishes to take, with satisfaction to herself, the healthful exercise of riding.

—A new book on "Spirit Rappings" so called, from the pen of Doctor Dods, is just now attracting considerable attention. It is published by Dewitt & Davenport, New York, and the full title is "Spirit Manifestations Examined and Explained. Judge Edmonds Refuted; or, an Exposition of the Involuntary Powers and Instincts of the Human Mind. By John Boyce Dods." Starting from the fact that the brain has two actions, voluntary and involuntary, the Doctor accounts for Mesmerism and "Spirit Rappings," by a simple reference of the whole phenomena to the involuntary powers of the brain; and excludes entirely the intervention or action of spirits. His facts are clearly stated, arguments ingeniously drawn, and his propositions put with much force and plausibility; but like most theorists, warm with the enthusiasm attendant upon a first imagined discovery of a great truth, he claims far too much for the involuntary powers of the human mind. Nothing, we believe, could work a greater detriment to human society, than the adoption, as true, of conclusions to which this volume naturally leads, viz:—That to the involuntary powers of the mind, and not to enlightened reason, are we to look for the higher truths by which man is to reach a state of moral and spiritual perfection. The manner in which the writer refers to Swedenborg, shows that he has entirely misconceived the states of illustration into which that remarkable man was elevated. And his singular remark—"I should like to be informed whether Emanuel Swedenborg, after his illumination, was ever known to commit sin (!)"—This is an important point to know, as a matter of science in relation to the views I have offered as instinct—To me it is a point of deep and thrilling interest;" indicates his belief in the purifying influences of those states of extra transcendentalism, into which he says individuals may rise by suspending the voluntary, and leaving the involuntary powers of the mind to their unrestrained activities.

There are in the book many valuable and in-

teresting facts—and much to set the mind to questioning. The suspension of the voluntary, and action of the involuntary powers, as well of mind as body, as set forth by Doctor Dods, is a phenomenon worthy of consideration, and we doubt not, will explain many of the singular facts attendant upon the alleged spiritual influences of the day. But, when the Doctor ignores all action of spirits on the mind whatever, in its involuntary conditions, he takes a step far in advance of where we are prepared to go, and leaves momentous questions involved in a deeper obscurity than before.


## VOLUME FOURTH.

We close, with this number, the third volume of the Home Magazine, and in doing so, are able to state the gratifying fact, that our circulation, since the close of the second volume, in December, has more than doubled.

In the volume to commence with July, we shall publish the whole of Mr. Dickens' New Story, "HARD TIMES," now appearing in Household Words. The July number will contain the opening chapters, as far as received. A new story, from Mr. Arthur's pen, will also be given, entitled "THE GOOD TIME COMING."

In the way of illustrations, we have many choice things to offer in the coming volumes, which will be more liberally embellished with fine engravings than either of those which have preceded, as we have secured a large assortment of wood cuts and steel plates of the finest quality.

The design of the publishers is to make this Magazine, for home reading, the most useful, entertaining and instructive monthly magazine that is issued; and in addition to all this, *the cheapest*. Bear in mind, that when four copies are taken, the price is only \$1.25 per annum.

 TIME UP.—We wish it to be borne in mind, that we do not send the Home Magazine to mail subscribers for any longer time than it is paid for, unless otherwise directed. With this number, many subscriptions expire, as it closes a volume. We hope to receive a renewal in every case, before the July number is ready to mail; and not only a renewal, but many additions. Will all those who have procured clubs, that expire with the close of this volume, do us the special favor to secure a renewal, with as much increase as can be conveniently obtained?



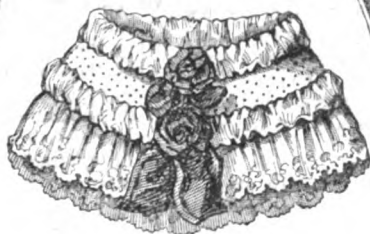


EVENING DRESSES FOR THE WATERING SEASON.

**VICTORY AND REWARD**—"A decent country woman," said an English divine, "came to me one market-day, and begged to speak with me. She told me, with an air of secrecy, that her husband behaved unkindly to her, and that knowing me to be a wise man, I could tell her what would cure him. 'The remedy is simple,' said I; 'always treat your husband with a smile.' The woman thanked me, dropped a curtsy, and went away. A few months after she came again, bringing a couple of fine fowls. She told me with great satisfaction that I had cured her husband; and she begged my acceptance of the fowls in return. This was at once the victory of love, and the reward of patience."

**WORTHY OF IMITATION.**—Not long since we were conversing with a prominent teacher, and sought to detain him a little longer than his business seemed to warrant. "I cannot stop now," said he, "I must be at my school-room." "Are you always thus prompt?" we enquired. "Yes," said he, "and that is the best way I know of to teach my pupils to be always in time. I have not been a moment behind the time of commencing my school in two years, and during the six years I have been a teacher, I have never lost fifteen minutes, all told, from my school-room by being late." As he left us, we thought we had discovered one reason at least why our friend was a successful teacher.





CAPS, CHEMISETTES, CAPE AND COLLAR.

## DOMESTIC RECIPES.

**CHEESE PUDDING**—To make a cheese pudding, grate half a pound of cheese, and add to it two ounces of butter, and four beaten eggs. Butter a dish, put the mixture in, and bake it twenty minutes.

**AUSTRALIAN METHOD OF MAKING TEA.**—A gentleman who was recently travelling in Australia, assures us that he found the Australian to be very preferable to the English method of making tea. The mode there adopted is, to throw tea into a vessel of boiling water, instead of pouring boiling water over the tea. This is said to be especially preferable when drunk without milk, as the astringent properties of the tea are thus less perceptible. In the absence of milk, we can recommend a thin slice of lemon in the cup, as a great improvement.

**FISH JELLY.**—The broth or jelly of fish, which is usually thrown away, will be found one of the most nourishing animal jellies that can be obtained. It is a pity that those who find it difficult to obtain a sufficiency of nourishing food should not be aware of this, as they might thereby make a second meal of what otherwise yields but one. Supposing a poor family to buy a dinner of plaice, which is a cheap fish—the plaice would be boiled and the meat of the fish eaten, and the liquor and bones of the fish thrown away. Now let the good housewife put the remains of the fish into the liquor, and boil for a couple of hours, and she will find she has something in her pot, which, when strained off, will be as good to her as much of that which is sold in the shops as "gelatine." This she may use as a simple broth, or she may thicken it with rice, and flavor it with onion and pepper, and have a nourishing and satisfying meal. Or, should she have an invalid in her family, two-thirds of the liquor with one-third of milk warmed together, would be nourishing and restoring.

**AN EFFECTUAL METHOD OF DESTROYING BUGS.**—It is not a very uncommon idea, that where bugs once are, there they must and will be; as if they were some indestructible little spirits, that laugh at and evade all endeavors to destroy them. This, however, is quite a fallacy, and one successful mode of getting rid of them, is to mix half a pint of rectified spirits of wine with half a pint of turpentine and half an ounce of camphor. The camphor should be broken into small bits and shaken in a bottle with the spirits, it will soon dissolve, and the mixture be fit for use. The bed furniture or hangings should be taken off, and, if of a material to bear washing, it should be washed; otherwise it should be well brushed and examined; and the parts that have been near the wood should be sponged with the mixture, which will not injure. The bedstead should be unscrewed and the mixture thoroughly

applied to all the joints and cracks, by which means, not only the bugs, but the eggs will be destroyed. It will be well at the same time to scour the floor of the room with strong lime-water, and wash any other piece of furniture which have any cracks where bugs might secrete themselves, with the camphor and spirits. Although it is by no means always a proof of dirtiness when bugs appear, it certainly will be the part of cleanliness to speedily take means to destroy them.

**CEMENT TO RESIST FIRE AND WATER.**—Half a pint of new milk, and half a pint of good vinegar. Stir them together until the milk coagulates; remove the curd, and mix with the whey the whites of five eggs well beaten up; when those are well mixed, add sifted quicklime, until the whole is about as thick as putty. If this mixture be carefully applied, and properly dried, it will firmly join what is broken, or fill up cracks of any kind, and will resist fire and water.

**TO CLEAN FEATHERS**—Take for every gallon of clear water, one pound of fresh made quicklime, mix them well together, and let it stand twenty-four hours, then pour off the clear liquid. Put the feathers into a tub, and pour over them enough lime-water to thoroughly cover them. Stir them briskly and rapidly, for a few minutes, and leave them to soak for three days. Then remove them from the lime-water, and thoroughly rinse in clean water, and spread them to dry. They will dry better where a draught of air can reach them; and should be spread very thinly, and frequently moved, until they are quite dry. This plan may be used, either for new feathers, or for such as have become heavy or impure by age or use.

**TO CLEAN FURNITURE.**—An excellent method of cleaning mahogany furniture, which is not French polished, is this. Put into half a pint of linseed oil, a pennyworth of alkanet root, and a pennyworth of rose pink. Let this mixture stand for three days, in a vessel that will allow stirring it, and stir it three or four times each day, and then put it into a bottle for use. If the furniture is very dirty, wash it with soap and warm water, and then rub with vinegar, and before the vinegar is thoroughly dried off, lay on with a bit of old flannel or rag, a covering of the mixture, and continue rubbing until the oil is well soaked in. Then rub with a clean soft cloth, until it is quite dry and bright. If the furniture is not very dirty, the vinegar may be used without the soap and water.

**FRESH MEAT GRIDDLES.**—Chop all the bits of cod, fresh beef or veal, season with salt and pepper; make a griddle batter, and lay on a spoonful on the iron well buttered, to prevent its sticking, then a spoonful of batter over the meat, and when cooked on one side, then turn, and when done carry them on hot, and they are very nice.